

London 17th Dec 1793

My dear Sir

I have the pleasure to inform you that the  
first volume of the new edition of the  
Encyclopaedia Britannica is now published.

The work is the result of the labours of  
many of the most distinguished writers of the  
age.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. Macdonald









ANAGAMMATA REGIA:  
Regi.

IACOBVS STVART:  
*Iusta Scrutabo.*

JAMES STVART:  
*A iust Master.*



Or A iust Master haue I labour'd long:  
To A iust Master haue I vow'd my best:  
By A iust Master should I take no wrong:  
With A iust Master would my life be blest.  
In A iust Master are all Vertues met:  
From A iust Master flows abundant grace:  
But, A iust Master is so hard to get,  
That A iust Master seems of Phoenix race:  
Yea, A iust Master haue I found in fine.  
Of A iust Master if you question This,  
Whom A iust Master I so iust define:  
My Liege JAMES STVART A iust Master is.  
And A iust Master could my Work deserue,  
Such A iust Master would I iustly serue.

Voy Sire Saluste.





Au tres-puissant, tres-prudent, et tres-Auguste  
**JAQUES** (par la grace de Dieu) Roy de  
 la Grand Britaign, de France, et d'Ireland: Defen-  
 seur de la Foy unique Catholique, Apostolique,  
 & Chrestienne.

**V**OY (SIRE) ton SALVSTE habillé en Anglois  
 (Anglois encore plus de Cœur que de langage)  
 Qui, cognoissant loyal ton Royal Heritage  
 En ces beaux Lits dorez au Sceptre des Gaulois  
 (Comme au vray Souverain des vrayes Subjects François)

Cy a tes pieds sacrez te fait son saint Hommage  
 (De ton Hieut & Grandeur eternal tesmoignage)  
 Miroir de tous Heros, Miracle de tous Roys.

Voy (SIRE) ton SALVSTE, ou (pour le moins) son ombre;  
 Qui l'ombre (pour le moins) de le Traits plus divins;  
 Qui, ores trop noyrçis par mon pinçeau trop sombre,  
 S'esclairciront aux Raiz de tes Yeux plus benins.  
 Donques d'un ail benin & d'un accueil Auguste  
 Reçoy ton cher BARTAS, & VOY SIRE SALVSTE.

Anagrammatisme  
 de IOVA SYLVESTER:

de vostre Maesté  
 Ton humble Subject & Serviteur.

A l'istessa sua Maestà serenissima.

**N**Eptun, geloso de La Musa Inglesse,  
 L'immura si del Braccio crystallino,  
 Ch' il piu divin del Canto suo divino  
 Poco s'intende fuor del suo Paese:

Pero (Signor) Come già la Francèze  
 T'a Celebrato di qua l'Apenino;  
 Di la l'ITALICA al Peregrino  
 Anche fara l'alte tue Lodi inlese.  
 Sicche, la Sèna, el Pado prestaranno  
 Lor Chori sacri, per Cantar l'immensa  
 Alma Virtù Valor, Pietà, Prudenza  
 Di GIACOMO (gran SALAMON Britanno)  
 Per di tua Gloria (vasta qual'è quanta)  
 Rapir il Mondo in meraviglia santa.

L'iste To  
 Osservantissimo  
 I. S.

## CORONA DEDICATORIA.

To England's, Scotland's, France & Ireland's KING:  
 Great Emperour of EVROPE'S greatest Isles:

Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and every thing  
 Beneath BOOTES, many thousand myles:  
 Upon whose Head, Honour and Fortune smiles:  
 About whose brows, clusters of Crowns do spring:  
 Whose Faith, Him Cham-  
 pion of the FAITH enfiles:  
 Whose Wisdom's Fame  
 O're all the World doth bring:

MNEMOSYNE  
 &

Her faire Daughters bring  
 The DAPPNEAN Crown,  
 To Crown Him (Laureat)  
 Whole and sole Sovereigne  
 Of the THESPIAN Spring:  
 Prince of PARNASSVS, & Parnian Seater  
 And with their Crowns, their kingdoms Arms they yield:  
 Thrice thrice Penns Sun-like in a Cynthia field.  
 Sign'd by TIMES-SELVES, and their high Treasorer  
 BARTAS, the Great: Ingrosst by SYLVESTER.

Our SUN did Set, and yet no NIGHT ensue'd;  
 Our WOOL-fullofs so TOY-full gaine did bring,  
 In teares wee smile, amid our sighes wee Sing:  
 So suddenly our dying LIGHT renew'd.  
 As when the ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne  
 Her aged body in sweet FLAMES to death,  
 Out of Her CINDERS  
 A new Bird hath breath.



In whom the BEAUTIES  
 Of the FIRST renow'd  
 From Spacie Ashes of the sacred VRNE  
 Of Our dead Phoenix (dear ELIZABETH)  
 A new true PHOENIX lively flourisheth,  
 Whom greater glories than the Bird adorn.  
 So much (O KING) thy sacred Worth presunt-I on,  
 IAMES, thou just Heir of England's ioyfull VRNE.



# CORONA DEDICATORIA.

JAMES, Thou iust Heir of England's ioyfull VNION,  
VNITING now too This long sever'd ILE  
(Sever'd for Strangers, from it Selfe the while)  
Vnder one Scepter, in One Faith's Communion:  
That in our Loves may never bee dis-union,  
Throughout all Kingdoms in thy Regall Sile,  
Make CHRIST thy Guide  
(In whom was neuer guile)

CLIO.

To RVLE thy Subiectes  
In his GOSPEL'S VNION.  
So, on thy Seat thy Seed shall ever Florish  
To SION's Comfort and th' eternall Terror  
Of GOG and MAGOG, Atheisme and Error:  
So shall one TRVTH thy people train & nourish  
In meek Obedience of Th' Almighty's Pleasure,  
And to give CÆSAR what belongs to CÆSAR.

And (to give CÆSAR what belongs to CÆSAR)  
To sacred Thee (drad Sovereigne) dearest JAMES,  
While sad-glad ENGLAND yeelds Her Diadems,  
To bee dispos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleasure:  
While Peers & States expose their pomp & treasure  
To entertain thee from thy Tweed to THAMES  
With Royall Presentes,  
And rare-precious Gemmes;

THALIA.

As Mindes and Meanes  
Concurre in happy measure.  
Heer (gracious Lord) lowe prostrate I present you  
The richest Jewell my poore FAITH affords,  
(A Sacrifice, that long-long since I meant you)  
Your Minion BARTAS, masked in my words:  
With Him, my Selfe, my Service, Wit and Art,  
With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

# CORONA DEDICATORIA.

With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart,  
Vnto Your Royall Handes I Humbly Sacre  
These weeks (the works of the worlds glorious Maker)  
Divinely warbled by LORD BARTAS Art  
(Though through my rudenes heer mis-mind in part).  
For, to whom meeter should This Muse beake her,  
Than to Your Highnesse,  
Whom (as chiefe partaker)

MELPOMENE.

All MOSES Crowne  
For Principall Desarte?  
To whom should sacred Art and learned Pietie  
In Highest Notes Of Heavenly Musick Sing  
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Deitie,  
But to a learned and religious KING?  
To whom but You should Holy Faith comend-her,  
Great King of England, Christian Faith's Defender?

Great King of England, Christian Faith's Defender;  
No Selfe-pretending of my Wit's perfection  
(In what is mine of this Divine Confection)  
Bouldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:  
But with the Best, the Best I have to render  
For loyall Witnes at my glad affection,  
My MITE I offer  
To Your High Protection;

CALLIOPE.

Which MORE it needs,  
The more it selfe is slender.  
But, for mine AVTHOR, in his Sacred-fury,  
I know your Highnesse knows him Prince of Singers,  
And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers  
(Though heer His lustre too-too-much obscure-t).  
For His sake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,  
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie.



Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie  
 (Smoothing with smiles sterne Maiesties Severitie)  
*Sith from this Errour of my bold temeritie,  
 Great good may grow, through heav'ns & your benigntie:  
 For, faire more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,  
 This may provoke (with more divine dexteritie)  
 Some NOBLER Wit,  
 To SING to our Posteritie*

TERPSICHORE.

*This NOBLEST Worke,  
 After it Self's Condignitie:  
 Or else the sweet Rayes of your Royall Favour  
 May shine so warm on these wilde Fruits of mine,  
 As much may mend their vertue, taste, and savour,  
 And ripen faire the Rest that are behinde:  
 The rather, if som Clowde of COMFORT drop  
 Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope.*

Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope,  
 Three Noble pearches had my Muse of late,  
*Where (Turtle-like) grazing sad Lutes she fate:  
 But (O!) curst ENVIE did untimely lop  
 The First: the Next, bruis'd with his Fall, did drop  
 The Third: remains, grown a great arm of State:  
 Most WORTHIE So,  
 But so pre-occupate*

EVTERPE.

*With others MUSES,  
 That OURS hath no scope.  
 Wherefore for succour in her wearie flight,  
 Hardly possid by that sharp Vulture, WANTS  
 Shee's Iam my Liege (with your good leave) is light  
 Amid the Top-leaves of your CEDAR-Plant:  
 Where, if you daign Her Rest from Fortune's wrong,  
 Shee shall more sweetly Ende her solemn Song.*

# CORONA DEDICATORIA.

Shee shall more sweetly End Her solemn Song  
 (If Heaven grant Life, and You give leave to doo-it)  
*By adding filly All those Parties unto it  
 Which more precisely to Your Praise belong  
 (Wherein expressly, with a Thankfull tongue,  
 To your great Self, APOLLO's self applies-him,  
 Teelds YOU His Laurels,  
 And dooth all agnize-him*

ERATO.

*Rapt with the Wonder  
 Of Your Vertues, Young.  
 All the Posthumall race of that rare Spirit  
 (His Swan tunes, sweetest neer his latest breath)  
 Which, of his glory their Childes-part inherit  
 (Though born, alas!) after their Father's death)  
 As Epilogue, shall PAY our gratefull Vowes  
 Under the shaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes.*

Under the shaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes,  
 Great, Royall CEDAR of Mount LIBANON  
 (Greater than that great Tree of BABYLON)  
*No marvelle if our TVRTLE seek to House;  
 Sith CAESAR's Eagles, that so strongly Rouze:  
 Th'old Haggard FALCON, hatcht by Pampelou:  
 Th' LIBERIAN GRIPHIN  
 (And not THESE alone,*

POLYMNIA.

*But every Bird and Beast)  
 With HUMBLE vower,  
 Seeks roost or rest vnder your mighty Bowers:  
 So mighty hath th' Almighty made you now:  
 O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd You,  
 And build His house who thus hath blessed Tour.  
 So, SERVANTS ay shall stand (propt with His Power)  
 To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower.*



# CORONA DEDICATORIA.

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower:  
 Error's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:  
*A Sword to Wrong, a Shield to Innocence:*  
*Cheering the mild, checking the wilde with power:*  
 The State of other States, and Sterne of Our:  
 The Rod of Vice, & VERTUE's Recompence:  
 Long Live King JAMES  
 in all MAGNIFICENCE:

VRANIA.

And (full of DAYES)  
 When (in his Blissfull Bowr)  
 Heavens King shal crown thee with th' immortal flowr,  
 Fall all These Blessings on that forward Prince  
 HENRI (our Hope) to crown His Excellence  
 A KING at Home, abroad a CONQUEROR;  
 So Happily, that wee may still Conclude,  
 Our Sunne did Sette and yet no Night ensue'd.

## YOVR MAIESTIES

Most loyall Subiect

&

Humble Servants

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



## The Order of the Books or Tracts of this Volume.

The first Week containeth Seauen Dayes.

THE { 1 Day.  
 2 Day.  
 3 Day.  
 4 Day.

THE { 5 Day.  
 6 Day.  
 7 Day.

The Second Week likewise Seauen Dayes:  
 whereof Three were never finished.

ADAM, { Eden.  
 The Impossiure.  
 1 Day, { The Furies.  
 The Handy-Crafts.

ABRAHAM, { The Vocation.  
 The Fathers.  
 3 Day, { The Law.  
 The Captaines.

NOAH, { The Arke.  
 Babylon.  
 2 Day, { The Colonies.  
 The Columnes.

DAVID, { The Trophies.  
 The Magnificence.  
 4 Day, { The Schisme.  
 The Decay.

Vrania.  
 The Triumph of Faith.  
 The Quadrant of Pibrac.  
 The Miraculous Peace of France.  
 A Paradox against Liberty.  
 Judith.  
 Little Bartas.  
 The Map of Man.  
 The Maidens Blush, or Joseph.  
 Panaretus.  
 Job Triumphant.  
 Bethulians Rescue.  
 A Hymn of Almes.  
 Memorialsof Mortality.  
 St. Lewis, the King.  
 The Trophies of Henry the Great.  
 The Battaille of Iury.  
 All is not Gold that glisters.

New-Ierusalem.  
 Selfe-Civill-Warre.  
 A Cup of Consolation in Christian  
 Conflict.  
 Tobacco battered.  
 Lachryma Lacrymarum.  
 An Elegie upon St. Williams Sid-  
 neys death.  
 Honor's Farewell.  
 An Elegie upon the death of Doctor  
 Hills wife.  
 A Briefe Catechisme.  
 Spectacles.  
 Mottoes.  
 The Wood-mans Beare.  
 A Preparation to the Resurrection.  
 A Table of the Myserie of Myseries.





**E**s Temples lauriers, du *Laurel* meisme honneur ;  
 Ces Yeux contemple Cieux, ou la *Vertu* se lit ;  
 Ces traits au front, marquez de *Savoir* & d' *Esprit* ;  
 Ne sont que du *BARTAS* vn ombre exterieur.  
 Le Pinçeau n'en peut plus : Mais, de sa propre Plume  
 Il s'est peint le *Dedans*, dans son divin *Volume*.

*These laureat Temples which the Laurel grace ;  
 These Honest Lines, these Signes of Wit and Art ;  
 This Map of Vertues, in a Muse-full Face ;  
 Are but a blussh of BARTAS outward part.  
 The Pencil could no more : But his owne Pen  
 Limos him, with-in, the Miracle of Men.*



Sacrum Memoriae Ornatissimi Pientissimique  
*ipsius Amici, Magistri Iosuae Sylvester ; Qui*  
*in Oppido Middleburgensi, vicesimo octavo die Septem-*  
*bris, Anno Domini 1618. Annoq. Aetatis suae*  
*55. Patris Concessit.*

### HIS LIFE, &c.

**I**N Verse to personate what *Art* hath painted,  
 Craves not *Apelles*, but *Apollo's* skill ;  
 The *vine* and *strain* of *Mars*'s learned Quill,  
 Or *some* with sweet *Vrania* best-acquainted.

Yet, sith even all, whose *Browes* are deckt with *Bayes*,  
 Seem to neglect Thee ; *Pan* hath ta'en the paines  
 (With Oaten-pipe, in homely rustick *Strains*)  
 To sound, not *Arts*, but *Hearts* plain warbled *Layes*.

Is't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,  
 In this so *Sin-full*, *Sin-foule* Age, to see  
 All reall *Vertues* in one Man to bee ?  
 All, met in one, to have cohabitation ?

Thou wast no Lordly great *Cosmopolite* ;  
 Yet, much renowned by thy vertuous *Fame* :  
 A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)  
 A true *Nathanael*, *Christian-Israelite*.

Thy *Wisedom*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was showne.  
 'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *Works* did stream :  
 Yet, *Words* and *Works* shone (all) with *Graces* Beam :  
 Thy *Pietie*, *Sobrietie*, well knowne.

*Religious*, *Valiant*, like good *Iosua*.  
*Religious*, in Thy Selfe and Familie :  
*Courageous*, to withstand *Adversitie*  
 And worldly *Cares* ; which most men, most dismay.



His Lan-  
guage.

No *Temporizer*; yet, the Court frequenting:  
Scorning to *sooth*, or *smooth* this Ages crimes:  
At *Warre* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes*:  
Thine *Israels-Sins* (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Crasus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore:  
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy Chiefe Loves delight.  
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well, and well it might:  
Than *Pietie*, what Riches better? more?

Adorned with the Gift of Gods good Spirit:  
I mean the Gift of *Tongues*; French, Spanish, Dutch,  
Italian, Latin. As thy *Selfe*, few such:  
But, for thy Native-English, of most Merit.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero*  
(With *Figures*, *Tropes*; Words, Phrases, sweetly rare)  
Of Eloquence thou mad'st so little spare,  
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may seem to over-flowe.

His Works.

Witness *Du Bartas* (that rare *Master-Peece*  
Of *Poetrie*) to past and future Times:  
By whose mellifluous, sugred, sacred *Rimes*,  
Thou gott'st more fame, than *Jason* by his *Fleece*.

Of which thy *Work* (I iustly may averre)  
The radiant Sun-shine is so fair, so trim,  
As other Poets Moon-light much doth dim;  
Admired *Silber-Tongued Syluester*.

Yea, All thy full-ear'd Harvelt-Swathes are such,  
As (almost) all thy Brethrens high-topt *Sheaves*  
Bend, bow to thine, like Autumn-scattered *Leaves*;  
So white thy *Wheate* is, and the *Weight* so much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harsh appellation:  
Their pleasing Veine was oft too vaine: but, Thine,  
Still pleasant-grave: Heer, Moral; There, Divine.  
Right *Poet-Laureat* Thou wert of our Nation.

This then, say I (mangle the Spleen infernall  
Of *Elvish-Snovie*) shall promote thy *Praise*,  
And in thy Temples with nere-fading *Bayes*,  
Such heavenly *Off-springs* needs must live Eternall.

What should I say? much more than I can say.  
A *Man* thou wert; and yet, than man much more.  
Thy Soule resembled right an *House of Store*;  
Wherein all *Virtues*, in *Thee*, treasur'd lay.

His Death.

A blessed Death an holy Life ensues,  
Thy pious End this Truth hath well exprest:  
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death*; all-blest:  
Thy Heav'n-born Soule, her Native-Home did chuse.

And, hadst thou dy'd at *Home*, it had bin better;  
It would (at least) have given thee much Content:  
But, heerin, *England's* worthy to be shent,  
Which to thy Worth did prove so bad a *Debter*.

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame  
To think, that though a *Cradle*, *Thee* it gave,  
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy Corps a *Grave*;  
Much more a *Statue*, reared to thy *Name*.

But, *Thou* wert wise; who to thy *Selfe* built'st One  
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endless Dare:  
A reall, royall-one; which (spite of Hate)  
To *Times* last time shall make thy *Glory* knowre.

Now, though thy *step-Dame Country* cast thee off;  
(Ah! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to *Thee*.)  
Yet heer accept a Mite of Love from *Mee*  
(Thy Meaneft Brother) This Mean Epizaph:

### HIS EPITAPH.

Heer lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prize*) the Corps enter'd  
Of *IOSVAH SYLVESTER DuBARTAS* Peer;  
A *Man* of *Arts* best *Parts*, to *God*, *Man*, deer;  
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, prefer'd.

JOHN VICARS.







## The Printer, to the Reader.

**T**he name of Iosuah Sylvester is garland enough to hang before  
 This doore: a name worthily deare to the present Age, to Poste-  
 rity. I doe not therefore goe about to apologize for this Work,  
 or to commend it: it shall speake for it selfe, louder then either o-  
 thers friendship, or envy. I onely advertise my Reader, that since  
 the death of the Author (if at least it be safe to say those men are dead, who ever  
 survive in their living Monuments) I have carefully fetcht together all the  
 dispersed issue of that divine Wit, as those which are well worthe to live (like  
 brethren) together under one fair rooffe, that may both challenge time and out-  
 weare it. I durst not conceale the harmlesse fancies of his inoffensive youth, which  
 him selfe had devoted to Silence and Forgetfulness. It is so much the more  
 glory to that worthie Spirit, that hee who was so happy in those youthfull strains  
 would yet turne and confine his pen to none but holy and religious duties. Let  
 the present and future times enjoy so profitable and pleasing a Work, and at  
 once honor the Author, and thank the Editor.



## LECTORIBVS.



ENGLAND'S  
 Apelles (rather  
 OVR APOLLO)

WORLD'S-wonder

**SYDNEY,**

that rare more-thā-man,

This LOVELY VENVS

first to LIMNE beganne,

With such a PENCIL

as no PENNE dares follow:

How thē should Lin wit & art so shalow,

Attēpt the Task which yet none other can:

Far be the thought, that mine vnlearned hand

His heavenly Labor should so much vnhalow:

Yet, lest (that Holy-RELIQUE being shrin'd

In som High-Place, close lockt from cōmon light)

My Countrey-men should bee debarr'd the sight

Of these DVINE pure Beauties of the Minde;

Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE,

This haue I muddled, as my MVSE was able.





# INDIGNIS.

Hence profane Hands, Factors for Hearts profane:  
Hence hissing *Ashes*, Heläth Misse-Creants:  
Hence Bozzard Kites, dazled with Beautie's glance:  
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales vp-tane:

Hence Green-sick Wits, that relish nought but bane:  
Hence dead-lyve Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance:  
Hence wanton *Mischis*, that deuide my Dance:  
Hence *Mimick* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter pane:

Hence prying *Criticks*, carping past your Skill:  
Hence dull Concepts, that have no true Discerning:  
Hence envious *Monies*, converting Good to Ill:  
Hence all at-once, that lack (or love not) LEARNING:

Hence All vn-holy, from the *Worlds* Birth Feast:  
VRANIA'S Grace brooke no vn-worthy Guest.

# OPTIMIS.

But (my best Guest) welcom great King of FAERIE:  
Welcom fair QUEEN (his vertue's vertuous Love):  
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:  
Welcom sound Eares, that sacred Tunes approve:

Welcom pure hands, whose Hearts are fixt above:  
Welcom dear Soules, that of Art's choice are charie:  
Welcom chaste Matrons, whom true zeal doth moves:  
Welcom good Wits, that grace-full Mirth can varie:

Welcom milde Censors, that mean slips can cover:  
Welcom quick Spirits, that sound the depth of Art:  
Welcom MECENAS, and each LEARNING lover:  
Welcom All good: Welcom, with all my Heart:

Sit—down (I pray) and taste of every Dish:  
If Ought mis—like You, better Cooke I will.





Intimo Iosvæ Sylvestri.  
Hexasticon.

**V**t prodesse suis possit, Salustius offert  
Gallis, quod nobis Iosua noster, opus:  
ille ergo eximij hoc uno nomine dignus  
Laudibus; at duplici nititur hic merito:  
Quem simul Authoris fama, chara q̃, videmus  
Communi Patria consuluisse bono.

Io. Bo. Miles.

Ad Iosuam Sylvestrum, G. Salustij  
genuinum Interpretem.

**A**re agē, divini cultissima lingua Salusti,  
(SYLVESTER) Clarij cū fuit ille Dei;  
Elyzj qua parte Iugi convenerat, & te  
Edocuit sensus & sua verba Senex?  
An mage, corporea Herois compage soluta,  
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipsa sibi?  
Credo equidem; & Samij rata Dogmata sunt Senis; unde,  
Non Translata mihi sed genuina canis.  
Quin & Posteritas, si pagina prima taceret,  
Interpres dubitet tunc vel ille fiet.

Car: Fitz-Geofridus Lat. Portensis.



Iosva Sylvester,  
ANAGRAM.

Verē Os Salustij.

**S**tu SYLVESTER nostro cur Ore vocaris?  
An quod in Ore feras Mel? quod in Aure Mel-os?  
An quod BARTASI faciem dum pinguis et ORA,  
ORA tui pariter qualibet ora colis?  
Nempe licet duram pra te fers nomine SILVAM,  
Silvas et salebras carmina nulla tenent:  
Sed quod Athenarum COR, dux Salaminius olim  
Dixit, inest libris Osq; vigorq; tuis.  
Ergo Os esto alijs; mihi suadae LINGVA videris;  
Musis et Phœbo charus OCCELLVS eris.

Ad Gallum de Bartasio iam toto Anglicè donato.

**Q**uod Gallus factus modò sit, mirare, Britannus,  
Galle? novum videas, nec tamen invideas:  
Sylvester vester, noster Bartasius, ambo  
Laude quidem gemina digni, ut et ambo pari.

In Detractores ad Authorem.

Taceat malevolum Os malè strepentis Zoila;  
Monstrum bilingue, septuplex Hydra caput:  
Dum Septimanam septies faustam canis  
Te Septimana septies faustum facit  
Quævis, nec ulla debeat Iosuam Dies.  
Nempe Ore fari Vera si licet meo,  
Os ipse VERE diceris SALUSTI;  
Qui si impetaris dentibus mordentibus  
Impurioris ORIS, ædè Theon  
Os non carere dentibus scias tuum.

E. L. Oxon.





In duo Poetarum lumina, *Bartam & Syl-*  
*vesterum, carmen Asclepiadeum Glico-*  
*nium, decol. Distroph.*

**I**E *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos,  
Vel Germana soror nympha Polymnia,  
Musarumue potens pater,  
Pulsans plectra sonantia.

*Sylvestere*, meam tu superas lyram,  
Et linguam modulum dum rudis obstrepit:  
Vatem commeruit decus  
Illustrem ingenij tui.

Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,  
Vel Martem valuit scribere bellicum  
Digne, vel Veneris rosæ  
Vultum purpureæ parem:

Nec vestram valeo tollere versibus  
Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis  
Sacra progenies satis;  
Non vos æquiparem modis.

Gallorum Druidas hospites arborum  
*Bartas* grandiloqui carminis alite  
Præstat: noster amat sui  
Ponti vincere Naiadas:

Ambo sic proprias viribus ingeni  
Divas ruricolas ponticolas simul  
Vicistis, trivij meum  
Vicistis miserum melos.

Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,  
Ipsos cœlicolas terra Britannica,  
Quæ Vates tulerint duos  
Claros præ reliquis novos.

G. B. Cantabrig.



EPIGRAM.  
To M. Iosuah Sylvester.

**I**F to admire were to commend, my Praise  
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:  
But, as it is (the Childe of Ignorance,  
And utter stranger to all ayre of France)  
How can I speak of thy great paines, but erre?

Since they can only iudge, that can confer.  
Behold! the reverend Shade of *BARTAS* stands  
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands  
That to the world publish, for him, This;  
*BARTAS* doth with thy English now were His.  
So well in that are his intentions wrought,  
As His will now be the Translation thought,  
Thine the Originall; and France shall boast,  
No more, those mayden glories she hath lost.

B. Iohnson.

In praise of the Translator.

**I**F divine *BARTAS* (from whose blessed Braines  
Such Works of grace, or gracefull works did stream)  
Were so admir'd for Witt's celestiall Strain's  
As made their Vertues Seat, the high'st Extream;  
Then, *IOSUAH*, the Sun of thy bright praise  
Shall fixed stand in Arts faire Firmament  
Till Dissolution date Times Nights, and Dayes,  
Sith right thy Lines are made to *BARTAS* Beams,  
Whose Compass circumscribes in spacious Words  
The Univerfall in particulars;  
And thine the same, in other Terms, affords;  
So, both your Terms agree in friendly VVays:  
If Thine be only His, and His be Thine,  
They are (like God) eternall, sith Divine.

Iohn Davies of Hereford.

B 3





TO M. IOSVAH SYLVESTER,  
of his BARTAS Metaphrased.

**D**are confess; of Muses, more than nine,  
Nor list, nor can I envy none, but thine.  
Shee, do encht alone in Sion's sacred Spring,  
Her Makers praise hath sweetly choſe to sing,  
And reacheth neerer th' Angels notes above;  
Nor list to sing of Tales, or Warres, or Love.  
One while I finde her, in her nimble flight,  
Cutting the brazen ſpheres of heav'n bright;  
Thence, straight ſhe guides, before I be aware,  
Through the three regions of the liquid ayre;  
Thence, rushing down, through Nature's Cloſet-dore,  
Shee ranſacks all her Grandame's ſecret ſtore;  
And, diving to the darkeſt of the Deep,  
Sees there what treaſure waives in priſon keep;  
And what ſhe ſees above, below, betwixt,  
Shee ſhowes and ſings to others eares and eyne.  
T'is true: thy Muſe another's ſteps doth preſſe:  
The more's her paine: nor is her praife leſſe.  
Freedom gives ſcope, unto the roving thought;  
Which, by reſtraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,  
That ſee, unfetter'd, walken farre, or ſitt?  
Which, pent with chains, muſt want their wonted hie.  
Thou follow'ſt Bartas's diſtiner ſtreame;  
And ſing'ſt his numbers in his native veine.  
BARTAS was ſom French An-ell, part with Bayes:  
And thou a BARTAS art, in Engliſh Lyes.  
Whether is more? Me ſeems (ſhe ſoother ſayes)  
One BARTAS ſpeakes in Tongues, in Nations, twayn.

Iof. Hall.



To my good friend, M. Sylveſter,  
in honour of this ſacred Work.

**H**us to adventure forth, and re-convey  
The beſt of treaſures from a ſorain Coaſt,  
And take that wealth wherein they gloried moſt,  
And make it ours by ſuch a gallant pray,  
And that without iniuſtice, doth bewray  
The glory of the Work, that we may boiſt  
Much to have wonn, and others nothing loſt  
By taking ſuch a famous prize away,  
As thou induſtrious SYLVESTER haſt wrought;  
And heer enrich vs with th' immortal ſtore  
Of others ſacred lines; which from them brought;  
Cams by thy taking greater than before:  
So haſt thou lighted from a flame devout,  
As great a flame, that never ſhall goe out.

Samuel Daniel.

TO M. IOSVAH SYLVESTER.  
A SONNET.

**H**e glorious Saluſt, morall, true divine,  
Who (all inspired with a Holy rage)  
Makes Heav'n his ſubieſt, and the Earth his ſtage,  
The Arts his Actors, and the Triple-Trine:  
Who his rich language gilds, and graceth fine:  
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;  
Whoſe Worlds bleſt Birth, and bleſſed Pupillage,  
Gain him a world of fame for every line;  
Hath heer obtain'd a true Interpreter,  
Whom, fame, nor gaine, but love to Heav'n and vs,  
Mov'd to vn-French his learned labours thus.  
Thus loves, thus lives all-loved SYLVESTER.  
Forward, ſweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,  
All to this taſk prefer thine onely Pen.

G. Gay-Wood.





*Dilectissimo IO: SYLVESTRIO.*

**Q**uod Allica visa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec vlla  
 Illi vel similis, vel mihi maior erat:  
 Credideram magni nullo sermone referri  
 BARTAST ingenium posse, velle eloquium:  
 Cum subito clarum dedit alma Britannia solem,  
 Ingenij tenebras abstulit ille mei.  
 Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;  
 Et si successu non meliore, pari.  
 O, ter felicem venam, Dulceisq; Camoenas!  
 Quis tanto Vati contigit esse pares.  
 Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;  
 Tam bene ne ceptum destituatur opus,  
 Sic pia Sicæliæ aspirent Numina Musæ:  
 Sic faveat ceptis doctus Apollo tuis:  
 Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:  
 Sic te Virgilium norit et ipsa suum.

*Io: Maudslayi Germanus.*

*Amicissimo Iosua Sylvestri, G. Salustij  
 D. BARTASII interpreti Encomium.*

**Q**uod conspecta Pharus vario dat lumine vasta  
 Equora sulcanti, cum vaga Luna silet:  
 Et quod lustratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris  
 Erranti in sylvis dum manifestat iter:  
 Hoc dat præstanti methodo SALUSTIUS illis  
 Cognatio sanctæ quæ placet Historiæ.  
 Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis IOSV A noster,  
 Qui solus patrio ductus amore dedit.  
 Ingenium cupitis, non fictæque flumina Vatum:  
 Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:  
 Musa tua est BARTAS dulcissima: Musa videtur  
 Ipsi tamen NOSTRI, dulcior esse mihi.

*Si. Ca. Gen.*



*Flexanimo Salustij du Bartas interpreti,  
 Ios. Sylvestri, carmen Encomiasticum.*

**Q**uod Et hanc I seen sweet fancie-pleasing faces  
 Confort themselves with swart misshapen features,  
 To grace the more their soule-subduing graces,  
 By the defect of such deformed creatures;  
 As Painters garnish with their shadowes sable  
 The brighter colours in a curious Table:  
 So, English Bartas, though thy beauties, heer  
 Excell so farre the glory of the rest,  
 That France and England both must hold thee deer,  
 Sith both their glories thou hast heer exprest  
 (Shewing the French tongues plenty to be such,  
 And yet that ours can utter full as much)  
 Let not thy fairest Heav'n-aspiring Muse  
 Disdaine these humble notes of my affection:  
 My faulty lines let faithfull love excuse,  
 Sith my defects shali adde to thy perfection:  
 For, these rude rimes, thus ragged, base, and poore,  
 Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more.

*E. G.*

*In Commendation of du BARTAS, and his Translator,  
 M. IOSV A SYLVESTER.  
 A SONNET.*

**W**hile nights black wings the dayes bright beauties hide,  
 And while faire Phœbus dives in western deep;  
 Men (gazing on the heav'nly stages steep)  
 Commend the Moon, and many Stars beside:  
 But, when Aurora's windowes open wide,  
 That Sol's clear rayes those sable clouds may banish,  
 Then suddenly those petty lights do vanish,  
 Vastling the glories of their glistening pride:  
 So, while du Bartas and our Sylvester  
 (The glorious lights of England and of France)  
 Have hid their beames, each glowe-worm durst prefer  
 His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance:  
 But, now these Suns begin to gild the day,  
 Those twinkling sparks are soon disperst away.

*R. H.*



*In Commendation of this worthe Worke.*

**H**oole that I was, I thought in younger times,  
That all the *Muses* had their graces sown  
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and sweet *Daniels* Rimes  
(So, good seems best, where better is vnknownen).  
While thus I dream'd, my busie phantasie  
Bad me awake, open mine eyes, and see

How *SALVST*'s English *Sun* (our *SYLVESTER*)  
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vail: and how the *Sheaves*  
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing doe prefer  
His *Fruits* before their Winter-shaken *Leaves*:  
So much for *Matter*, and for *Manner* to,  
Hath He out-gon those that the rest out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Envie*'s vip'rous seed  
Gnaw forth the brest which bred and fed the same;  
Rest safe (Sound truth from fear is ever freed.)  
Malice may bark, but shall not bite thy Name:  
*Iosva*, thy Name with *BARTAS* name shall live.  
For, double life you each to other give.

But, Mother *Envie*, if this *Art* as spunne  
Of *Golden* threads be seen of *English* eyes,  
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are vndon:  
But Shee, more subtle, than religious-wife,  
Hatfull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,  
Pale, swoln as *Toad* (though custom'd to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but (O!) what *Peace* hath She  
With *Virtue*? None: Therefore desie her frown.  
Gainst greater force growes greater victory.  
As *Camomile*, the more you tread it down,  
The more it springs; *Virtue*, despightfully  
Vfed, doth vse the more to fructifie:

And so doo Thou, vntill thy *Man's* sole rare  
Doo fill this World with wonderment; and, that  
In *Venus* Form no clumie fist may dare  
To meddle with thy *Pencill* and thy *Plat*.  
I feare thy life more, till thy goale be run,  
Than Wife her Spouse, or Father fears his Son.

R. R.

*Malum patienti lucrum.*



*An Acrostick Sonnet, to his friend*

M. *Iosva SYLVESTER*.

**I**f profit, mixt with pleasure, merit Praise,  
**O**r Works diuine be 'fore profane preferr'd:  
**S**hall not this heavenly Work the Workers raise,  
**V**nto the Clouds on *Columnes* selfy-rear'd?  
**A**nd (though his Earth be lowe in Earth interr'd)  
**S**hall not du *BARTAS* (Poets pride and glorie)  
**I**n after Ages be with wonder heard,  
**L**ively recording th' *VNIVERSAL* Story?  
**V**ndoubtedly he shall: and so shalt Thou,  
**E**are charming *Eccho* of his sacred Voce:  
**S**weet *SYLVESTER*, how happy was thy chiefe,  
**T**o Task thee thus, and thus to quite thee now?  
**E**nd as thou hast begun; and then by right  
**R**are *Muses* *NON-SUCH*, shall thy Work be hight.

R. N. Gen.

*To the Same.*

**H**ad golden *Homer*, and great *Maro* kept  
In envious silence their admired measures,  
A thousand *Worthies* worthy deeds had slept:  
They, rest of praise: and wee of learned pleasures.  
But (O!), what rich incomparable treasures  
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,  
Diuine du *BARTAS*, bid his heavenly ceasures,  
Singing the mighty World's immortal story?  
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding  
To *Chapman*, and to *Phaer*! but, yet much more  
To thee (dear *SYLVESTER*) for thus unfolding  
These holy wonders, hid from vs before.  
Those works profound, are yet profane; but thine,  
Graue, learned, deep, delightfull, and diuine.

R. N.



Du  
**BARTAS**

His  
**FIRST WEEK,**  
OR  
**BIRTH OF THE WORLD:**

Where-in  
In SEVEN DAYES the glorious  
*Worke of the CREATION*  
*is divinely handled.*

- In the
- 1 Day, The CHAOS.
  - 2 Day, The ELEMENTS.
  - 3 Day, The SEA and EARTH.
  - 4 Day, The HEAVENS, SUN, MOON, &c.
  - 5 Day, The FISHES and FOYLES.
  - 6 Day, The BEASTS and MAN.
  - 7 Day, The SABBATH.



*Acceptam refero.*



**THE FIRST DAY**  
**OF THE FIRST**  
**WEEK.**

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD Aide implor'd: the Summe of all propos'd:  
World not eternall, nor by Chance compos'd:  
But of meer Nothing God it essence gaue:  
It had Beginning: and an End shall haue:  
Curst Atheists quipe: the Heathen Clarke's control'd:  
Doom's glorious Day: Star-Doctors blam'd, for bold:  
The Matter form'd: Creation of the Light:  
Alternate changes of the Day, and Night:  
The birth of Angels; some for Pride dejected:  
The rest persist in Grace, and guard th' Elected.



Thou glorious Guide of Heav'ns star-glistring motion,  
Thou, thou (true Neptune) Tamer of the Ocean,  
Thou Earth's drad Shaker (at whose only Word,  
Th' Eölian Scouts are quickly still'd and stirr'd)  
Lift vp my soule, my drouisie spirits refine,

With learned Art enrich This Worke of mine:  
O Father, grant I sweetly warble forth  
Vnto our seed the WORLD'S renowned BIRTH:  
Grant (gracious God) that I record in Verse  
The rarest Beauties of this VNIVERSE;  
And grant, therein Thy Power I may discern:  
That, teaching others, I my selfe may learn.

And also grant (great Architect of wonders,  
Whose mighty Voyce speaks in the midst of Thunders,  
Causing the Rocks to rock, and Hills to seare;  
Calling the things that Are not, as they were;  
Confounding Mighty things by meanes of Weak;  
Teaching dum Infants thy drad Praise to speak;

The Poet implor-  
eth the graci-  
ous assistance of  
the true God of  
Heaven, Earth,  
Air, and Sea,  
that he may  
happily finish  
the worke he  
takes in hand.

The Transla-  
ter, knowing &  
acknowledg-  
ing his own in-  
sufficiency for  
so excellent a  
labour, craveth  
also the aide of

Inspiring



the All-suffi-  
cient God.

*Inspiring Wisdom into those that want,  
And giving Knowledge to the Ignorant  
Grant mee good Lord (as thou hast giu'n me hart  
To undertake so excellent a Part)  
Grant me such Iudgement, Grace, and Eloquence,  
So correspondent to that Excellence,  
That in some measure, I may seeme to inherit  
(Elisha-like) my deare Elias spirit.*

The world was  
not from euer-  
lasting.

CLEAR FIRE for euer hath not Aire imbrac't,  
Nor Aire for-ay inuiron'd Waters vast,  
Nor Waters alwaies wrapt the Earth therein;  
But all this All did once (of nought) begin.  
Once All was made; not by the hand of Fortune  
(As fond Democritus did yerst importune)  
With iarring Concords making Motes to meet,  
Inuisible, immortall, infinite.

Neither made  
by chance,  
But created to-  
gether with  
Time by the al-  
mighty in some  
of God.

Th' immutable diuine Decree, which shall  
Cause the Worlds End, caus'd his Originall:  
Neither in Time, nor yet before the same,  
But in the instant when Time first became.  
I meane a Time confus'd: for, the course  
Of yeares, of months, of weeks, of daies, of howrs,  
Of Ages, Times, and Seasons, is confin'd  
By th' ordred Dance vnto the Stars assign'd.

God was before  
the world was.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,  
God all in all, and all in God it was:  
Immutable, immortall, infinite,  
Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light,  
All Maiesty, all self-Omnipotent,  
Inuisible, impassive, excellent,  
Pure, wise, iust, good God reign'd alone (at rest)  
Himselfe alone, selfs Palace, host, and guest.

He confuted the  
Atheists, ques-  
tioning what God  
did before he  
created the  
world.

Thou scoffing Atheist, that enquirest, what  
Th' Almighty did before he framed that?  
What weighty Work his minde was busied on  
Eternally before this world begun  
(Sith so deep Wisdom and Omnipotence,  
Nought worse becoms, then sloth and negligence):  
Knowe (bold blasphemer) that, before, he built  
A Hell to punish the presumptuous Guilt  
Of those vngodly, whose proud sense dares cite  
And censure too his Wisdom infinite.

Can Carpenters, Weavers, and Potters passe  
And liue without their seuerall works a space?  
And could not then th' Almighty All-Creator,  
Th' all-prudent, BEE, without this frail Theater?

Shall valiant Scipio Thus himself esteem,  
Neuer lesse sole then when he sole doth seem?

And

And could not God (O Heav'ns! what frantick folly!)  
Subsist alone, but sink in Melancholy?

Shall the *Pryenian* Princely Sage auerr,  
That all his goods he doth about him bear:  
And should the Lord, whose Wealth exceeds all measure,  
Should he be poore without this Worldly treasure?

God neuer seeks, out of himself, for ought;  
He begs of none, he buyes or borrowes nought;  
But aye, from th' Ocean of his liberall bounty,  
He poureth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.

Yer *Eurus* blew, yer Moon did Wax or Wane,  
Yer Sea had fish, yer Earth had grafs or grain,  
God was not void of sacred exercise;  
He did admire his Glorie's Mysteries:  
His power, his Iustice, and his Prouidence,  
His bountious Grace, and great Beneficence  
Were th' holy obiect of his heavenly thought,  
Vpon the which, eternally it wrought.

It may be also that he meditated  
The Worlds *Idea*, yer it was Created:  
Alone he liv'd not; for his Son and Spirit  
Were with him ay, Equall in might and merit.  
For, sans beginning, seed, and Mother tender,  
This great Worlds Father he did first ingender  
(Towit) His Son, Wisdom, and Word eternall,  
Equall in Essence to th' All-One Paternall.

Out of these Two, their common Power proceeded,  
Their Spirit, their Loue, in Essence vndiuided:  
Onely distinct in Persons, whose Diuinitie,  
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.

Soft, soft, my *Muse*, launch not into the Deep,  
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep  
From this *Charybdis* and *Capharean* Rock,  
Where many a ship haue suffered wofull wrack,  
While they haue fondly vent' red forth too-far,  
Following frail Reason for their only Star.  
VWho on this Gulf would safely venture fain,  
Must not too-boldly hale into the Main,  
But 'longst the shoar with sailes of Faith must coast;  
Their Star the Bible; Steer-man th' Holy-Ghost.

How many fine wits haue the World abus'd,  
Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd;  
And, scorning of the loyall virgins Thred,  
Haue them and others in this Maze mis-led?

In sacred sheets of either Testament  
'Tis hard to finde a higher Argument,  
More deep to sound, more busie to discuss,  
More vse-full, knowne, vknown, more dangerous.

C 2

So

What God did  
before he crea-  
ted the World.

Of 3. Persons in  
one only Essence  
of God: of the  
eternall genera-  
tion of the Son.

Of the Holy-  
Ghost proce-  
ding from the  
Father and the  
Son:  
The which three  
Persons are one  
only and the  
same God.

How to think &  
speak of God.

The *Athenian*  
*Philosophers*  
lost themselves  
and others in  
their curiosities:  
and weening to  
be wise, became  
fooles.



God, the Father,  
Son, & Holy-  
Ghost created  
of Nothing the  
worlds goodly  
frame.

Leading curious  
speculations, the  
Poet teacheth  
how to contem-  
plate God in his  
works.

God makes him-  
self (as it were)  
visible in his  
works.

Leading curious  
speculations, the  
Poet teacheth  
how to contem-  
plate God in his  
works.

So bright a Sun dazels my tender sight:  
So deep discourse my sense confoundeth quite:  
My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute,  
And in my mouth my fainting words be mute.

This TRINITY (which rather I adore  
In humbleness, then busily explore)  
In th' infinit of *Nothing*, builded all  
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;  
Wherein appears ingrav'n on every part  
The Builders beauty, greatness, wealth, and Art;  
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatness, that confounds  
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds.

Climb they that list the battlements of Heav'n:  
And with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n,  
Beyond the World's wals let those Eagles flie,  
And gaze vpon the Sun of Maieslie:  
Let other some (whose fainting spirits do droop)  
Downe to the ground their meditations stoop,  
And so contemplate on these Workmanships,  
That th' Authors praise they in Themselves eclipse.

My heedfull *Muse*, trained in true Religion,  
Diuinely-humane keeps the middle Region:  
Lest, if she should too-high a pitch presume,  
Heav'n's glowing flame should melt her waxen plume;  
Or, if too-low (neer Earth or Sea) she flag,  
Loaden with Mists her moistned wings should lag.  
It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein  
(As in a Glasse) God's glorious face is seen:  
I loue to look on God; but, in this Robe  
Of his great Works, this vniuersall Globe.  
For, if the Suns bright beams do beare the sight  
Of such as fixtly gaze against his light;  
Who can behold about th' Emphyrial Skies,  
The lightning splendor of God's glorious eyes?  
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without  
His Works, which beare his Image round about?

God, of himselfe incapable to sense,  
In's Works, reueales him t' our intelligence:  
There-in, our fingers feel, our nostrils smell,  
Our palats taste his vertues that excell:  
He shewes him to our eyes, talkes to our eares,  
In th' ord' red motions of the spangled Spears.

The World's a School, where (in a generall Story)  
God alwaies reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:  
A paire of Staires, whereby our mounting Soule  
Ascends by steps about the Arched Pole:  
A sumptuous Hall, where God (on euery side)  
His wealthie Shop of wonders opens wide:

A Bridge, whereby we may pass-o're (at ease)  
Of sacred Secrets the broad boundless Seas.

The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth cleer,  
Not fair *Latona's* quiv' red Darling deer;  
But the true *Phæbus*, whose bright countenance  
Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance.

The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,  
His Iustice, Knowledge, Loue, and Prouidence,  
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)  
About the Heav'n's to raiuish dullest mindes.

The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all  
VVith God's great Works in letters Capitall:  
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect,  
A faire Character, void of all defect.

But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,  
In steed of learning, learne to play the fools:  
VVe gaze but on the Babies and the Couer,  
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-ouer;  
And neuer farther for our Lesson look  
VVithin the Volume of this various Book;  
VVhere learned Nature rudest ones instructs,  
That, by His wisdom, God the World conducts.

To read This Book, we need not vnderstand  
Each strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand  
*Turks* Characters, nor *Hebrew* Points to seek,  
*Nyle's* Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greece*.  
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antarticks* wilde,  
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fell, the *Childe*  
Scarce seav'n yeare old, the bleared aged eye,  
Though void of Art, reade heer indifferently.  
But he that wears the spectacles of *Faith*,  
Sees through the Sphears, about the highest height:  
He comprehends th' Arch-moouer of all Motions,  
And reads (though running) all these needfull Notions.  
Therefore, by *Faith's* pure rayes illumined,  
These sacred *Pandecks* I desire to read,  
And (God the better to behold) behold  
Th' Orb from his Birth, in's Ages manifold.

Th' admired Author's Fancie, fixed not  
On some fantastik fore-conceited Plot:  
Much less did he an elder World erect,  
By form whereof, he might his Frame erect:  
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince  
Some stately Palace, yer he do commence  
His Royall VVork, makes choise of such a Court  
VVhere cost and cunning equally consort:  
And if he finde not in one Edifice  
All answerable to his quaint device;

Although the  
world discourt  
sufficiently even  
to the most rude  
the Eternity &  
Power of God:  
Yet only the  
true Christians  
do rightly con-  
ceive it.

God, needing no  
Ideas, nor pro-  
mediation, nor  
Patterne of  
his work, of no-  
thing made all  
the world.



From this faire Palace then he takes his Front,  
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount  
His curious Stairs, there finds he *Frise* and *Cornish*,  
And other Places other Peecces furnish;  
And so, selecting euery where the best,  
Doth thirty Models in one House digest.

Nothing, but *Nothing*, had the Lord Almighty,  
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this Citie:  
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, and Sea, did frame,  
He sought not far, he sweat not for the same:

*A fit simile to  
that purpose.*

As *Sol*, without descending from the sky,  
Crowns the fair Spring in painted brauery;  
Withouten trauaile causeth th' Earth to beare,  
And (far off) makes the World young euery yeare.

The Power and Will, th' affection and effect,  
The Work and Proiect of this Architect,  
March all at once: all to his pleasure ranges,  
Who *Alwaies One*, his purpose neuer changes.

*Of Nothing, God  
created the  
matter, where-  
unto afterward  
he gave the form  
or figure which  
now we behold  
in this creature.*

Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receiue  
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceiue  
That He, who means to build a warlike Fleet,  
Makes first prouision of all matter meet  
(As Timber, Iron, Canuase, Cord, and Pitch)  
And when all's ready; then appointeth, which  
Which peece for Planks, which plank shall line the Wasse,  
The Poup and Prow, which Fir shall make a mast;  
As Art and Vse directeth, heedtully,  
His hand, his tool, his iudgement, and his eye:  
So God, before This Frame he fashioned,  
I wote not what great *Word* he vntered  
From's sacred mouth; which summon'd in a Masse  
Whatsoeuer now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.  
But, where the Ship-wright, for his gainfull trade,  
Findes all his stufte to's hand already made;  
Th' Almighty makes his, all and euery part,  
Without the help of others Wit or Art.

*What an un-  
derstand Cha-  
os, before God  
gave it form, fi-  
gure, place, and  
situation.*

That first World (yet) was a most formles *Form*,  
A confus'd Heap, a *Chaos* most deform,  
A Gulf of Gulfs, a Body ill compact,  
An vgly medley, where all difference lackt:  
Where th' Elements lay iumbled all together,  
Where hot and colde were iarring each with either;  
The blunt with sharp, the dank against the drie,  
The hard with soft, the base against the high,  
Bitter with sweet: and while this brawl did last,  
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:  
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;  
Water, Earth, Aire, within the Fire were fixt;

Fire,

Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide;  
Aire, Fire, and Water, in the Earth did hide.  
For yet th' immortall, mighty Thunder-darter,  
The Lord high-Marshall, vnto each his quarter  
Had not assigned: the Celestiall Arks  
Were not yet spangled with their fiery sparks:  
As yet no flowrs with odours Earth reuiued:  
No scaly shoals yet in the Waters diued:  
Nor any Birds, with warbling harmony,  
Were born as yet through the transparent Sky.

All, All was void of beaury, rule, and light;  
All without fashion, soule, and motion, quite.  
Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,  
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.  
Or if one could, in such a World, spy forth  
The Fire, the Aire, the Water, and the Earth;  
Th' Earth was not firme, the Fier was not hot,  
Th' Aire was not light, the Water cooled not.  
Briefly, suppose an Earth, poore, naked, vaine,  
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,  
A Heav'n vn-hangd, vn-turning, vn-transparent,  
Vn-garnished, vn-gilt with Stars apparent;  
So maist thou ghesse what Heav'n and Earth was that,  
Where, in confusion, raigned such debate:  
A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,  
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet.

*Gen. 1. 2*

This was not then the World: 'twas but the Matter,  
The Nurcery whence it should issue after;  
Or rather, th' *Embryon*, that within a *Week*  
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like  
The shape-les burthen in the Mothers womb,  
Which yet in Time doth into fashion com:  
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,  
And euery member in proportion meet;  
Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thrives,  
And (*Little-World*) into the World arriues.  
But that becomes (by Natures set direction)  
From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.  
But this dull Heap of vndigested stuf  
Had doubtles neuer come to shape or proof,  
Had not th' Almighty with his quick'ning breath  
Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.

*The Chaos how  
to be considered.*

*A simile.*

The dreadful Darknes of the *Memphytists*,  
The sad black horror of *Cimmerian* Mists,  
The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault  
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)  
Muffled the face of that profound Abyss,  
Full of Disorder and fell Mutinies:

*Of the secret po-  
wer of God in  
quickning the  
matter whereof  
the World was  
made.*

So



So that (in fine) this furious debate  
Euen in the birth this Ball had ruinate,  
Saue that the Lord into the Pile did pour  
Some secret Mastick of his sacred Power,  
To glew together, and to gouern faire  
The Heav'n and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire;  
VWho ioyntly iustling, in their rude Disorder,  
The new-borne Nature went about to murder.

The Spirit of  
God, by an in-  
conceivable  
meane, mani-  
fested, and (as it  
were) brooding  
warmed the  
shapelesse  
Masse.  
Genes. 1.

As a good Wit, that on th' immortal Shrine  
Of Memory, ingraues a Work Diuine,  
Abroad, a-bed, at board, for euer vses  
To minde his Theam, and on his Book still muses:  
So did Gods Spirit delight it selfe a space  
To moue it selfe vpon the floating Masse:  
No other care th' Almighty's mind possesse  
(If care can enter in his sacred brest).  
Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood  
(Some of her owne, some of adoptiue blood)  
Sits close thereon, and with her liuely heat,  
Of yellow-white bals, doth lyue birds beget:  
Euen in such sort seemed the Spirit Eternall  
To brood vpon this Gulf; with care paternall  
Quickning the Parts, inspiring power in each,  
From so foul Lees, so faire a World to fetch.  
For 't's nought but All, in't selfe including All;  
An vn-beginning, midle, endless Ball.  
Tis nothing but a World, whose superfluous  
Leaves nothing out, but what meer nothing is.

Thus there is but  
one World: con-  
futing the Error  
of Leucippus  
& his Disciples,  
by two reasons.

\* embrace.

Now, though the great Duke, that (in dreadfull aw)  
Vpon Mount Horeb learn'd th' eternall Law,  
Had not assur'd vs that Gods sacred Power  
In six Daies built this Vniuersall Bower;  
Reason it selfe doth over-throw the grounds  
Of those new Worlds that fond Leucippus founds:  
Sith, if kinde Nature many Worlds could \* clip,  
Still th' vpper World's water and earth would slip  
Into the lower; and so in conclusion,  
All would returne into the Old Confusion.  
Besides, we must imagin empty distance  
Between these Worlds, wherein, without resistance  
Their wheels may whirle, not hindered in their courses:  
By th' inter-iustling of each others forces:  
But, all things are so fast together fixt  
With so firme bonds, that there's no voyd betwixt.  
Thence comes it, that a Cask pearc't to be spent,  
Though full, yet runs not till we giue it vent.  
Thence is't that Bellowses, while the snout is stopt,  
So hardly heaue, and hardly can be op't.

Thence

Thence is't that water doth not freeze in Winter,  
Stopt close in vessels where no aire may enter.  
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept close,  
Let fall no liquor at their snue-like nose.  
And thence it is, that the pure siluer source,  
In leaden pipes running a captiue course,  
Contrary to it's nature, spouteth high:  
To all, so odious is Vacuities.

God then, not only framed Nature one,  
But also set it limitation  
Of Forme and Time: exempting euer solely  
From quantity his owne self's Essence holy.  
How can we call the Heav'ns vnmeasured?  
Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measured.  
How can we count this Vniuerse immortal?  
Sith many-waies the parts proue howerly mortall:  
Sith his Commencement proues his Consummation,  
And all things aye decline to alteration.

Let bold Greek Sages faine the Firmament  
To be compos'd of a fift Element:  
Let them deny, in their profane profoundnes,  
End and beginning to th' Heav'ns rowling roundnes:  
And let them argue, that Deaths lawes alone  
Reach but the Bodies vnder Cymbias Throne:  
The sandy grounds of their sophistical brawling  
Are all too-weake to keep the World from falling.

One Day, the Rocks from top to toe shall quier,  
The mountaines melt and all in sunder shiuer:  
The Heav'ns shall rent for feare; the lowly Fields,  
Pufft vp, shall swell to huge and mighty Hills:  
Riuers shall dry: or if in any Flood  
Rest any liquor, it shall all be blood:  
The Sea shall all be fire, and on the shoar  
The thirsty Whales with horrid noyse shall roar:  
The Sun shall seize the black Coach of the Moon,  
And make it midnight when it should be noon:  
With rusty Mask the Heauens shall hide their face,  
The Stars shall fall, and all away shall pass:  
Disorder, Dread, Horror, and Death shall come,  
Noise, Storms, and Darkness shall vsurp the roome.  
And then the Chief-Justice, venging Wrath  
(Which heer already often threatned hath)  
Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,  
As once he made it a vast Ocean all.

Alas! how faith-les and how modest-les  
Are you, that (in your Ephemerides)  
Mark th' yeer, the month and day, which euermore  
Gainst years, months, dayes, shall dam-vp Saturnes dore!

Confutation of  
another Error  
of such as make  
Nature and the  
Heauens infinit.

A liuely de-  
scription of the  
end of the world

Against iudicial  
Astrologers,  
that presume to  
point the very  
time thereof.

(At



## THE FIRST DAY

(Ar thought whereof, euen now, my heart doth ake,  
 My flesh doth faint, my very soule doth shake)  
 You haue mis-cast in your *Arithmetick*,  
 Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly yee seek  
 In Nights black darknes for the secret things  
 Seal'd in the Casket of the King of Kings.  
 'Tis hee, that keeps th' eternall Clock of Time,  
 And holds the weights of thar appointed Chime:  
 Hee in his hand the sacred booke doth bear  
 Of that close-clasped finall *Calendar*,  
 Where, in *Red letters* (now with vs frequented)  
 The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;  
 Thar dreadfull Day, which doth so swiftly pass,  
 That 'twill be seen, before fore-seen of most.  
 Then, then (good Lord) shall thy dear Son descend  
 (Though yet hee seem in feeble flesh ypend)  
 In complete Glory, from the glistering Skie:  
 Millions of Angels shall about him flie:  
*Mercy and Justice*, marching cheek by ioule,  
 Shall his Diuine *Triumphant Chariot* ioule;  
 Whose wheeles shall shine with Lightning round about,  
 And beames of Glory each where blazing out.  
 Those that were loaden with proud marble Toombs,  
 Those that were swallow'd in wild Monsters wombs,  
 Those that the Sea hath swill'd, those that the flashes  
 Of ruddy Flames haue burned all to ashes  
 Awaked all, shall rise, and all reuolt  
 The flesh and bones that they at first posselt.  
 All shall appear, and heare before the Throne  
 Of God (the Iudge without exception)  
 The finall Sentence (sounding ioy and terror)  
 Of euer-lasting Happines or Horror.  
 Some shall his *Justice*, some his *Mercy* taste;  
 Some call'd to ioy, some into torment cast,  
 VVhen from the Goats he shall his Sheep disceuer;  
 These *Bless'd* in Heav'n, those *Curs'd* in Hell for euer.  
 O thou that once (scorn'd as the vilest drudge)  
 Didst bear the doom of an *Italian* Iudge,  
 Daign (decreest Lord) when the last Trump shall summon,  
 To this *Grand Sessions*, all the World in common;  
 Daign in that Day to vnder take my matter:  
 And, as my Iudge so be my Mediator.  
 Th' eternall Spring of Power and Prouidence,  
 In Forming of this All-circumference,  
 Did not vnlike the Bear, which bringeth forth  
 In th' end of thirty daies a shapeless birth;  
 But after, licking, it in shape she drawes,  
 And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,

Having spoken  
 of the creation  
 of the matter,  
 he sheweth how  
 it was brought  
 into shape  
 and how it was  
 brought into  
 the world.

The

## OF THE FIRST WEEK.

The head, and neck, and finally doth bring  
 To a perfect beast that first deformed thing,  
 For when his Word in the vast Voyd had brought  
 A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,  
 In time the high World from the lowe he parted,  
 And by it selfe, hot vnto hot he sorted;  
 Hard vnto hard, cold vnto cold he sent;  
 Moist vnto moist, as was expedient.  
 And so in *Six Dayes* form'd ingeniously  
 All things contain'd in th' *VNIVERSITIE*.

Not but he could haue, in a moment, made  
 This flowry Mansion where mankind doth trade;  
 Spred Heav'n's blew Curtains & those Lamps haue burnisht;  
 Earth, aire, and sea; with beasts, birds, fish, haue furnisht:  
 But, working with such Art so many dayes,  
 A sumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raise,  
 Yer Man was made yet; he declares to vs,  
 How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,  
 He would be to vs being made, to whom  
 By thousand promises of things to-come  
 (Vnder the Broad-Seal of his deere Sons blood)  
 He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.  
 By his Example he doth also shew vs,  
 We should not heedless-hastily bestowe vs  
 In any Work, but patiently proceed  
 With oft re-vises *Making sober speed*  
 In dearest business, and obserue by proof,  
 That, *What is well done, is done soon enough*.

O Father of the Light! of Wisedom fountain;  
 Out of the Bulk of that confus'd Mountain  
 What should (what could) issue, before the *Light*?  
 Without which, Beauty were no beauty hight.  
 In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclop* drawn,  
 In vain *Parrhasius* counterfeited Lawn,  
 In vain *Apelles* *Venus* had begun,  
*Zeuxis* *Penelope*; if that the Sun,  
 To make them seen, had neuer shoven his splendor:  
 In vain, in vain, had been (those *Works of Wonder*)  
 Th' *Ephesian Temple*, and high *Pharian-Tower*,  
 And *Carian Toomb* (Tropheis of Wealth and Power)  
 In vain had they been builded euerie one,  
 By *Scopas*, *Sostrates*, and *Ctesiphon*;  
 Had All been wrapt vp from all humane sight,  
 In th' obscure Mantle of eternall Night.

What one thing more doth the good Architect  
 In Princely Works (more specially) respect,  
 Then lightfomness: to th' end the Worlds bright Eye,  
 Careering daily once about the Sky,

May

Wherefore God  
 employed six  
 Dayes in crea-  
 ting the world.

How men should  
 imitate God in  
 his works.

The 1. creature,  
 extracted from  
 the Chaos, was  
 Light.



*Sundry opinions  
concerning the  
matter and crea-  
tion of Light.*

May shine therein; and that in every part  
It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.  
Whether Gods Spirit moving vpon the Ball  
Of bubbling Waters (which yet covered All)  
Thence forc't the Fire (as when amid the Sky  
*Auster* and *Boreas* iusting furiously  
Vnder hot *Cancer*, make two clouds to clash,  
Whence th' air at mid-night flames with lightning flash):  
Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,  
From Fiery Element did Light extract:  
Whether about the vast confused Crowd  
For twice six howrs he spread a shining Cloud,  
Which after he re-darkned, that in time  
The Night as long might wrap vp either Clime:  
Whether that God made, then, those goodly beams  
Which gild the World, but not as now it seems:  
Or whether else some other Lamp he kindled  
Vpon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)  
Which flying round about, gaue light in order  
To th' vnplac't Climates of that deep disorder;  
As now the Sun, circling about the Ball  
(The Light's bright Chariot) doth enlighten All.  
No sooner said he, *Be there Light*, but lo  
The form-less Lump to perfect Form gan growe;  
And, all illustred with Lights radiant shine,  
Dost mourning weeds and deckt it passing fine.

*Gen. 1. 3.*

*Of the excellent  
use and economi-  
dine of Light.*

All hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excell'g,  
Sorrow and Care, Darknes and Dead repell'g:  
Thou World's great Taper, Wicked mens iust Terror,  
Mother of Truth, true Beauties only Mirror,  
Gods eldest Daughter: O! how thou art full  
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!  
Sith thy great Paren'ts all-discerning Eye  
Doth iudge thee so: and sith his Maiesty  
(Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes  
Can doo no less then sing thy modest prayse.

*Why God ordain-  
ed the Night  
and Day alter-  
nately to succeed  
each other.*

But yet, because all Pleasures wex vnpleasant,  
If without pause we still possesse them, present;  
And none can right discern the sweets of Peace,  
That haue not felt Wars irksom bitterness;  
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by  
(For, Contraries each other best discry)  
Th' All's-Architect, alternately decreed  
That Night the Day, the Day should Night succeed.

*The commoditie  
that the Night  
bringseth vs.*

The Night, to temper Daies exceeding drought,  
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.  
The Night is she that all our trauailes easeth,  
Buries our cares, and all our griefs appeaseth.

The

The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,  
In gloomy Darknes hushing every thing)  
Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,  
And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.

Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)  
Our life were loathsom; euen a Hell to pass:  
For, outward paines and inward passions still,  
With thousand Deaths, would soule and body thrill.  
O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away  
Where-with vaine Actors, in this Worlds great Play,  
By Day disguise-them. For, no difference  
Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,  
The poore and rich, the Prisoner and the Iudge,  
The foul and faire, the Master and the Drudge,  
The foole and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:  
For, Night's black Mantle covers all alike.

He that, condemn'd for some notorious vice,  
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice;  
Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright  
Our soules dire sulphur, resteth yet at night.  
He that, still stooping, roghes against the tide  
His laden Barge alongst a Rivers side,  
And filling shoares with shoars, doth melt him quite;  
Vpon his pallet resteth yet at Night.  
He, that in Sommer, in extreamest heat  
Scorched all day in his owne scalding sweat,  
Shaues, with keen Sythe, the glory and delight  
Of motly Medowes; resteth yet at Night;  
And in the arms of his deer Pheer forgoes  
All former troubles and all former woes.  
Onely the learned Sisters sacred Minions,  
While silent Night vnder her sable pinions  
Foldes all the World, with pain-lesse paine they tread  
A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;  
And higher then the Heav'ns their Readers raise  
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.

EVEN NOW I listned for the Clock to chime  
Dayes latest hower; that for a little time,  
The Night might ease My Labours: but, I see  
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;  
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes  
Heav'ns glorious Hoast in nimble squadrons flies.

Whether, *This Day*, God made you, Angels bright,  
Vnder the name of Heav'n, or of the Light:  
Whether you were, after, in th' instant borne  
With those bright Spangles that the Heav'ns adorne:  
Or, whether you deriue your high Descent  
Long time before the World and Firmament

*Before he con-  
clude the first  
Day, he createth  
of Angels.*

*The time of their  
creation, cer-  
tainly refused.*

(For,



(For, I will stily argue to and fro  
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;  
Especially, where curious search, perchance,  
Is not so late as humble Ignorance);  
I am resolv'd that once th' Omnipotent  
Created you immortall, innocent,  
Good, faire, and free; in brieft, of Essence such  
As from his Owne differd not very much.

Some of them are  
fallen, resulting  
from Gods and  
are cast into  
Hell, therefore  
call'd Bad An-  
gels, Strayed  
Spirits and  
Devils.

But even as those, whom Princes favours oft  
Above the rest have rais'd and set aloft,  
Are oft the first that (without right or reason)  
Attempt Rebellion and do practice Treason;  
And so, at length are justly tumbled down  
Beneath the foot, that raught above the Crown:  
Even so, some Legions of those losly Spirits  
(Envyng the glory of their Makers merits)  
Conspir'd together, st one against the streame,  
T'vsurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.  
But He, whose hands doe neuer Lightnings lack  
Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,  
Hurl'd them in th' Aire, or in some lower Cell:  
For, where God is not, cuery where is Hell.

This cursed Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,  
Of vs, at least, haue this advantage got,  
That by experience they can truly tell  
How far it is from highest Heav'n to Hell:  
For, by a proud leap they have taen the measure,  
When headlong thence they tumbled in displeasure.

The insistent and  
audacious at-  
tempts of Satan  
and his Fellows  
against God and  
his Church.

These Fiends are so far-off from bettering them  
By this hard Iudgement, that still more extream,  
The more their plague, the more their pride encreases.  
The more their rage: as Lizards, cut in peeces,  
Threat with more malice, though with lesser might,  
And even in dying shew their living spight.  
For, ever since, against the King of Heav'n  
Th' Apostate Prince of Darknes still hath striv'n,  
Striv'n to deprave his Deeds, t' interr their Story,  
T' vndoo his Church, to vnder-mine his Glory;  
To reave this World's great Body, Ship, and State,  
Of Head, of Master, and of Magistrate.

But, finding still the Majesty divine  
Too strongly fenc'd for him to vnder-mine;  
His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines, all  
Force-less to batter the celestiall Wall;  
Too weak to hurt the Head, he hacks the Members:  
The Tree too hard, the Branches he dismembers.  
The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Foresters,  
Set not so many toyls and baits, and snares,

To

To take the Fowle, the Fish, the savage Beasts,  
In Woods, and Floods, and fear-full Wildernesse:  
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile  
The cunningest, that practice nought but wile.

With wanton glance of Beauties burning eye  
He snares hot Youth in sensuality.  
With Gold's bright lustre doth he Age intice  
To Idolize detested Avarice.

With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,  
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate.  
With curious Skill-pride, and vain dreams, he witches  
Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.  
Yea, Faith it selfe, and Zeale, be sometimes Angles  
Wherewith this juggler Heav'n-bent Soules intangles:  
Much like the green Worm, that in Spring deuours  
The buds and leaues of choicest Fruits and Flowrs;  
Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure  
To deadly poyson, and detested ordure.

Who but (alas!) would haue been gull'd y'er-whiles  
With Night's black Monark's most malicious wiles?  
To heare Stones speak, to see strange wooden Miracles,  
And golden Gods to vtter wondrous Oracles:  
To see Him play the Prophet, and inspire  
So many Sibyls with a sacred fire?  
To raise dead Samuel from his silent Tomb,  
To tell his King Calamities to come?

T' inflame the Flame of Ioue Ammon so  
With Heathen-holy fury, his to knowe  
Future events, and sometimes truly tell  
The blinded World what afterwards befelle:  
To counterfaint the wondrous Works of God;  
His Rod turn Serpent, and his Serpent Rod:  
To change the pure streams of th' Egyptian Flood  
From clearest water into crimson blood:  
To rain-down Frogs, and Grass-hoppers to bring  
In the bed-chambers of the stubborn King:  
For, as he is a Spirit, vnseen he sees  
The plots of Princes, and their Policies;  
Vnselt, he feels the depth of their desires;  
Who harbours vengeance, and whose heart aspires:

And, as vs'd daily vnto such effects,  
Such feats and fashions, iudges of th' effects.  
Besides, to circumvent the quickest sighted,  
To blind the eyes even of the clearest sighted,  
And to enwrap the wisest in his snares,  
He oft foretels what hee himselfe prepares.

For, if a Wise-man (though Mans daies be don  
As soon almost as they be heet begun;

D

And

The diuers baits  
of the Diuell to  
entrap mankind

Their Oracles,

1 Sam. 28.  
14. 17.

These false Mi-  
racles,  
Exod. 7. 11. 22.  
Or 8. 7.

Their Wiles.

wherefore their  
effects are so  
strange and  
wonderfull.



And his dul Flesh be of too slowe a kinde  
T'enfue the nimble Motions of his minde)  
By th' onely power of Plants and Minerals  
Can work a thousand super-naturals:  
Who but will think, much more these Spirits can  
Work strange effects, exceeding sense of Man?  
Sith, being immortall, long experience brings  
Them certain knowledge of th' effects of things;  
And, free from bodie's clog, with less impeach,  
And lighter speed, their bold Designs they reach.

God reflects  
them as his  
pleasure.

1. King. 22. 35.

Job 1. 17. 18.

Why the Lord  
sometimes lets  
loose these mi-  
serable Spirits.

Of the good An-  
gels serving to  
the glory of  
God, and good  
of his Church,  
both in generall  
or particular.

Not that they have the bridle on their neck,  
To run at random without curb or check,  
T' abuse the Earth, and all the World to blinde,  
And tyrannize our bodie and our minde.  
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;  
That, without leaue, one minute of an hower  
They cannot range. It was by his permission,  
The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;  
Making him march against that Foe with force,  
Which should his body from his soule divorce.  
Arm'd with Gods sacred Pass-port, he did try  
Iust humble *Job's* renowned Constancy:  
He reauces him all his Cattell, many wayes,  
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Seruants slayes:  
To loss of Goods he adds his Childrens loss,  
And heaps vpon him bitter crosse on crosse.  
For th' Only Lord, sometimes to make a tryall  
Of firmest Faith, sometimes with Errors viol  
To drench the Soules that Errors sole delight,  
Lets loose these *Furies*: who with fell despite  
Driue still the same Nail, and pursue (incensed)  
Their damned drifts in *Adam* first commenced.  
But, as these Rebels (maugre all that will)  
T' assist the Good, be fore't t' assault the Ill:  
Th' vnspotted Spirits that neuer did intend  
To mount too high, nor yet too lowe descend,  
With willing speed they euery moment goe  
Whither the breath of diuine grace doth blowe:  
Their aimes had neuer other limitation  
Then God's owne glory, and his Saints saluation.  
Law-less Desire ne'r enters in their breast,  
Th' Almighty's Face is their *Ambrosiall* Feast:  
Repentant tears of strayed Lambs returning,  
Their *Nectar* sweet: their *Musick*, Sinners Mourning.  
Ambitious Man's greedy Desire doth gape  
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:  
These neuer thirst for greater Dignities.  
Trauail's their ease, their bliss in seruice lies.  
For, God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken,

Or

Or bow'd his head, or giuen som other token,  
Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein  
The Ministry of Angels shall be seen,  
But these quick Postes with ready expedition  
Flie to accomplish their diuine Commission.

One followes *Agar* in her pilgrimage,  
And with sweet comforts doth her cares allwage.  
Another guideth *Isaacs* mighty Hoasts;  
Another, *Jacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts.  
Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light  
Restores old faithfull *Tobies* failing sight.  
In *Nazareth*, another rapt with ioy,  
Tels that a Virgin shall bring-forth a Boy;  
That *Mary* shall at-once be Maid-and-Mother,  
And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spouse, and Brother:  
Yea, that Her happy fruitfull wombe shall hold  
Him, that in Him doth all the World infold.  
Some in the Desart tendred consolations,  
While *Isus* stroue with Sathans strong Temptations.  
One, in the Garden, in his Agonies,  
Cheers-vp his feares in that great enterprise,  
To take that bloody Cup, that bitter Chalice,  
And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.  
Another certifies his Resurrection  
Vnto the Women, whose faith's imperfection  
Suppos'd his cold limbs in the *Grave* were bound,  
Vntill th' Archangels lofty Trump should sound.  
Another, past all hope, doth pre-auer  
The birth of *John*, *Christ's* holy Harbenger.  
One, trusty Seriant for diuine Decrees,  
The *Jewes* Apostle from close Prison frees:  
One, in few howers, a fearfull slaughter made  
Of all the First-born that the *Memphians* had;  
Exempting Those vpon whose door-posts stood  
A sacred token of Lambs tender blood.  
Another mowes-down in a moments space,  
Before *Jerusalem* (Gods chosen place)  
*Senacharib's* proud over-daring Hoast,  
That threatned Heav'n, and 'gainst the Earth did boast;  
In his blasphemous Braues, comparing ev'n  
His Idol-Gods, vnto the God of Heav'n.  
His Troups, victorious in the East before,  
Besieg'd the Citie, which did sole adore  
The onely God; so that, without their leaue,  
A Sparrow scarce the sacred Walls could leaue.  
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,  
Poyzing the danger of these sad euents  
(His Subiects thrall, his Cities wofull Flames,

Gen. 21. 17. 18.

Exod. 17. 23.  
C. 33. 2.

Tobi. 11. 7. 11.  
C. 12. 14. C. 15.

Luk. 1. 26.

Matth. 4. 11.

Luk. 22. 43.

Matth. 28. 15.

Luk. 1. 13.  
Acts. 12. 8.

Exod. 12. 29.

2. King. 10. 35.

His

D 3



His childrens death, the rape of noble Dames,  
The Massacre of Infants and of Eld,  
And's Royall Selfe with thousand weapons queld;  
The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Censer void  
Of sacred use, Gods Seruants all destroyed  
Humbled in Sack-cloth and in Ashes, cries  
For aid to God, the God of Victories,  
Who heares his suit, and thunders down his Fury  
On those proud *Pagan* Enemies of Iury.  
For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*  
About the Fire securely snorted hard,  
From Heav'n th' Almighty looking sternly down  
(Glancing his Friends a smile, his Foes a frown)  
A sacred Fencer 'gainst th' *Assyrians* sent,  
Whose two-hand Sword, at every veny, sent,  
Not through a single Souldiers feeble bones,  
But keenly slices through whole Troops at once;  
And heaws broad Lanes before it and behinde,  
As swiftly whirling as the whisking winde.

Now gan they fly; but all too slowe to shun  
A flying Sword that follow'd euery one.  
A Sword they saw; but could not see the arm  
That in one Night had done so dismall harm:  
As we perceiue a Winde-mills sails to go;  
But not the Winde, that doth transport them so.

Blushing *Aurora*, had yet scarce dismiss'd  
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomy Mists,  
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, discov'ring plain  
An hundred foure score and five thousand slain,  
Exceeding ioyfull, gan to ponder stricter,  
To see such conquest and not know the Victor.

O sacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard  
Of Gods Elect, you Pursuiuants prepar'd  
To execute the Counsailes of the Highest;  
You Heav'nly Couriers, to your King the highest;  
Gods glorious Heralds, Heav'ns swift Harbengers,  
Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters;  
I could be well content and take delight  
To follow farther your celestiall Flight;  
But that I feare (heer hauing ta'n in hand  
So long a journey both by Sea and Land)  
I feare to faint, if at the first (too fast  
I cut away, and make too-hasty haste:  
For, Trauailers, that burn in braue desire  
To see strange Countries manners and attire,  
Make haste enough, if only the *First Day*  
From their owne Sill they set but on their way.

*So Morne and Evening the First Day conclude,  
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.*



## THE SECOND DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Lewd Poets check: Our Poets chaste Intents:*  
Heav'ns Curtain spread: th' all-forming Elements;  
Their number, nature, use and Domination,  
Content, excessse, continuance, situation:  
Aire's triple Regions; and their Temper's change:  
Windes, Exhalations, and all Meiors strange;  
Th' effects, the use (apply'd to Conscience):  
Mans Reason non-pluss'd in some Accidents:  
Of Prodigies: of th' Elementall Flame:  
Heav'ns ten fold Orbs: Waters about the same.



Hose learned Spirits, whose wits applied wrong,  
With wanton Charms of their enchanting song,  
Make of an olde, foul, franticke *Hecuba*,  
A wondrous fresh, faire, wittie *Helena*:  
Of lewd *Faustina* (that loose Emperess)

A chaste *Lucretia*, loathing wantonness:  
Of a blinde Bowe-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Bastard,  
No petty Godling, but the Gods great Master;  
On thankless furrowes of a fruitless land  
Their seed and labour lose, with heedless hand;  
And (pitching Nets, to catch I little wott  
What fume of Fame that seems them to besott)  
Resemble Spiders, that with curious pain  
Weave idle Webs, and labour still in vain.

But (though then Time we haue no deerer Treasure)  
Lesse should I wail their miss-expende of leisure,  
If their sweet *Muse*, with too-well spoken Spell,  
Drew not their Readers with themselves to Hell.

*A just reproof of  
wanton & lascivious Poets of  
our Time.*



The danger of  
their fiducial  
Readers.

For, vnder th' hony of their learned Works  
A hatefull draught of deadly poyson lurks :  
Whereof (alas) Young spirits quaffe so deep,  
That drunk with Loue, their Reason falls asleep;  
And such a habit their fond Fancy gets,  
That their ill stomach still loues euill meats.

Th' enchanting force of their sweet Eloquence  
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,  
Aye (childe-like) sliding, in a foolish strife,  
On th' Icie down-Hills of this slippery Life.

The Songs their *Phœbus* doth so sweet inspire,  
Are euen the Bellows whence they blowe the fire  
Of raging Lust (before) whose wanton flashes  
A tender brest rak't vp in shamefack't ashes.

Our Poets may  
del purpose.

Therefore, for my part I haue vow'd to Heav'n  
Such wit and learning as my God hath giv'n;  
To write, to th' honour of my Maker dread,  
Verse that a Virgine without blush may read.

Again, he calls  
upon God, for  
assistance in the  
discovery of  
the fount  
Dai a work.

Clear source of Learning, soule of th' Vniuerse  
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuse mine humble Verse  
To sing thy Praises) make my Pen distill  
Celestiall *Nectar*, and this Volume fill  
With th' *Amalthean* Horn; that it may haue  
Some correspondence to a Theam so graue:  
Rid thou my passage, and make cleare my way  
From all incumbers: shine vpon *This Day*;  
That guided safely by thy sacred Light,  
My *Rendez-vous* I may attaine yer night.

Which is the  
Forme of the  
universe, as  
described by Mo-  
ses in the 1. Ch.  
of Gen. 1. v. 9. 11.  
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Had but one head, that he might butcher so  
All th' Empires Subjects at one only blowe;  
It, Tyrannizing, seek to wrack the rest,  
It ruines soon the Province it possesse;  
Where soon appears, through his proud usurpation,  
Both outward change, and inward alteration.

Excess of moisture.

So, too-much Moist, which (vnconcoct within)  
The Liver spreads betwixt the flesh and skin,  
Puffs vp the Patient, stops the pipes and pores  
Of Excrements: yea, double bars the dores  
Of his short breath; and slowly-swiftly curst,  
In midd'lt of Water makes him euer thirst:  
Nor giues man Rest, nor Respire, till his bones  
Be raked vp in a cold heap of stones.

Of Drought.

So too-much Drought a lingering Ague diawes,  
Which seeming pain-les, yet much pain doth cause;  
Robbing the nerues of might, of ioy the heart,  
Of mirth the face, of moisture euery part  
(Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour,  
By little and little it owne selfs consumer)  
Nor giues man Rest, nor Respire, till his bones  
Be raked vp in a cold heap of stones.

Of Heat.

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Feuer,  
Which spurrs our Pulse, and furs our Palat euer;  
And on the tables of our troubled brain,  
Fantastickly with various penfull vain  
Doth counterfeit as many Forms, or more  
Then euer Nature, Art, or Chance could shoue:  
Nor giues man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones  
Be raked vp in a cold heap of stones.

Of Cold.

So, too-much Cold covers with hoary Fleece  
The head of Age, his flesh diminishes,  
Withers his face, hollowes his rheumy eyes,  
And makes himselfe euen his owne selfe despise;  
While through his marrow euery where it entets,  
Quenching his native heat with endless Winters:  
Nor giues man Rest, nor Respire, till his bones  
Be raked vp in a cold heap of stones.

Of the resolution  
of the Elements,  
and the continuall  
change of the  
world, in the  
matter & form  
therof, according  
to Gods pleasure  
in such sort, yet  
that the matter remains,  
though the  
form be infinite  
times.

Yet think not, that this *Too-much*, remises  
Ought into nought: it but the Form disguises  
In hundred fashions, and the Substances  
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leese.  
For, all that's made, is made of the *First Matter*  
Which in th' old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.  
All, that dissolues, resolves into the same.  
Since first the Lord of Nothing made This Frame,  
Nought's made of nought; and nothing turns to nothing:  
Things birth, or death, change but their formall clothing:

Their

Their forms do vanish, but their bodies bide;  
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now side.

For, if of Nothing any thing could spring,  
Th' Earth without seed should wheat and barley bring:  
Pure Mayden-woombs desired Babes should bear:  
All things, at all times, should grow euery where.  
The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender;  
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lambling tender:  
Th' Ocean should yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree;  
On Hazels Acornes, Nuts on Oaks should be:  
And breaking Natures set and sacred vse,  
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves, produce.

If of themselves things took their thriving, then  
Slowe-growing Babes should instantly be Men:  
Then in the Forests should huge boughes be seen  
Born with the bodies of vnplanted Treen:  
Then should the sucking Elephant support  
Vpon his shoulders a well-manned Fort;  
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,  
Should neigh for Battail, like *Bucephalus*.

Contrariwise, if ought to nought did fall;  
All, that is felt or seen within this All,  
Still losing somewhat of it selfe, at length  
Would come to Nothing: If Death's fatall strength  
Could altogether Substances destroy,  
Things then should vanish euen as soon as dy.  
In time the mighty Mountains tops be bared;  
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted;  
And what, when *Trent* or *Anon* ouer-flowe,  
They reauce one field, they on the next bestowe:  
Loue-burning Heav'n many sweet Deaws doth drop  
In his deer Spouses faire and fruitfull lap;  
Which after she restores, straining those showrs  
Through th' hidden pores of pleasant plants and flowrs.

Whoso hath seen, how one warm lump of wax  
(Without increasing, or decreasing) takes  
A hundred figures; well may iudge of all  
Th' incessant Changes of this nearer Ball.  
The Worlds owne Matter is the waxen Lump,  
Which, vn-self-changing, takes all kind of stamp:  
The Form's the Seal; Heav'ns gracious Emperour  
(The living God)'s the great *Lord Chancellor*;  
Who at his pleasure setting day and night  
His great *Broad Seales*, and *Priny Signets* right  
Vpon the Mats so vast and variable,  
Makes the same Lump, now base, now honourable.  
Heer's nothing constant: nothing still doth stay:  
For, Birth and Death haue still successiue sway.

Heer



Heer onething springs not, till another die :  
 Onely the Matter liues immortalie  
 (Th'Almighties Table, body of this All,  
 Of change-full Chances common Arcenall,  
 All like it selfe, all in it selfe contained,  
 Which by Times Flight hath neither lost nor gained)  
 Change-les in Essence; changeable in face,  
 Much more then *Proteus*, or the subtil race  
 Of rousing *Polypes*, who (to rob the more)  
 Transform them howly on the wauing shore :  
 Much like the *French* (or like our *selues*, their *Apes*)  
 Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes;  
 Who louing nouels, full of affectation,  
 Receiue the Manners of each other Nation;  
 And scarcely shift they shirts so oft, as change  
 Fantastick Fashions of their garments strange :  
 Or like a *Lair*, whose inconstant loue  
 Doth euery day a thousand times remoue;  
 Who's scarce vnfolded from one Youths embraces,  
 Yer in her thought another she embraces;  
 And the new pleasure of her wanton Fire  
 Stirs in her, still, another new desire :  
 Because the Matter, wounded deep in heart  
 With various Loue (yet, on the selfe same part,  
 Incapable, in the same time, at once  
 To take all figures) by successions,  
 Form after Form receiues: so that one face  
 Anothers faces features doth deface.

The chief nature  
 of this change of  
 formes in the  
 matter.

Enim.

Now the chiefe Motiue of these Accidents,  
 Is the dire discord of our Elements;  
 Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Brother  
 By turns, and turn them one into another,  
 Like Ice and Water that beget each other;  
 And still the Daughter bringeth forth the Mother.  
 But each of these hauing two qualities  
 (One bearing Rule, another that obayes)  
 Those, whose effects do wholly contradict,  
 Longer and stronger strue in their Conflict.  
 The hot-dry Fire to cold-moist Water turns not;  
 The cold-dry Earth, to hot-moist Aire, returns not;  
 Returns not easly: for (still opposite)  
 With tooth and nail as deadly foes they fight.  
 But Aire turne Water, Earth may Fierize;  
 Because in one part they do symbolize;  
 And so, in combat they haue less to doe;  
 For, 't's easier far, to conquer one then two.  
 Sith then the knot of sacred Mariage,  
 Which ioynes the Elements, from age to age

Of the situation  
 of the Elements,  
 or of the world.

Brings

Brings forth the Worlds Babes: sith their Enmities,  
 With fell diuorce, kill whatsoeuer dies:  
 And sith, but changing their degree and place,  
 They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face  
 Of this fair World is so imbellished  
 [As six sweet Notes, curiously varied  
 Inskilfull Musick, make a hundred kindes  
 Of Heav'nly sounds, that rauish hardest mindes;  
 And with Division (of a choice deuice)  
 The Hearers soules out at their ears intice:  
 Or, as of twice-twelve *Letters*, thus transpos'd,  
 This World of Words, is variously compos'd;  
 And of these Words, in diuers order sowne,  
 This sacred *Volume* that you read, is growen  
 (Through gracious succour of th' *Eternall Deity*)  
 Rich in dicourse, with infinite Variety]  
 It was not cause-les, that so carefully  
 God did diuide their common Signory;  
 Assigning each a fit confined Sitting,  
 Their quantity and quality besitting.

Whoso (sometime) hath seen rich Ingots tride,  
 When forc't by Fire their treasures they diuide  
 (How fair and softly Gold to Gold doth pass,  
 Siluer seeks Siluer, Brasse consorts with Brasse;  
 And the whole Lump, of parts vnequall, seuers  
 It self apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)  
 May vnderstand how, when the Mouth *Diuine*  
 Op'ned (to each his proper Placet' assigne)  
 Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water slid,  
 Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.  
 Earth, as the Lees, and heavy dross of All  
 (After his kinde) did to the bottom fall:  
 Contrariwise, the light and nimble Fire  
 Did through the crannies of th' old Heap aspire  
 Vnto the top; and by his nature, light  
 No less then hot, mounted in sparks vpriight:  
 As, when we see *Aurora*, passing gay,  
 With Opals paint the Seeling of *Cathay*,  
 Sad Clouds do fume; and the celestiaall Tapers,  
 Through Earths thin pores, in th' Aire exhale their vapors.

But, lest the Fire (which all the rest embraces)  
 Being too neer, should burn the Earth to ashes;  
 As chosen Vmpires, the great All-Creator  
 Between these Foes placed the Aire and Water:  
 For, one suffiz'd not their stem strife to end.  
 Water, as Cozen did the Earth befriend:  
 Aire, for his Kinsman Fire, as firmly deals:  
 But both, vniting their diuided zeals,

Took

therof, compar'd  
 to the Notes of  
 Musick, or to the  
 letters of the  
 Alphabet.

A Simile liuely  
 representing the  
 separation of the  
 Elements.

Situation of the  
 Earth and Fire.

Of Aire & wa-  
 ter placed be-  
 tween the earth  
 and fire.



Why the Aire  
was lodg'd next  
the Element of  
Fire.

The differing or  
contrasting of the  
Elements.  
A Similitude.

Why the Earth  
is the lowest, or  
encompass'd with  
the other three  
Elements, when  
it is the center

Took vp the matter, and appeas'd the brall;  
Which doubt-lesse else had discreated All.  
Th' Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water vnder it,  
Not casually, but so disposed fit  
By him, who (Nature in her kinde to keep)  
Kept due proportion in his Workmanship;  
And, in this Store-house of his Wonders treasure,  
Observ'd in all things number, waight and measure.  
For, had the Water next the Fire been plac'd,  
Fire, seeming then more wrongd and more disgrac'd,  
Would suddenly haue left his Adversary,  
And set vpon the Vmpire (more contrary).  
But all the Links of th' holy Chain, which tethers  
The many Members of the World together,  
Are such, as none but onely He can break them,  
Who at the first did (of meer nothing) make them.  
Water, as arm'd with moisture and with cold,  
The cold-dry Earth with her one hand doth hold;  
With th' other th' Aire: The Aire, as moist and warm,  
Holds Fire with one; Water with th' other arm:  
As Country-Maidens, in the Month of May,  
Merrily sporting on a Holy-day,  
And lusty dancing of a liuely Round  
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes sound;  
Hold hand in hand, so that the first is fast  
(By means of those between) vnto the last.  
For, sith 'tis so, that the dry Element  
Not onely yeelds her owne Babes nourishment,  
But with the milk of her abundant breasts,  
Doth also feed th' Aires nimble winged guests,  
And also all th' innumerable Legions  
Of greedy mouthes that haunt the Briny Regions  
(So that th' Earth's Mother, or else Nurse of all  
That run, or flee, or swim, or slide, or crawl)  
T was meer, it should be it self's Counterpoize,  
To stand still firm against the roaring noise  
Of wrackfull Neptune, and the wrathfull blasts  
Of parching South, and pinching Boreas.  
T was meet, her sad-slowe body to digest  
Farther from Heav'n than any of the rest:  
Left, of Heav'n's Course th' Eternall swift Careers,  
Rushing against her with their whirling Sphears,  
Should her transport as swift and violent,  
As ay they do their neighbour Element.  
And sith on th' other side th' harmonious Course  
Of Heav'n's bright Torchies is th' immortall source  
Of earthly life: and sith all alterations  
(Almost) are caus'd by their quick agitations

In

In all the World, God could not place so fit  
Our Mother Earth, as in the midst of it.  
For, all the Stars reflect their liuely rayes  
On Fire and Aire, and Water, diuers wayes;  
Dispersing, so, their powerfull influence  
On, in, and through these various Elements:  
But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,  
And all vnite their seuerall force in her,  
As in a Wheele, which with a long deep rut  
His turning passage in the durt doth cur,  
The distant spokes neerer and neerer gather,  
And in the Naue vnite their points together.

As the bright Sun shines through the smoothest Glasse,  
The turning Planets influence doth passe  
Without impeachment through the glist'ring Tent  
Of the tralucing Fiery Element,  
Th' Aires triple Regions, the transparent Water;  
But not the firm Base of this faire Theater.  
And therefore rightly may we call those Trines  
(Fire, Aire and Water) but Heav'n's Concubines:  
For, neuer Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars inioy  
The loue of these, but onely by the way,  
As passing by: whereas incessantly  
The lusty Heav'n with Earth doth company;  
And with a fruitfull seed, which lends All life,  
With-children, each-moment, his owne lawfull wife;  
And with her louely Babes, in form and nature  
So diuers, decks this beautifull Theater.

The Water, lighter then the Earthy Masse,  
Heauier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place;  
The better so with a moist-colde, to temper  
Th' ones ouer-driness, th' others hot distemper.

But, my sweet Muse, whither so fast away?  
Soft, soft, my Darling: draw not dry To-Day  
Castalian Springs; defer the Cirque and Seat,  
The power and praise of Sea and Earth as yet:  
Do not anticipate the Worlds Beginning;  
But, till To-Morrow leaue the enter-blinning  
Of Rocky Mounts, and rousing Waues so wide.  
For, euen To-Morrow will the Lord diuide,  
With the right hand of his Omnipotence,  
These yet confus'd and mingled Elements;  
And liberally the shaggy Earth adorn  
With Woods, and Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.  
'Tis time, my Loue, 'tis time, mine onely Care,  
To hie vs hence, and mount vs in the Aire:  
'Tis time (or neuer) now my dearest Minion,  
To imp strong farcels in thy sacred pinion;

E 2

That

simile.

simile.

The Water, be-  
tween the Earth  
and Aire.

Leaving the  
Earth and Sea  
till the next  
Book, he comes  
to treat of the  
Aire.



That lightly born vpon thy Virgin back,  
Safe through the VVelkin I my course may take;  
Com, com, my Ioy, lend me thy lilly shoulder;  
That thereon raised, I may reach the bolder  
(Before the rest of my deer Country-men,  
Of better wit, but worse-applied pen.)

At that green Laurel, which the niggard Skies  
So long haue hidden from my longing eyes.

The Aire distin-  
guished into 3.  
Regions.

Th' Aire (holste of Mists, the bounding Tennis-ball,  
That stormy Tempests tols and play withall;  
Of winged Clouds the wide inconstant Houle,  
Th' vnsettled kingdom of swift *Eolus*,  
Great VVare-house of the VVindes, whose traffick giues  
Motion of life to ev'ry thing that liues)  
Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages  
Haue fitly parted it into three Stages.  
VVhereof, because the Highest still is driv'n  
VVith violence of the First-mouing Heav'n,  
From East to West; and, from the West returning,  
To th' honored Cradle of the rosiall Morning,  
And also seated next the Fiery vault;  
It, by the learned, very hot is thought.

The High.

The Lowe.

That, which we touch, with times doth variate,  
Now hot, now cold, and sometimes temperate;  
Warm-temp' red shows it sendeth in the Spring:  
In *Autumn* likewise, but more varying:  
In Winter time, continuall cold and chill:  
In Summer season, hot and soulerly still:  
For then, the Fields, scorched with flames, reflect  
The sparkling rayes of thousand Stars aspect,  
And chiefly *Phæbus*, to whose arrows bright  
Our Globy Grandame serues for But and White.

The Middle Re-  
gion of the Aire.

Of the cause of  
Heat.

But now, because the Middle Region's set  
Far from the Fiery feelings flagrant heat,  
And also from the warm reuerberation  
Which aye the Earth reflects in diuers fashion;  
That Circle shiuers with eternall colde.  
For, into Hail how should the Water molde,  
Euen when the Summer hath gilt *Ceres* Gowne,  
Except those Climes with Ycycles were sowen:  
So soon as *Sat*, leaving the gentle *Twins*,  
With *Cancer* or thirst-panting *Leo* Inns,  
The mid-most Aire redoubleth all his Frosts;  
Being besieged by two mighty Hoasts  
Of Heat, more fierce 'gainst his Cold force then euer,  
Cals from all quarters his chill troops together,  
T' encounter them with his vnited Power,  
Which then disperfed, hath far greater powr:

As

As *Christian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,  
And out of fear of *Turks* outrageous War,  
March in disorder, and become (disperst)  
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerst;  
So that sometimes th' vntrained Multitude  
With bats and boawes hath beat them and subdu'd:  
But, if they once perceiue, or vnderstand  
The Moony Standards of proud *Ottoman*  
To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder  
Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade* vnder;  
They soon vnite, and in a narrow place  
Intrench themselves; their courage growes apace,  
Their heart's on fire; and Circumcised Powrs,  
By their approach, double the strength of ours.

'Tis (doubt-les) this \* *Antiperistasis*  
(Bear with the word. I hold it not amiss  
T'adopt sometimes such strangers for our vse,  
When Reason and Necessity induce:  
As namely, where our natiue Phrase doth want  
A Word so force-full and significant)  
VVhich makes the Fire seem to our sense and reason  
Hotter in Winter then in Sommer season:  
Tis it which causeth the cold frozen *Scythia*  
Too-often kilt by th' husband of *Orithya*,  
To bring forth people, whose still hungry brest  
(Winter or Sommer) can more meat digest  
Then those lean staruelings which the Sun doth broil  
Vpon the hot sands of the *Libyan* soyl:  
And that our selues, happily seated faire,  
Whose spongy lungs draw sweet and holefom Aire,  
Hide in our stomachs a more liuely heat,  
While bi-front *Ianus* frosty frowns do threat,  
Then when bright *Phæbus*, leaving swarty *Chus*,  
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on vs.

Th' Almightyes hand did this Partition form;  
To th' end that Mist, Comers, and Winde, and Storm,  
Deaw, drizzling Showrs, Hail, slippery Ice, and Snowe,  
In the three Regions of the Aire might growe:  
VVhereof some, pointed th' Earth to fertilize,  
Others to punish our impieties,  
Might daily graue in hardest hearts the lone  
And fear of him, who Raignes in Heav'n above.

For, as a little end of burning wax,  
By th' emptiness, or of it selfe attracts  
In Cupping-glasses, through the scotched skin  
Behinde the Poule, superfluous humours thin,  
Which fuming from the braine did thence descend  
Vpon the sight, and much the same offend:

E 3

So

\* Contrary  
Circumstance.  
The effects ther-  
of in the middle  
Region of the  
Aire.

Why the air wat  
that distingui-  
shed in the 3.  
Regions.

Of exhalations,  
and whereunto  
they are appro-  
priate, by the  
Sun and the  
Regions of the  
Aire.



So the swift Coach-man, whose bright flaming hair  
Doth euery Day gild either *Hemisphear*,  
Two sorts of vapours by his heat exhales  
From floating Deeps, and from the flowry Dales:  
Th' one somewhat hot, but heavy, moist, and thick;  
The other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;  
Which, through the Welkin roaming all the yeare,  
Make the World diuers to it selfe appear.

Of Mist.

Now, if a vapour be so thin, that it  
Cannot to Water be transformed fit,  
And that with Cold lym'd wings, it houer neer  
The flowry Mantle of our Mother deer;  
Our Aire grows dusky; and moist drowfie Mist  
Vpon the Fields doth for a time persist.

Of Dew and Ice.

And if this vapour fair and softly fly,  
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,  
But 'bout the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)  
In *April*, Dew; in *January*, Ice.

But, if the Vapour brauely can aduenture  
Vp to th' eternall seat of shivering Winter,  
The small thin humour by the Cold is prest  
Into a Cloud; which wanders East and West  
Vpon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain  
It fall into his Grandames lap again:

Droues kindeles, storme, howle  
Raine is caused  
Storme is the  
commence of the  
Cloud, which  
is the matter  
of it.

VWhether som boistrous winde, with stormy puff  
Ioustling the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,  
Do break their brittle sides, and make them shatter  
In drizzling Showres their swift distilling water:  
As when a wanton heedles Page (perhaps)  
Rashly toge her two full glasses claps;  
Both being broken, suddenly they pour  
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour.  
VWhether some milder gale, with sighing breath  
Shaking their Tent, their tears disseuereth:  
As after rain another rain doth drop  
In shady Forests from their shaggy top,  
When through their green boughs, whiffing Winds do whirl  
VWith wanton puffs their waving locks to curl.  
Or whether th' vpper Clouds moist heaviness  
Doth with his waight an vnder Cloud oppress,  
And so one humour doth another crush,  
Till to the ground their liquid pearles do gush:  
As the more clusters of ripe grapes we pack  
In Vintage-time vpon the hurdles back;  
As the pearced bottom the more fuming liquor  
Runs in the scummy Far, and fals the thicker.

When it  
condenseth, that

Then, many Heav'n-floods in our Floods do lose-am;  
Nought's seen but Showres: the Heav'ns sad sable bosom

Seems

Sometimes it rai-  
neth Frogs.

Seems all in tears to melt; and Earths green bed  
VWith stinking Frogs is sometimes couered:  
Either, because the floating Cloud doth fold  
VWithin it selfe both moist, dry, hot, and cold,  
VHence all things heer are made: or else for that  
The active windes, sweeping this dusty Flat,  
Sometimes in th' aire som fruitfull dust doo heap:  
VHence these new-formed vgly creatures leap:  
As on the edges of som standing Lake  
VWhich neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,  
The foamy slime, it selfe transformeth oft  
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,  
Half-made, half-vmade; round about the Flood,  
Half-dead, half-living; half a frog, half-mud.

Of Snowe.

Sometimes it happens, that the force of Cold  
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold  
In siluer Flakes a heav'nly Wooll to fall;  
Then, Fields seeme grass-less, Forests leafe-less all,  
The World's all white; and, through the heaps of Snowe,  
The highest Stag can scarce his armour shoue.

Of Hail.

Sometimes betals, that, when by secret powr,  
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping showr,  
Th' excessive cold of the mid-Aire (anon)  
Candies-it all in bals of Icy-stone:  
Whose violent storms sometimes (alas!) doo proin,  
Wi'ho at a knife, our Orchard and our Vine;  
Reap without sickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,  
Disgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

Of som Vapours,  
or exhalations  
whirling in the  
Low & Middle  
Regions of the  
Aire, & where  
of the winds are  
ingendred.

If Heav'ns bright Torches, from Earth's kidneys, sup  
Som somewhat dry and heatfull Vapours vp,  
Th' ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire  
Would suddenly neer th' Azure Cirques aspire:  
But scarce so soon their fuming crest hath raught,  
Or toucht the Coldness of the middle Vault,  
And felt what force their mortall Enemy  
In Garrison keeps there continually;  
When down again, towards their Dam they bear,  
Holp by the waight which they haue drawn from her:  
But in the instant, to their aid arriues  
Another new heat, which their heart reuiues,  
Re-arms their hand, and hauing staied their flight,  
Better resolv'd brings them again to fight.

Well fortifi'd then by these fresh supplies,  
More brauely they renew their enterprize:  
And one while th' vpper hand (with honour) getting,  
Another while disgracefully retreating,  
Our lower Aire theyrosse in sundry sort,  
As weak or strong their matter doth comport.

This



This lasts not long; because the heat and cold,  
Equall in force and fortune, equall bold  
In these assaults; to end this sudden brall,  
Th' one stops their mounting, th' other stayes their fall.  
So that this vapour, neuer resting stound,  
Stands neuer still, but makes his motion round,  
Posteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain  
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.

But though these blustering spirits seem alwaies blow'n  
By the same spirit, and of like Vapour grow'n;  
Yet, from their birth-place, take they diuersly  
A diuers name and diuers quality.

Feeling the fower Windes, that with diuers blast,  
From the fower corners of the World doo haste;

In their effects I finde fower Temp'raments,  
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.

Th' *East-winde*, in working, follows properly  
Fire, Choler, Summer, and soft Infancy:

That, which dries vp wilde *Affrick* with his wing,  
Refembles Aire, Blood, Youth, and lively Spring:

That, which blowes moistly from the *Western* stage,  
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heavy Age:

That, which comes shiv'ring from cold Climates solely,  
Earth, withered Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.

Not, but that Men haue long yec this found-out  
More then these four Windes, *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*:

Those that (at Sea) to see both Poles are wont,  
Vpon their Compass two and thirty count,

Though they be infinite, as are the places  
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation passes:

But wheresoever their quick course they bend,  
As on their Chiefs, all on these Foure depend.

One while, with whisking broom they brush and sweep  
The cloudy Curtains of Heav'n's stages steep:

Anon, with hotter fighes they dry the Ground,  
Late by *Electra* and her sisters drownd.

Anon refresh they, with a temp'rate blowing,  
The foultry Aier; vnder the Dog-starre glowing:

On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,  
In cods the Poulse, the Corn within the ear:

Anon, from North to South, from East to West  
VVith ceaf-les wings they drive a Ship adrest:

And sometimes whirling, on an open Hill,  
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,

In flowry motes they grind the purest grain,  
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.

If th' Exhalation hot and oily proue,  
And yet (as feeble) giuerh place about

Of the Windes,  
whereof there  
are four prin-  
cipall, compared  
to the fower Sea-  
sons, the fower  
Complexions, the  
fower Elements,  
Or the fower A-  
ges of man; and  
assigned to the  
fower Corners of  
the World, and  
called East,  
West, North &  
South.

Diuers effects of  
the Windes.

Diuers effects of  
the Exhalations.

To

To th' Airy Regions euer-lasting Frost,  
Incessantly th' apt rinding fume is tost  
Till it inflame: then like a Squib it falls,  
Or fire-wingd shaft, or sulph'ry Powder Balls.

But if this kinde of Exhalation tour  
About the walls of Winters icy bowr,  
T inflameth also; and anon becoms  
A new strange Star, presaging woful dooms:  
And, for this Fier hath more fewell in 't  
Then had the first, 't is not so quickly spent:  
Whether the Heav'n's incessant agitation,  
Into a Star transforming th' Exhalation,  
Kindle the same: like as a coal, that winkt  
On a sticks end (and seemed quite extinct)  
Tost in the dark with an industrious hand,  
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:  
Or whether th' vpper Fire doo fire the same;  
As lighted Candles doo th' vnlight inflame.

According as the vapour 's thick or rare,  
Euen or vn-euen, long or large, round or square,  
Such are the Forms it in the Aire refembles:  
At sight whereof, th' amazed Vulgar trembles.  
Heer, in the night appears a flaming Spire;  
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;  
Heer, a bright Comer; there, a burning Beam;  
Heer, flying Launces; there, a fiery Stream:  
Heer seems a horned Goat, enuiron'd round  
With fiery flakes, about the Aire to bound.  
There, with long bloody haire, a Blazing Star  
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague and War:  
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses:  
To all Estates, inuitable Losses:  
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-lesse Seasons:  
To Saylers, Storms: to Cities, ciuill Treasons.

But hark: what hear I in the Heav'n's: me thinks  
The VVorlds wall shakes, and his Foundation shrinks:  
It seems euen now that horrible *Persephone*,  
Loosing *Meger*, *Alecto* and *Tysiphone*,  
VVearry of reigning in black *Erebus*,  
Transports her Hell between the Heav'n and vs.

'Tis held, I knowe, that when a Vapour moist  
As well from Fresh as from Salt water 's hoist  
In the same instant with hot-Exhalations,  
In th' Airy Regions secondary stations;  
The Fiery Fume, besieged with the Croud  
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampish Cloud,  
Strengthens his strength; and with redoubled Volleys  
Of ioyned Heat, on the Cold Leagher fallies.

Of Comets.

Of other fiery  
impressions on  
the regions of  
the Aire.

A lively de-  
scription of  
thunder and  
lightning.

How they are  
engendered.

Like



## THE SECOND DAY

Like as a Lion, very late exil'd,  
From's native Forrells; spet-at and reuil'd,  
Mockt, moov'd, and troubled with a thousand toyes;  
By wanton children, idle girles and boyes;  
With hideous roaring doth his Prison fill,  
In's narrow Cloistre ramping wildely, still,  
Runs to and fro; and furious, lesse doth long  
For liberty, than to revenge his wrong:  
This Fire, desirous to break forth again  
From's cloudy Ward, cannot it selfe refrain;  
But, without resting, loud it grones and grumbles,  
It rouses and roares, and round-round-round it rumbles,  
Till (having rent the lower side in sunder)  
With sulph'ry flash it hane shot-down his thunder:  
Though, willing to vnite, in these alarms,  
To's Brothers Forces, his own fainting arms;  
And th' hottest Circle of the World to gaine,  
To issue vp-ward, oft it strives in vaine:  
But, 't is there fronted with a Trench so large,  
And such an Hoast, that though it often charge,  
On this and that side, the Cold Camp about,  
With his Hot Skirmish; yet still, still the stout  
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry push;  
So that (despairing) with a furious rush  
(Forgetting honour) it is fain to fly  
By the back-door, with blushing infamy.

their effects.

Then th' Ocean boyls for fear: the Fish doo deem  
The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them:  
The Earth doth shake; the Shepheard in the field  
In hollow Rocks himself can hardly shield:  
Th' affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in the vale  
Of *Acheron*, grim *Plutoe's* self looks pale:  
Th' Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring Thunder  
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, asunder)  
Sends forth those Flashes which so blear our sight:  
As wakefull Students, in the Winters night  
Against the steel glauncing with stony knocks,  
Strike sodain sparks into their Tinder-box.

simile.

Admirable effects of lightning.

Moreover, Lightning of a fume is fram'd:  
Through 't selfs hot-drinesse, euer more inflam'd:  
Whose powr (past credit) without razing skin,  
Can bruiz to powder all our bones within:  
Can melt the Gold that greedy Mizers hoord  
In barred Coffers, and not burn the boord:  
Can break the blade, and neuer finge the sheath:  
Can scorch an infant in the Womb to death;  
And neuer blemish, in one sort or other,  
Flesh, bone, or sinew of th' amazed Mother:

Consume

## THE SECOND DAY

Consume the shooes, and neuer hurt the feet:  
Empty a Cask, and yet not perish it.  
My younger eyes haue often seen a Dame,  
To whom the flash of Heav'ns fantastick flame  
Did else no harm, saue (in a moment's space)  
With windy Rasor shave a secret place.

Shall I omit a hundred Prodigies  
Of seen in forehead of the frowning Skies?  
Sometimes a Fiery Circle doth appeare,  
Proceeding from the beautilous beams and clear  
Of Sun and Moon, and other Stars aspect,  
Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct;  
When, not of force to thrust their rayes through-out-it,  
In a round Crown they cast them round about-it:  
Like as (almost) a burning candle, put  
Into a Closet with the door close shut;  
Not able through the boords to send his light,  
Out at the edges round about shines bright.

But, in's declining, when *Sols* countenance  
Direct vpon a war'rish Cloud doth glance  
(A war'rish Cloud, which cannot easily  
Hold any longer her moist Tympany)  
On the moist Cloud he limns his lightsom front;  
And with a gawdy Pencill paints vpon 't  
A blew-green-gilt Bowe bended ouer vs:  
For, th' aduerse Cloud, which first receiveth thus  
*Apollo's* raies, the same direct repells  
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells  
Her various colours: Like as when the Sun  
At a bay-window peepeth in vpon  
A boawl of water, his bright beams aspect  
With trembling lustre it doth far reflect  
Against th' high feeling of the lightsom Hall,  
With stately Fret-work ouer-crusted all.

On th' other side, if the Cloud side-long sit,  
And not beneath, or iustly opposite  
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms  
With strong aspect double or trebble Forms  
Vpon the same. The Vulgars then affright  
To see at once three Chariots of the Light;  
And, in the VVelkin on Nights gloomy Throne,  
To see at once more shining Moons then one.

But, O fond Mortals! wherefore doo yee strue  
VWith reach of Sense, Gods wonders to retrieve?  
VWhat proud desire (rather, what *Furie's* drift?)  
Boldens you god-less, all Gods works to sift?  
I'll not deny, but that a learned man  
May yeeld some Reason (if he list to scan)

Of Crownes and circles about the Sun, Moone, and other Planets.

simile.

Of the Rainbow, and how it is made.

simile.

How it comes to passe that sometimes appear double Suns and Moons at once.

A check to mans Pride, in striving to yeeld reasons in Nature of all those accidents.

Of



Of all that moues vnder Heav'ns hollow Cope;  
But, not so sound as can all scruple stop:  
And though he could, yet should we euer more,  
Praying these tools, extoll His fingers more  
Who works with them, and many-waies doth giue  
To deadeſt things (inſtantly) ſoules, to liue.

Me thinks I hear, when I doo hear it thunder,  
The voice that brings Swains vp, and *Casars* vnder:  
By that Town-tearing ſtroak, I vnderſtand  
Th' vndaunted ſtrength of the Diuine right hand:  
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,  
Me thinks I ſee th' Almightyes glorious Eies:  
When I perceiue it rain-down timely ſhowrs,  
Me thinks the Lord his horn of Plenty pours:  
When from the Clouds exceſſiue Water ſpins,  
Me thinks God weeps for our vnwept-for ſins:  
And when in Heav'n I ſee the Rain-boaw bent,  
I hold it for a Pledge and Argument,  
That neuer more ſhall Vniuerſall Floods  
Preſume to mount ouer the tops of VVoods  
VVhich hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,  
Or on the Crowns of *Caucasus* doo ride:  
But, aboue all, my pearced ſoule inclines,  
VVhen th' angry Heav'ns threat with prodigious Signes;  
VVhen Natures order doth reuerſe and change,  
Prepoſt'rouſly into diſorder ſtrange.

Let all the VVits, that euer ſuck the breſt  
Off ſacred *Pallas*, in one VVie be preſt;  
And let him tell me (if at leaſt he can  
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)  
A ſound and certain reaſon of the Cream,  
The VVool and Fleſh that from the Clouds did ſteam:  
Let him declare what cauſe could erſt beget,  
Amid the Aire, thoſe drizzling ſhowrs of VVheat,  
VVhich in *Carinthia* twice were ſeen to ſhed;  
VVhereof that people made them ſtoie of Bread.

G O D, the great God of Heav'n, ſometimes delights  
From top to toe to alter Natures Rites;  
That his ſtrange Works, to Nature contrary,  
May be fore-runners of ſom miſery.  
The drops of Fire which weeping Heav'n did ſhowr  
Vpon *Lucania*, when *Rome* ſent the Flowr  
Of *Italy*, into the wealthy Cline  
VVhich *Euphrates* ſays with his fruitfull ſlime;  
Preſag'd, that *Parthians* ſhould, the next year, tame  
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.  
The clafh of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard  
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd

Victoriously

Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) *ſuiſſes*,  
*Cymbrians*, and *Almans*, hewing all in peeces;  
'Gainſt *Epicures* profane assertions, ſhowe  
That 'tis not Fortune guides this World belowe.  
Thou that beheld'ſt from Heav'n, with triple Flaſhes,  
Curſed *Olympius* ſmitten all to aſhes,  
For Blaſphemies 'gainſt th' ONE Eternall-THREE;  
Dar'ſt thou yet belch againſt the TRINITY?  
Dar'ſt thou, profane, ſpet in the face of God,  
Who for blaſphemers hath ſo ſharpe a rod?

Iewes (no more Iewes, no more of *Abraham* Sons;  
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Seythians*, *Leſſrigons*)  
Say what you thought; what thought you, when ſo long  
A flaming Sword ouer your Temple hung;  
But that the Lord would with a mighty arme  
The righteous vengeance of his wrath performe  
On you, and yours? that what the Plague did leaue,  
Th' inſatiate gorge of Famine ſhould bereaue?  
And what the Plague and Famine both did ſpare,  
Should be clean gleaned by the hand of War?  
That ſucking Infants, crying for the teat,  
Self-cruell Mothers ſhould vnkindly eat?  
And that (yer long) the ſhare and coulter ſhould  
Rub off their ruſt vpon your Roofs of gold?  
And all, becauſe you (curſed) crucifi'd  
The Lord of life, who for our ranſom dy'd.

The ruddy Fountain that with blood did flowe:  
Th' huge Fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did throwe  
Into *Liguria*: and the bloody Croſſes  
Seen on mens garments, ſeem'd with open voyces  
To cry aloud, that the *Turk's* ſwarming hoſt  
Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coaſt.

O Frantick *France*! why doſt not Thou make vſe  
Of ſtrangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce  
Thee to repentance? Canſt thou tear-leſs gaze  
(Euen night by night) on that prodigious Blaze,  
That hairy Comet, that long ſtreaming Star,  
Which threatens Earth with Famine, Plague, and War  
(Th' Almighty's *Trident*, and three-forked fire)  
Wherewith he ſtrikes vs in his greateſt Ire?  
But what (alas!) can Heauens bare threatnings vrge?  
Sith all the ſharpe Rods which ſo houely ſcourge  
Thy ſenſ-leſs back, cannot ſo much as wreſt  
One ſingle ſigh from thy obdurate breſt?  
Thou drink'ſt thine own blood, thine own fleſh thou eat'eſt.  
In what moſt harmes thee thy delight is greateſt.  
O ſenſ-leſs Folk, ſick of a Lethargy,  
Who to the death deſpiſe your Remedy!

Like

True philosophy  
for Christians, to  
apply all in their  
conscience for a  
ministry of life.

All the learned  
in the world  
cannot out of  
the ſchools of  
Nature give  
reaſon for many  
things that are  
recorded in the  
Holy and Mir-  
aculous of  
the ſtory.

The true cauſe  
of theſe prodig-  
es.

Explain deſcrib-  
out of the Myſte-  
ry of the Ro-  
man, Jewes,  
Turks & Heath-  
ens, & ſo forth.

The Poet ſuccer-  
fully ſatirizes the  
Courtiers for  
not making uſe  
of ſtrange and  
extraordinary  
tokens of Gods  
monitions di-  
ſpleaſure.







## THE SECOND DAY

Sith heer the foundest and the sharpest ey  
Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry.

O! hard-beleeuing Wits! if *Zephyrus*  
And *Auster* sighes were neuer felt of vs,  
You would suppose the space between Earth's Ball,  
And Heav'ns bright Arches, void and empty all:  
And then no more you would the *Aire* allow  
For Element, then th'hot-bright *Flamer* now.

Now ev'n as far as *Phabus* light excels  
The light of Lamps, and every Taper els  
Wherewith we vse to lengthen th'After-noon  
Which *Capricorn* ducks in the Sea too soon;  
So far in pureness th' *Elementall Flame*  
Excels the Fire that for our vse we frame.  
For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,  
Gross, thick, and smoaky, enemy to light:  
But, that about (for, being neither blent  
With fummy mixture of gross nourishment,  
Nor tost with winds, but far from vs) coms neer  
It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.

But, of what substance shall I, after-thee  
(O matchless Master) make Heav'ns Canapey?  
Vncertain, heer my resolutions rock  
And waver, like th'inconstant Weather-Cock;  
Which, on a Towr turning with every blast,  
Changeth his Master, and his place as fast.  
Learned *Lycan*, now awhile, I walk-in:  
Then th' *Academian* sacred Shades I stalk-in.

Treading the way that *Aristotle* went,  
I doo deprive the heav'ns of Element,  
And mixture too; and think, th'omnipotence  
Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence;  
Sith of the Elements, two still erect  
Their motion vp; two euer down direct:  
But the Heav'ns course, not wandring vp nor down,  
Continually turns onely roundly round.  
The Elements haue no eternall race,  
But settle ay in their assigned place:  
But th'azure Circle, without taking breath,  
His certain course for euer gallopeth;  
It keeps one paze, and mov'd with waight-less waights,  
It neuer takes fresh horse, nor neuer baits.

Things that consist of th'Elements vniting,  
Are euer tost with an intestine fighting;  
Whence, Springs (in time) their life and their deceasing,  
Their diuers change, their waxing and decreasing:  
So that, of all that is, or may be seen  
With mortall eyes, vnder Nights horned Queen,

Nothing

## OF THE FIRST WEEK.

Nothing retaineth the same form and face,  
Hardly the half of half an howers space.  
But, the Heav'ns feel not fates impartiall rigour:  
Years add not to their stature nor their vigour:  
Vse wears them not; but their green-euer Age  
Is all in all still like their Pupillage.

Then suddenly, turnd studious *Platonist*,  
I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist:  
Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps apparent,  
Their bodies fast; Aire makes them all transparent:  
Fire makes their restless circles pure, and cleer,  
Hot, lightsome, light, and quick in their career:  
And Water, noyning with cold-moist the brims  
Of th'enter-kissing turning Globes extrems,  
Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning)  
Which else would set all th'elements a-burning.

Not, that I doo compare or match the Matter  
Whence I compose th'All-compassing Theater,  
To those gross Elements which heer belowe  
Our hand and eye doth touch and see and knowe:  
'T's all fair, all pure; a sacred harmony  
Those bodies bindes in end-less Vnity:  
That Aier's not flitting, nor that Water floating,  
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating:  
Nor one to other aught offering neither,  
But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.

See, see the rage of humane Arrogance:  
See how far dares man's erring Ignorance,  
That with vnbridled tongue (as if it oft  
Had try'd the mettle of that vpper Loft)  
Dares, without proof or without reason yeelded,  
Tell of what timber God his Palace builded.  
But, in these doubts much rather rest had I,  
Then with mine error draw my Reader wry;  
Till a Saint *Paul* doo re-descend from Heav'n,  
Or till my self (this sinfull roab be reav'n,  
This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses  
My pilgrim Soule, and euer it depresses)  
Shall see the beauties of that Blessed Place:  
If (then) I ought: shall see, saue Gods bright Face.

But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber  
Th'old Heav'n Schools about the Heav'ns number.  
One holds but one; making the Worlds Eyes shine  
Through the thin-thickness of that Crytall line  
(As through the Oceans cleer and liquid Flood  
The slippery Fishes vp and down doo scud.)  
Another, iudging certain by his eye,  
And (seeing Seav'n bright Lamps, moov'd diuersly,

F 3

Turn

What use of Elements in the Heavens.

Difference between the Elements whereof the Heavens are composed, and the inferior Elements.

Describing the presumption of those curious wits searching these secrets, He limits himselfe within the bounds of Christian Liberty.

Diverse opinions of the number of the Heavens.



Turn this and that way : and, on th' other side,  
That all the rest of the Heav'ns twinkling pride  
Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies  
The Heav'ns rich building into eight round Stories.  
Others, amid the Starriest Orbe perceiuing  
A triple cadence, and withall conceiuing  
That but one naturall course one body goes,  
Count nine, some ten; not numbring yet (with those)  
Th' empyreall Palace, where th' eternall Treasures  
Of *Nectar* flowe, where ever-lasting Pleasures  
Are heaped-up, where an immortall *May*  
In blis-full beauties flourisheth for ay,  
Where Life still limes, where God his \* Sifes holds  
Enuiron'd round with Seraphins, and Soules  
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious Flight  
Yerit mounted Earth about the Heav'ns bright.  
Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume  
So high a Song and Subiect to assume.

\* Alas.

He supposes  
the contemplation  
and praise of  
the Heav'ns  
which he consi-  
dereth as dis-  
tinguished from  
the lower Heav-  
ens.

O fair, fine-double Round, Sloath's Foe apparent,  
Life of the World, Dayes, Months, and Years owne Parent;  
Thine owne selfs modell, never shifting place,  
And yet thy pure wings with so swift a pace  
Fly ouer vs, that but our Thought alone  
Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion :  
Infinite finite : free from growth and grief,  
Discord and death; dance-louer; to be brief,  
Still like thy self, all thine owne in thee all,  
Transparent, cleer, light; law of this lowe Ball :  
Which in thy wide bout, bound-less all doost bound,  
And claspest all, vnder, or in thy Round;  
Throne of th' Almighty, I would faine rehearse  
Thy various Dances in this very Verse,  
If it were time, and but my bounded Song  
Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.  
For, notwithstanding, yet another day  
I fear som Critick will not stick to say,  
My babbling Muse did fail with euery gale,  
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.

The summe of  
what hath been  
huddled in it is  
here, & also is  
to be understood  
by the firmamēt  
which Mose  
describeth in the  
first of Gen. v. 6.

A point that  
that which there  
is no more.

But knowe, what e'r thou be, that heer I gather  
Iustly so many of Gods works together,  
Because by th' Orbe of th' ample Firmament  
(Which round *This-Day* th' Eternal Finger pent  
Between the lower Waters and the higher)  
I mean the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th' vpper Fire,  
Which separate the Oceans waters salt,  
From those which God pour'd o'r th' Ethernall Vault.  
Yet haue I not so little seen and sought  
The Volums, which our Age hath chiefest thought,

But

But that I know how fittly greatest Clarks  
Presume to argue in their learned Works,  
T'o'rwhelm these Floods, this Crystall to deface,  
And dry this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.  
But as the beauty of a modest Dame,  
Who, well-content with Natures comly Frame,  
And natue Fair (as it is freely giv'n)  
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n  
Doth not, with painting, prauke, nor set-it out  
With helps of Art, sufficient Fair without;  
Is more praise-worthy, then the wanton glance,  
Th' affected gait, th' alluring countenance,  
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and painting,  
Whence Courtisans refresh their beauties fainting :  
So doe I more the *sacred Tongue* esteem  
(Though plaine and rurall it do rather seem,  
Then schoold *Athenian*; and Diuinitie,  
For onely varnish, haue but Verity)  
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,  
Wherewith men burnish their erroneous vanity.

I rather giue a thousand times the ly  
To mine owne Reason, then but once defy  
The sacred voice of th' ever-lasting Spirit,  
Which doth so often and so loud avert-it,  
That God, about the shining Firmament,  
I wot not, I, what kinde of Waters pent :  
VVhether, that pure, super-celestiall Water,  
With our inferiour haue no likely nature :  
VVhether, turnd Vapour, it hath round embow'd  
Heav'ns highest stage in a transparent Cloud :  
Or whether (as they say) a Crystall case  
Do (round about) the Heav'nly Orb embrace.

But, with coniectures wherefore strue I thus ?  
Can doubtful proofs the certainty discufs ?  
I see not, why Mans reason should withstand,  
Or not belecue, that He whose powrfull hand  
Bay'd-up the *Red-Sea* with a double Wall,  
That *Israels* Hoast might scape *Egyptian* thrall,  
Could prop as sure so many waves on high  
About the Heav'ns Star-spangled Canapy.

See we not hanging in the Clouds each howr  
So many Seas, still threatning down to pour,  
Supported onely by th' Aire's agitation  
(Selfy too weak for the least waight's foundation) :  
See we not also, that this Sea belowe,  
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flowe,  
Remaines still round; and maugre all the surly  
*Aolian* Slaues, and Water's hurly burly,

Dares

about the firmamēt  
which Mose describeth  
in the first of Gen. v. 6.

Smith

1. The word  
God to be pre-  
ferred before the  
voice of man.

2. Gods word  
mentioned wa-  
ters before the  
firmament.

Gen. 1. 7.  
Psalm. 104. 3.  
Psalm. 148. 4.

3. The power of  
God ought to be  
of greater autho-  
rity then  
Mans Reason.

4. The conside-  
ration of the wa-  
ters which hang  
in the Aire, and  
of the Sea which  
compasseth the  
Earth.



*These effects  
of Nature  
are so small and  
admirable in  
Nature.*

Dares not (to leuell her proud liquid Heap)  
Neuer so little past her limits leap?  
Why then beleue we not, that vpper Sphear  
May (without falling) such an Ocean bear?  
Vncircumcised! O hard hearts! at least  
Let's think that God those Waters doth digest  
In that steep place: for, if that Nature heer  
Can form firm Pearl and Crytall shining cleer  
Of liquid substance; let's beleue it rather  
Much more in God (the Heav'ns and Nature's Father)  
Let vs much more, much more lett's peiz and ponder  
Th' Almighty Works, and at his Wisedom wonder:  
Let vs obserue, and boldly-weigh it well,  
That this proud Palace where we rule and dwell  
(Though built with match-les Art) had fall'n long since,  
Had't not been feel'd-round with moist Elements.  
For, like as (in Man's *Little-World*) the Brain  
Doth highest place of all our Frame retain,  
And tempers with it's moistfull coldness so  
Th' excessiue heat of other parts below:  
Th' eternall Builder of this Beaurious Frame  
To enter-mingle meetly Frost with Flame,  
And cool the great heat of the *Great-World's* Torches,  
*This-Day* spread Water over Heav'ns bright Arches.  
These Seas (say they) leagu'd with the Seas belowe,  
Hiding the highest of the Mountains tho,  
Had drown'd the whole World: had not *Noah* builded  
A holy Vessell, where his house was shielded:  
Where, by direction of the King of Kings,  
He sav'd a seed-pair of all living things.  
No sooner shipt, but instantly the Lord  
Downe to th' *Eolian* dungeon him bestir'd,  
There muzzled close Cloud-chasing *Boreas*,  
And let loose *Auster*, and his lowing race,  
Who soon set forward with a dropping wing,  
Vpon their beard for euery hair a spring,  
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,  
Their wattled locks gush all in Rivers out;  
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds asunder,  
Send forth fierce lightning, tempest, rain, and thunder.  
Brooks, Lakes, and Floods, Rivers and foaming Torrents  
Suddenly swell, and their confused Currents,  
Losing their old bounds, break a neerer way  
To run at random with their spoils to Sea.  
Th' Earth shakes for fear, and (sweating doth consume her,  
And in her veins leaues not a drop of humour.  
And thou thy self, O Heav'n, didst set wide ope  
(Through all the Marches in thy spacious cope)

*These things  
by the former  
disturbance, or  
renewing of the  
water, were  
followed: and  
as a general  
flood in the time  
of Noah: which  
here is lastly  
represented.*

All

All thy large sluices, thy vast Seas to shed  
In sudden spouts on thy proud Sisters head;  
Whose aw-les, law-les, shame-les life abhord,  
Only delighted to despight the Lord.  
Th' Earth shrinks and sinks; now th' Ocean hath no shore:  
Now Rivers run to serue the Sea no more;  
Themselves are Sea: the many sundry Streams,  
Of sundry names (deriv'd from sundry Realms)  
Make now but one great Sea: the World it self  
Is nothing now but a great standing Gulf,  
Whose swelling surges strive to mix their Water  
With th' other Waues about this round Theater.  
The Sturgeon, coasting over Castles, mules  
(Vnder the Sea) to see so many houses.  
The *Indian* Manat and the Mullet float  
O'r Mountain tops, where yerst the bearded Goat  
Did bound and brouz: the crooked Dolphin scuds  
O'r th' highest branches of the hugest Woods.  
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart or Horse,  
Or Hare, or Grey-hound, their swift speedy courie;  
For, seeking Land, the more they strain and breath them,  
The more (alas) it shrinks and sinks beneath them.  
The Otter, Tortoise, and fell Crocodile,  
VVhich did enioy a double house yer-while,  
Must be content with only water now.  
The Wolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks, do rowe  
Vpon the Waters, side by side, suspectless.  
The Glead and Swallow, labouring long (effect-les)  
'Gainst certain death, with wearied wings fall down  
(For want of Pearch) and with the rest do drown.  
And, for mankinde, imagine som get vp  
To som high Mountains over-hanging top;  
Som to a Towr, some to a Cedar tree,  
Whence round about a World of deaths they see:  
But wheresoever their pale fears aspire  
For hope of safety, th' Ocean surgeth higher;  
And still still mounting as they still do mount,  
When they cease mounting, doth them soon surmount.  
One therefore ventures on a Plank to rowe,  
One in a Chest, another in a Trough:  
Another, yet half-sleeping, scarce perceives  
How's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaves;  
Another, labouring with his feet and hands,  
Awhile the fury of the Flood withstands  
(Which by his side hath newly drown'd his Mother,  
His Wife, his Son, his Sister, Si'e, and Brother):  
But, tyr'd and spent, weary and wanting strength,  
He needs must yeeld (too) to the Seas at length;

All



\* *Parca, à non  
parcendi:  
The non-spa-  
ring Fate, that  
is to say, Death.*

All, all must die then: but \* th' impartiall Maske,  
Who wont to vse so sundry tools for aids,  
In execution of their fatall slaughters,  
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.

Safely, the while, the sacred Ship did float  
On the proud shoulders of that boundless-Moat,  
Though mast-less, oar-less, and from Harbour far;  
For God was both her Steers-man and her Star.  
Thrice fifty dayes that Vniuersall Flood  
Wasted the World; which then the Lord thought good  
To re-erect, in his Compassion great.  
No sooner sounds he to the Seas retreat,  
But instantly waue into waue did sink  
With sudden speed, all Riuer gan to shrink;  
Th' Ocean retires him to his wonted prison;  
The Woods are seen; the Mountain tops are risen  
Out of their slimy Bed: the Fields increase  
And spread apace; so fast the waters cease.  
And (briefly th' only thundring hand of God  
Now Earth to Heav'n, Heav'n vnto Earth re-show'd;  
That he again *Panchasian* Fumes might see  
Sacred on Altars to his Maiefty.

*He concludes  
with a most  
godly prayer at-  
tending to  
the state of the  
Church in our  
time.*

Lord, sith 't hath pleas'd thee likewise, in our Age,  
To saue thy Ship from Tyrants stormy rage,  
Increase in Number (Lord) thy little Flock;  
But more in Faith, to build on thee, the Rock.

*So Morne and Euen the second Day conclude,  
And God perceiv'd that all his works were good.*

THE



## THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:  
Seuer'd a-part: Bounds of the Oceans rage:  
'T imbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:  
Why it is salt: How it doth Ebb, and Flowe:  
Rare streames, and fountains of strange operation:  
Earth's firmness, greatness, goodness: sharp taxation  
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treason, Avarice:  
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants: Mines, Metalls, Gems of price:  
Right vse of Gold: the Load-stones rare effects:  
The Countrey-life prefer'd in all respects.*

**M**Y sacred Muse, that lately soared high  
Among the glist'ring Circles of the Sky  
(Whose various dance, which the first Moover drives  
Harmoniously, this Vniuerse revives)  
Commanding all the Windes and sulph'ry Storms,  
The lightning Flashes, and the hideous Forms  
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly braue  
Whilom discours't vpon a Theam so graue:  
But, *This Day*, flagging lowely by the Ground,  
She seems constrain'd to keep a lowely sound;  
Or, if somtimes, she somewhat raise her voyce,  
The sound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noyse.  
O King of grassie and of glassie Plains,  
Whose powerfull breath (at thy drad will) constrains  
The deep Foundations of the Hills to shake,  
And Seas salt billowes 'gainst Heav'n's vaults to rake:  
Grant me, *To Day*, with skilfull Instruments  
To bound aright these two rich Elements:

*For the Heauen  
and Regions of  
the Aire, the  
Poer descendeth  
to the Earth  
and Sea.*

*He calls vpon  
the true God to  
be assist'd in the  
description of  
these two Ele-  
ments, and the  
things therein.*

In



God in this 3.  
Day gathered  
the Waters & re-  
paired them  
from the Earth.

By an art  
which he used  
the Waters  
withdrew from  
off the Earth.

of the Islands  
and being he  
did.

The Sea kept  
within her  
bound, by the  
strong power  
of God.

In learned Numbers teach me sing the natures  
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters;  
And with a flowing stile the Flowrs to limn  
Whose Colours now shall paint the Fields so trim.

All those steep Mountaines, whose high horned tops  
The misty cloak of wandering Clouds enwraps,  
Vnder First Waters their crump shoulders hid,  
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,  
Vntill th' All-Monarch's bountious Maiesty  
(Willing t' enfeof man this worlds Empery)  
Commanding Neptune straight to marshall forth  
His Floods a-part, and to vnfold the Earth;  
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,  
T' haue all the World, for one whole day, posselt.

As when the muffled Heav'ns haue wept amain,  
And foaming streames assembling on the Plain,  
Tun'd Fields to Floods; soon as the showers do cease,  
With vnseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,  
Sups vp it selfe, in hollow sponges sinks,  
And 's ample arms in straighter Chanell shrinks:  
Even so the Sea, to 't selfe it selfe betook,  
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;  
And suddenly in smaller caskdd run  
Her Waters, that from every side did run:  
Whether th' imperfect Light did first exhale  
Much of that primer Humor, wherewithall  
God, on the Second-Day, might frame and found  
The Crystall Sphers that he hath spied so round:  
Whether th' Almighty did new place provide  
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide  
Th' Earth's hollow Pores, it pleas'd him to conueigh  
Deep vnder ground some Arms of such a Sea:  
Or whether, pressing waters gloomy Globe,  
That cov'rd all (as with a cloudy Robe)  
He them impris'ned in those bounds of brasse,  
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not pass  
Whithout his licence. For, th' Eternall, knowing  
The Seas commonie and inconstant flowing,  
Thus curbed her; and 'gainst her enuious rage,  
For ever fenc't our Flowry-mantled Stage:  
So that we often see those rowling Hills,  
With roaring noise threatening the neighbour Fields,  
Through their own spite to split vpon the shore,  
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.  
For, what could not that great, high Admirall  
Work in the Waues, sith at his Seruants call,  
His dreadfull voyce (to saue his ancient Sheep)  
Did cleave the bottom of th' Erithean Deep:

And

And toward the Crystall of his double source  
Compelled *Jordan* to retreat his course:  
Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World:  
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purld:

Lo, thus the waighty Water did yer-while  
With winding turns make all this world an Ile.  
For, like as molten Lead being poured forth  
Vpon a leuell plot of sand or earth,  
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;  
Runs heer direct, there crookedly doth go,  
Heer doth diuide it selfe, there meets againe;  
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,  
On the smooth table crawling like a worm,  
Almost (in th' instant) euery form doth form:  
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground  
In sundry figures; som in fashion round,  
Som square, som crosse, som long, som lozenge-wise,  
Som triangles, som large, som lesser size;  
Amid the Floods (by this faire difference)  
To giue the world more wealth and excellence.  
Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,  
Such th' *Indian* Gulf, and such th' *Arabian* Brine,  
And such Our Sea: whose diuers-brancht \* retortions,  
Divide the World in three vnequall Portions.

And, though each of these Arms (how large soeuer)  
To the great Ocean seems a little Riuer:  
Each makes a hundred sundry Seas besides  
(Not sundry in waters, but in Names and Tides)  
To moisten kindly, by their secret Vains,  
The thirsty thicknes of the neighbour Plains:  
To bulwark Nations, and to serue for fences  
Against th' invasion of Ambitious Princes:  
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:  
To further Traffick through all Earthly Climates:  
T' abridge long Iourneys; and with ayd of Winde  
Within a month to visit either *Inde*.

But, th' Earth not only th' Oceans debter is  
For these large Seas; but owes him *Tanais*,  
*Nile* (*Aegypt*s treasure) and his neighbour stream  
That in the Desert (through his hasty extream)  
Loseth him selfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;  
And th' other proud Son of cold *Alphates*:  
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous brother,  
That lends his name vnto their noble Mother:  
Gold-fanded *Tagus*, *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,  
*Danubius*, *Albis*, *Po*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;  
The *Darian* Plate and *Amazonian* River  
(Where *Spain*'s Gold-thirsty Locusts cool their liver):

G

Our

Exod. 14. 11  
Iosuah. 3. 16  
Gen 7. 21  
Exod. 17. 6

A fit simile  
showing the  
winding turns  
of the Sea about  
the Earth.

\* Windings.

The arms of the  
Sea distinguish'd  
into smaller  
members with  
commodities &  
use thereof.

A Catalogue of  
most of the most  
famous Rivers  
in the World.



Our silver Medway (which doth deepe indent  
The Flowrie Meadows of My native KENT;  
Still sadly weeping (under Pensherst walls)  
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's bleeding Funerals)  
Our Thames and Tweed, our Severn, Trent, and Humber,  
And many more, too infinite to number.

Fountains  
Springs and Ri-  
vers welling out  
of the Earth.

A Simile show-  
ing how the wa-  
ters of the Earth  
are raised by  
the Sun, & then  
poured into the  
Sea.

How the Foun-  
tains come in  
breaks forth of  
the Earth.

The meeting  
of Brooks and  
Rivers, and of  
their falling into  
the Sea.

Of him, she also holds her Silver Springs,  
And all her hidden Crystill Riverlings:  
And after (greatly) in two sorts repaires  
Th' Humour she borrows by two sundry waies.  
For, like as in a Limbeck, th' heat of Fire  
Raifeth a Vapour, which still mounting higher  
To the Still's top; when th' odoriferous sweat  
Above that Miter can no further get,  
It softly thickning, fallerh drop by drop,  
And Cleer as Crystill, in the gla's doth hop;  
The purest humor in the Sea, the Sun  
Exhales in th' Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,  
Returns to water; and descends again  
By sundry waies unto his Mother Main.

For, the dry Earth, having these waters (first)  
Through the wide five of her void entrails searft;  
Giving more room, at length from Rockie Mountains  
She (night and day) pours forth a thousand Fountains:  
These Fountains make fresh Brooks with murmuring currents;  
These murmuring Brooks, the swift and violent Torrents;  
These violent Torrents, mighty Rivers; These,  
These Rivers make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.

And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks  
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:  
For, soon as Titan, having run his Rings,  
To th' ycie climates bringerh back the Spring;  
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,  
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps  
On every side, it foames, it roares, it rushes,  
And through the steep and stony hills it gushes,  
Making a thousand brooks; whereof, when one  
Perceives his fellow striving to be gone;  
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;  
After, another and another hies,  
All in one race, joynt-losing all of them  
Their Names and Waters in a greater stream:  
And He that robs them, shortly doth deliver  
Himselfe and his into a larger River  
And That, at length, how ever great and large  
(Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge  
His parent-Tribute to Oceanus,  
According to th' Eternall Rendez-vous.

Yet,

Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter  
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:  
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,  
Matcht with great Neptune, seem as much as none;  
The Sun (as yerst I said) and Windes withall,  
Sweeping the sur-face of the Brinie-Ball,  
Extract as much still of her humours thin,  
As weeping Aire and welling Earth pours in.  
But as the swelting heat, and shivering cold,  
Gnashing and sweat, that th' Ague-sick do hold,  
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order  
Afflict the body with their fell disorder:  
The Sea hath fits, alternate course she keepes,  
From Deep to Shoar, and from the Shoar to Deepes.  
VVhether it were, that at the first, the Ocean  
From Gods owne hand receiv'd this double Motion,  
By means whereof, it never resteth stound,  
But (as a turning Whirli-gig goes round,  
VVhirls of it self, and good-while after takes  
Strength of the strength which the first motion makes:  
VVhither the Sea, which we Atlantick call,  
Be but a peece of the Grand Sea of all;  
And that his Floods entring the ample Bed  
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried  
Against the Rocks) repulst with disdain,  
Be thence compelled to turn back again:  
Or whether Cynthia, that with Changefull laws  
Commands moist bodies, doth this motion cause:  
As on our Shoar, we see the Sea to rise  
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our skies.  
And when, through Heav'ns Vault vailing toward Spain,  
The Moone descendeth, then it Ebbs again.  
Again, so soon as her inconstant Crown  
Begins to shine on th' other Horizon,  
It Flowes again: and then again it falls  
When she doth light th' other Meridionalls.  
VVee see more-over, that th' Atlantik Seas  
Doo Flowe far farther then the Genöese,  
Or both the Bosphores; and that Lakes, which growe  
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe:  
Because (they say) the silver fronted Star,  
That swells and shrinks the Seas (as pleaseth her)  
Pours with less pow'r her plentious influence  
Vpon these straight and narrow stream'd Fennes,  
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,  
Then on an Ocean vast and void of bounds:  
Even as in Sommer, her great brothers Ey,  
When winds be silent, doth more eas'ly dry

G 2

Wide

Why the sea re-  
ceiveth no in-  
crease of all the  
waters that fall  
therein.

Of the Ebbing  
and Flowing of  
the Sea: & sun-  
dry causes there-  
of.

Simile.

Prooofe of the  
third cause, viz.  
that the waxing  
and waning  
the Moon, cau-  
seth the flowing  
and ebbing  
of the Sea.



Wide spreading Plains, open and spacious Fields,  
Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hills.

If we perceiue not in the Deep, so well  
As by the shoar, when it doth shrink and swell;  
Our sprightfull Pulse the Tide doth well resemble,  
Whose out-side seems more then the midst to tremble.

Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars less mighty  
Then his pale Sister, on vast *Amphitrite*.  
For *Phæbus*, boyling with his lightfom Heat  
The Fish-full Waves of *Neptunes* Royall Seat,  
And supping vp still (with his thirsty Rayes)  
All the fresh humour in the floting Seas,  
In *Their* large Cells leaueh nought behind,  
Saue liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.

But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)  
Through thousand Seas hath caried me away,  
In feare t'haue drown'd my selfe and Readers so,  
The Floods so made my words to over-flowe.  
Therefore a-shore; and on the tender Lee  
Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let's see  
The soverain vertues of their severall Waters,  
Their strange effects, and admirable natures,  
That with incredible rare force of theirs,  
Confound our wits, ravish our eyes and ears.

Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phæbus* Torch is light,  
Is cold as Ice; and (opposite) all night  
(Though the cold *Coëscit* thine thereon) is hot,  
And boiles and bubbles like a seething Pot.

They say (forsooth) the River *Silarus*,  
And such another, call'd *Eurymachus*,  
Convert the boughs, the barke, the leaues and all,  
To very stone, that in their Waters fall.

O! should I blanch the *Ierus* religious River,  
Which every *Sabbath* dries his Chanell over;  
Keeping his Waues from working on that Day  
Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for ay?

If neere vnto the *Eleusinian* Spring,  
Som sportfull lig som wan: on Shepherd sing,  
The Ravisht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound,  
Keeping true Cadence to his rustick sound.

*Cerons*, *Xanth*, and *Cepheus*, doe make  
The thirsty-Flocks that of their Waters take,  
Black, red, and white. And neer the crimson Deep,  
Th' *Arabian* Fountaine maketh crimson Sheep.

*Salonian* Fountaine, and thou *Andrian* Spring,  
Out of what Cellars do you daily bring  
The Oyl and Wine that you abound with, so?  
O Earth! do these within thine entrails grow?

Why the tide is  
so well per-  
ceiv'd at sea as  
by the shoare.

The cause of the  
saltnesse of the  
sea.

Of waters spring-  
g from the  
sea.

Wonderfull ef-  
fects of divers  
Fountains.

What?

What? be there Vines and Orchards vnder ground?  
Is *Bacchus* Trade and *Pallas* Art there found?

What should I, of th' *Illyrian* Fountain, tell?  
What shall I say of the *Dodonean* VVell?  
Whereof, the first sets any cloathes on-fire;  
Th' other doth quench (Who but will this admire?)  
A burning Torch; and when the same is quenched,  
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.  
Sure, in the *Legend* of absurdest Fables  
I should enroule most of these admirables;  
Saue for the reuerence of th' vnstained credit  
Of many a witnes where I yerst haue read it:  
And sauing that our gain-spurr'd Pilots finde,  
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kind.

Of all the Sources infinite to count,  
Which to an ample Volume would amount,  
Far hence on Forrain vnfrequented Coast,  
I'll onely chuse som five or six at most,  
Strange to report, perhaps believ'd of few;  
And yet no more incredible then true.

In th' *Isle of Iron* (one of those same Seav'n  
Whereto our Elders \* *Happyn* name had giv'n)  
The Savage people neuer drink the streams  
Of Wells and Riuer (as in other Realms)  
Their drink is in the Aire; their gushing spring  
A weeping Tree out of it selfe doth wring:  
A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spred  
In dryest sand, his sweating Lease doth shed  
A most sweet liquor; and (like as the Vine  
Vntimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her wine,  
In pearled tears) incessantly distills  
A Crystall stream, which all their Cisterns fills,  
Through all the Iland: for, all hither hy;  
And all their vessels cannot draw it dry.

In frosty *Islands* are two Fountains strange:  
Th' one flowes with Wax: the other stream doth change  
All into Iron; yet with scalding steam  
In thousand bubbles belcheth vp her stream.

In golden *Peru*, neere Saint *Helens* Mount  
A stream of Pitch coms from a springing Fount.

What more remains? Thar *New-found World*, besides,  
Toward the West many a faire River guides;  
Whose floating VVaters (knowing th' vse aright  
Of VVork-fit Day, and Rest-ordained Night,  
Better then men) run swiftly, all the Day;  
But rest, all Night, and stir not any way.

Great Enginer, Almighty Architect,  
I fear, of Enuy I should be suspect,

G 3

Enuy

A continuation  
of the admirable  
effects of certain  
Waters.

\* *Insula fortun-  
tata*.



## THE THIRD DAY

Envy of thy Renown and sacred glory,  
If my ingratefull Rimes should blanch the Story  
Of Streams, disfilling through the Sulphur-Mines,  
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins;  
VWhich (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure  
A thousand Grievs we mortals heere endure,  
Old in the April of our age therewith,  
VWhose rigour strives to ante-date our death.

Now, as my happy *Gascony* excels,

In Come, VVine, VVarriours, every Country els;  
So doth she also in free *Bathes* abound;

VWhere strangers flock from every part around.

The barren womb, the Pallie-shaken wight,  
Th' ulcerous gowtie, deaf, and decrepit,

From East and VVest arriving, fetch from hence  
Their ready help with small or no expence.

VVines *Ancossa*, *Caud'reis*, *Aiguefald*,  
*Barege*, *Baigners*; *Baigners*, the pride of all,

The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise  
Of all those Mountaines mounting to the skies,

VWhere yerst the *Gaulian Hercules* begot  
(VVanton *Alemana's* Bastard, meane I not)

On faire *Pirène* (as the fame doth go)  
The famous Father of the *Gascons*; who

By noble deeds do worthily avert  
Their true descent from such an Ancestor.

On th' one side, Hills bound with eternall Snowes,  
And craggy Rocks *Baigners* doe inclose:

The other side is sweetly compact in  
With fragrant skirts of an immortal Green,

Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all,  
The famous praise of the *Pencian Vale*:

There's not a House, but seemeth to be new;  
Th' even-flated Roofs reflect with glistring blew.

To keep the Pavement ever cleane and sweet,  
A Crystall River runs through every Street,

Whose Silver stream, as cold as Ice, doth slide  
But little off the *Physick Waters* side;

Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a iot  
To intermix his cold with th' others hot.

But all these Wonders, that adorn my Verse,  
Yet come not neer vnto the wondrous *Lers*.

If it be true, that the *Stagyrian Sage*  
(With shame confurd, and driv'n with desperate rage)

Because his Reason could not reach the knowing  
Of *Euripus* his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,

Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,  
Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend;

What

## OF THE FIRST VVEEK.

What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain,  
Which springs at *Belestat*, neere the famous Mountain  
Of *Feix*, whose floods bathing *Masorian* Plains,  
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholousains*;  
As oft as *Phæbus* (in a compleat Race)  
On both th' *Horizons* shewes his radiant Face,

This wondrous Brook (for foure whole months) doth Flowe,  
Foure-times-six-times, and Ebbes as oft as lowe.

For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list:  
The next halfe houre, may none his course resist.

VWhose foaming streame strives proudly to compare  
(Even in the birth) with Fame-fullst Floods that are.

O learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician*!  
Clock-less, so iust to measure *Time's* partition.

And little *LAMBERS-BOURN*, though thou match not *Lers*,  
Nor hadst the Honor of *Du BARTAS* Verse;

If mine haue any, Thou must needs partake,  
Both for thine Owne, and for thine Owners sake;

Whose kind Excellences Thre so neerely touch,  
That Yeerely for them Thou dost weepe so much,

All Summer-long (while all thy Sisters shrinke)  
That of thy teares a million daily drinke;

Besides thy *Wass*, which then in haste doth run  
To waish the feet of *CHANCE*'s Donnington:

But (while the rest are full vnto the top)  
All VVinter-long Thou never show'st a drop,

Nor send'st a doir of need-less Subsidie,  
To Cramm the Kenner's Want-less Treasure,

Before her Store be spent, and Springs be staid:  
Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall aid;

Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (Mine, of late)  
How, When, and Where to right-participate

Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,  
And not to greaz still the too greazy Swine:

Neither for fame, nor forme (when others doo)  
To giue a Morsel, or a Mite or two;

But seuerally, and of a selfly motion,  
When others miss, to giue the most devotion.

Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator  
Dispose these Elements of Earth and VVater:

For, sith th' one could not without drink subsist,  
Nor th' other without stay, bottom and list,

God intermixt them so, that th' Earth her brest  
Op'ning to th' Ocean, th' Ocean winding prest

About the Earth, a-thwart, and vnder it:  
For, the VVorld's Center, both together fit.

For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly  
Iust the iust midst of the VVorlds Axle-tree,

The intermed-  
ling of the Earth  
and Sea, and of  
the commodities  
there arising,  
contrariwise  
of the confusion  
that would fol-  
low, if they were  
separated.

All



All Climats then should not be serv'd aright  
 VVith equall Counterpoiz of day and night :  
 The *Horizons* il-leuell'd circle wide,  
 VVould sag too much on th'one or th'other side :  
 Th' *Antipodes*, or we, at once should take  
 View of more *Signes* then halfe the *Zodiack* :  
 The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,  
 And settled Seasons would be then vncertaine.

The Masses  
 of the Earth and  
 Water together  
 make a perfect  
 Globe.

This also serueth for probation sound,  
 That th'Earth and VVaters mingled Mass is Round,  
 Round as a Ball ; seeing on euery side  
 The Day and Night successuely to slide.  
 Yea, though *Respassio* (famous *Florentine*)  
*Marke Pole*, and *Columb*, braue *Italian* Trine,  
*Our* (*Spain's* Dread) *Drake*, *Candish*, and *Cumberland*,  
*Most* valiant Earle, *most* worthy *High* Command,  
 And thousand gallant modern *Typhoeis* else,  
 Had neuer brought the *North-Pole's* Parallels  
 Vnder the *South*, and, sayling still about,  
 So many *New-worlds* vnder vs found out.  
 Nay, neuer could they th' *Articke* Pole haue lost,  
 Nor found th' *Antarticke*, if in euery Coast  
 Seas liquid *Glas's* round-bow'd not euery where,  
 With sister Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.

How it cometh  
 to passe that the  
 Sea is not flat  
 nor level, but  
 rising round and  
 bowed about the  
 Earth.

But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,  
 Props, Staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long  
 This hanging thin, sad, slippery Water-Roll,  
 From falling out, and ouer-whelming all :  
 May it not be (good Lord) because the Water  
 To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature ;  
 And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,  
 VVilling to fall, doth yet remain still round :  
 Or may 't not be, because the surly Banks  
 Keep VVaters captiue in their hollow flanks :  
 Or that our Seas be buttrest (as it were)  
 VVith thousand Rocks disperfed heere and there :  
 Or rather, Lord, is't not Thine onely Powr  
 That Bows it round about Earth's branchy Bowr :

The second part  
 of this 3. Booke  
 treating of the  
 Elements of earth  
 and fire in the  
 firmament thereof.

Doubtless (great God) 'tis doubtless thine owne hand  
 VVhereon this Mansion of *Mankind* doth stand.  
 For, though it hang in th'Aire, swim in the Water,  
 Though euery way it be a round Theater,  
 Though All turn round about it, though for ay  
 It selfes Foundations with swift Motions play,  
 It rests vn-moouable : that th'Holy Race  
 Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

Earth is thought  
 the source and  
 founteyne of man-  
 kind.

The Earth receiues man when he first is born :  
 Th'Earth nurses him ; and when he is forlorn

Of

Of th'other Elements, and Nature loaths-him,  
 Th'Earth in her bosom with kind buriall cloaths-him.  
 Oft hath the Aire with Tempests set-vpon-vs,  
 Oft hath the Water with her Floods vndon-vs,  
 Oft hath the Fire (th' vpper as well as ours)  
 With wofull flames consum'd our Towns and Towrs :  
 Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,  
 Vnto Mankind is kind without offence :  
 Onely the Earth did neuer iot displace  
 From the first seat assign'd it by thy grace.

Yet true it is (good Lord) that mov'd sometimes  
 With wicked Peoples execrable crimes,  
 The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,  
 Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,  
 With ayd of Windes : which (as imprisoned deep)  
 In her vast entrails, furious murmurs keep.  
 Fear chills our hears (what hart can fear dissemble ?)  
 When steeples stagger, and huge Mountains tremble  
 With wind-les wind, and yawning Hell denours  
 Sometimes whole Cities with their shining Towrs.

Sith then, the Earth's, and Water's blended Ball  
 Is center, heart, and naue of this All ;  
 And sith (in reason) that which is included,  
 Must needs be less then that which doth include it ;  
 'Tis question-les, the Orb of Earth and Water  
 Is the least Orb in all the All-Theater.

Let any iudge, whether this lower Ball  
 (Whose endles greatness we admire so, all)  
 Seem not a point, compar'd with th'vpper Sphear  
 Whose turning turns the rest in their Career ;  
 Sith the least Star that we perceiue to shine  
 About, disperst in th'Arches crystalline  
 (If, at the least, Star-Clarks be credit worth)  
 Is eightene times bigger then all the Earth :  
 Whence, if we but subtract what is possest  
 (From North to South, & from the East to West)  
 Vnder the Empire of the Ocean  
*Atlantike*, *Indian*, and *American* ;

And thousand huge Arms issuing out of these,  
 With infinites of other Lakes and Seas :  
 And also what the two *intemperate* Zones  
 Doo make vnfit for habitations ;  
 VVhat will remaine ? Ah ! nothing (in respect) :  
 Lo heer, O men ! Lo wherefore you neglect  
 Heav'n's glorious Kingdom : Lo the largest scope  
 Glory can giue to your ambitious hope.

O Princes (subiects vnto pride and pleasure)  
 VVho (to enlarge, but a hair's breadth, the measure

Of Earthquakes  
 and of the open-  
 ing of the earth

The Globe of the  
 Earth & Sea, is  
 but as a little  
 point, in compa-  
 rison of the great  
 circumference of  
 Heavens

Sith by the Do-  
 Bras of Astro-  
 nomers, the least  
 Starre in the  
 Firmament is  
 18 times bigger  
 then all the  
 earth.

By consideration  
 whereof the Poet  
 taketh occasion  
 to censure sharply  
 by the *Antib*,  
 Bribery, &ury,

Of



Extortion, De-  
ceit, and gen-  
eral Guinefiers  
of Manhood.

Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,  
Cover the Fields with bloody Carcases:  
O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)  
Make sale of Justice, on your sacred Seat;  
And, broaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,  
To leane a Leek to your vnthankfull Race:  
You strict Extorters, that the Poor oppress,  
And wrong the Widdow and the Fatherless,  
To leane your Offspring rich (of others good)  
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood:  
You Citty-Vipers, that (incestuous) ioyne  
Use upon use, begetting Coyn of Coyn:  
You marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,  
Gain-greedy Chap-men, perur'd Hypocrites,  
Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceits,  
Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights,  
T'inrich your selues, and your vnthrifty Sons  
To Gentilize with proud possessions:  
You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,  
Your native Country, or your dearest Friends:  
You that to get you but an inch of ground,  
With cursed hands remoue your Neighbours bound  
(The ancient bounds your Ancestors haue set)  
What gain you all? alas! what do you get?  
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won  
All the round Earth to his subiection;  
Lo heer the Guerdon of his glorious pains:  
A needles point, a Mote, a Mite, he gains,  
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All possess);  
Or if then nothing any thing be less.

God hauing dis-  
couered the  
earth, com-  
manded it to  
bring forth ear-  
ry green thing,  
beards, trees, flou-  
ers and fruits.

VVhen God, whose words more in a moment can,  
Then in an Age the proudest strength of Man,  
Had seuered the Floods, leuell'd the Fields,  
Embas't the Valleys, and embost the Hills;  
Change, change (quoth hee) O fair and firmeft Globe,  
Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe;  
Cheer thy sad brows, and stately garnish them,  
VVith a rich, fragrant, flowry Diadem;  
Lay forth thy locks, and paint thee (Lady-like)  
VVith freshest colours on thy fallow cheek.  
And let from hence forth thy abundant breasts  
Not only Nurse thine own Wombs native guests,  
But frankly furnish with fit nourishments  
The future folk of th'other Elements;  
That Aire, and water, and the Angels Court,  
May all seem iealous of thy praise and port.  
No sooner spoken, but the lofty Pine  
Distilling-pitch, the Larch yeeld-Turpentine,

Of Trees grow-  
ing in Moun-  
tainous  
Valleys.

Th' euery

Th' euery-green Box, and gummy Cedar sprout,  
And th' Aury Mountaines mantle round about:  
The Mast-full Oke, the vse-full Ash, the Holm,  
Coat changing Cork, white Maple, shady Elm,  
Through Hill and Plain ranged their plumed Ranks.  
The winding Riuers bordered all their banks  
With slice-Sea Alders, and green Osiers final,  
With trembling Poplars, and with Willows pale,  
And many Trees beside, fit to be made  
Fewell, or Timber, or to serue for Shade.

The dainty Apricock (of Plums the Prince)  
The velvet Peach, gilt Orange, downy Quince,  
All-ready beare grav'n in their tender barks,  
Gods powerfull prouidence in open marks.  
The sent-sweet Apple, and astringent Pear,  
The Cherry, Filberd, Wal-nut, Meddeler,  
The milky Fig, the Damson black and white,  
The Date, and Olyue, ayding appetite,  
Spread euery-where a most delightfull Spring,  
And euery-where a very Eden bring.

Heere, the fine Pepper, as in clusters hung:  
There Cinamon and other Spices sprung.  
Heer, dangled Nutmegs, that for thrifty pains  
Yearly repay the Bandans wondrous gains;  
There growes (th' Hesperian Plant) the precious Reed  
Whence Sugar firrops in abundance bleed;  
There weeps the Balm, and famous Trees from whence  
Th' Arabians fetcht perfuming Frankinsence.

There, th' amorous Vine coll's in a thousand forts  
(With winding arms) her Spouse that her supports:  
The Vine, as far inferiour to the rest  
In beauty, as in bounty past the best:  
Whose sacred liquor, temperately taen,  
Reuiues the spirits and purifies the brain,  
Cheers the sad heart, increaseth kindly heat,  
Purgeth gross blood, and doth the pure beget,  
Strengthens the stomach, and the colour mends,  
Sharpens the wit, and doth the bladder cleanse,  
Opens obstructions, excrements expels,  
And easeth vs of many Languors els.

And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly state  
Our Parents barr'd vs) th' Earth degenerate  
From her first beauty, bearing still vpon her  
Eternall Scars of her fond Lords dishonour:  
Though with the Worlds age, her weak age decay,  
Though she becom less fruitfull every day  
(Much like a Woman with oft teeming wom)  
Who, with the Babes of her owne body bom,

Having

Of fruit-trees

Of flowers.

Of the Vines, and  
the excellent use  
of Wine temper-  
ately taken.

He proueth  
the fruitfulness  
of the Earth  
in the first  
week of the  
world, and  
how it is  
now  
degenerate  
by sin.



Having almost stor'd a whole Towne with people;  
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)  
Yet doth shee yeeld matter enough to sing  
And praise the Maker of so rich a Thing.

of Flowers.

Neuer mine eyes in pleasant Springs behold  
The azure Flax, the gilden Marigold,  
The violet's purple, the sweet Rose's stammell,  
The Lillie's snowe, and Pansy's various ammell;  
But that (in them) the Painter I admire,  
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,  
Then fresh Aurora's rosie cheeks display,  
When in the East she Vshers a fair Day:  
Or Iris Bowe, which bended in the Sky  
Boades fruitfull deaws when as the Fields be dry,

An addition  
by the Transla-  
tor, of the rare  
Sun-louing  
Lotos.

Heer (dear S. BARTAS) giue thy Seruant leaue  
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower to weaue,  
Whose wondrous nature had more worthy been  
Of thy diuine, immortalizing Pen:  
But, from thy sight, when S. B. did swell with Blood,  
It sunk (perhaps) under the Crimson Flood  
(When Beldam Medices, Valois and Guise,  
Stain'd Hymens Roab with Heathen cruelties)  
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,  
His Chamber kept; and wept with Bartholmew.

Semper eadem.

For so soon as in the Western Seas  
Apollo sinks, in siluer Euphrates  
The Lotos dines deeper and deeper ay  
Till mid-night: then remounteth to ward Day:  
But not above the Water, till the Sun  
Doo re-ascend above the Horizon.  
Soeuer true to Titans radiant Flame,  
That (Rise he, Fall hee) it is Still the same.  
A Real Emblem of her Royall Honour  
That worthily did take that Word upon her;  
Sacred ELIZA, that ensh'd no less  
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousnes;  
Whose liuely lamp (what euer did betide her)  
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.  
For in her Fathers and her Brothers Daies,  
Faw rose this Rose with Truth's new springing raies:  
And when again the Gospels glorious Light  
Set in her Sisters superstitious Night,  
She sunk withall under afflictions streams  
(As sinks my Lotos with Sols setting beams):  
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,  
There with, again her Royal Crown she rear'd;  
And in an Ile amid the Ocean set  
(Mangre the Deluge that Romes Dragon spet,

with

With spightfull storms strining to ouer-flowe her,  
And Spain conspiring ioyntly t'ouer-throwe her)  
Her Maiden Flawr flourish above the Water;  
For, still Heav'n's Sun cherish his louing Daughter:  
Bel fiord' Honor, ch' in Mare 'Mondo ammira,  
Al sole sacro, ch' E. I. B. E. N. T. A. L. Z. A. E. G. I. R. A.  
(So, my dear Wiat, honouring Still the fame,  
In-soul'd an Imprese with her Anagramm):  
And last, for guerdon of her constant Love,  
Rapt her intirely, to himselfe above.

So set our Sun; and yet no Night ensu'd:  
So happily the Heav'n's our Light renu'd:  
For, in her stead, of the same Stock of Kings  
Another Flawr (or rather Phoenix) springs;  
Another like (or rather Still the same)  
No less in Love with that Supernall Flame.  
So, to God's glory, and his Churches good,  
Th' honour of England, and the Royall blood,  
Long happy Monark may King I. A. M. E. S. persist;  
And after him, His; Still the same in Christ.

God, not content t' haue given these Plants of ours  
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, Plenty, pleasant Flowrs,  
Infused Physick in their leaues and Mores,  
To cure our sickness, and to salue our sores:  
Else doub'tless (Death assailes so many waies)  
Scarce could we liue a quarter of our Daies;  
But like the Flax, which flowrs at once and falls,  
One Feast would serue our Birth and Burials:  
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,  
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.

Good Lord! how many gasping Soules haue scap't  
By th' ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Graue hath gap't;  
Who, euen about to touch the Stygian strand,  
Haue yet beguil'd grim Pluto's greedy hand!  
Beard-less Apollo's beardy \* Son did once  
With iuyce of Hearbs reioyn the scattered bones  
Of the chaste \* Prince, that in th' Athenian Court  
Preferred Death before incestuous sport.  
So did Medea, for her Iason's sake,  
The frozen limbs of \* Eson youthfull make.  
O sacred Simples that our life sustain,  
And when it flies vs, call it back again!  
Tis not alone your liquor, inly taen,  
That oft defends vs from so many a baen:  
But even your fauour, yea, your neighbour-hood,  
For some Diseases is exceeding good;  
Working so rare effects, that only such  
As feel, or see them, can belecue so much.

H

Blew

ELIZABETHA  
REGINA.  
Anagram.  
Ei bene alza  
e gira.Of diuers hearbs  
and Plants, and  
of their excellent  
vertues.

Simile.

\* Esculapion.

\* Hippolytus.



The vertue of  
Succorie.  
Of Swines-  
bread.

\* Mugwort.  
Pionie.

Saffron.

Angelica.

Pimpernel or  
Burnet.

Madder.

\* Lillards hane

Helleborus.

Betonie.

Blew *Succorie*, hangd on the naked neck,  
Dispels the dimness that our sight doth check.  
*Swines-bread*, so vsed, doth not only speed  
A tardy Labour; but (without great speed)  
If over it a Child-great Woman stride,  
Instant abortion often doth betide.  
The burning Sun, the banefull *Aconite*,  
The poysonie Serpents that vnpeople quite  
*Cyrenian* Defarts, never Danger them  
That were about them th' \* *Artemisian* Stem.

About an Infants neck hang *Pionie*,  
It cures *Alecydes* cruell maladie.  
If fuming bowls of *Bacchus*, in excess,  
Trouble thy brains with storms of giddiness,  
Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on,  
And that mad humour will be quickly gon.  
Th' enchanting Charms of *Syrens* blandishments,  
Contagious Aire ingendring Pestilence,  
Infect not those that in their mouthes haue taen  
*Angelica*, that happy counter-baen,  
Sent down from Heav'n by some Celestiall scout,  
As well the name and nature both avow't.  
So *Pimpernel*, held in the Patients hand,  
The bloody-Flix doth presently with-stand:  
And ruddy *Madder's* roor, long handleed,  
Dies th' handlers vrine into perfect red.  
O Wondrous Wood! which, touching but the skin,  
Imparts his colour to the parts within.

Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alone find  
Your vertues working in fraile humane kind;  
But you can force the fiercest Animals,  
The fellest Fiends, the firmest Minerals,  
Yea, fairest Planets (if Antiquitie  
Haue not bely'd the Hags of *Theffalie*).  
Only the touch of *Choak-pard* \* *Aconite*,  
Bereaues the *Scorpion* both of sense and might:  
As (oppofite) *Helleborus* doth make  
His vitall powers from deadly slumber wake.  
With *Betonie*, fell Serpents round beset,  
Lift vp their heads, and fall to his and spet,  
With spightfull fury in their sparkling eyes,  
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:  
Pust vp with rage, to't by the ears the goe,  
Baen against baen, plague against plague they throwe,  
Charging each other with so fierce a force  
(For friends turn'd foes haue lightly least remorse)  
That wounded all (or rather all a wound)  
With poysoned gore they couer all the ground;

And

And nought can stint their strange intestine strife,  
But onely th' end of their detested life.  
As *Betonie* breakes friendships ancient bands,  
So *Wills-wort* makes wonted hate shake hands:  
For, being fastned to proud Coursers collers,  
That fight and sling, it will abate their cholers.  
The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*,  
Consume their spleen. The like effect there is  
In *Finger-Ferne*: which, being given to Swine,  
It makes their Milt to melt away in fine,  
With ragged tooth choosing the same so right  
Of all their Tripes to serue it's appetite.  
And Horse, that, feeding on the grassie Hills,  
Tread vpon \* *Moon-wort* with their hollow heels;  
Though lately shod, at night goe bare-foot home,  
Their Master musing where their shooes become.  
O *Moon-wort*! tell vs where thou hid'st the Smith,  
Hammer, and Pincers, thou vnshoo'ft them with:  
Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is't  
That can thy subtle secret strength resist,  
Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoo  
So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst vndoo?  
But I suppose not, that the earth doth yeeld  
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,  
A rarer Plant then *Candian* \* *Dittanie*;  
Which wounded Dear eating, immediately  
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,  
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell.

Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine  
That every where, in every Turfe we find  
Such multitude of other Plants to spring,  
In form, effect, and colour differing?  
And each of them in their due Seasons taen,  
To one is Physick, to another baen:  
Now gentle, sharp anon: now good, then ill:  
What cureth now, the same anon doth kill.  
Th' Herb \* *Sagapen* serues the slowe Ass for meat;  
But, kils the Ox if of the same he eat.  
So branched \* *Hemlock* for the States is fit;  
But, death to man, if he but taste of it.  
And \* *Oleander* vnto beasts is poyson;  
But, vnto man a speciall counter-poyson.  
What tarker poyson? what more deadly baen  
Then \* *Aconite*, can there be toucht or taen?  
And yet his iuice best cures the burning bit  
Of stinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.  
O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!  
Disdainfull Poyson! noble combatant!

H :

That

*Wills-wort.*

*Tamarice.*

*Finger-ferne.*

\* *Lunaria.*

\* *Dittaminum*  
*Candie.*

Great variety  
in colour and  
form of Plants,  
& strange con-  
trariety of ef-  
fects, according  
to the bodies  
that they worke  
vpon.

\* *Fend-egent.*

\* *Hemlock.*

\* *Rose-bay.*

\* *Spilsea-hane.*



That scorneth ayd, and loues alone to fight,  
That none partake the glory of his might:  
For, if he finde our bodies fore-posselt  
With other Poyson, then he lets vs rest,  
And with his Rivall enters secret Duell,  
One to one, strong to strong, cruell to cruell,  
Still fighting fierce, and never over-giue  
Till they both dying, giue Man leaue to liue.

And to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,  
Rush through the Woods, or clamber vp the Hills,  
I find God every-where: Thence all depend,  
He giue th' frankly what we thankly spend.

*Of grain, flax,  
Cotton-wool (or  
Bambare) Flax  
or Hemp which  
the Earth pro-  
dueth.*

Heer for our food, Millions of flow'ry grains,  
With long Mustachoes, waue vpon the Plains;  
Heer thousand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes,  
In *Serean* Forrests hang in silken Globes:  
Heer shrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner vse)  
The fine white balls of *Bombace* do produce.

Heer th' azure-flowered Flax is finely spun  
For finest Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:  
Heer fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmark* doth afford,  
Doth furnish vs with Canvass, and with Cord,  
Cables and Sayles; that, Winds assisting either,  
We may acquaint the East and West together,  
And dry-foot dance on *Neptunes* Watry Front,  
And in adventure lead whole Towns vpon't.

*\* Indian-wheat*

Heer of one grain of \* *Maize*, a Reed doth spring,  
That thrice a year, five hundred grains doth bring;  
Which (after) th' *Indians* parch, and pun, and knead,  
And thereof make them a most holesom bread.

Th' Almighty Voice, which built this mighty Ball,  
Still, still rebounds and ecchoes over all:  
That, that alone, yearly the World reuiues;  
Through that alone, all Springs, all liues, all thriues:  
And that alone makes, that our mealy grain  
Our skilfull Seed-man scatters not in vain;  
But being covered by the tooth-full Harrow,  
Or hid a while vnder the folded furrow,  
Rots to reuiue; and, warmly-wet, puts forth  
His root beneath, his bud above the Earth;  
Enriching shortly with his springing Crop,  
The Ground with green, the Husbandman with hope:  
The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,  
The reed an eare, the eare another seed:  
The seed, to shut the wastefull Sparrows out  
(In Haruest) hath a stand of Pikes about,  
And Chaffie Husks in hollow Cods inclose it;  
Left heat, wet, wind, should roste, or rot, or lose it:

*An exact de-  
scription of the  
growing of  
wheat or other  
the kinds of  
grain.*

And

And, lest the Straw should not sustaine the care,  
With knotty ioynts 'tis sheathed heer and there.

Pardon me (Reader) if thy ravisht Eyes  
Haue seen *To-Day* too great varieties  
Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruits, of Hearbs, of Grains,  
In these my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Plains;  
Sith th' *Ile of Zebut*'s admirable Tree  
Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)  
The which, alone, far richer Wonders yeelds  
Then all our Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Fields.  
What? wouldst thou drink? the wounded leaues drop wine.  
Lack'st thou fine linnen? dress the tender rine;  
Dress it like Flax, spin it, and weaue it well,  
It shall thy Cambrick and thy Lawn excell.  
Long'st thou for Butter? bide the poulpy part,  
And neuer better came to any Mart.

*Of the Indian  
Cocos a most  
admirable fruit.*

Need'st thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,  
And passing oyle it soon becommeth so.  
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?  
Then sur it well, and it will sharply bite.  
Or want'st thou Sugar? steep the same a stound,  
And sweeter Sugar is not to be found.  
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:  
Should *Mydas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold.  
And God (I think) to crown our life with ioyes,  
The Earth with plenty, and his name with praise,  
Had don enough; if he had made no more  
But this one Plant so ful of wondrous store:  
Save that, the World (where one thing breeds satiety)  
Could not be fair, without so great variety.

But, th' Earth not onely on her back doth bear  
Abundant treasures glistering every where  
(As glorious *unthrifts*, crost with *Parents Curse*,  
Wear golden Garments; but an empty Purse:  
Or *Venus Darlings*, fair without; within  
Full of Disease, full of Deceit and Sin:  
Or stately *Toombs*, externally gilt and garnisht;  
With dust and bones inwardly fill'd and furnisht)  
But inwardly shee's no less fraught with riches,  
Nay rather more (which more our soules bewitches).  
Within the deep folds of her fruitfull lap,  
So bound-less Mines of treasure doth she wrap,  
That th' hungry hands of humane avarice  
Cannot exhaust with labour or device.  
For, they be more then ther be Stars in Heav'n,  
Or stormy billowes in the Ocean driv'n,  
Or eares of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,  
Or Savage Beasts vpon a thousand Hills.

*Of the riches  
under or within  
the Earth.*

H 3

Or



Of Minerals.

Or Fishes diving in the silver Floods,  
 Or scattred Leaues in Winter in the Woods.  
*Slat, Jet, and Marble* shall escape my pen,  
 I over-pass the Salt-mount *Oromene*,  
 I blanch the *Brine-Quar* Hill in *Aragon*,  
 Whence (there) they powder their provision.  
 I'll onely now emboss my Book with *Brass*,  
 Dye 't with *Vermilion*, deck 't with *Coperass*,  
 With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead*, and *Mercury*,  
*Tin*, *Iron*, *Orpime*, *Stibium*, *Lethargy*:  
 And on my *Gold-work* I will onely place  
 The *Crytall* pure, which doth reflect each face;  
 The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,  
 The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,  
 The *Cassidone*, full of circles round,  
 The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,  
 The various *Opal*, and green *Emerald*,  
 The *Agate* by a thousand titles call'd,  
 The sky-like *Turquez*, purple *Ametists*,  
 And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames reflects.

Of precious stones.

The use of a  
lustre of things,  
make them  
good or ill:  
as full or empty  
the Manifold.

I knowe, to Man the Earth seems (altogether)  
 No more a Mother, but a Step-dame rather:  
 Because (alas!) vnto our lovs she bears  
 Blood-shedding *Steele*, and *Gold* the ground of cares:  
 As if these Metalls, and not Man's amils,  
 Had made Sin mount vnto the height it is.  
 But, as the sweet bait of abundant Riches,  
 Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches:  
 Gold gilds the Vicious, and it lends them wings  
 To raise their thoughts vnto the rarest things.  
 The wife, not onely Iron well apply  
 For household turns, and Tools of Husbandry;  
 But to defend their Countrey (when it calls)  
 From forrain dangers, and intestine brals:  
 But, with the same the wicked never mell,  
 But to do seruice to the Haggs of Hell;  
 To pick a Lock, to take his neighbours Purse,  
 To break a House, or to doo something worse;  
 To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,  
 To spoile his Countrey, murder Innocents.  
 Even so, profaning of a gift diuine,  
 The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine:  
 So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wrestling Eloquence,  
 Excuse rich wrong, and cast poore Innocence:  
 So *Antichrists*, their poyson to infuse,  
 Mils-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuse.  
 For, as a Cask, through want of vse grow'n fusty,  
 Makes with his stink the best *Greece* Malmsey musty:

So

So God's best gifts, vsurpt by wicked Ones,  
 To poyson turn through their contagions.  
 But, shall I baulk th' admired *Adamant*?  
 Whose dead-live power, my Reasons power doth dant.  
 Renowned *Load-stone*, which on Iron acts,  
 And by the touch the same aloofe attracts;  
 Attracts it strangely with vnclaspings crooks,  
 With vnknow'n cords, with vnconceiued hooks,  
 With vnseen hands, with vndiscerned arms,  
 With hidden Force, with sacred secret charms,  
 Wherewith he wooes his *Iron Mistress*,  
 And never leaues her till he get a kisse;  
 Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosom,  
 Never to part (except we, loue-less, loose em)  
 With so firme zeale and fast affection  
 The Stone doth loue the Steel, the Steel the Stone.  
 And though somtime some Make-bate come betwixt,  
 Still burns their first flame; 'tis so surely fixt:  
 And, while they cannot meet to break their minds,  
 With mutuall skips they shew their loue by signes  
 (As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,  
 Parley in silence with their hand or eye).  
 Who can conceiue, or censure in what sort  
 One *Loadstone*-touch'd *Ann* let doth transport  
 Another *Iron-Ring*, and that another,  
 Till foure or fise hang dangling one in other:  
 Greatest *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)  
 Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:  
 Sith Reason-scanners haue resolved all,  
 That heavy things, hangd in the Aire, must fall.  
 I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks  
 In *Roman* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greeks*,  
 Whose iealous wife, weening to home-revoke him  
 With a loue potion, did with poyson choak him;  
 Hath sought to shewe, with arguing subtilty,  
 The secret cause of this rare Sympathy.  
 But say (*Lucretius*) what's the hidden cause  
 That toward the *North-Star* still the Needle draw's,  
 Whose point is toucht with *Load-stone*: loose this knot,  
 And still-green *Laurell* shall be still thy Lot:  
 Yea, Thee more learned will I then confesse,  
 Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.  
 W' are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,  
 Neither to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,  
 As (*Signior Flauio*) to thy witty triall,  
 For first inuenting of the Sea-mans Diall  
 (Th' vse of the Needle, turning in the same)  
 Diuine deuice! O admirable Frame!

Of the rare vertue  
of the Load-  
stone.Of the excellent  
use of the Mar-  
iners Compass.

Where-



Whereby, through th' Ocean, in the darkeſt night,  
Our hugeſt Caragues are conducted right:  
Whereby w're ſtor'd with Truch-man, Guide, and Lamp  
To ſearch all corners of the watery Camp:  
Whereby a Ship, that ſtormy Heav'ns haue whurld  
Neer in one Night into another World,  
Knowes where ſhe is; and in the Card deſcries  
What degrees thence the Equinoctiall lies.  
*Cleer-ſighted Spirits, that cheer with ſweet aſpect  
My ſober Rymes, though ſubieſt to defect;  
If in this Volume, as you ouer-read it  
You meet ſome things ſeeming exceeding credit,  
Be cauſe (perhaps, been proued yet by no-man)  
Their ſtrange effects be not in knowledge common:  
Think, yet, to ſome the Load-ſtone's uſe is new;  
And ſeems as ſtrange, as we haue try'd it true:  
Let therefore that which Iron draw's, draw ſuch  
To credit more then what they ſee or touch.*

Of medicinal  
Earths.

Nor is th' Earth onely worthy praiſe eternall,  
For the rare riches on her back externall,  
Or in her boſon: but her owne ſelfs worth  
Solicits me to ſound her glory forth.  
I call to witneſs all thoſe weak diſeaſed,  
Whoſe bodies oft haue by th' effects been eaſed  
Of Lemnos ſea'd earth, or Eretrian ſoil,  
Or that of Chios, or of Melos Ile.

The Earthe En-  
comium.

All-hail fair Earth, beaver of Towns and Towns,  
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Phyſick, and Fruits and Flowrs,  
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, ſweet,  
Sumptuouſly cloathed in a Mantle meet  
Of mingled-colour; lac't about with Floods,  
And all embrodered with freſh blooming buds,  
With rareſt Gemmes richly about embos't,  
Excelling cunning, and exceeding coſt.  
All-hail great Heart, round Baſe, and ſtedfaſt Root,  
Of all the World, the Worlds ſtrong fixed foot,  
Heav'ns chaſteſt Spouſe, ſupporter of this All,  
This glorious Buildings goodly Peđeſtall.  
All-hail deer Mother, Siſter, Hoſteſs, Nurſe,  
Of the Worlds Sovereain: of thy liberall purſe,  
W' are all maintayned: march-leſs Emperers,  
To doo thee ſervice with all readineſs,  
The Sphears, before thee bear ten thouſand Torch'es:  
The Fire, to warm thee, ſoulds his heartfull arches  
In pureſt flames about the floating Cloud:  
Th' Aire, to reſreſh thee, willingly is bow'd  
About the Waues, and well content to ſuffer  
Milde Zephyrs blaſts, and Boreas bellowing rougher:

Water.

Water, to quench thy thiſt, about thy Mountains  
Wraps her moiſt arms, Seas, riuers, lakes and fountains.

O how I grieue, deer Earth, that (given to gays)  
Moſt of beſt wits contemn thee now a-days:  
And nobleſt hearts proudly abandon quight  
Study of Hearbs, and Country-lifes delight,  
To bruteſt men, to men of no regard,  
Whoſe wits are Lead; whoſe bodies Iron-hard.  
Such were not yerſt the reuerend Patriarks,  
Whoſe praiſe is penned by the ſacred Clarks.  
*Noah the iuſt, meek Moſes, Abraham*

(Who Father of the Faithfull Race becam)  
Were Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at leaſt)  
And in the Fields paſſed their Dayes the beſt.  
Such were not yerſt *Attalus, Philemetor,*  
*Archelaus, Hiero,* and many a Pretor;  
Great Kings and Conſuls, who haue oft for blades  
And glistering Scepters, handled hooks and ſpades.  
Such were not yerſt *Cincinnatus Fabricius,*  
*Serranus, Curius,* who vn-ſelf-delicious;  
With Crowned Coulters, with Imperiall hands,  
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the Roman lands.  
Great *Scipio,* ſated with fain'd curſie-capping,  
With Court-Eclipſes, and the redious gaping  
Of golden beggers: and that Emperour,  
Of Slaue, turn'd King; of King turn'd Labourer;  
In countrey Granges did their age confine:  
And ordered there, with as good Diſcipline,  
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat firſt;  
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerſt.

O thrice, thrice happy He, who ſhuns the cares  
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;  
And, ſerving *Ceres,* tils with his own Teem  
His own Free-land, left by his Friends to him!

Never pale Envie's poyſonic heads do hiſs  
To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Avarice:  
His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he never ſups  
For *Nectar,* poyſon mixt in ſilver Cups;  
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick  
For ſweet *Ambroſia* deadly *Aſenick*:  
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glaſs)  
The ſilver Brook his ſweeteſt *Hypocriſt*:  
Milk, Cheeſe, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeour)  
Dreſt without dreſſing, hath he ready ever.

Faſe Counſailers (Concealers of the Law)  
Turn-coat Attourneys, that with both hands draw;  
Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,  
Proud Purſe-Leaches, Harpies of *Weſtminſter*,

With

Commendations  
of the Country-  
life.Free from care,  
ambition, and a-  
varice; and con-  
ſequently from  
the diuiliſh pre-  
ſences of Machi-  
auilian Politi-  
cks.Not vexed with  
contentious ſuit  
ſuits of wrong-  
ling Lawyers.



With fained chiding, and foul iarring noyse,  
Break not his Brain, nor interrupt his ioyes:  
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-morrrows*,  
With Natures Musick do beguile his sorrows;  
Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,  
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not detaching  
Shipwreck, nor  
in danger of  
Pirates.

His wandering Vessell, reeling to and fro,  
On th' irefull Ocean (as the Windes do blowe)  
With sudden Tempest is not ouer-whurld,  
To seek his sad death in another World:  
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,  
Alwaies in light of his own smoak; no Seas,  
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,  
Then that which waters, with his silver Current,  
His Native Medowes: and that very Earth  
Shall giue him Buriall, which first gaue him Birth.

Not diseased in  
body through  
delicious Salues

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need  
*Ethiop's* cold Rush, nor drowsie *Poppie*-seed;  
Nor keep in consort (as *Mecenas* did)  
Luxurious Villains (Viols I should haue said);  
But on green Carpets thrum'd with mossie Beuer,  
Fringing the round Skirts of his winding River,  
The streams milde murmur, as it gently gushes,  
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Not drawn by  
falsities to an  
untimely Death

Drum, Fife, and Trumpet, with their loud A-larms,  
Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms:  
Nor deer respect of some great *Generall*,  
Him from his bed vnto the blocke death call.  
The crested Cock sings *Hunt is up* to him,  
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,  
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,  
Impearld with tears, that sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not clouded  
with contagion  
of a corrupted  
Aire.

Neuer gross Aire, poyson'd in stinking Streets,  
To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meers;  
But th' open Sky, where at full breath he liues,  
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomack giues:  
And Death, drad Seriant of th' eternall Iudge,  
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge.

Not (Changeling-  
like) changing,  
with every shif-  
ting, the colour  
of his countenance.

His wretched years in Princes Courts he spends not:  
His thrall'd will on Great mens wils depends not:  
He, changing Master, doth not change at once  
His Faith; Religion, and his God renounce:  
With mercenary lies he doth not chant,  
Praying an Emmer for an Elephant:  
*Sardanapalus* (drown'd in soft excess)  
For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules*,  
Ther fiter soul, for *Venus* louely Loue;  
And every Changeling for a Turtle-Doue;

Not forsaking  
Duty, nor lacking  
the Tye of  
Obedience.

Nor

Nor lavishes in his lascivious layes,  
On wanton *Flora*, chaste *Alcestes* praise.  
But all self-private, serving God, he writes  
Fear-less, and sings but what his heart indites.

No fallow Fear doth day or night afflict him:  
Vnto no fraud doth night or day addict him;  
Or if he muse on guile, 'tis but to get  
Beast, Bird, or Fish, in toil, or snare, or net.

Neither prest  
with Fear, nor  
plotting Fraud.

What though his Wardrobe be not stately stuff  
With sumptuous silks (pinked, and pounc't, and puffed)  
With gold-ground Velvets, and with silver Tissue,  
And all the glory of old *Eues* proud Issue?  
What though his feeble Coffers be not cramd  
With Misers Idols, golden Ingots ramd?  
He is warm-wrapped in his owne-grown Wooll;  
Of vn-bought Wines his Cellar's ever full;  
His Garner's stor'd with grain, his Ground with flocks,  
His Barns with Fodder, with sweet streams his Rocks.

For, heer I sing the happy Rusticks weal,  
Whose handfom house seems as a Common-weal:  
And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,  
Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde;  
The pined Fisher or poor-Daiey-Renter  
That liues of whay, for forfeiting Indenture;  
Who scarce haue bread within their homely Cotes  
(Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.

Let me, good Lord, among the Great vn-kend,  
My rest of dayes in the calm Countrey end.  
Let me deserue of my deer *EAGLE*-Brood,  
For Windsor-Forrest, walks in Almes-wood:  
Bee Hadley Pond my Sea; Lambs-bourn my Thames;  
Lambourn my London; Kennet's silver streams,  
My fruitfull Nile; my Singers and Musicians,  
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions;  
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will;  
My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill;  
Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,  
That times to come may wonder at the same.

Or, if the new North-star, my Sovereign I AM:  
(The secret vertue of whose sacred beams  
Attracts th' attentive seruice of all such  
Whose mindes did euer Vertue's Load-stone touch)  
Shall euer daigne t' anuite mine humble State  
T' approach the Presence of his Royall State:  
Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,  
Shall drine or draw me neer their pleasing-Troubles;  
Let not their Fauours make me drunk with folly:  
In their Commands, still keep my Conscience holy:

Let



*Let mee, true Honour, not the false delight;  
And play the Preacher, not the Parafire.*

*So Morne and Evening the Third Day conclude,  
And God perceiv' that all his works were good.*



## THE FOVRTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The twinkling Spangles of the Firmament:  
The wandering Scav'n (each in a severall Tent);  
Their Course, their Force, their Essence is disputed;  
That they (as Beasts) do eat and drink; refused.  
Heav'n's (not the Earth) with rapid motion roule:  
The famous Stars observ'd in either Pole:  
Heav'n's sloping Belt: the Twelve celestiall Signes  
Where Sol the Seasons of the Year confines:  
Dayes glorious Prince: Nights gloomy Patroness:  
His Light and Night: Her constant Change-fulness.*

*In the beginning  
of the fourth  
day, calling up-  
on the God of  
Heaven, for the  
creation of the  
fourth day, he  
said, Let there be  
light.*

**H**ere Spirit that rap't'st above the Firmest Sphear,  
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Messenger,  
Who limiting Jordan with his pleighted Cloak,  
Didst yet divide the Waters with the stroak:  
O! take me up; that, far from Earth, I may  
From Sphear to Sphear, see th' azure Heav'n's To-Day.  
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Cheek by Joule  
With Phabus Chariot let my Chariot roule;  
Drive on my Coach by Mars his flaming Coach;  
Saturn and Luna let my wheels approach:

*That*

That having learn'd of their Fire breathing Horses,  
Their course, their light, their labour, and their forces,  
My Muse may sing in sacred Eloquence,  
To Vertues Friends, their vertuous Excellence:  
And with the Load-stone of my conquering Verse,  
About the Poles attract the most perverse.

And you fair learned soules, you spirits diuine,  
To whom the Heav'n's so nimble quills assigne,  
As well to mount, as skilfully to limn  
The various motion of their Tapers trim;  
Lend me your hand; lift me above Parnassus;  
With your loud Trebbles help my lowly Bassus.  
For sure, besides that your wit-gracing Skill  
Bears, in it selfe, it self's rich guerdon still;  
Our Nephews, free from sacrilegious brauls,  
Where Horror swims in blood about our wals,  
Shall one day sing that your deer Song did merit  
Better Heav'n, hap, and better time to hear-it.

And, though (alas!) my now new-rising Name  
Can hope heer-after none, or little Fame:  
The time that most part of our better wits  
Mis-spends in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,  
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,  
Without affection, in affected words:  
I mean to spend, in publishing the Storie  
Of Gods great works, to his immortall glorie.  
My rymes begot in pain, and born in pleasure,  
Thirst not for Fame (the Heathens hope's chiefe treasure):  
'T shall me suffice, that our deer France do breed  
(In happy season) some more learned seed,  
That may record with more diuine dexterity  
Then I have done, these wonders to Posterity.

*Much less may these abortive Brats of Mine  
Expect respect (but in respect of Thine):  
Yet sith the Heav'n's haue thus entaskt my layes  
(As darkly Cynthia darts her borrow'd rayes)  
To shadow Thine; and to my Countrey render  
Some small reflection of thy radiant splendor;  
It is enough, if heer-by I incite  
Some happier spirit to do thy Muse more right;  
And with more life give thee thy proper grace,  
And better follow great du BARTAS trace.*

GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizans,  
Who at the best abandon their designses,  
Working by halves; as rather a great deal,  
To do much quickly, then to do it well:  
But rather, as a work-man never weary,  
And all-sufficient, he his works doth carry

*I*

*To*

*Here resuming  
his course, hee  
presents the  
work of the  
Creation.*



In the fourth  
day, God crea-  
ted the fixed  
Stars, the two  
great Lights,  
(viz.) the Sun  
and the Moon,  
and the other five  
Planets.

Of their Course,  
Force, Essence,  
and Substance.

Opinion of the  
Greeks touching  
the matter of  
the Stars.

Smile.

Their substance  
is of Fire.

Refutation of  
such a notion  
showing that the  
Stars were li-  
ving creatures.

To happy end; and to perfection,  
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

Having therefore the Worlds wide Curten spread  
About the circuit of the fruitfull Bed,  
Where (to fill all with her vnumbred Kin)  
Kind Natures selfe each moment lyeth-in:  
To make the same for ever admirable,  
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable;  
He th' Azure Tether trimm'd with golden marks,  
And richly spangled with bright glistering sparks.

I knowe, those Tapers, twinkling in the sky,  
Do turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,  
That man can neuer (rightly) reach, to seeing  
Their Course and Force, and much-much less their Being:

But, if coniecture may extend about  
To that great Orb, whose moving All doth moue,  
Th' imperfect Light of the first Day was it,  
Which for Heav'ns Eyes did shining matter fit:  
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,  
Garnisht Heav'ns feeling with those Torch'es bright:  
Or else diuided it; and pressing close  
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those.

But, if thy wits thirst rather seek these things,  
In *Greekish* Cisterns then in *Hebrew* Springs;  
I then conclude, that as of moistfull matter,  
God made the people that frequent the Water;  
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn droues  
That haue the Hills and Dales, and Downs and Groues:  
So, did he make, by his Almighty might,  
The Heav'ns and Stars, of one same substance bright;  
To th' end these Lamps, disperfed in the Skies,  
Might with their Orb, it with them, sympathize.  
And as (with vs) vnder the Oaked bark  
The knurly knot with branching veines, we marke  
To be of substance all one with the Tree,  
Although far thicker and more rough it be:  
So those gilt studs in th' vpper story driv'n,  
Are nothing but the thickest part of Heav'n.

When I obserue their Light and Heat yblend  
(Meer accidents of th' vpper Element)  
I think them Fire: but not such Fire as lasts  
No longer then the fuell that it wastes:  
For then, I think all th' Elements too little  
To furnish them only with one dayes victuall.

And therefore smile I at those Fable-Forges,  
Whose busie-idle stile so stilly vrges,  
The Heav'ns bright Cressets to be living creatures,  
Ranging for food, and hungry fodder-eaters;

Still

that did eat &  
drinke.

Still sucking-up (in their eternall motion)  
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.  
Sure, I perceiue no motion in a Star,  
But naturall, certain, and regular;  
Whereas, Beasts motions infinitely vary,  
Confus'd, vncertain, diuers, voluntary.  
I see not how so many golden Posts  
Should scud so swift about Heav'ns azure coasts,  
But that the Heav'n's must ope and shut som-times,  
Subiect to passions, which our earthly climes  
Alter, and toss the Sea, and th' Aire estrange  
From it selfe temper with exceeding change.  
I see not how, in those round blazing beams,  
One should imagine any food-fit limbs:  
Nor can I see how th' Earth, and Sea should feed  
So many Stars, whose greatness doth exceed  
So many times (if Star-Diuines say troth)  
The greatness of the Earth and Ocean both:  
Sith heer our Cattle, in a month, will eat  
Seav'n-times the bulk of their own bulk in meat.

These Torch'es then range not at random, o're  
The lightsom thicknes of an vn-firm Floor:  
As heer belowe, diuersly mooving them,  
The painted Birds between two aires do swim;  
But, rather fixed vnto turning Spheres,  
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers:  
As Car-nails fastned in a wheel (without  
Self's-motion) turn with others turns about.

As th' Ague-sicke, vpon his shivering paller,  
Delays his health oft to delight his palat;  
When wilfully his taste-less Taste delights  
In things vsuauory to sound Appetites:  
Even so, some brain-sicks liue there now-adayes,  
That lose themselues still in contrary wayes;  
Prepostrous Wits that cannot rowe at ease,  
On the smooth Chanell of our common Seas:  
And such are those (in my conceit at least)  
Those Clarks that think (think how absurd a iest)  
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turn at all,  
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;  
But th' Earth it self, this Massie Globe of ours,  
Turns round-about once euery twice-twelue hours:  
And we resemble Land-bred nouices  
New brought aboard to venture on the Seas;  
Who, at first lanching from the shoar, suppose  
The ship stands still, and that the ground it goes.  
So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'ns Arches fill,  
Equally distant should continue still.

I 2

So

Opinion of Co-  
pernicus disputed



So, neuer should an Arrow, shot vpright,  
In the same place vpon the Shooter light;  
But would doo (rather) as (at Sea) a stone  
Aboord a Ship vpright vprightly throw'n;  
Which not within-board fall's, but in the Flood  
A-stern the Ship, if so the winde be good.  
So, should the Fowls that take their nimble flight  
From Western Marches towards *Mornings* Light;  
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time  
Delights to visit *Eurus* in his clime;  
And Bullets thundred from the Cannons throat  
(Whose roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunders note)  
Should seem recoil: fithens the quick career,  
That our round Earth should daily gallop heer,  
Must needs exceed a hundred-fold (for swift)  
Birds, Bullets, Winds; their wings, their force, their drift.

Arm'd with these reasons, 'twere superfluous  
T' assaile the reasons of *Copernicus*;

Who, to salve better of the Stars th' appearance,  
Vnto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:

Making the Sun the Center of this All,  
Moon, Earth, and Water, in one only Ball.

But fithens heer, nor time, nor place doth sute,  
His *Paradox* at length to prosecute;

I will proceed, grounding my next discourse  
On the *Heav'n's motions*, and their constant course.

I oft admire greatness of mighty Hills,  
And pleasant beauty of the flowry Fields,

And count-les number of the Oceans sand,  
And secret force of sacred Adamant;

But much-much more (the more I mark their course)  
Stars glistering greatness, beauty, number, force.

Even as a Peacock, prickt with loues desire,  
To woo his Mistress, strowting stately by her,

Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,  
His azure wings and starry-golden tail;

With rattling pinions wheeling still about,  
The more to let his beauteous beauty out:

The Firmament (as feeling like above)  
Displays his pomp; pranceth about his Loue,

Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks,  
Set with gilt spangles, sow'n with glistering sparks,

Sprinkled with eyes, specked with Tapers bright,  
Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light,

T' inflame the Earth the more, with Louers grace,  
To take the sweet fruit of his kind embrace.

Hee, that to number all the Stars would seek,  
Had need inuent som new Arithmetick;

Leaving to dis-  
pute further vpon  
the former  
Paradox, he  
proceedeth in  
his discourse, &c.  
by a lively com-  
parison vnto  
the  
beautifull orna-  
ment of the Hea-  
uens about the  
Earth.

Simile.

The number of  
Stars is infinite.

And

And who, to cast that Reck'ning takes in hand,  
Had need for Counters take the Ocean's sand:

Yet haue our wise and learned Elders found  
*Four*-dozen *Figures* in the Heav'nly Round,

For aid of memory; and to our eyes  
In certain *Houses* to divide the Skyes.

Of those, are *Twelve* in that rich *Girdle* grest  
Which God gaue Nature for her New-years-gift

(When making All, his voyce Almighty most,  
Gaue so fair Laws vnto Heav'n's shining Hoast)

To wear it biaz, buckled over-thwart-her;  
Not round about her swelling waste, to girt-her.

This glorious *Baldrick* of a Golden tinge,  
Imboss't with Rubies, edg'd with Silver Frindge,

Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistering bright,  
Heav'n's biaz-wise environs day and night.

For, from the period, where the *Ram* doth bring  
The day and night to equall balancing,

Ninty degrees towards the North it wends,  
Thence iust as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,

As many thence toward the South; and thence  
Towards th' Years Portall, the like difference.

*Nephelean* Crook-horn, with brass Comets crown'd,  
Thou butttest brauely 'gainst the New-years bound;

And richly clad in thy fair Golden Fleece,  
Doo'st hold the *First House* of Heav'n's spacious Meese.

Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:  
Who, lest that fodder by the way he lack,

Seeing the World so naked; to renew 't,  
Coats th' infant Earth in a green gallant sute;

And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling  
Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.

The *Twins*, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and feet,  
God fill'd with Stars to shine in season sweet,

Contend in Course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,  
That neither will nor may attend their match.

Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing soft,  
With his eight owres through the Heav'n's azure loft;

To bring vs yearly, in his starry shell,  
Many long dayes the shaggy Earth to svele.

Almost with like pafe leaps the *Lion* out,  
All clad with flames, bristled with beams about;

Who, with contagion of his burning breath,  
Both grass and grain to cinders withereth.

The *Virgin* next, sweeping Heav'n's azure Globe  
With stately train of her bright Golden robe,

Milde-proudly marching in her left hand brings  
A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand wings.

I 3

After

both the Poles  
innumerable.

And why the  
ancient Astro-  
nomers obser-  
ued 48.

Of the signs in  
the Zodiacke.

The Zodiacke.

Aries in Mid-  
March begins  
the Spring.

Taurus in mid-  
April.

Gemini in  
mid-May.

Cancer in mid-  
June begins the  
Summer.

Leo in mid-  
July.

Virgo in mid-  
August.



Libra in mid-  
September be-  
gins Autumn.

Scorpio in  
mid-October.

Sagittarius in  
mid-November.

Capricornus  
in mid-Decem-  
ber, begins the  
Winter.

Aquarius in  
mid-January.

Pisces in mid-  
February.

The names of the  
Principal Stars  
of the North  
Pole.

The names of  
the Stars of the  
South Pole.

The fixed Stars  
are in the eight  
Heavens.

After the *Maiden*, shines the *Balance* bright,  
Equall diuider of the Day and Night:  
In whose gold Beam, with three gold rings there fastens  
With six gold strings, a pair of golden Balens.  
The spirefull *Scorpion*, next the *Scale* adrest,  
With two bright Lamps covers his loathsome brest;  
And fain, from both ends, with his double sting,  
Would spit his venom over everything;  
But that the braue *Half-horse Phylarian* Scout,  
Galloping swift the heav'nly Belt about,  
Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-feathered arrow  
To shoot the sparkling starry *Viper* thorough.  
And th' hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,  
Is so attentue to this onely chafe,  
That dread-les of his dart, Heav'n's shining *Kid*  
Comes jumping light, iust at his heels vnspid.  
Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his starry spout,  
After the *Gout*, a silver stream pours-out;  
Distilling still out of his radiant Fire  
Rivers of Water (who but will admire?)  
In whose cleer chanel mought at pleasure swim  
Those two bright *Fishes* that do follow him;  
But that the *Torrent* slides so swift away,  
That it out-runs them ever, even as they  
Out-run the *Ram*, who ever them pursues;  
And by renewing Yearly, all renews.  
Besides these *Twelve*, toward the *Artick* side,  
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* diuide;  
After, the *Wainman* comes, the *Crown*, the *Spear*;  
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*  
Of th' hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the same  
By *Aesculapius*, or *Alcides* name)  
Swift *Pegasus*, the *Dolphin*, louing man;  
*Ioues* stately *Eagle*, and the silver *Swan*:  
*Andromeda*, with *Castiopeia* neer-her,  
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perseus* deerer:  
The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa's Tress*,  
And the bright *Coach-man* of *Tindarides*.  
Toward th' other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,  
The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath't *Sirius*,  
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,  
The *Centaure*, *Wolf*, the *Censer*, and the *Foule*  
(The twice-foul *Raven*) the *Southern Fish* and *Crown*,  
Through Heav'n's bright Arches brandish vp and down.  
Thus on *This-Day* working th' eighth azure Tent,  
With Art-les Art, diuinely excellent;  
Th' Almightyes finger fixed many a million  
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pavillion:

But in the rest (vnder that glorious Heav'n)  
But one a-peece, vnto the severall Seav'n;  
Lest, of those Lamps the number-passing number  
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,  
That we should never, in the cleereft night,  
Stars diuers Course see or discern aright.

And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers  
He made to twinkle with such trembling capers:  
But, the *Seauen Lights* that wander vnder them;  
Through various passage, never shake a beam.  
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;  
But, th' hoast of Sparks spred in the Firmament  
Far from our sense, through distance infinite,  
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight:  
Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold  
To th' Earth and Sea, wee doo more brim behold.  
For, the Heav'n's are not mixtly enterlaced;  
But th' vndermost by th' vpper be embraced,  
And more or less their roundels wider are,  
As from the Center they be neer or far:  
As in an Egg, the shell includes the skin,  
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.

Now as the Winde, buffing vpon a Hill  
With roaring breath against a ready Mill,  
Whirls with a whiff the sails of swelling clout,  
The sails doo swing the winged shaft about,  
The shaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,  
And that the stone which grinds the flowry corns:  
Or like as also in a Clock well tended,  
Iust counter-poize, iustly thereon suspended,  
Makes the great Wheel goe round, and that anon  
Turns with his turning many a meaner one,  
The trembling watch and th' iron Maule that chimes  
The intire Day in twice twelue equall times:  
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty hours,  
Surveying all this various house of ours,  
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth moue;  
Whose radiant glances gild the World aboue,  
And driues them every day (which swiftness strange-is)  
From *Gange* to *Tagus*, and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.

But, th' vnder-Orbs, as grudging to be still  
So straightly subiect to anothers will,  
Still without change, still at anothers pleasure  
After one pipe to dance ont onely measure;  
They from-ward turn, and travelfing aside,  
Each by himselfe an oblique course doth slide:  
So that they all (although it seeme not so)  
Forward and backward in one instant go.

And the *seauen*  
*Planets* vnder  
them each in his  
proper *Sphere*.

Why the *Planets*  
twinkle not, &  
the fixed Stars  
do twinkle.

The *Firmament*  
much farther  
from the Earth  
th' the *Spheres*  
of the *Planets*.

Simile.

Two similes re-  
presenting the  
motion of the  
eight inferior  
Heav'n's through  
the swift turn-  
ing of the ninth  
which is the  
Primum Mo-  
bile.

Each of the 8  
Heav'n's so  
transported by  
the Primum  
Mobile hath  
also his proper  
oblique and di-  
stinct course eek  
from other.

Both



The same explained by a proper Simile.

Why some of these Heavens have a slower course & shorter compass than other some.

The terms of the revolution of the Firmament.

Of the seventh, which is the Sphere of Saturn.

Of the 6. which is the Sphere of Jupiter.

Of the 5. which is the Sphere of Mars.

Of the 4. which is the Sphere of Sol.

Both vp and down, and with contrary pases,  
At once they poste to two contrary places:  
*Like as my selfe, in my lost Marchant-years*  
*(A loss, alas, that in these lines appears)*  
*Wasting, to Brabant, Englands golden Fleece*  
*(A richer prize then Iason brought to Greece)*  
*While toward the Sea, our (then, Swan poorer) Thames*  
*Bare down my Bark upon her ebbing streams:*  
*Vpon the hatches, from the Prow to Pou*  
*Walking in compass of that narrow Coop,*  
*Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doo,*  
*Haue gone at once towards LEE and LONDON too.*

But now, the neerer any of these Eight,  
Approach th' *Empyreall* Palace wals in height,  
The more their circuit, and more dayes they spend,  
Yer they return vnto their Iourneys end.

It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,  
The which th' vn-niggard hand of Maiefty  
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,  
Spends in his voyage nigh seaven thousand yeer.

Ingenious *Saturn*, Spouse of Memory,  
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,  
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,  
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:  
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run  
Yer it arriue where thy Career begun.

Thou, rich, benign, ill-chasing *Jupiter*,  
Art (worthy) next thy Father sickle-bear:  
And while thou doost with thy more milde aspect  
His froward beams disastrous frowns correct,  
Thy Tinnen Chariot shod with burning bosses,  
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice six twelue months crosses.

Braue-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,  
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)  
His furious Coursers lasheth night and day,  
That he may swiftly passe his course away:  
But in the road of his eternall Race,  
So many rubs hinder his hasty pase,  
That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*  
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod,  
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,  
Yer his steel wheels haue done their business.

Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States-friend, Honour giuer,  
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all Reuiuer,  
Thou, in three hundred threescore dayes and five,  
Doost to the period of thy Race arriue.  
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' Year,  
And measur'st Dayes with thy constrain'd career.

Fair

Fair dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde  
With happy fruit get all the world with-childe  
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing, and delight,  
Smiles, witty wiles, youth, loue, and beauty bright,  
With soft blind *Cupid* evermore consort)  
Of lightsom Day opens and shuts the port;  
For, hardly dare her siluer Doues goe far  
From bright *Apollon* glory-beaming Car.

Not much vnlike so, *Mercury* the witty,  
For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or Citty:  
Smooth Orator, swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,  
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,  
Fortunate Marchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser;  
To end his course takes neer a twelue-months leasure:  
For, all the while, his nimble winged heels  
Dare little bouge from *Phabus* golden wheels.

And lastly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of Night,  
Regent of humors, parting Months aright,  
Chaste Emperess, to one *Endymion* constant;  
Constant in Loue, though in thy looks inconstant  
(*Vnlike our Lones, whose hearts dissemble soonest*)  
Twelue times a year through all the *Zodiack* runnest.

Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number,  
Should still stand-still as in a sloathfull slumber,  
Then should some Places (alwaies in one plight)  
Haue alwaies Day, and some haue alwaies Night:  
Then should the Summers Fire, and Winters Frost,  
Rest opposite still on the selfe same Coast:  
Then nought could spring, and nothing prosper would  
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.  
Or, without change of distance or of dance,  
If all these Lights still in one path should prance,  
Th' inconstant parts of this lowe Worlds contents  
Shoold never feele so sundry accidents,  
As the Coniunction of celestially Features  
Incessantly pours vpon mortall Creatures.

I'l ne'r beleue that the Arch-Architect  
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt  
Onely for Shew, and with these glistering shields  
T' amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields,  
I'l ne'r beleue that the least Flowr that pranks  
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,  
And the least stone that in her warming Lap  
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,  
Hath some peculiar vertue of it owne;  
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n haue none:  
But shine in vain, and haue no charge precise,  
But to be walking in Heav'n's Galleries,

And

Of the 3. which is the Sphere of Venus.

Of the 2. which is the Sphere of Mercury.

Of the 1. which is the Sphere of Luna.  
The lowest Planet nearest the Earth.

Of the necessity of diuers motions of the Heavens.

Of the force and influence of the Celestiall bodies vpon the terrestrial.



And through that *Palace* vp and down to clamber,  
As *golden Gulls* about a *PRINCE'S CHAMBER*.

Sens-less is he, who (without blush) denies  
What to sound senses most apparent lies:  
And 'gainst experience he that spets Fallacians,  
Is to be hilt from learned Disputations:  
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars  
To haue no force on these inferiours;  
Though Heav'n's effects we most apparent see  
In number more then heav'nly Torches be.

*Sundry proofs  
of the force  
of the  
1. The diuers  
seasons.  
2. The fearfull  
accidents that  
commonly suc-  
ceed Eclipses.*

I will alledge the Seasons alteration,  
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:  
I will not vrge, that never at noon dayes  
His envious Sister intercepts his Rayes  
But som great State eclipseth, and from Hell  
*Alecto* looses all these Furies Fell,  
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foul infectious *Plague*,  
Blood-thirsty *War*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:  
Heer pouring down Woes vniuersall Flood,  
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.

*3. The ebbing &  
flowing of the  
Sea.*

*4. The increase  
and decrease of  
marrow, blood  
and humours in  
dumers creatures*

*5. The apparent  
alterations in  
the bodies of  
sick persons.*

I'll over-pas how Sea doth Eb and Flowe,  
As th' Horned Queen doth either shrink or growe;  
And that the more she *Fills* her forked Round,  
The more the Marrow dorth in Bones abound,  
The Blood in Veines, the sap in Plants, the Moisture  
And luscious meat, in Crevish, Crab and Oyster:  
That Oak, and Elm, and Fir, and Alder, cut  
Before the *Crescent* haue her Corners shut,  
Are never lasting, for the builders turn,  
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn:  
And also, that the Sick, while she is filling,  
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thrilling.  
So that, this Lamp alone approoues, what powrs,  
Heav'n's Tapers haue even on these soules of ours:  
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd)  
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,  
Through Sympathy, which while this Flesh we carry,  
Our Soules and Bodies doth together marry.

*A particular  
proofe by the ef-  
fects of certain  
notable stars, or-  
dinarily noted  
in some Month  
of the year.*

I'll onely say, that sith the hot aspect  
Of th' Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect  
A thousand vnseen Fires, and dries the Fields,  
Scorches the Vallies, parches vp the Hills,  
And often times into our panting hearts,  
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts:  
And (opposit) the *Cup*, the dropping *Pleiades*,  
Bright glistering *Orion* and the weeping *Hyades*,  
Never (almost) look down on our aboad,  
But that they stretch the Waters bounds abroad;

With

With Cloudy horror of their wrathfull frown,  
Threatning again the guilty World to drown:  
And (to be brief) sith the gilt azure Front  
Of Firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark vpon't  
But poureth down-ward som apparent change,  
Towards the Storing of the Worlds great Grange;  
We may coniecture what hid powr is given  
T' infuse among vs from the other Scaven,  
From each of those which for their vertue rare  
Th' Almighty placed in a proper Sphear.

Not that (as *Stoicks*) I intend to tye  
With Iron Chains of strong *Necessity*  
Th' Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock  
In *Destinies* hard Diamantine Rock:  
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n  
Light, Course, and Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n:  
That still he guides them, and his Providence  
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:

*Reuoluing the  
Stoicks, he shew-  
eth that God, as  
the first Cause,  
doth ordaine all  
things, & what  
use we should  
make of the force  
Course, & Light  
of the celestiall  
bodies.*

And that therefore (the rather) we belowe  
Should study all, their Course and Force to knowe:  
To th' end that, seeing (through our Parents Fall)  
T' how many Tyrants we are wexen thrall,  
Euer since first fond Womans blind Ambition,  
Breaking, made *Adam* break Heav'n's *High Commission*:  
We might vnpufl our Heart, and bend our Knee,  
T' appease with sighs Gods wrathfull Maieftie;  
Beseeching him to turn away the storms  
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth, and dreadfull Arms,  
Which oft the angry Stars, with bad aspects,  
Threat to be falling on our stubborn necks:  
To giue vs Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivitie  
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativitie:  
To pour some Water of his Grace, to quench  
Our boyling Fleshes fell Concupiscence,  
To calm our many passions (spirituall rumours)  
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.

*Latonian* Twins, Parents of Years and Months,  
Alas! why hide you so your shining Fronts?  
What? nill you shew the splendor of your ray,  
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds I pray?  
I pray pull-off your mufflers and your mourning,  
And let me see you in your native burning:  
And my deer Muse by her eternall flight,  
Shall spread as far the glory of your Light  
As you your selues run, in alternat Ring,  
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.

Thou radiant Coach-man, running endless course,  
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively source,

*Here proceeding  
to the second  
part of this  
book, he reuolues  
at large of the  
Sun & Moon.*

*Of the Sun: en-  
tering into the  
description*

Life



whereof he con-  
fesses that he  
knowes not well  
where to begin.

The Sun as  
Prince of the  
Celestiall lights  
marcheth in the  
midst of the o-  
ther six Planets  
which surround  
him.

The Sun is in  
Heaven as the  
heart in mans  
body.

His notable ef-  
fects upon the  
Earth.

Life of the World, Lamp of this Vniverse,  
Heavns richest Gemm: O teach me where my Verse  
May but begin thy praise. Alas! I fare  
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth stare  
To count the Quails, that with their shadow cover  
Th' Italian Sea, when soaring higher over,  
Fain of a milder and more fruitfull Clime,  
They come, with vs to pass the Summer time:  
No sooner he begins one shoal to sum,  
But more and more, still greater shoals do com,  
Swarm vpon Swarm, that with their count-les number  
Break off his purpose, and his sense incumber.

Dayes glorious Eye! Even as a mighty King,  
About his Countrey stately Progressing,  
Is compast round with Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Knights,  
(Orderly marshall'd in their noble Rites)  
Esquires and Gentlemen, in courtly kinde  
And then his Guard before him and behinde;  
And there is nought in all his Royall Muster,  
But to his Greatnes addeth grace and lustre:  
So, while about the World thou ridest ay,  
Which onely liues by vertue of thy Ray,  
Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted evermore,  
Wait on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,  
Besides the Hoasts of th' vpper Twinklers bright,  
To whom, for pay thou giuest onely Light.  
And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)  
Within the Middle of the bodie, beares  
His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportion  
Supplyeth spirits to all, and euery portion:  
Even so (O Sun) thy Golden Chariot marches  
Amid the six Lamps of the six lowe Arches  
Which feel the World, that equally it might  
Richly impart them Beautie, Force, and Light.

Praising thy Heat, which subtilly doth pearce  
The solid thickness of our Vniverse,  
Which in th' Earths kidneys *Mercury* doth burn,  
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metall turn;  
I do digress, to praise that light of thine,  
Which if it should, but one Day, cease to shine,  
Th' vnpurged Aire to Water would resolue,  
And Water would the mountain tops inuolve.

Scarce I begin to measure thy bright Face,  
Whose greatness doth so oft Earths greatness pass,  
And with still running the Coelestiall Ring,  
Is seen and felt of euery living thing;  
But that fantastickly I change my Theam  
To sing the swiftness of thy tyer-les Teem;

To sing, how, Rising from the *Indian* Wave,  
Thou seem'st (O *Titan*) like a Bride-groom braue,  
Who from his Chamber early issuing out  
In rich array, with rarest Gems about;  
With pleasant Countenance, and lovely Face,  
With golden tresses, and attractive grace,  
Cheers (at his coming) all the youthfull throng  
That for his presence earnestly did long,  
Blessing the day, and with delightfull glee,  
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.

Then, as a Prince that feels his Noble heart,  
Wounded with *Loues* pure Honor-winged dart  
(As *HARDY LÆLIUS*, that great *GARTER-KNIGHT*,  
Telling in Triumph of *ELIZA'S* Right  
(Scerly that Day that her deer reign began)  
Most brauely mounted on proud *RABICAN*,  
All in gilt armour, on his glistering *Mazur*  
A stately Plume, of Orange mixt with *Azur*,  
In gallant Course, before ten thousand eyes,  
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)  
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,  
Runnest so swift we scarce conceiue thy Pace.

When I record, how fitly thou dost guide  
Through the fourth Heav'n, thy flaming Coursers pride,  
That as they pass, their fiery breaths may temper  
*Saturn's* and *Cynthia's* cold and moist distemper  
(For, if thou gallop'st in the neather Room  
Like *Phæton*, thou would'st the World consume:  
Or, if thy Throne were set in *Saturn's* Sky,  
For want of heat, then euery thing would dy)  
In the same instant I am prest to sing,  
How thy return reviveth every thing;  
How, in thy Presence, Fear, Sloath, Sleep, and Night,  
Snowes, Fogs, and Fancies, take their sudden Flight.  
Th' art (to be brieft) an Ocean wanting bound,  
Where (as full vessels haue the lesser sound)  
Plenty of Matter makes the speaker mute;  
As wanting words thy worth to prosecute.

Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong so many rare  
And match-les Flowis as in thy Garland are,  
Some one or two shall my chaste sober Muse  
For thine Immortall sacred Sisters chuse.  
I'll boldly sing (bright Sovereign) thou art none  
Of those weak Princes Flattery works vpon  
(No second *EDWARD*, nor no *RICHARD* Second,  
Vn-kinged both, as Rule unworthy record)  
Who, to enrich their *Mimions* past proportion,  
Pill all their Subiects with extreame extortion;

K

And

Excellent com-  
parisons bor-  
rowed out of the  
19. Psalm.

The same exem-  
plified in an  
noble person-  
age of our time  
now reigning;  
but in his young  
years, the glory  
of Arms and  
Chauerie.

Of Gods won-  
derfull provid-  
ence in placing  
the Sun in the  
midst of the o-  
ther Planets;  
of the commodi-  
ty it as come  
thereof.

Of the Summes  
continuall and  
dayly course.



And charm'd with Pleasures (O exceeding Pity!)  
Lie alwaies wallowing in one wanton City;  
And, loving only that, to mean Lieutenants  
Farm out their Kingdoms care, as unto Tenants.  
For, once a day, each Countrey vnder Heav'n  
Thou bidst *Good-Morrow*, and thou bidst *Good-Ev'n*.  
And thy far-seeing Eye, as *Censur*, views  
The rites and fashions, Fish and Foule do vse,  
And our behauiours, worthy (every one)  
Th' *Abderian* Laughter, and *Ephesian* Mone.

But true it is, to th' end a fruitfull Jew  
May every Climat in his time renew,  
And that all men may nearer in all Realms  
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beams;  
Thy sumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,  
From the same Portall mounts not every Morning:  
But, to make know'n each-where thy daily drift,  
Doo'st every day, thy Courfers Stable shift:  
That while the Spring, pranked in her greenest pride,  
Raigns heer, else-where *Autumn* as long may bide;  
And while fair Summers heat our fruits doth ripe,  
Cold Winters Ice may other Countries gripe.

No sooner doth thy shining Chariot Roule  
From highest *Zenith* toward *Northren Pole*,  
To sport thee for three Months in pleasant Inns  
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twins*,  
But that the meale Mountains (late vntreen)  
Change their white garments into lusty green,  
The Gardens pranked with their Flowry buds,  
The Meads with grass, with leaues the naked Woods,  
Sweet *Zephyrus* begins to buss his *Flora*,  
Swift-winged Singers to salute *Aurora*,  
And wanton *Cupid*, through this Vniuers, e,  
With pleasing wounds, all Creatures hearts to perce.

When, backward bent, *Phlegon* thy fiery Steed,  
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Maid*, doth feed;  
Th' Earth cracks with heat, and Summer crowns his *Ceres*  
With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair is:  
The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,  
With crooked Raser shaues the tufted Plain;  
And the good Husband, that due season takes,  
Within a Month his year's Provision makes.

When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame doth fly  
Toward the *Cross-Stars* in th' *Antartik* Sky,  
To be three months, vp-rising, and down-lying  
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying,  
Th' Earth by degrees her lovely beauty bates,  
*Pomona* loads her lap with delicates,

Of his oblique or  
By course, cause  
of the four sea-  
sons: and of the  
commodities of  
all climates in  
the world.

A pleasant and  
lively description  
of the four sea-  
sons of the year.

The Spring.

Summer.

Harvest.

Her

Her Apron and her Ostar basket (both)  
With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumns* tooth  
(Her health-les spouse) who bare-foot hops about  
To tread the iuice of *Bacchus* clusters out.

And last of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem,  
For three Months more, to sojourne still doth seem  
With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fishes*  
(While we in vain revoke thee with our wishes)  
In stead of Flowrs, chill shivering Winter dresses  
With Isicles her (self-bald) borrow'd tresses:  
About her brows a Periwig of Snowe,  
Her white Freeze mantle freng'd with Ice belowe,  
A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,  
So doth she march *Orythias* loue to meet;  
Who with his bristled, hoary, bugle-beard,  
Comming to kiss her, makes her lips asfeard;  
Where-at, he sighs a breath so cold and keen,  
That all the Waters Crystallized been;  
While in a fury with his boystrous wings  
Against the *Scythian* snowie Rocks he flings,  
All larks in soar: and till these Months do end,  
*Bacchus* and *Vulcan* must vs both befrend.

O second honour of the Lamps supemall,  
Sure Calendar of Festivals eternall,  
Seas Soveraintess, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrims guide,  
Peace-loving Queen: what shall I say beside:  
What shall I say of thine inconstant brow,  
Which makes my brain wauer, I woat not how?  
But, if by th' Eye, a mans intelligence  
May ghes of things distant so far from hence,  
I think thy body round as any Ball,  
Whose superface (nigh equall ouer all)  
As a pure Glasse, now vp, and down anon,  
Reflects the bright beams of thy spouse, the Sun:  
For, as a Husbands Nobles doth illustre  
A mean-born wife: so doth the glorious lustre  
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright  
Thy gloomy Front, that selfly hath no light.

Yet 'tis not alwaies after one self sort.  
For, for thy Car doth swifter thee transport,  
Then doth thy Brothers, diversly thou shin'st,  
As more or les thou from his sight declin'st.  
Therefore each month, when *Hymen* (blest) about  
In both your bodies kindles ardent loue,  
And that the Stars-king all inamoured on thee,  
Full of desire, shines down direct vpon thee;  
Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthly Ball  
(After it's Nature) is observed all.

K 2

But,

Winter.

Of the Moon &  
her alterations.

Of her roundness  
and brightness  
borrowed of the  
Sunne.

Sunne.

Of her waxing  
& waning while  
she is in her last  
quarter, & while  
she renues and  
groweth to her  
Full.



But, him aside thou hast no sooner got,  
But on thy side a silver file we noat,  
A half-bent Bowe; which swels, the less thy Coach  
Doth the bright Chariot of thy spouse approach,  
And fills his Circle. When the Imperiall Star  
Beholds thee iust in one Diameter,  
Then by degrees thy Full face falls away,  
And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display;  
Till fall'n again betwixt thy Lovers arms,  
Thou wink'st again, vanquish't with pleasures charms.  
Thus dost thou *Wax* and *Wane*, thee oft renewing;  
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, ensuing  
(As subiect to thee) thy selfs transmutation,  
Feel th' vnfelt force of secret alteration.

Of the cause of  
the diuers aspect  
of the Moon.

Not, but that *Phabus* alwaies with his shine,  
Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect diuine;  
But 't seemes not so; because we see but heere  
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemispher:  
Though waxing vs-ward, Heav'n-ward thou dost wane;  
And waning vs-ward, Heav'n-ward grow'st againe.

Yet, it befalls, even when thy face is Full,  
When at the highest thy pale Coursers pull,  
When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away,  
From living eyes, thy broad, round glistering Ray,  
Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are feel'd,  
Covered with shadow of a rusty shield.  
For, thy Full face in his oblique designe  
Confronting *Phabus* in th' *Ecliptick* line,  
And th' Earth between; thou losest, for a space,  
Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brothers grace:

Of the cause of  
the Eclipse of the  
Sunne.

But, to reuenge thee on the Earth, for this  
Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lovers kiss,  
Somtimes thy thick Orb thou doo'st inter-blend  
Twixt *Sol* and vs, toward the later end:  
And then (because his splendor cannot pass  
Or pearce the thicknes of thy gloomy Mass)  
The Sun as subiect to Deaths pangs, vs sees-not,  
But seems all Light-less, though indeed he is not.

Difference be-  
tweene the Eclipse  
of the Sun,  
& of the Moon.

Therefore, far differing your *Eclipses* are;  
For thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:  
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;  
His doth not him, but vs, bereave of Light:  
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;  
It is thy shadow, that the Sunne obscures:  
East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;  
West-ward, his brows begin there frowning black:  
Thine at thy Full, when thy most glory shines;  
His, in thy Wane, when beauty most declines:

Thine

Thine's generall, toward Heav'n and Earth together;  
His, but to Earth, nor to all places neither.

For, th' hideous Cloud, that cov'ed so long since  
With nights black vail th' eyes of the Starry-Prince  
(When as he saw, for our foul Sinfull slips,  
The Match-less Maker of the Light, eclipse)  
Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moore*s,  
That sweating toyl on *Guinnés* wealthy shoares:  
Those whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract  
With roaring noise for ever deaf doth make:  
Those, that suruaying mighty *Cassagale*,  
Within the Circuit of her spacious Wall  
Do dry-foot dance on th' Orientall Seas;  
And pass, in all her goodly crossing waies  
And stately streets fronted with sumptuous Bowrs,  
Twelue thousand Bridges, and twelue thousand Towrs:  
Those that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase  
The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;  
Those that in Ivory Sleeds on *Ireland* Seas  
(Congeal'd to CrySTALL) slide about at ease;  
Were witness all of his strange grief; and ghest,  
That God, or Nature was then deep distressed.  
Moreover *Cynthia*, in that fearfull stound,  
Full-fild the Compass of her Circle round;  
And, being so far off, she could not make  
(By Natures course) the Sun to be so black;  
Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,  
Darken that beauty, which her owne had given.  
In brief, mine ey, confounded with such Spectacles  
In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles.

What could'st thou doo less, then thy Self dishonour  
(O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?  
Then for thy Fathers death, a-while to wear  
A mourning Roab on th' hatefull *Hemi-spher*:  
Then at high noon shut thy fair eye, to shun  
A sight, whose sight did Hell with horror stun:  
And (pearc't with sorrow for such injuries)  
To please thy Maker, Nature to displease?

So, from the South to North to make apparant,  
That God reuok't his Sericant Death's sad Warrant  
'Gainst *Ezechias*: and that hee would giue  
The godly King fifteen years more to liue:  
Transgressing Heav'ns eternall Ordinance;  
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path didst prance:  
And, as desirous of another nap  
In thy vermillion sweet *Aurora's* Lap,  
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy swift sweating Horie  
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course:

K 3

Dials

Of the admi-  
rable and extraor-  
dinary Eclipse  
of the Sun, on  
the Day that  
our Saviour  
suffered on the  
Crosse, for our  
Redemption,  
Mat. 27. ve. 45.  
Mar. 15. ve. 33.  
Luk. 23. ve. 44.  
\* Quinzay.

Of the going  
back of the Sun  
in the time of  
*Ezechias*.  
1. King. 16. 11.  
Esay 38. 8.



*Of the Sunnes  
standing still in  
the time of  
Joshua.  
Josh. 10. 13.*

Dials went false, and Forrests (gloomy black)  
Wondred to see their mighty shades goe back.  
So, when th' incensed Heav'ns did fight so fell  
Vnder the Standard of deer Israel,  
Against the Host of odious Ammorites;  
Among a million of swift Flashing Lights,  
Rayning down Bullets from a stormy Cloud,  
As thick as Hail, vpon their Armies proud  
(That such as scaped from Heav'ns wrathfull thunder,  
Victorious swords might after heaw in-sunder)  
Coniur'd by *Iosuah*, thy braue steeds stood still,  
In full Career stopping thy whirling wheel;  
And, one whole Day, in one degree they stayd  
In midst of Heav'n, for sacred Armies ayd:  
Least th' Infidels, in their disordred Flight,  
Should saue themselves vnder the wings of Night.  
Those, that then liv'd vnder the other Pole,  
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,  
To hide so long his lovely face away,  
Thought never more to haue re-seen the Day;  
The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,  
Never to see Sun Rise or Set again.  
In the same place Shadows stood still, as stone;  
And in twelue Houres the Dialls shew'd but one.

*So Morne and Euening the Fourth Day conclude,  
And God perceiv'd that all his works were good.*

THE



## THE FIFT DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Fish in the Sea, Fowls in the Aire abound:  
The Forms of all things in the Waters found:  
The various Manners of Sea-Citizens,  
Whose constant Friendship far exceedeth Men:  
Arions strange escape: The Fowls attend  
On th' onely Phoenix, to her end-lesse end:  
Their kinds, their customs, and their plumes variety:  
Some presidents of Prudence, some of Piety:  
The gratefull Eagle, burning in the Flame  
With her dead Mistresse, the fair Seltian Dame.*

**B** Atonian Lamps, conducting divers wayes,  
About the World, successive Nights and Dayes;  
Parents of winged Time, haste, haste your Cars:  
And passing swiftly both th' opposed Bars  
Of East, and West, by your returning Ray,  
Th' imperfect World make elder, by a Day.  
Yee Fish, that brightly in Heav'ns Baldrick shine,  
If you would see the Waters waving brine  
Abound with Fishes, pray *Hyperion*  
T' abandon soon his liquid Mansion,  
If he expect, in his prefix Career,  
To host with you a Month in every Yeer.  
And thou, eternall Father, at whose wink  
The wrathfull Ocean's swelling pride doth sink,  
And stubborn storms of bellowing Windes be dumb,  
Their wide mouthes stop, and their wilde pinions num;  
Great Souerain of the Seas, whose hooks can draw  
A man aliue from the Whales monstrous maw,

Provide

*After a Poeti-  
call manner he  
creatch time &  
opportunity to  
discourse in this  
Day of the crea-  
tion of Fishes &  
of Fowles.*

*To which pur-  
pose specially  
he calleth on the  
true God.*



## THE FIFT DAY

Provide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star, and Boar,  
That through the vast Seas I may safely float:  
Or rather teach me dyue, that I may view  
Deep vnder water all the Scaly crew;  
And dropping wet, when I return to land  
Laden with spoils, extoll thy mighty hand.

IN VAIN had God stor'd Heav'n with glistering studs,  
The Plain with grain, the Mountain tops with woods,  
Severd the Aire from Fire, the Earth from Water,  
Had he not soon peopled this large Theatre  
With living Creatures: Therefore he began  
(This-Day) to quicken in the Ocean,  
In standing Pools, and in the straggling Riuer  
(Whose folding Chanell fertill Champain severs)  
So many Fishes of so many features,  
That in the Waters one may see all Creatures,  
And all that in this All is to be found;

As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.  
Seas haue (as well as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:  
(As well as Aire) Swallows, and Rooks, and Stares:  
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Millions,  
Pinks, Gilliflowrs, Mushrooms, and many millions  
Of other Plants (more rare and strange then these)  
As very Fishes living in the Seas:

And also Rams, Calfs, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,  
Wolves, Lyons, Vrchins, Elephants, and Dogs,  
Yea Men and Mayds: and (which I more admire)  
The Myttred Bishop, and the Cowled Fryer:  
Whereof, examples (but a few yeers since)  
Were shoven the Norways, and Polonian Prince.

You diuine wits of elder Dayes, from whom  
The deep Invention of rare Works hath com,  
Took you not pattern of your chiefest Tools  
Out of the Lap of *Thetis*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*?  
Which partly in the Waues, part on the edges  
Of craggy Rocks, among the ragged sedges,  
Bring-forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,  
Pikes, Percers, Needles, Mallets, Pipes and Yoaks,  
Owers, sayls, and swords, saws, wedges, Razors, Rammers,  
Plumes, Cornets, Knives, Wheels, Vices, Horns, and Hammers.  
And, as if *Neptune*, and fair *Panope*,  
*Palamon*, *Triton*, and *Leucothoe*,

Kept publike Roules, there is the *Calamary*;  
Who, ready Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth cary.

As a rare Painter draws (for pleasure) here  
A sweet *Adonis*, a fowl *Satyre* there:  
Heer a huge *Cyclop*, there a *Pigme* Elf:  
Sometmes, no les busying his skilfull self,

Vpon

## OF THE FIRST WEEK.

Vpon some vgly Monster (seldom seen)  
Then on the Picture of faire *Beauties Queen*:  
Even so the Lord, that, in his Work's varietie,  
We might the more admire his powerfull Deitie;  
And that we might discern by differing features  
The various kinds of the vast Oceans creatures;  
Forming this mighty Frame, hee every Kind  
With diuers and peculiar Signet sign'd.  
Som haue their heads groveling betwixt their feet  
(As th' inky *Cuttes*, and the *Many-feet*):  
Som in their breast (as *Crabs*): some head-less are,  
Foot-leels, and finn-less (as the bane-full *Hare*,  
And heat-full *Oyster*) in a heap confus'd,  
Their parts vnparted, in themselves diffus'd.

The *Tyrian* Marchant, or the *Portuguze*  
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:  
But of one *Tortoise*, when he list to float,  
Th' *Arabian* Fisher-man can make a Boat:  
And one such Shell, him in the stead doth stand  
Of Hulk at Sea, and of a House on land.

Shall I omit the monstrous *Whirl-about*,  
Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,  
Where-with huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)  
Are over-whelm'd and sunken suddenly?

Shall I omit the *Tunnies*, that durst meet  
Th' *Eon* Monarchs never danted Fleet,  
And beard more brauely his victorious powrs  
Then the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;  
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coast;  
Or great *Darius*, that three Battails lost:  
When on the Surges I perceiue, from far,  
Th' *Ork*, *Whirl-pool*, *Whale*, or huffing *Physeter*,  
Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* again  
(*Ortygia Delos*) floating on the Main.

And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,  
Me seems some Tempest all the Seas doth toss.  
Our fear-less Saylers, in far Voyages  
(More led by Gain's hope then their Compasses)  
On th' *Indian* shoare, haue somtime noted som  
Whose bodies covered two broad Acres room:  
And in the *South-Seas* they haue also seen  
Some like high-topped and huge-armed Treen;  
And other som whose monstrous backs did bear  
Two mighty wheels with whirling spokes, that were  
Much like the winged and wide spreading sayls  
Of any Winde-mill turn'd with merry gales.

But Gdd (who Nature in her nature holdes)  
Not only cast them in so sundry moldes:

Examples.  
The *Polar-Cuttle*.  
*Cuttle*.  
*Crab*.  
*Sea Hare*.  
*Oyster*.

The *Tortoise*.The *Tunny*.Diuers kinds  
of *Whales*.Of their mon-  
strous shape, &  
huge greatness.

But



Of the divers  
qualities of  
Fishes.

Smile.  
Describing the  
custome of cer-  
tain Sea-Fishes,  
frequenting the  
fresh Waters in  
some seasons of  
the year.

Comparison.

The Fishes see-  
ding.

But gaue them manners much more differing,  
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring  
In admiration; that men evermore,  
Praising his Works, might praise their Maker more.  
Some loue fresh Waters, some the salt desire,  
Some from the Sea vse yearly to retire  
To the next Rivers, at their owne contenting,  
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting;  
Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt:  
For Winter th' one, th' other for Sommers heat.

As Citizens, in some intestine brail,  
Long coop'd vp within their Castle wall;  
So soon as Peace is made, and Siege remov'd,  
For sake a while their Town so strong approv'd;  
And, tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs,  
Crowned with Garlands, go to take the ayrs:  
So, dainty *Salmons*, *Chevins* thunder-sca'd,  
Feast-famous *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* speckle-starr'd,  
In the Spring Season the rough Seas forsake,  
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take;  
And yet the plenty of delicious foods,  
Their pleasant Lodging in the crystill floods,  
The fragrant fents of flowry banks about,  
Cannot their Country's tender loue wipe out  
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,  
In th' irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:  
*Like English Gallants, that in Youth doe go  
To visit Rhine, Seim, Ister, Am, and Po;  
Where though their Sense be dandled, Dayes and Nights,  
In sweetest choice of changeable Delights,  
They never can forget their Mother-Soyl,  
But hourly Home their hearts and eyes recoil,  
Long languishing with an extream Desire  
To see the smoak of their dear Native Fire.*

One (like a Pirat) only liues of prizes,  
That in the Deep he desperately surprizes:  
Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam:  
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,  
Nibbling on Weeds: another, hating theeuing,  
Eats nought at all, of liquor onely living;  
For, the salt humour of his Element  
Serues him (alone) for perfect nourishment.

Some loue the clear streams of swift tumbling Torrents,  
Which through the rocks straining their struggling currents  
Break Banks and Bridges; and doo never stop,  
Till thirsty Sommer come to drink them vp:  
Some almost alwayes pudder in the mud  
Of sleepy Pools, and never brook the flood

Of

Of Crystill streams, that in continuall motion  
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:  
As the most part of the Worlds Peers prefer  
Broyls before Rest, and place their Peace in War:  
And some again (of a far differing humour)  
Holde Rest so deer, that but the onely rumour  
Of War far off, affrights them at the first;  
And wanting *Peace*, they count their States accurst.

O watty Citizens, what Vmpeer bounded  
Your liquid Livings? O! what Monarch mounded  
With wals your City? What severest Law  
Keeps your huge Armies in so certain aw,  
That you encroach not on the neighbouring Borders  
Of your swim-brethren? as (against all Orders)  
Men dayly practice, ioyning Land to Land,  
House vnto House, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,  
Mountain to Mountain, and (most-most insaci'ble)  
World vnto World, if they could work it possible.  
And you (wise Fishes) that for recreation,  
Or for your seeds securer propagation,  
Doo sometimes shift your ordinary Dwelling;  
What learned *Chalde* (skild in Fortune-telling)  
What cunning Prophet your fit time doth shoue?  
What Herralds Trumpet summons you to go?  
What Guide conducteth, Day and Night, your Legions  
Through path-les paths in vnacquainted Regions?  
What Captain stout? what Loadston, Steel, and Star,  
Measures your course in your adventures farre?  
Surely, the same that made you first of Nought,  
Who in your Nature some *Ideas* wrought  
Of Good and Evill; to the end that we,  
Following the Good, might from the Evill flee.

Th' adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change  
Wiues every day, in the deep streams; but (strange)  
As if the honey of Sea-loues delights  
Could not suffice his ranging appetites,  
Courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shore,  
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;  
Contrary to the constant *Cantharus*,  
Who, ever faithfull to his dearest Spouse  
In Nuptiall Duties spending all his life,  
Loues never other then his onely wife.  
But, for her Loue, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;  
For, if the Fisher haue surpriz'd her Pheer,  
As mad with wo to shoar she followeth,  
Prest to consort him both in life and death:  
As yerst those famous, louing *Thracian Dames*  
That leapt aliue into the funerall flames

Of the providence  
of God in their  
diuers & nota-  
ble manner of  
living, affording  
many Lessons to  
Mankind.

Stranger nature  
of the fish *Sar-  
gus*.

Of *Cantharus*.

Of the *Mullet*.

Smile.

Of



Of their dead Husbands; who decaft and gone,  
Thofe loyall Wiues hated to liue alone.

O! who can heer fufficiently admire  
That *Gaping-Fifh* whose gliftering eyes aspire  
Still toward Heav'n: as if beneath the skies  
He found no object worthy of his eyes.  
As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth lill  
Out of the clov'n-pipe of his horny bill,  
To catch the Emers; when, beguil'd with all,  
The bufie fwarms about it creep and crawl:  
Th' *Vrano-fcope*, fo, hid in mud, doth put  
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,  
Moft like vnto a little Worm, (at fight)  
Where-at eft-foons many small Fifhes bite:  
Which ther-wit hall this Angler fwallowes ftraight,  
Alwayes felf-armed with hook, line, and bait.

The futtle \* *Smell-ftrong-Miny-foot*, that fain  
A dainty feaft of *Oyfter-flef* would gain,  
Swims foftly down, and to him flily flips,  
Wedging with ftones his yet wide-yawning lips,  
Leaft elfe (before that he haue had his prey)  
The *Oyfter*, clofing clip his limbs away,  
And (where he thought e' haue ioy'd his victories)  
Himfelfe become vnto his prize a prize.

The *Cramp-fifh*, knowing that the harboureth  
A plague-tull humour, a fell banefull breath,  
A fecret *Poppy*, and a fenfe-lefs Winter,  
Benumbing all that dare too-neer her venter;  
Pours forth her poyfon, and her chilling Ice  
On the next Fifhes; charm'd fo in a trice,  
That fhe not onely ftayes them in the Deep,  
But ftuns their fenfe, and lals them faft-a-fleep;  
And then (at fill) fhe with their flef is fed;  
Whofe frozen limbs (ftill liuing) feem but dead.  
Tis this *Torpedo*, that when fhe hath took  
Into her throat the fharp deceitfull hook,  
Doth not as other Fifh, that wrench and wriggle  
When they be prick't, and plunge, and ftirue and ftruggle;  
And by their ftir, thinking to fcape the Angle,  
Falter and falter on the hook do tangle:  
But, wily clafping clofe the Fifhing Line,  
Soddenly fpews into the Silver Brine  
Her fecret-fpredding, fudden-fpredding bane;  
Which, vp the Line, and all along the Cane,  
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who with-all  
Benumm'd and fenfe-lefs, fuddenly lets fall  
His hurtfull pole, and his more harefull prize:  
Becomn like one that (as in bed he lies)

Seems

Seems in his fleep to fee fom gaffly Ghoft;  
In a cold fweat, fhaking, and fwelt almoft,  
He cal's his wife for ayd, his friends, his folks,  
But his ftuff stomach his weak clamour choaks:  
Then would he ftrike at that he doth behold;  
But fleep and feare his feeble hands doo hold:  
Then would he run away; but, as he ftirves,  
He feels his feet fetterd with heavy Gyues.

But, if the *Scolopendra* haue fuctk-in  
The fowr-sweet morfell with the barded Pin,  
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from it:  
For infantly, fhe all her guts doth vomit;  
And having clear'd them from the danger, then  
She fair and foftly fups them in again,  
So that not one of them within her womb  
Changeth his Office or his wonted room.

The thriuing *Amia* (neer *Abydos* breeding)  
And futtle *Sea-Fox* (in Sreeds-loue exceeding)  
Without fo vent'ring their dear life and lynning,  
Can from the Worm-clafp compafs their vntwining:  
For, fucking-in more of the twifted hair,  
Above the hook they it in funder fhear;  
So that their foe, who for a Fifh did look  
Lifts vp a bare line, robd of bait and hook.

But timorous *Barbles* will not tafte the bit,  
Till with their tails they haue vnhooked it:  
And all the baits the Fifher can deuife  
Cannot beguile their wary icaloufies.

Euen fo almoft, the *many spotted Cuttle*  
Wel-neer infnared, yet efcapeth futtle;  
For, when fhe fees her felf within the Net,  
And no way left, but one, from thence to get,  
She fodainly a certaine Ink doth fpew,  
Which dies the Waters of a fable hew;  
That, dazling fo the Fifhers greedy fight,  
She through the Clouds of the black Waters night,  
Might fcape with honour the black freames of *Styx*,  
Wherof already, almoft loft, fhe licks.

And, as a Prifoner, (of fom great tranfgreffion,  
Conuict by Witnefs and his owne Confeflion)  
Kept in dark Durance full of noyfom breath,  
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;  
Spies euery corner, and pries round about  
To finde fom weake place where he may get out:  
The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-Eye*,  
Kept in a Weyre, the wideft fpace doth fpy,  
And thruftling in his tail, makes th' *Ofters* gape  
With his oft flapping, and doth fo efcape:

The Scolopendra

The Amia.  
The Sea-Fox.

The Barbel.

The Cuttle.

Smile.

The Golden-eye  
or Gull-brad.

But



But, if his fellow finde him thus bested,  
He lends his tail to the Imprisoned;  
That thereby holding fast with gentle iaw,  
Him from his Durance, he may friendly draw,  
Or, (if before that he were captiuare)  
He see him hooked on the biting bair,  
Hasting to help, he leapeth at the line,  
And with his teeth snaps off the hairy twine.

You stony hearts, within whose stubborn Center

Could neuer touch of sacred friendship enter,  
Look on these Seas my Songs have calmed thus;  
Heer's many a *Damon*, many a *Theseus*.

The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winters blast  
Begins to threat, themselves together cast,  
In heaps like balls, and heating mutually,  
Live; that alone, of the keen Cold would die.  
Those small white Fish to *Venus* consecrated,  
Though without *Venus* ayd they be created  
Of th' Ocean scum; seeing themselves a pray  
Expos'd in euery Water-Rouers way,  
Swarming by thousands, with so many a fold  
Combine themselves, that their ioint strength doth hold  
Against the greediest of the Sea-thieues fallies;  
Yea, and to stay the course of swiftest Gallies.

As a great Carrak, cumbred and oppress'd  
With her selfs-burthen, wends not East and West,  
Star-boord and Lar-boord, with so quick Careers  
As a small Fregat, or swift Pinnack steers:  
And as a large and mighty limbed Steed,  
Either of *Friseland*, or of *German* breed,  
Can neuer manage half so readily,  
As *Spanish* Tenneset, or light *Barbarie*:

So the huge *Whale* hath not so nimble motion,  
As smaller Fishes that frequent the Ocean;  
But sometimes rudely gainst a Rock he brushes,  
Or in som roaring straight he blindly rushes,  
And scarce could live a Twelue-month to an end,  
But for the little *Musculus* (his friend)  
A little Fish, that swimming still before,  
Directs him safe from Rock, from shelf and shoar:  
Much like a Childe that louing leads about  
His aged Father when his eyes be out;  
Still waiting him through euery way so right,  
That rest of eyes he seems not rest of sight.

Waues-Mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace  
The World about, within thine ample space,  
A firmer League of friendship is not seen  
Then is the *Pearl-fish* and the *Prawn* betweene;

Sundry in-  
stans that  
Fishes give to  
men.

The Sparlings.

Smile.

center.

Of the whale  
and his friend  
Musculus.

Sands.

Strong Eagle  
with his  
pooh, pohl and  
the Prander.

Both

Both haue but one repast, both but one Palace,  
But one delight, death, sorrow, and one solace:  
That lodgeth this, and this remunerates  
His Land-lords kindnes, with all needfull Gates.  
For, while the *Pearl-Fish* gaping wide doth glister,  
Much Fry (allur'd with the bright siluer lustre  
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;  
Then with a prick the *Prawn* a sign doth make-her  
That instantly her shining shell she close  
(Because the Prey worthy the pain he knowes):  
Which gladly done, she eu'ly shareth-out  
The Prey betwixt her, and her faithfull scout.

And so the *Sponge-Spy*, warily awakes  
The *Sponges* dull sense, when repast it takes.

But O! what stile can worthily declare  
(O! *Galley-Fish* and thou *Fish-Mariner*,  
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Frchin*) your dexteritie  
In Saylers Art, for safeness and celeritie?  
If *Iassa* Marchants, now *Comburgers* seem  
VVith *Portugalls*, and *Portugalls* with them:  
If VVorlds of Wealth, born vnder other Sky,  
Seem born in Ours: if without wings we fly  
From North to South, and from the East to West,  
Through hundred sundry way-les waies addrest:  
If (to be brief) this VVorld's rich compass round,  
Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound,  
Where (at his choice) each may him freely store  
With rarest fruits: You may we thank therefore.  
For, whether *Typhis*, or that *Pride of Greece*  
That sayl'd to *Colechos* for the *Golden-Fleece*,  
Or *Belus* Son, first builded floating bowrs,  
To mate the VVindes storms, and the VVaters stowrs:  
What e'r he were, he surely learn'd of you  
The Art of Rowing and of Sayling too.

Heer would I cease, saue that this humorous song  
The *Hermit-Fish* compels me to prolong.  
A man of might that builds him a Defence  
Gainst VVeathers rigour and Warr's insolence,  
First dearly buies (for, VVhat good is good-cheap?)  
Both the rich Matter and rare Workmanship:  
But, without buying Timber, Lime, and stone,  
Or hiring men to build his Mansion,  
Or borrowing House, or paying Rent therefore,  
He lodgeth safe: for, finding on the shoar  
Some handsom shell, whose Natiue Lord, of late  
Was dispossest by the Doom of Fate;  
Therein he enters, and he takes possession  
Of th' empty Harbour by the free concession

Also between  
the *Sponge* and  
his *spy*.  
The *Galley-Fish*.  
The *Sayle-Fish*.  
Boat *Crab*.  
Sea-*Frchin*.

The sea-Hermit.

Of

L 2



Of natures Law; who Goods that Owner want  
*Alwaies allots to the first Occupant.*

In this new Cace, or in this Cradle (rather)  
 He spends his Youth: then, growing both together  
 In age and Wit, he gets a wider Cell  
 Wherein at Sea his later Daies to dwell.

But *Clio*, wherefore art thou teadious  
 In numbering *Neptunes* busie Burgers thus?  
 If in his Works thou wilt admire the worth  
 Of the Seas Soverain, bring but only forth  
 One little *Fish*, whose admirable Story  
 Sufficeth sole to shewe his might and glory.  
 Let all the Windes in one Winde gather them,  
 And (seconded with *Neptunes* strongest stream)  
 Let all at once blowe all their stiffest gales  
 A-stern a Galley vnder all her sails;  
 Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,  
 Each lively handled by five lusty Rowers:  
 The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn  
 Into the tempest-beaten Vessels stern,  
 Stayes her stone-still, while all her stout Consorts  
 Saile thence at pleasure to their wished Ports.  
 Then loose they all the sheats, but to no boot:  
 For, the charm'd Vessell bougeth not a foot;  
 No more then if three fadom vnder ground,  
 A score of Anchors held her fastly bound:  
 No more then doth an Oak that in the Wood  
 Hath thousand Tempests (thousand times) withstood,  
 Spreading as many massy roots belowe,  
 As mighty arms aboue the ground do growe.  
 O *Stop-ship* say, say how thou canst oppose  
 Thy selfe alone against so many foes.  
 O! tell vs where thou doo'st thine Anchors hide,  
 VVhence thou resistest Sayls, Owers, Wind, and Tide.  
 How on the sodain canst thou curb so short  
 A Ship whom all the Elements transport:  
 VVhence is thine Engin and thy secret force  
 That frustrates Engins, and all force doth force?  
 I had (in Harbour) heau'd mine Anchor o're,  
 And ev'n already set one foot a-shoar;  
 When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainst the bank,  
 'Gan mine obliuion moodily mis-thank.  
 Peace, Princely Swimmer: sacred *Fish*, content thee;  
 For, for thy praise, th'end of this Song I meant thee.  
 Braue Admirall of the broad briny Regions,  
 Triumphant Tamer of the scaly Legions,  
 VVho liuing, ever liv'st (for, neuer sleep,  
 Deaths liuely Image, in thy eyes doth creep)

The strange and  
 secret property  
 of the *Remora*  
 or *Stop-ship*.

*Dolphin*.

Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody,  
 Thou vp and down through the moyst World doost ply  
 Swift as a shaft; whose Salt thou louest so,  
 That lacking that, thy life thou doest forgo:  
 Thou (gentle *Fish*) wert th' happy Boat, of yore  
 Which safely brought th' *Amiclean* Harp a-shoar.  
*Arion*, match-less for his Musiks skill,  
 Among the *Latines* hauing gain'd his fill  
 Of gold and glory, and exceeding fain  
 To re-salute his leached *Greece* again;  
 Vnwares, imbarks him in a *Pirates* ship:  
 Who, loath to let so good a Booty slip,  
 Soon waighes his Anchors, packs on all his sail;  
 And Windes conspiring with a prosperous gale,  
 His winged *Fregat* made so speedy flight,  
*Tarentum* Towers were quickly out of sight;  
 And all, saue Skies, and Seas, on euery side;  
 VVhere, th'onely Compass is the Pylots guide.  
 The Saylours then (whom many times we finde  
 Faller then Seas, and fiercer then the VVinde)  
 Fall straight to strip him, ryfling (at their pleasure)  
 In every corner to find out his treasure:  
 And, hauing found it, all with one accord  
 Hoist th' Owner vp, to heave him over-boord.  
 Who weeping said, O *Nereus* noble issue,  
 Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:  
 For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes  
 (And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils prize  
 The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,  
 That vnder-foot all worldly wealth they throwe.)  
 No (braue Triumphers ouer VVinde and VVaue,  
 VVho in both VVorlds your habitation haue,  
 VVho both Heav'ns Hooks in your adventures view)  
 'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue:  
 I but beseech you, offer no impieties  
 Vnto a person deer vnto the Deities.  
 So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,  
 Be euer mute when you your voyage make,  
 And *Tritons* Trumpet th' angry Surges swage,  
 When (iustly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.  
 But if (alas!) I cannot this obtaine  
 (As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plaine)  
 Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voice,  
 My dolefull fingers to comfort their noise:  
 That so the Sea Nymphs (rapt in admiration  
 Of my diuine, sweet, sacred lamentation)  
 Dragging my corps to shoar, with weeping showrs  
 May deaw the same, and it entomb in flowrs.

The strange ad-  
 venture of *Arion*  
 saved by a *Dol-*  
*phin*.

L3

Then



Then play (said they) and giue vs both together  
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.

His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent  
Th'enchanted sinnewes of his Instrument:  
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,  
That crook-tooth'd *Lampreys*, and the *Congers* rowe  
Friendly together, and their native hate  
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,  
And *Lobsters* floated fear-les all the while  
Among the *Polyps*, prone to theft and guile.

But among all the Fishes that did throng  
To daunce the Measures of his Mournefull song,  
There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord  
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:  
Who, gently sliding neer the Pinnas side,  
Seem'd to inuite him on his back to ride.  
By this time, twice the Saylours had essayd  
To heaue him o're; yet twice him selfe he staied:  
And now the third time stroue they him to cast;  
Yet by the shrowds the third time held he fast:  
But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse,  
And him too feeble to withstand their force,  
The trembling *Dolphins* shoulders he bestrid;  
Who on the Oceans azure surges slid;  
So, that far-off (his charge so cheered him)  
One would haue thought him rather fly, then swim:  
Yet feares he every Shelve and euery Surge  
(Not for him selfe, but for his tender charge)  
And, sloping swiftly oerthwart those Seas  
(Not for his owne but for his Riders ease)  
Makes double haste to find some happy strand,  
Where his sweet *Phabus* he may safely land.  
Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,  
Paies his deer Pylor his delightfull Fare.  
And heaving eyes to Heav'n, the Hav'n of Pity)  
To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty;  
O thou Almighty! who Mankind to wrack,  
Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,  
And yet didst saue, from th'vniuersall Doom,  
One sacred Household, that in time to com  
(From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise;  
Looke down (O Lord) from thy supernall rayes;  
Look, look (alas!) vpon a wretched man,  
Halfe Toomb'd already in the Ocean:  
O! bee my Steers-man, and vouchsafe to guide  
The stern-les Boat, and bit-les Horse I ride;  
So that, escaping Windes and VVaters wrath,  
I once againe may tread my native path:

And hence-forth, heer with solemn vowes I sacre  
Vnto thy glory (O my God and Maker)  
For this great fauour's high Memoriall,  
My Heart and Art, my voyce, hand, Harp, and all.

Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,  
The Clowdy Welkin waxed cleer again,  
And all the Windes did sodainly conuert  
Their mouths to ears, to heare his wondrous Art.  
The *Dolphin* then, discrying Land (at last)  
Stormes with him selfe, for hauing made such haste,  
And wisht *Laconia* thousand Leagues from thence,  
T'haue ioy'd the while his Musicks excellence.  
But, fore his owne delight, preferring far  
Th'vnhop'd safety of the Minstrell rare,  
Sers him ashore, and (which most strange may seem)  
Where life he took, there life restoreth him.

But now (deere *Arion*) with *Ionas* let vs hie  
From the Whales belly; and from icopardy  
Of stormfull Seas, or wrackfull Rocks and Sand,  
Com, com (my Darling) let vs haste to Land.

While busie, poaring downward in the Deep,  
I sing of *Fishes* (that there Quarter keep)  
See how the *Fowles* are from my fancy fled,  
And their high prayes quight out of my head:  
Their slight out-flies me; and my Muse almost  
The better halfe of this bright Day hath lost.  
But, cheerye, *Birds*: your shadows (as ye pass)  
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,  
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,  
Both what my duty, and your due concerns.

But first I pray (for meed of all my toyl  
In bringing you into this HAPPY ILE)  
Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes  
The sense-les senses of those drowfie Sots,  
Whose eye-lids laden with a waight of Lead  
Shall fall a-sleep the while these Rymes are read.  
But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes  
Among the Water's silent Colonies;  
How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound  
Through Heav'n and Earth and Ocean doth redound?

The Heav'nly Phoenix first began to frame  
The earthly *Phoenix*, and adorn'd the same  
With such a plume, that *Phabus*, circuiting  
From *Fex* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:  
Such form, such feathers, and such Fate he gaue her,  
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:  
Two sparkling eyes; vpon her crown, a crest  
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest)

The second part  
of this book, treat-  
ing of Fowles.

Of the admi-  
rable and Onely  
Phoenix.



Her description.

A goulden down about her dainty neck,  
Her brest deep purple, and a scarlet back,  
Her wings and train of feathers (mixed fine)  
Of orient azure and incarnadine.

Her life.

He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,  
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her heer  
Her life again, which neuer shall expire  
Vntill (as she) the World consume in fire.  
For, hauing passed vnder diuers Climes,  
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes;  
Worn-out with yeers, wishing her endles end,  
To shining flames she doth her life commend,  
Dies to reuiue, and goes into her Graue  
To rise againe more beautifull and braue.  
Perched, therfore, vpon a branch of Palm,  
With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm,  
By break of Day shee builds (in narrow room)  
Her Vn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb:  
VWhere, while she sits all gladly-sad expecting  
Som flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)  
To burn her sacred bones to seedfull cinders

Her death.

(Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders)  
The *Phrygian* Skinker with his lauish Ewer,  
Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower;  
The shivering *Coach-man* with his Icy Snowe  
Dares not the Forrests of *Phenicia* strowe:  
*Auster* presumes not *Libyan* shoars to pass  
VWith his moist wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*  
(As the most boistrous and rebellious slaue)  
Is prisoned close in th' *Hyper-Borean* Caue:  
For, Nature now propitious to her End,  
To her liuing Death a helping hand doth lend:  
And stopping all those Mouths, doth mildly sted  
Her Funeralls, her fruitfull birth, and bed:  
And *Sol* himself, glancing his goulden eyes  
On th' odoriferous Couch wherein she lies,  
Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes  
Th' immortal *Phoenix*, both her flesh and plumes.  
But instantly out of her ashes springs

Her re-generation.

A Worm, an Egg then, then a Bird with wings,  
Iust like the first (rather the same indeed)  
Which (re-ingendred of it's selfsy seed)  
By noblely dying a new Date begins,  
And where she loseth, there her life she wins:  
End-les by'r End, eternall by her Toomb;  
While, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom  
(Among the cinders of her sacred Fire)  
Her own selfs Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, and Sire:

Teaching

Teaching vs all, in *Adam* heer to dy,  
That we in Christ may liue eternally.

The *Phoenix*, cutting th' vnfrequented Aire,  
Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair  
Of wings in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought,  
VWith diuers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.

The sent-strong *Swallow* sweepeth to and fro,  
As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bowe,  
When (use and Art, and strength confedered)  
The skilfull Archer draws them to the head:  
Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where  
She more with cunning, then with cost, may rear  
Her round-front Palace in a place secure,  
Whose Plot may serue in rarest Arch'tecture:  
Her little beak she loads with brittle straws,  
Her wings with Water, and with Earth her claws,  
Whereof the Morter makes, and there-with-all  
Aply she builds her semi-circle Wall.

The pretty *Lark*, climbing the VVelkin cleer,  
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer peer-I neer my Deer*;  
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)  
*Adieu* (she saith) *adieu, deer Deer, adieu.*

The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold Finch* fill  
All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.

But, These are nothing to the *Nightingale*,  
Breathing, so sweetly from a breast so small,  
So many Tunes whose Harmony excels  
Our Voice, our Violls, and all Musick els.  
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oken Grove,  
In the cool shadow haue I stood and strove  
To marry mine immortal Layes to theirs,  
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!  
And (yet) me thinks, in a thicket thorn I hear  
A *Nightingale* to warble sweetly, cleer.  
One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,  
Anon the Treble, then the Counter-Tenor:  
Then all at once; (as it were) challenging  
The rarest voices with her self to sing.  
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafy Sprayes,  
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,  
Iust Note for Note, and adds som Strain at last,  
That she hath conned all the VVinter past:  
The first replies, and descants there-vpon;  
With diuine warbles of Diuision,  
Redoubling Quauers; And so (turn by turn)  
Alternarly they sing away the Morn:  
So that the conquest in this curious strife  
Doth often cost the one her voyce and life:

Then

The best appli-  
cation.Birds that fol-  
low the *Phoenix*,  
and their na-  
tures.The *Swallow*.The *Lark*.The *Linot*.  
The *Finch*.The *Nightin-  
gale*.



Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,  
And after count her Mistres of the Quire.  
At break of Day, in a Delicious song  
She sets the *Gamut* to a hundred yong:  
And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them,  
Then learnedly she harder Lessons giues them;  
VWhich, strain by strain, they studiously recite,  
And follow all their Mistres Rules aright.

Dainty other de-  
licious and gen-  
tle Birds.

The *Colchian Pheasant*, and the *Partridge* rare,  
The lustfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*,  
The chattering *Pye*, the chasteft *Turtle-Dove*,  
The grizel *Quail*, the *Thrush* (that Grapes doth love)  
The little *Gnat-snap* (worthy Princes Boords)  
And the Greene *Parrat*, fainer of our words,  
Wait on the *Phoenix*, and admire her tunes,  
And gaze themselves in her blew golden plumes.

Ravenous Birds.

The ravening *Kite*, whose train doth well supply  
A Rudders place, the *Falcon* mounting high,  
The *Marlin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle *Tercell*,  
Th' *Ospray*, and *Saker*, with a nimble farcell  
Follow the *Phoenix*, from the Clouds (almost)  
At once discovering many an vnknow'n Coast.

In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies  
The *Indian Griffin* with the glistering eyes,  
Beak *Eagle-like*, back fable, sanguin brest,  
VWhite (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons, alwaies prest  
For bloody battails; for, with these he tears  
Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears:  
VWith these, our Grandams fruitfull panch he pulls,  
VHence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,  
To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep  
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:  
VWith these, he guards against an Army bold  
The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold;  
As wroth, that men vpon his right should rove,  
Or theevish hands vsurp his *Treasure-trove*.

Detestation of  
Ananias, for her  
execrable &  
dangerous effects.

O! ever may't thou fight so (valiant Foul)  
For this dire bane of our seduced soule:  
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants so ward  
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard,  
That hence-forth hopeles, mans frail mind may rest-her  
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master.  
O odious poyson! for the which we dive  
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive  
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with  
Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,  
VWith sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,  
And ransack deeply in her bosom tender,

While

While vnder ground wee liue in hourly fear  
When the frail Mines shall over-whelm vs there:  
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule  
Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole;  
And, maugre Windes and Waters enmity,  
We every Day new vnknow'n VVorlds descry:  
For which (alas!) the brother selts his brother,  
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,  
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,  
The Friend his Friend: O! what not sell wee heer,  
Sithence to satiate our Gold-thirsty gall,  
We sell our selues, our very soules and all.

Neer these, the *Crowe* his greedy wings displays,  
The long-liv'd *Rav'n*, th' infamous Bird that layes  
His bastard Egges within the nests of other,  
To have them hatcht by an vnkindely Mother:  
The *Skrich-Owl*, vs'd in falling Fowles to lodge,  
Th' vn lucky *Night-Rav'n*, and thou lasie *Madge*,  
That fearing light, still seekst where to hide  
The hate and scorn of all the Birds beside.

Night-fowles  
and solitary  
Birds.

But (gentle *Muse*) tell me what *Fowls* are those  
That but even now from flaggy Ferns arose  
Fis th' hungry *Herm*, the greedy *Cormorant*,  
The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the moors doo haunt,  
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* strong in flight,  
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snipe*:  
The silver *Swan*, that dying singeth best,  
And the *Kings-Fisher*, which so builds her nest  
By the Sea-side in midst of Winter Season,  
That man (in whom shines the bright Lamp of Reason)  
Cannot devise, with all the wit he has,  
Her little building how to raise or raise:  
So long as there her quiet Couch she keeps,  
*Sicilian* Sea exceeding calmly sleeps;  
For, *Aiolus*, fearing to drown her brood,  
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood:  
The *Pirat* (dwelling alwaies in his Bark)  
In's Calendar her building Dayes doth mark:  
And the rich Marchant resolutely ventures,  
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.  
Mean-while, the *Larva*, skimming (as it were)  
The Oceans surface, seeketh every where  
The huge VVhale; where slipping-in (by Art)  
In his vast mouth, shee feeds vpon his hart.

Waterfowles.

NEVV-SPAIN'S *Cucuo*, in his forehead brings  
Two burning Lamps, two vnderneath his wings:  
Whose shining Rayes serue off, in darkeft night,  
Th' Imbroderer's hand in toyall VVorks to light.

Strange admi-  
rable Birds.

Th



Th' ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,  
To polish fair his purest Ivory:  
The Vsurer, to count his glistring treasures:  
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.

But note we now, towards the rich *Molukes*,  
Those passing strange and wondrous (birds) \* *Mamugues*  
(VVond'rous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky,  
Saw ever wonder, swim, or goe, or fly)  
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that breeds them:  
Food-less they liue; for, th' Aire lonely feeds them:  
VVing-less they fly; and yet their flight extends,  
Till with their flight, their vnknow'n lives- date ends.

The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*,  
The *Pelican* conforteth cheerfully:  
Prayse-worthy Payer; which pure examples yield  
Of faithfull Fa her, and officious Childe:  
Th' one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,  
From whom shee had her birth and tender breeding;  
Not onely brooding vnder her warm brest  
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;  
Nor only bearing them vpon her back  
Through th' empty Aire, when their own wings they lack;  
But also, sparing (This let Children note)  
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,  
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held  
From foraging, with heavy Gyves of Eld.  
The other, kindly, for her tender Brood  
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood  
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort  
Vnto her Children doth her life transport:  
For finding them by som fell Serpent slain,  
She rents her brest, and doth vpon them rain  
Her vitall humour; whence recouering heat,  
They by her death, another life do get:  
A Type of *Christ*, who, sin-thrall'd man to free,  
Became a Captive; and on shamefull Tree  
(Self-guiltless) shed his blood, by's wounds to save vs,  
And salue the wounds th' old Serpent firstly gave vs:  
And so became, of meer immortall, mortall;  
Therby to make frail mortall Man, immortall.

Lesson for man-  
kind, out of the  
consideration of  
the natures of  
diuers creatures

Thus doo'st thou print (O Parent of this All)  
In every brest of brutest Animall  
A kind Instinct, which makes them dread no less  
Their Childrens danger, then their owne deccase;  
That so, each Kinde may last immortally,  
Though th' *Individuum* pass successively.  
So fights a *Lion*, not for glory (then)  
But for his Deer Whelps taken from his Den

By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,  
He wounds, he kills; amid the thickest rout,  
He rushes-in, dread-less of Spears, and darts,  
Swords, shafts, and staues, though hurt in thousand parts;  
And, brave-resolved, till his last breath lack,  
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:  
Wrath salves his wounds: and lastly (to conclude)  
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,  
He needs must dy; dying, he more bemoanes,  
Then his owne death, his Captiue little-Ones.  
So, for their yong our *Maily Currs* will fight,  
Eagerly bark, bristle their backs, and bite.  
So, in the Deep, the *Dog-Fish* for her Fry  
*Lucina's* hroes a thousand times doth try:  
For, seeing when the suttile Fisher follows them,  
Again alive into her womb shee swallows them;  
And when the perill's past, she brings them thence,  
As from the Cabins of a safe defence;  
And (thousand liues to their deer Parent owing)  
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.  
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe  
To shield her *Chickens* that she hath in charge:  
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill  
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.

I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry:  
Who in the Clouds forming the forked Y,  
By the braue orders practiz'd vnder her,  
Instrueth souldiers in the Art of War.  
For when her Troops of wandring Cranes forsake  
Frost-firmed *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take  
Truce with the *Northren Dwarfs*, to seek adventure  
In *Southren Climates* for a milder Winter;  
Afront each Band a forward Captain flies,  
Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the skies;  
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aight,  
And with their voyce hasten th' it tardy Flight;  
And when the honey of care-charming sleep  
Sweetly begins through all their veins to creep,  
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull most,  
Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,  
Still holding in his claw a stony clod,  
Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod.  
Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,  
Vntill by turns, the Night be turned forth.

There, the fair *Peacock* beautifully braue,  
Proud, poorly-froting, stalking, stately-gratic,  
Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displays  
His glorious eyes to *Phobus* golden rayes.

M

Close

The Crane.  
Y

The Peacock.



The Cock.

Close by his side stands the courageous Cock,  
Crest-peoples King, the Peasants trusty Clock,  
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,  
The Lyons terror, true Astronomer,  
Who daily riseth when the Sun doth rise;  
And when *Sol* setteth, then to roost he hies.

The Esfrige.

There, I perceiue amid the flowry Plain  
The mighty *Esfrige*, striving oft in vain  
To mount among the flying multitude  
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd):  
Whose greedy stomach steely gads digests;  
Whose crisped train adorns triumphant crests.

Of Insects is the  
Creation whereof  
the wisdom of  
their Maker  
shineth admir-  
ably.

Thou happy Witness of my happy Watches,  
Blush not (my Book) nor think it thee mismatches,  
To bear about vpon thy paper-Tables,  
*Flies*, *Butterflies*, *Gnats*, *Bees*, and all the rabbles  
Of other *Insects* (end-les to rehearse)  
Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verse;  
Sith These are also His wise Workmanships  
Whose fame did never obscure Work eclipse:  
And sith in These he shows vs every howr  
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr  
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,  
Or whatsoever other Monster haunts  
In storm-les Seas, raising a storm about,  
While in the Sea another Sea they spout.

Of Flies.

For, if olde Times admire *Callistrates*  
For Ivory *Emmets*; and *Mermecides*  
For framing of a rigged Ship, so small  
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all  
(Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,  
Fit for no vse, were but inuentions vain)  
Admire we then th' all-wise Omnipotence,  
Which doth within so narrow space dispence  
So stiff a sting, so stout and valiant heart,  
So loud a voyce, so prudent wit and Art.

Of Bees.

For, where's the State beneath the Firmament,  
That doth excell the Bees for Government?  
No, no: bright *Phæbus*, whose eternall Race  
Once every Day about the World doth pase,  
Sees heer no Citie, that in Rites and Laws  
(For Equitie) neer to their Iustice draws:  
Not \* That which flying from the furious *Hun*,  
In th' *Adrian*-Sea another World begun.  
Their well-rul'd State my soule so much admires,  
That, durst I loose the Rains of my desires,  
I gladly could digress from my designe,  
To sing a while their sacred Discipline:

\* Venice.

But it, of all, whose skilfull Pencils dare  
To counterfait th' Almighty's Models rare,  
None yet durst finish that fair Peece, wherein  
Learned *Apelles* drew *Loue's* wanton Queen;  
Shall I presume *Hymetus* Mount to climbe,  
And sing the *Bees* praise in mine humble rime?  
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince  
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?

The Silk-worm.

Yet may I not that little \* *Worm* pass-by,  
Of Fly turn'd *Worm*, and of a *Worm* a Fly:  
Two births, two deaths, heer Nature hath assign'd-her,  
Leaving a Post-hume (dead-liue) seed behinde-her,  
Which soon transforms the fresh and tender leaues  
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to those slender sleaues  
(On ovall clews) of soft, smooth, *Silken* flakes  
Which more for vs, then for her self, she makes.  
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn  
The facted loyns of Princes heertoform:  
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuse,  
Hath so profan'd th' old honourable vse,  
That shifters now, who scarce haue bread to eat,  
Disdain plain *Silk*, vnles it be beset  
With one of those deer Metals, whose desire  
Burns greedy soules with an immortall fire.

Though last, not least; braue *Eagle*, no contempt  
Made me so long thy story hence exempt  
(Nor *ESSE-EX* told shall thy true vertues be,  
For th' *Eyrie's* sake that owens my Muse and mee;  
Where *Iov's* and *Iuno's* stately Birds be billing,  
Their azure Field with fairest *Eaglets* filling  
(Azure they bear three *Eaglets* *Argentine*,  
A *Cheuron* *Ermin* grailed Or between).

Wilt, *Chieftie*, *RICHEs*, to Them all I wish  
In earth; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown of Bliss.)  
For, well I knowe, thou holdest (worthily)  
That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,  
As doth the *Dragon*, or the *Cocatrice*  
Among the banefull Creeping Companies:  
The noble *Lion* among savage beasts:  
And gentle *Dolphin* mong the Dyoing guests.  
I knowe thy course; I know, thy constant sight  
Can fixly gaze against Heav'n's greatest Light.  
But, as the *Phoenix* on my Front doth glister,  
Thou shalt the Finials of my Frame illustre.

On *Thracian* shoar of the same stormy stream,  
Which did inherit both the bones and name  
Of *Phryxus* Sister (and not far from thence  
Where loue-blind *Heros* hap-les diligence,

A strange and  
notable story of  
the loue and  
death of an  
Eagle.



In steed of Loves lamp, lighted Deaths cold brand,  
To waste *Leanders* naked limbs to land)  
There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,  
As faire as *Hero*, but more chaste by much:  
For, her steel brest still blunted all the Darts  
Of *Paphos* Archer, and eschew'd his Arts.

One day, this Damsell through a Forrest thick  
Hunting among her Friends (that sport did seek)  
Vnto a steep Rocks thorny-thrummed top  
(Where, one (almost) would fear to clamber vp)  
Two tender *Eaglets* in a nest espies,  
Which 'gainst the Sun sat trying of their eyes;  
Whose callow backs and bodies round about  
With soft short quills began to bristle out;  
Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape  
For wonted fees out of their Parents rape.  
Of these two *Fowls* the fairest vp she takes  
Into her bosom, and great haste she makes  
Down from the Rock, and shivering yet for fear  
Trips home as fast as her light feet can bear:  
Even as a Wolf, that hunting for a pray,  
And having stoln (at last) some Lamb away;  
Flies with down-hanging head, and leereth back  
Whether the Maltife doo pursue his track.

In time, this *Eagle* was so thoroughly mann'd,  
That from the Quarry, to her Mistres hand  
At the first call 't would come; and faun vpon her,  
And bill and bow, in signe of loue and honour:  
On th' other side, the Maiden makes as much  
Of her deer Bird; stroking with gentle touch  
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voyce  
It wantonly doth cherish and reioyce:  
And (prety-fondling) she doth prize it higher  
Then her owne beauties; which all else admire.

But (as fell Fates mingle our single ioyes,  
With bitter gall of infinite annoyes)  
An extream Fever vext the Virgins bones  
(By one disease to cause two deaths at once)  
Consum'd her flesh, and wanly did displace  
The Rose-mixt-Lillies in her louely face.  
Then far'd the *Foul* and *Fairest* both a-like;  
Both like tormented, both like shivering sick;  
So that, to nore their passions, one would gather  
That *Lachesis* spun both their liues together.  
But oft the *Eagle*, striving with her Fit,  
Would fly abroad to seek som dainty bit,  
For her deer Mistres: and with nimble wing,  
Som *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would she bring;

Paying

aying with food, the food receiv'd so oft,  
From those fair Ivory, Virgin-fingers soft,  
During her nonage, yet she durst essay  
To cleave the sky, and for her selfe to prey.

The Fever now with spitefull fits had spent  
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,  
And Life resign'd to cruell Death her right;  
Who three dayes after doth the *Eagle* cite.

The fearfull Hare durst now frequent the Down;  
And round about the Walls of *Hero's* Town,  
The Tercel-gentle, and swift Falcon flew,  
Dread-les of the *Eagle* that so well they knew:  
For she (alas!) lies on her Ladies bed,  
Still-sadly mourning; though a-live, yet dead:  
or, O! how should she live, with Fatall knife  
Hath cut the thread of her liues dearest life?

O're the deer Corps sometimes her wings she hovers,  
Sometimes the dead brest with her brest she covers,  
Sometimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,  
Sometimes she kisses the cold lips and face;  
And with sad murmurs she lamenteth so,  
That her strange moan augments the Parents wo.

Thrice had bright *Phaëus* daily Chariot run  
Past the proud Pillars of *Alcmæon's* son,  
Since the fair Virgin past the farall Ferry  
Where (lastly) Mortals leaue their burthens weary;  
And yet this dolt full Bird, drown'd in her tears,  
All comfort-les, Rest and Repast forbears:  
So much (alas!) she seemeth to contend,  
Her life and sorrows both at once to end.

But lastly, finding all these means too-weak,  
The quick dispatch, that she did wish, to weak;  
With ire and anguish both at once enraged,  
Vnnaturally her proper brest she gaged,  
And tears her bowels, storming bitterly  
That all these deaths could yet not make her dy.

But, lo the while, about the light som door  
Of th' hap-les house, a mournfull troop, that bore  
Black on their backs, and Tapers in their fists,  
Tears on their cheeks, and sorrow in their brests;  
Who, taking vp the facied Load (at last)  
Whose happy soule already Heav'n embrac't;  
With shrill, sad cries, march toward the fatall Pile  
With solemn pafe: The silly Bird, the while,  
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails;  
Honouring, with convoy, two sad Funerals.  
No sooner had the Ceremonious Flame  
Embrac't the Body of her tender Dame,

M 3

But



But suddenly, distilling all with blood,  
Down soust the *Eagle* on the blazing wood :  
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his sacred wand,  
A hundred times to beat her from her stand :  
For, to the midst still of the *Pile* she plies ;  
And, singing sweet her Ladies Obsequies,  
There burns her selfe, and blendeth happily  
Her bones with hers she lov'd so tenderly.

O happy Pair ! vpon your fable Toomb,  
May *Mel* and *Mauna* ever showring come ;  
May sweetest *Myrtes* ever shade your Herse,  
And evermore live you within my Verse.

*So Morne and Euening the Fift Day conclude,  
And God perceiu'd that all his works were good.*

THE



## THE SIXT DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Inuiting all, which through this world, aspire  
Vnto the next, God's glorious Works t' admire ;  
Heer, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings  
Beasts of the Earth, Catell, and creeping things :  
Their hurt and help to vs : The strange events  
Between Androdes, and the Forreign Prince,  
The little-World (Commander of the greater)  
Why formed last : his admirable Feature :  
His Heav'n-born Soule ; her wondrous operation :  
His dearest Rib : All Creatures generation.*

**Y**ou Pilgrims, which (through this worlds Citie) wend  
Toward th' happy Citie, where withouten end  
True ioyes abound ; to anchor in the Port  
Where Deaths pale horrors never do resort :  
If you will see the fair Amphitheaters,  
Th' Arks, Arcenals, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,  
Colosses, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces  
Proudly dispensed in your Passages ;  
Com, com with me : for, there's not any part  
In this great Frame where shineth any Art,  
But I will show't you. Are you weary, since ?  
What ! tyr'd so soon ? Why, will you not (my friends)  
Having already ventur'd forth so far  
On *Neptun's* back (through Windes and Waters war)  
Rowe yet a stroak, the Harbour to recover,  
Whose shoars already my glad eyes discover ?

Almighty

*An exhortation  
to all which  
through this Pil-  
grimage of this  
life, tend toward  
the everlasting  
Citie, to consider  
well the excel-  
lent works of  
God, here repre-  
sented by our  
Poet.*



Almighty Father, guide their Guide along,  
And pour vpon my faint vnfluent tongue  
The sweetest hony of th' Hyanthian Fount,  
Which freshly purleth from the Muses Mount.  
With the sweet charin of my Victorious Verse,  
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;  
Make all the wilde Beasts, laying fury by,  
To com with Homage to my Harmony.

The Elephant.

OF ALL THE Beasts which thou *This Day* didst build,  
To haunt the Hills, the Forrest, and the Field,  
I see (as vice-Roy of their brutish Band)  
The Elephant the Vant-gard doth command:  
Worthy that Office; whether we regard  
His Towred back, where many Souldiers ward;  
Or else his Prudence, wherewithall he seems  
T' obscure the wits of human-kinde sometimes:  
As studious Scholar, he self-rumineth  
His lessons gi' n, his King he honoureth,  
Adores the Moon: moved with strange desire,  
He feels the sweet flames of the *Idalian* fire,  
And (peare't with glance of a kinde-cruell cy)  
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dy.  
Yea (if the *Gracians* doo not mis-recite)  
With's crooked trumpet he doth sometimes write.  
But, his huge strength, nor subtle wit, cannot  
Defend him from the fly *Rhinoceros*:

His combat  
with the Rhinoceros.

Who never, with blinde fury led, doth venter  
Vpon his Fo, but (yer the Lifts he enter)  
Against a Rock he whe'teth round about  
The dangerous pike vpon his armed snout:  
Then buckling close, doth not (at random) hack  
On the hard Cuirass on his Enemies back;  
But vnder's belly (cunning) findes a skin,  
Where (and but there) his sharpened blade will in.

The scaly *Dragon*, beeing else too lowe  
For th' Elephant, vp a thick Tree doth goe;  
So, closely ambusht almost every Day,  
To watch the Carry-Castle, in his way:  
Who, once approaching, straight his stand he leaues,  
And round about him he so closely cleaues  
With's wrything body; that his Enemy  
(His stinging knots vnable to vn-ty)  
Hastes to som Tree, or to som Rock, whereon  
To rush and rub-off his detested zone,  
The fell embraces of whose dismall clasp  
Haue almost brought him to his latest gasp.  
Then, suddenly, the *Dragon* slips his hold  
From th' Elephant, and sliding down, doth fold

His combat  
with the  
Dragon.

About

The true Image  
of Choll War.

About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order,  
That stocked there, he now can stir no furdur;  
While th' Elephant (but to no purpose) strives  
With's winding Trunk t' vndoo his wounding gyves,  
His furious fo thrusts, in his nose, his nose;  
Then head and all; and there-withall doth close  
His breathing passage: but, his victory  
He ioyes not long; for his huge Enemy,  
Falling down dead, doth with his waighty Fall  
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death, withall:  
Like factious *French-men*, whose fell hands pursue  
In their owne breasts their furious blades t' embrew,  
While pittie-less, hurried with blinded zeal,  
In her owne blood they bathe their Common-weal;  
When as at *Dreux S. Denis*, and *Mountcouter*,  
Their parricidial bloody swords encounter;  
Making their Countrey (as a Tragick Tomb)  
T' enter th' Earth's terror in her hap-less womb.  
Or, like our own (late) *YORK and LANCASTER*,  
Ambitious broachers of that *Viper-War*,  
Which did the womb of their own Dam deuour,  
And spoil'd the freshest of fair *ENGLAND'S* flower;  
When (*WHITE and RED*) *ROSE* against *ROSE*, they stood,  
Brother gainst Brother, to the knees in blood:  
While *WAKEFIELD, BARNET* and *S. ALBAN'S* streets  
Were drunk with deer blood of *PLANTAGENETS*:  
Where, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won;  
Sub, by them both, was but their Owne vndon.

Simile.

Simile.

Neer th' Elephant, comes th' horned \* *Hirale*,  
Stream-troubling *Camell*, and strong-necked *Bull*,  
The lazy-pased (yet laborious) *Asse*,  
The quick, proud *Conrser*, which the rest doth passe  
For apt address; *Mars* and his Master loving,  
After his hand with ready lightness moving:  
This, out of hand, will self advance, and bound,  
Corvet, pafe, manage, turn, and trot the Round:  
That, followes loose behinde the Groom that keeps-him;  
This, kneeleth down the while his Master leaps-him;  
This, runs on Corn-Ears, and ne'r bends their quils;  
That, on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.

\* *Alia* Gyrassa  
alias *Anabula*:  
an Indian Sheep  
or a wild Sheep.  
The *Hirale*,  
*Camell*,  
*Bull*,  
*Asse*,  
*Horse*.

In a fresh Troup, the fearfull *Hare* I note,  
Th' oblivious *Conney*, and the brouzing *Goat*,  
The sloathfull *Swine*, the golden-sheeced *Sheep*,  
The light foot *Hart*, which every yeer doth weep  
(As a sad Recluse) for his branched head,  
That in the Spring-time he before hath shed.  
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them  
Take soyl in Sommer in som spacious stream!

The *Hare*,  
The *Conney*,  
*Goat*,  
*Sheep*,  
*Swine*,  
*Deer*.

One



One swims before : another on his chine,  
Nigh half-vpright, dorth with his brest incline;  
On that, another; and so all doe ride  
Each after other : and still, when their guide  
Growes to be weary, and can lead no more,  
He that was hindmost coms and swims before:  
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate  
Bears not the Burthen of the common Stare;  
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge  
On others shoulders his sweet-bitter Charge.

But, of all Beasts, none steadeth man so much  
As doth the *Dog*; his diligence is such:  
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,  
A painfull Purveyor, that with perfect smell  
Provides great Princes many a dainty mess,  
A friend till death, a helper in distress,  
Dread of the Wolf, Feare of the fearfull Thief,  
Fierce Combarant, and of all Hunters chief.

There skips the *Squirrell*, seeming Weather-wise,  
Without beholding of Heav'n's twinkling eyes:  
For, knowing well which way the winde will change,  
Hee shifts the portall of his little Grange.

There's th' wanton *Weazell*, and the wily *Fox*,  
The witty *Monkey*, that mans action mocks:  
The sweat-sweet *Civet*, deerly fetcht from far  
For Courtiers nice, past *Indian Tarnassar*.

There, the wise *Beaver*, who, pursu'd by foes,  
Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes;  
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontik* Heath  
Doo more desire that ransom, then his death.

There, the rough *Hedge-hog*; who, to shun his thrall,  
Shrinks vp himselfe as round as any Ball;  
And fastning his slowe feet vnder his chin,  
On's thistly bristles rowles him quickly in.

But th' Ey of Heav'n beholdeth nought more strange  
Then the *Chameleon*, who with various change  
Receiues the colour that each obiekt giues,  
And (food-less else) of th' Aire alone liues.

My blood congeales, my sudden swelling brest  
Can hardly breath, with chill cold cakes opprest;  
My hair doth stare, my bones for fear do quake,  
My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake:  
And, round about, Deaths Image (ghastly-grim)  
Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim.

O! who is he that would not be astound,  
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round,  
With cruell'st Creatures, which for Mastery,  
Haue vow'd against vs end-less Enmity?

Squirrell.

Weazell.

Fox.

Monkey.

Civet Cat.

Beaver, or Beaver.

Hedge-hog.

Chameleon.

Creatures which  
surround, & environ  
us as men.

Phaebus

*Phaebus* would faint, *Alcides* self would dread,  
Although the first drad *Python* conquered,  
And th' other vanquish't th' *Erymanthian* Boar,  
The *Nemean* Lion and a many more.  
What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem,  
From *Nile's* fell Rover could deliuer them,  
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land and Water  
'Gainst men and Fishes, subiect to his slaughter?  
Or from the furious *Dragon*, which alone  
Set-on a Roman Army; whereupon  
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines spent,  
As to the ground would *Carthage* wals haue rent?  
What shot-free Corslet, or what counsell crafty,  
'Gainst the angry *Aspick* could assure them safety,  
Who (faithfull husband) over Hill and Plain  
Pursues the man that his deer Pheer hath slain;  
Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng,  
And in an instant venge him of his wrong?  
What shield of *Aiax* could avoid their death  
By th' *Basilisk*, whose pestilentiaall breath  
Doth pearce firm Marble, and whose banefull ey  
Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dy?

Lord! if so be, thou for mankind didst rear  
This rich round Mansion (glorious every where)  
Alas! why didst thou on *This-Day* create  
These harmfull Beasts, which but exasperate  
Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleas'd to form  
Th' innammel'd *Scorpion*, and the *Viper*-worm,  
Th' horned *Cerafles*, th' *Alexandrian* Skink,  
Th' *Adder*, and *Dryas* (full of odious stink)  
Th' *Eft*, *Snake*, and *Dipsas* (causing deadly Thirst):  
Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?

Pardon, good God, pardon me; 'twas our pride,  
Not thou, that troubled our first happy tyde,  
And in the Childehood of the World did bring  
Th' *Amphisbena*, her double banefull sting.  
Before that *Adam* did revolt from Thee,  
And (curious) tasted of the *sacred Tree*,  
He lived King of *Eden*, and his brow  
Was never blankt with pallid fear, as now:  
The fiercest Beasts, would at his word, or beck,  
Bow to his yoke their self-obedient neck;  
As now the ready *Horse* is at command  
To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand;  
And doth not wildely his own will perform,  
But his that rules him with a stiddy arm.  
Yea, as forgetfull of so foul offence,  
Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisdom, whence

The Crocodile.

Dragon.

Aspick.

Basilisk.

Why God crea-  
ted such noysom  
and dangerous  
creatures: for  
the reason of  
the hurt they  
can do us.

Smile.

God hath giuen  
vs wisdom to

He



And van-  
quish them.

He might subdue, and to his service stoop  
The stubbornst heads of all the savage troop.  
Of all the creatures through the Welkin gliding,  
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding,  
Th' haſt armed ſom with Poyſon, ſom with Paws,  
Som with ſharp Antlers, ſom with griping Claws,  
Som with keen Tuſhes, ſom with crooked Beaks,  
Som with thick Cuirets, ſom with ſcaly necks;  
But mad'ſt Man naked, and for Weapons fit  
Thou gav'ſt him nothing but a pregnant Wit;  
Which ruſts and duls, except it ſubieſt finde  
Worthy it's worth, whereon it ſelf to grinde;  
And (as it were) with envious armies great,  
Be round about beſieged and beſet.  
For, what boot *Milo's* brawny ſhoulders broad,  
And ſinnewie arms, if but a common load  
He alwaies bear? what Bayes, or Oliue boughs,  
Partley, or Pine, ſhall crown his warlike brows,  
Except ſom other *Milo*, entring Liſts,  
Courageouſly his boated ſtrength reſiſts:  
In deepeſt perils ſhineth Wiſdoms prime:  
Through thouſand deaths true Valour ſeeks to clime;  
Well knowing, Conqueſt yeelds but little Honour,  
If bloody Danger doo not wait vpon her.

God hath ſet  
them at enmity  
among them-  
ſelves.

The Viper and  
Scorpion muſt  
their young.

The Weazell a-  
gainſt the Baſe-  
liſe.

The Ichneumon  
againſt the Aſ-  
pick.

O gracious Father! th' haſt not onely lent  
Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,  
Wherewith theſe foes threaten his feeble life:  
But (for his ſake) haſt ſet at mutuall ſtrife  
*Serpents* with *Serpents*, and haſt rais'd them foes  
Which, vnprovoked, felly them oppoſe.  
Thou mak'ſt th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)  
His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:  
Thou mak'ſt the *Scorpion* (greedy after food)  
Vnnaturally devour his proper brood;  
Whereof, one ſcaping from the Parents hunger,  
With's death doth vengeance on his brethrens wronger:  
Thou mak'ſt the *Weazell*, by a ſecret might,  
Murder the *Serpent* with the murdering ſight;  
Who ſo ſurpris'd, ſtriving in wrathfull manner,  
Dying himſelf, kils with his baen his Baner.  
Thou mak'ſt th' *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphsadore*)  
To rid of Poyſons *Nile's* manured ſhore;  
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them  
So much by ſtrength as ſubtle ſtratagem.  
As he that (vrg'd with deep indignity)  
By a proud Challenge doth his foe deſie,  
Premeditates his poſture and his play,  
And arms himſelfe ſo complete every way

(With wary hand guided with watchfull eye,  
And ready foot to traueſe ſkilfully)  
That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,  
Findeſ no part open for his blade to light:  
So *Pharaohs* Rat, yer he begin the fray  
Gainſt the blinde *Aſpick*, with a cleauing Clay  
Vpon his coat he wraps an earthen Cake,  
Which afterward the Suns hot beams doo bake:  
Arm'd with this Plaſter, th' *Aſpick* he approcheth,  
And in his throat his crooked tooth he broachereth;  
While th' other boot-leſs ſtrives to pearce and prick  
Through the hard temper of his armour thick:  
Yer, knowing himſelfe too-weake (for all his wile)  
Alone to match the ſcaly *Crocodile*,  
He, with the *Wren*, his Ruin doth conſpire.  
The *Wren*, who ſeeing (preſt with ſleeps deſire)  
*Nile's* poys'ny Pirate preſſ the ſlimy ſhoar,  
Suddenly coms, and hopping him before,  
Into his mouth he ſkips, his teeth he pickles,  
Clenſeth his palate, and his throat ſo tickles,  
That charm'd with pleaſure, the dull *Serpent* gapes  
Wider and wider with his vgly chaps:  
Then like a ſhaft, th' *Ichneumon* inſtantly  
Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth fly,  
And feeds vpon that Glutton, for whoſe Riot  
All *Nile's* fat margents ſcarce could furniſh diet.  
Nay, more (good Lord) th' haſt taught Mankind a Reaſon  
To draw Life out of Death, and Health from Poyſon:  
So that in equall Balance balancing  
The Good and Evill which theſe Creatures bring  
Vnto Mans life, we ſhall perceiue, the fiſt  
By many grains to ouer-weigh the worſt.  
From *Serpents* ſcap't, yer am I ſcarce in ſafety:  
Alas! I ſee a Legion fierce and loſſy  
Of *Sauvages*, whoſe fleet and furious paſe,  
Whoſe horrid roaring, and whoſe hideous face  
Make my ſenſe ſenſe-leſs, and my ſpeech reſtrain,  
And caſt me in my former fears again.  
Already howls the waſte-Fold *Wolf*, the *Boar*  
Whers foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,  
The Cat-faſt *Ounce*, that doth me much diſmay,  
With grumbling horror threatens my decay;  
The light-foot *Tigre*, ſpotted *Leopard*,  
Foaming with fury do beſiege me hard;  
Then th' *Vnicorn*, th' *Hyana* tearing-combs,  
Swift *Mantichor*, and *Nubian Cephus* coms:  
Of which laſt three, each hath (as hee they ſtand)  
Man's voice, Man's viſage, Man-like foot and hand.

The Ichneumon  
and the Wren a-  
gainſt the Cro-  
codile.

God hath  
taught vs to  
make great uſe  
of them.

Fierce and un-  
tameable beaſts.

The Wolf.  
Boar.  
Bear.  
Ounce.  
Tigre.  
Leopard.  
Puma.  
Hyana.  
Mantichor, a  
kind of Hyana.  
Cephus, a kind of  
Ape or Munkie  
Chinca.



I fear the Beast bred in the bloody Coast  
Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)  
Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb  
Shée doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.

The Porcupine.

But O! what Monster 's this that bids me battell,  
On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle:  
Who string-les shoots so many arrows out,  
Whose thorny sides are hedged round about  
With stiff steel-pointed quills, and all his parts  
Bristled with Bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,  
Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,  
And to his aid still new supplies to bring?  
O fortunate Shaft-neuer-wanting Boaw-man!  
Who, as thou fleest, canst hit thy following foe-man,  
And neuer missest (or but very narrow)  
Th' intended mark of thy selfs-kinred Arrow:  
Who, still self-furnisht, needest borrow neuer  
*Diana's* shafts, nor yet *Apollo's* quiver,  
Nor boaw-strings fetcht from *Carian Aleband*,  
Brazell from *Peru*, but hast all at hand  
Of thine own growth; for in thy Hide do growe  
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver and thy Bowe.

The Lion, King  
of Beasts.

But (Courage now.) Heer coms the valiant Beast,  
The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;  
Who, brauely-minded, is as milde to those  
That yeeld to him, as fierce vnto his foes:  
To humble suiters neither stern nor statefull;  
To benefactors never found ingratefull.

A memorable  
History of a Lion  
acknowledging  
his kindness be-  
haved towards of  
Androclus a  
Roman Slaue.

I call to record that same *Roman* Thrall,  
Who (to escape from his mechanicall  
And cruell Master, that (for lucre) vs'd him  
Nor as a Man; but, as a Beast, abus'd him)  
Fled through the desert, and with trauell tir'd,  
At length into a mossie caue retir'd:  
But there, no sooner 'gan the drowzy wretch  
On the soft grasse his weary limbs to stretch;  
But, coming swift into the caue, he seeth  
A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.

A thief, to shamefull execution sent  
By *Iustice*, for his faults iust punishment,  
Feeling his eyes clour, and his elbows cord,  
Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;  
Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly  
Without delay in that drad place to Dy:  
Even so the Slaue, seeing no means to shun  
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction  
(Having no way to flee, nor arms to fight,  
But sighs and tears, prayers and wofull plight)

Embrace

Embraceth Death; abiding, for a stown,  
Pale, cold, and senseless, in a deadly swown.  
At last, again his courage 'gan to gather,  
When he perceiv'd no rage (but pitty rather)  
In his new Hoast, who with milde looks and meek  
Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,  
Shewing him oft one of his paws, wherein  
A festering thorn for a long time had been.  
Then (though still fearfull) did the Slaue draw nigher,  
And from his foot he lightly snatcht the bryer;  
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,  
Made th' hot impostume run vpon the ground.

Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best  
Through Hill and Dale, to cheere his new-com Guest,  
His new Physician; who, for all his cost,  
Soon leaues his Lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast;  
And once more wanders through the wildernes,  
Whicher his froward Fortune would address,  
Vntill (re-taen) his fell Lord brought him home,  
For Spectacle vnto Imperiall *Rome*,  
To be (according to their barbarous Laws)  
Bloudily torn with greedy Lions paws.  
Fell *Cannibal*! Flint-harred *Polyphem*!  
If thou would'st needs exactly torture him  
(Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigan*)  
Why from thine owne hand hast thou let him gon,  
To Bears and Lions to be giuen for prey,  
Thy self more fel, a thousand-fold, then they?  
*African* Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,  
*Cleonian* Lions, and *Pannonian* Bears,  
Be not so cruell, as who violates  
Sacred Humanity, and cruciates  
His loyall subiects; making Recreations  
Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp Taxations.  
'Boue all the Beasts that fill'd the *Marian* Field  
With blood and slaughter, one was most beheld;  
One valiant Lion, whose victorious fights  
Had conquered hundreds of those guilty wights,  
Whose feeble skirmish had but striv'n in vain  
To scape by combat their deserued pain.  
That very Beast, with faint and fearfull feet  
This Runnagate (at last) is forc't to meet;  
And being entred in the bloody List,  
The Lion rowz'd, and ruffles-up his Crest,  
Shortens his body, sharpens his grim ey,  
And (staring wide) he roareth hideously:  
Then often swindging, with his sinnewy train,  
Sometimes his sides, sometimes the dusty Plain,

N 2

He



He whets his rage, and strongly rampeth on  
Against his foe; who, nigh already gon  
To drink of *Leibe*, listeth to the Pole  
Religious vows; not for his life, but soule.

After the Beast had marcht som twenty pafe,  
He sodain stops: and, viewing well the face  
Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with ioy)  
That this was he that eased his annoy:  
Wherefore, conuerting from his hatefull wildenes,  
From pride to pittie, and from rage to mildenes,  
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix,  
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.  
The Slaue, thus knowing, and thus being known,  
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front now hoary growne,  
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)  
He stroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,  
And learns by proof, that *A good turne at need,*  
*At first or last, shall be assur'd of need.*

Notice to ipsum

The second part  
of this first book:  
wherein is  
discuss'd at  
large of the  
creation of ManAnd of the  
wisdom of Gods  
wisdom, appea-  
ring both in his  
body and soule.The world made  
for Man.Man was crea-  
ed last, & why.

THEE'S vnder Sun (as *Delphos* God did shoue)  
No better Knowledge, then *Our selfe to knowe*:  
Ther is no Theam more plentiful to scan,  
Then is the glorious goodly Frame of MAN:  
For in Man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth and Sea;  
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitome*  
Or little Map: which heer my Muse doth try  
By the grand Pattern to exemplifie.

A witty Mason, doth not (with rare Art)  
Ino a Palace, *Paros* Rocks conuert,  
Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament  
Rayse the proud Turrets of his Battlement,  
And (to be brief) in euery part of it,  
Beauty to vse, vse vnto beauty fit,  
To th'end the Skrich-Owl, and Night-Rauen should  
In those fair walls their habitations hold:  
But rather, for som wise and wealthy Prince  
Able to iudge of his arts excellence:  
Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater,  
For the rude guests of Air, and Woods and Water;  
But, all for Him, who (whether he survey  
The vast salt kingdoms, or th'Earth's fruitfull clay,  
Or cast his eyes vp to those twinkling Eyes  
That with disorderd order gild the Skyes)  
Can every-where admire with due respect  
Th'admired Art of such an Architect.

Now of all Creatures which his VVord did make,  
MAN was the last that living breath did take:  
Not that he was the least; or that God durst  
Not vndertake so noble a VVork at first:

Rat

Rather, because he should haue made in vain  
So great a Prince, without on whom to Raig.  
A wife man neuer brings his bidden Guest  
Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,  
Garnisht with Lights, and Tables neatly spread  
Be with full dishes well-nigh furnished:  
So our great God, who (bountious) euer keeps  
Heer open Court, and th'ever-bound-les Deeps  
Of sweetest *Nectar* on vs still distills  
By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills,  
Would not our Grandfire to his Boord inuite,  
Yer he with Arras his fair house had dight,  
And, vnder starry State-Cloaths plac'd his plates  
Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.

All th'admirable Creatures made befor,  
Which Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean doo adorn,  
Are but Essays, compar'd in every part,  
To this diuine Master-Piece of Art.  
Therefore the supream peer-les Architect,  
When (of meer nothing) he did first erect  
Heav'n, Earth and Aire, and Seas; at once his thought,  
His word and deed all in an instant wrought:  
But, when he would his own selfe Type create,  
Th'honour of Nature, th'Earths sole Potentate;  
As if he would a Councell hold he cith  
His sacred Power, his Prudence he inuiterh,  
Summons his Loue, his Iustice he adioyns,  
Calles his Goodnes, and his Grace returns,  
To (as it were) consult about the birth  
And building of a second God, of Earth;  
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring  
Som excellence vnto so rare a thing.  
Or rather, he consults with's only Son  
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion,  
What gifts, what grace, what soule he should bestowe  
Vpon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realm below.  
When th'other things God fashion'd in their kinde;  
The Sea't abound in Fishes he assign'd,  
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand  
His very self he seem'd to command.  
He both at-once both life and body lent  
To other things; but when in Man he meant  
In mortall limbs immortal life to place,  
Hee seem'd to pause, as in a waighty case:  
And so at sundry moments finished  
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head,  
Admired Artist, Architect diuine,  
Perfect and peer-les in all Works of thine.

N3

So

Fit comparison.

All other crea-  
tures nothing in  
respect of Man,  
made to the I-  
mage of God,  
while (as it were)  
great prepara-  
tion, not all at  
once, but by  
degrees, first  
his Body, and  
then his reason-  
able Soule.

Gen. 1. 16

Democritus.



So my rude hand on this rough Table guide  
To paint the Prince of all thy Works beside,  
That graue Spectators, in his face may spy  
Apparant marks of thy Divinity.

*Mans body created  
of the dust of  
the Earth.*

Almighty Father, as of watery matter  
It pleas'd thee make the people of the VVater:  
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all  
The slimy Burgers of this Earthly Ball;  
To th'end each Creature might (by consequent)  
Part-sympathize with his own Element.  
Therefore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,  
Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power  
So tempered'st it, that of the very same  
Dead shape-less lump didst Adams body frame:  
Yet, not his face down to the Earth-ward bending  
(Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending  
For ever all) but toward th'azure Skyes  
Bright golden Lamps lifting his lovely Eyes;  
That through their nerues, his better part might look  
Still to that place from whence her birth she took.

*His head the  
seat of wisdom  
stands.*

Also thou plantedst th'Intellectuall Powr  
In th'highest stage of all this stately Bowr,  
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)  
Command the members that too oft rebell  
Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there  
Keeping continuall Garrison (as't were)  
Might Auarice, Envy, and Pride subdue,  
Lust Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew  
Of factious Commons, that still strue to gaine  
The golden Scepter from their Soverain.

*The Eyes full of  
infinite admira-  
tion.*

Th'Eyes (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinel  
In noblest place of all this Cittadell,  
To spy far-off, that no mis-hap befall  
At vnawares the sacred Animal.  
In forming these thy hand (so famous held)  
Seemed almost to haue it self excell'd,  
Them not transp'aring, least our eyes should be  
As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes do see,  
Yet see small circuit of the welkin bright,  
The Canes strict compass doth so clasp their Sight:  
And least so many open holes disgrace  
The goodly form of th'Earthly Monarch's face.

These lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks linely turning,  
With sodain glaunce set coldest hearts a-burning,  
These windows of the Soule, these starry Twinns,  
These Cupids quivers haue so tender skinns  
Through which (as through a pair of shining glasses)  
Their radiant point of pearcing splendor passes,

That they would soon be quenched and put-out,  
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about;  
By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwix  
The Front, the Nose, and the vermillion Cheeks:  
As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed  
With pretty Mountains orderly disposed.  
And as a Pent-house doth preferue a Wall  
From Rain and Hail, and other Storms that fall:  
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling hairs  
Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous fears.

*The Browes and  
Eye lids.*

VVho fain would see how much a human face  
A comly Nose doth beautifie and grace;  
Behould Zopyrus, who cut-off his Nose  
For's Princes sake, to circumvent his foes.  
The Nose, no less for vse then beauty makes:  
For, as a Conduit, it both giues and takes  
Our lining breath: it's as a Pipe put-up,  
Whereby the moyst Brain's spongy boan doth sup  
Sweet smelling fumes: it serueth as a gutter  
To voyd the Excrements of grossest matter;  
As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin  
Euaporate those that are light and thin;  
As through black Chimneyes flies the bitter smoak,  
VVhich but so vented would the Houshold choak.

*The Nose.*

And, sith that Time doth with his secret file  
Fret and diminish each thing every-while;  
And whatsoever heere begins and ends,  
VVears every howr and its self-substance spends;  
Th'Almighty made the Mouth to recompence  
The Stomachs pension, and the Times expence  
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots resume  
Sap for the sap, that howrly they consume)  
And plac't it so, that alwayes by the way,  
By sent of meats the Nose might take Essay,  
The watchfull Ey wight true distinction make  
Twixt Herbs and Weeds, betwixt an Eel and Snake;  
And then th'impartiall Tongue might (at the last)  
Censure their goodnes by their savory taste.

*The Mouth.*

Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale  
The open Throat: which (Quem-like) grinding small  
Th'imperfect food, soon to the Stomach send-it  
(Our Maister-Cook) whose due concoctions mend-it,  
But least the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,  
Should in the Face present a ghastly sight;  
With wondrous Art, ouer that Mill do meet  
Two moouing Leaues of Corall soft and sweet.  
O mouth! by thee, our savage Elders, yest  
Through way-less Woods, and hollow Rocks disperst,

*The Tongue.*

*The Teeth.*

*The Lips.*

With



Of the excellent  
use and end of  
speech.

VVith Acorns fed, with Fells of Feathers clad  
(VVhen neyther Traffik, Love, nor Law they had)  
Themselues vniting, built them Towns, and bent  
Their willing necks to civill Government.  
O Mouth! by thee, the rudest Wits haue learn'd  
The Noble Arts, which but the wise discern'd.  
By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits  
Heroik flames affecting glorious merits.  
By thee, we wipe the tears of wofull Eyes:  
By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies  
Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-les Treason  
Striues to dis-throne and to dis-sceptre Reason.  
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n haue conuersation:  
By thee, we calm th' Almighty indignation,  
When faithfull sighs from our soules centre fly  
About the bright Throne of his Maiesty.  
By thee, we warble to the King of Kings;  
Our Tongue's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling Strings,  
Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent)  
The hollow Belly of the Instrument;  
Our Soule's the sweet Musician, that playes  
So diuine lessons, and so Heav'nly layes,  
As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal,  
Jones forked Lightnings from his fingers steal.

The Eares.

But O! what member hath more marvails in't,  
Then th'Ears round-winding double labyrinth?  
The Bodie's Scouts, of sounds the Censurers,  
Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers  
Of diuine treasures, when our gracious Lord  
Sends vs th' Embassage of his sacred Word.  
And, sith all Sound seems alwaies to ascend,  
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)  
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,  
Snailing their hollow entries so a-sloap,  
That, while the voyce about those windings wanders,  
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd Meanders;  
As, from a trumpet, Winde hath longer life,  
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:  
Or as a noyse extendeth far and wide  
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side  
Of crawling Riuers; or with broken trouble  
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double;  
And that no sodaine sound, with violence  
Pearcing direct the Organs of this Sense,  
Should stun the Brain, but through these Mazie holes  
Conueigh the voyce more softly to our Soules:  
As th' Ouse, that crooking in and out doth run  
From Stony-Stratford towards Huntingdon,

Sundry Similes  
expresing the  
reason of the  
round winding  
Mazes of the  
Eares.

Another compar-  
ison to this  
purpose.

By Royall Amptill; rusbeth not so swift,  
As our neer Kenner, whose Trawt-famous Drift  
From Marleborow, by Hungerford doth hasten  
Through Newbery, and Prince-grac't Aldermaston,  
Her Silver Nymphs (almost) directly leading,  
To meet her Mistress (the great Thames) at Reading.

But will my hands, in handling th' human Stature,  
Forget the Hands, the handmaids vnto Nature,  
Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,  
The voluntary Champions of our hearts,  
Minde's Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceits,  
And bodies victuallers, to provide it meats?

Will you the Knees and Elbow's springs omit,  
Which serue th' whole Body by their motions fit?  
For, as a Bowe, according as the string,  
Is stiff or slack, the shafts doth farther fling,  
Our Nerues and Gristles diuersly dispense,  
To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might and Sense:  
Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong  
The Beams and Rafter, whose firm Ioynts may long  
(Maugre Deaths malice, till our Maker calls)  
Support the Fabrick of these Fleishly Walls:  
Can you conceal the Feets rare-skillfull feature,  
The goodly Bases of this glorious Creature?

But, is't not time now, in his Inner Parts,  
To see th' Almighty's admirable Arts?  
First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,  
To see the Cells of the twin Brains diuision:  
The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense:  
The Seat of Reason; and the Fountain, whence  
Our sinewes flowe: whom Natures prouidence  
Arm'd with a helme, whose double lynings fence  
The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor,  
Whose hardnes else might hap to bruise or harm-her:  
A Registre, where (with a secret touch)  
The studious daily som rare Knowledge couch:  
O, how shall I on learned Leaf forth-set  
That curious Maze, that admirable Net,  
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise and fall,  
Making its powrs of Vital, Animal!  
Euen as the Blood, and Spirits, wandering  
Through the preparing vessels crooked Ring,  
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,  
And by degrees to fruitfull Seed are brought.

Shall I the Hearts vn-equall sides explain,  
Which equall poiz doth equally sustaine?  
Wherof, th' one's fill'd with bloud, in th' other bides  
The vitall Spirit which through the body slides:

The hands,

Joynts.  
The Knees and  
Arms.

The sinewes,  
Gristles and  
bones.

The Feet.

Of the Heart.

Whose



Of the Lungs.

Whose rest-less panting, by the constant Pulse,  
Doth witness health; or if that take repulse,  
And shift the dance and wonted pace it went,  
It shewes that Nature's wrongd by Accident.

Of the Stomach.

Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light  
Our inward heat doo temper day and night;  
Like Summer gales waiving, with gentle puffs,  
The smiling Meadows green and gaudy tufts:  
Light, spongy Fans, that euer take and giue  
Th' æthereall Air, whereby we breathe and liue:  
Bellows, whose blast (breathing by certain pawles)  
A pleasant sound through our speech-Organs causes:

Of the Liver.

Or, shall I rip the Stomachs hollownes,  
That ready Cook concocting euery Melf,  
Which in short time it cunningly conuerts  
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;  
And then the same doth faithfully deliuer  
Into the *Port-vain* passing to the Liver,

An apt Simile.  
made.

Who turns it soone to Blood; and thence again  
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vain*,  
Through all the members doth it duly scatter:  
Much like a Fountain, whose diuided Water

Of the Blood or  
Nourishment.

It selfe dispersing into hundred Brooks,  
Bathes som fair Garden with her winding Crooks.  
For, as these Brooks, thus branching round about,  
Make heer the Pink, there th' Aconite to sprout,  
Heer the sweet Plum-tree, the sharp Mulberry there,  
Heer the lowe Vine, and there the lofty Pear,  
Heer the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,  
Heer bitter Worm-wood, there sweet-smelling Spike:

Euen so the Blood (bred of good nourishment)  
By diuers Pipes to all the Body sent,  
Turns heer to Bones, there changes into Nerues,  
Heer is made Marrow, there for Muscles serues,  
Heer Skin becoms, there crooking Veins, there Flesh,  
To make our Limbs more forcefull and more fresh.

But, now me list no neerer view to take  
Of th' inward Parts, which God did secret make,  
Nor pull in pieces all the Human Frame:  
That work were fitter for those men of Fame,

Those skilfull sons of *Æsculapius*:  
*Hippocrates*; or deep *Herophilus*:

Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ  
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.

'T sufficeth me, in som sort, to expresse  
By this Essay the sacred mightines,

Not of *Iaphetus* witty-fained Son,  
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun

Of the Creation  
of the Soule.

And finisht (with inimitable Art)  
The famous Image, I haue sung in part.

Now, this more peer-less learned Imager,  
Life to his louely Picture to confer,  
Did not extract out of the Elements  
A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence:  
But, breathing, sent as from the liuely Spring  
Of his Diuineness som small Riuerling,  
It selfe dispersing into euery pipe  
Of the frail Engin of this earthen Type.

Of her Essence  
and Substance.

Not, that his own Selfe-Essence blest he brake,  
Or did his *Triple-Vnity* partake  
Vnto his Work; but, without Selfe-expençe  
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellençe:  
And by his powr so spred his Rais thereon,  
That euen as yet appears a portion  
Of that pure lustre of Cœlestiall Light  
Wherewith at first it was adorn'd and dight.

Whence it is  
proceeded.

This *Adam's* spirit did from that Spirit deriue  
Which made the World: yet did not thence depriue  
Of Gods Self-substance any part at all;  
As in the Course of Nature doth befall,  
That from the Essence of an Earthly Father,  
An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather:  
Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig  
Ther sprouts another consubstantiall sprig.  
In brief, it's but a breath. Now, though the breath  
Out of our Stomachs concaue issueth;  
Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought:  
Onely it seemeth to be simply fraught  
And to retain the purer qualities  
Of th' inward place whence it deriued is.

Diuers Similes.

Inspired by that Breath, this Breath desire  
I to describe. Whoso doth not admire  
His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past,  
Who hath no sense of that admired Blast.

Of the excellençe  
of Mans soule.

Yet wot I well, that as the Ey perceiues  
All but it selfe, even so our Soule conceiues  
All saue her own selfe-Essence; but, the end  
Of her own greatnes cannot comprehend.  
Yet as a sound Ey, void of vicious matter,  
Sees (in a sort) it selfe in Glasse or Water:  
So, in her sacred Works (as in a Glasse)

How she may  
knowe her selfe.

Our Soule (almost) may see her glorious face.

Three fit compa-  
risons in that  
purpose.

The boistrous Winde, that rents with roaring blasts  
The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin casts  
Millions of Mountains from the watery World,  
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whurld:

The



The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,  
When wanton Zephyr, sighing on the field,  
Enammels all; and, to delight the Sky,  
The Earth puts on her richest Lyuory:  
Th' accorded Discords, that are sweetly sent  
From th' Ivory ribs of som rare Instrument,  
Cannot be seen: but he may well be said  
Of Flesh, and Ears, and Nose intirely void,  
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor smell (the powrs)  
The shock, sound, sent; of storms, of strings, of flows.

Although our Soule's pure substance, to our sight  
Be not subiected; yet her motion light  
And rich discourse, sufficient proofs do giue,  
We haue more soule than to suffize to liue;  
A Soule diuine, pure, sacred, admirable,  
Immortall, end-lesse, simple, vnpalpable.

For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)  
Be all in all, or all in euery part:

Whether the Brain or Heart do lodge the Soule,  
O Seneca, where, where could'st thou enroule  
Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse)  
Which at first hearing thou could'st back reherse?

Where could great Cyrus that great Table shur  
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put  
Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands wander'd  
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?

In what deep vessell did th' Embassader  
Of Pyrrhus (whom the Delphian Oraceler  
Deceid by his double-meaning Measures)  
Into what Cisterns did he pour those Treasures

Of learned store, which after (for his vse)  
In time and place, he could so fit produce?

The Memory, is th' Eyes true Register,  
The Peasants Book, Times wealthy Treasurer,  
Keeping Records of Acts and Accidents  
What's euer, subiect vnto humane sense,

Since first the Lord the Worlds foundations laid,  
Or Phœbus first his golden locks displaid,  
And his pale Sister from his beaming light  
Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.

So that our Reason, searching curiously  
Through all the Roules of a good Memory,  
And fast'ning closely with a Gordian knot  
To Past Euent, what Present Times allot,  
Fore-sees the Future, and becoms more sage,  
More happily to lead our later age.

And, though our Soule liue as imprison'd here,  
In our frail flesh, or buried (as it were)

The Soule not  
onely vnall, but  
also diuine and  
immortall.

The Seat of the  
Soule.

Notable exam-  
ples of excellent  
Memories.

In a dark Toomb; Yet at one flight she flies  
From Calpê t' Imaus, from the Earth to Skies;  
Much swifter then the Chariot of the Sun,  
Which in a Day about the World doth run.  
For, sometimes, leaving these base slimy heaps,  
With cheerfull spring about the Clouds she leaps,  
Glides through the Aire, and there she learns to knowe  
Th' Originals of Winde, and Hail, and Snowe,  
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Stars and storms,  
Of Rain and Ice, and strange Exhaled Forms.  
By th' Aires steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft  
To the Worlds Chambers; Heav'n she visits oft,  
Stage after Stage: she marketh all the Sphears,  
And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs:  
With sure account, and certain Compasses,  
She counts their Stars, she meres their distances  
And differing pases; and, as if she found  
No Subiect fair enough in all this Round,  
She mounts about the Worlds extreamest Wall,  
Far, far beyond all things corporeall;  
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,  
(His frowns of Justice, and his smiles of Grace)  
The faithfull zeal, the chaste and sober Poit  
And sacred Pomp of the Celestiall Court.

What can be hard to a sloath-stunning Spirit,  
Spurr'd with desire of Fames eternall merit:  
Look (if thou canst) from East to Occident,  
From Island to the Moors hot Continent;  
And thou shalt nought perfectly fair behould,  
But Pen, or Pencill, Graving-tool, or Mould,  
Hath so resembled, that scarce can our ey  
The Counterfait from the true thing descry.

The brazen Mare that famous Myron cast,  
Which Stallions leapt, and for a Mare imbrac't:  
The lively picture of that ramping Vine  
Which whilom Zeuxis limn'd so rarely fine,  
That shoals of Birds, beguiled by the shapes,  
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:  
The Marble Statue, that with strangest fire  
Fondly inflam'd th' Athenian Youths desire:  
Apelles Venus, which allor'd well-neer  
As many Loues, as Venus selfe had heer;  
Are proofs enow that learned Painting can,  
Can (Goddeffe-like) another Nature frame.

But th' Art of Man, not onely can compack  
Features and forms that life and Motion lack;  
But also fill the Aire with painted shoals  
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls)

Of the quick  
swiftnesse, & so-  
dard motion of  
the Soule: com-  
prehending all  
things in Heaue  
and Earth.

Of learned, en-  
uious, pleasant,  
marvellous, and  
more then hu-  
mane direction  
of mens wit.

Of Caruing and  
Painting.

The subtile con-  
clusions of the  
Mathematices  
winnes Archy-  
tas Doue.

The



The Eagle and  
the Fly, of Iohn  
de Monte-Re-  
gio: or Regi-  
Montanus.

The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord,  
*Archytas*, made a wooden Doue, that soar'd  
About the Welkin, by th' accorded sleights  
And counterpoize of sundry little weights.  
Why should I not that wooden Eagle mention  
(A learned *Germanes* late admir'd invention)  
Which mounting from his fist that framed her,  
Flew far to meet an *Almain* Emperour;  
And having met him, with her nimble train,  
And weary wings, turning about again,  
Follow'd him close vnto the Castle Gate  
Of *Noremburg*; whom all the Showes of State,  
Streets hangd with Arras, Arches curious built,  
Loud-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,  
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,  
Grac't not so much, as onely This Deuice.  
Once, as this Artift (more with mirth then meat)  
Feasted some friends that he esteemed great,  
From vnder's hand an iron Fly flew out;  
Which having flown a perfect Round-about,  
With weary wings, return'd vnto her Master,  
And (as iudicious) on his arme she plac't her.  
O diuine wit! that in the narrow womb  
Of a small Fly, could finde sufficient room  
For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, and chains,  
Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.  
Yea, you your selues, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,  
Although no stop your rest-lesse Dance disturbs,  
Nor stayes your Course; yet can ye not escape  
The hands of men that are but men in shape.

Astronomy.

The King of Per-  
sias his Heauen  
of Glasse.

A *Persian* Monarch, not content, well-nigh  
With the Earths bounds to bound his Empery:  
To reign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance  
(Like braving *Nimrod*, or those boisterous *Gyants*)  
Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hils*:  
But, without moving from the Earth, he builds  
A Heav'n of Glasse, so huge, that there-upon  
Sometimes erecting his ambitious Throne,  
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw  
The shining Lamps of th' other Heav'n, to draw  
Down to the *Deep*, and thence againe advance  
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:  
Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence  
(Saue Greatness) worthy of so great a Prince.

Admirable Di-  
alls & Clocks,  
namely, at this  
Day, that of  
Strasbourg.

But, who would think, that mortall hands could mould  
New Heav'ns, new Stars, whose whirling courses should  
With constant windings, though contrary waies,  
Mark the true mounds of Years, and Months, and Dayes?

Yet 't is a story that hath oft been heard,  
And by graue Witnes hundred times auerr'd,  
That, that profound *Briareus*, who of yore  
(As selfly arm'd with thousand hands and more)  
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusan* Towns  
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:  
Who fir'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glasse;  
Who hugest Vessels that did ever pass  
The *Tirrhens* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand  
From Shoar to Sea, and from the Sea to Land:  
Framed a *Spear*, where every *Wandering Light*,  
Of lower Heav'ns and th' vpper *Tapers*, bright,  
Whose glistring flames the Firmament adorn,  
Did (of themselves) with ruled motion turn.

Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately)  
The Heav'n of Silver, that was sent (but lately)  
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Work)  
Vnto *Bizantium* to the Greatest Turk:  
Wherein, a spirit, still moving to and fro,  
Made all the Engin orderly to go:  
And though th' one *Spear* did alwaies slowly slide,  
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide;  
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n  
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n.  
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*  
His shining Houses, never did forsake  
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister  
Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre  
And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon)  
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.

O compleat Creature! who the starry *Spears*  
Canst make to moue, who 'boue the Heav'nly Bears  
Extend'st thy pow'r, who guidest with thy hand  
The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand:  
This curious Lust to imitate the best  
And fairest Works of the Almightyest,  
By rare effects bears record of thy Linage  
And high descent; and that his sacred Image  
Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when first his Spirit  
(The spring of life) did in thy limms inspire-it.  
For, as his Beauties are past all compare;  
So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair.  
As hee's immortall; and is never idle:  
Thy Soule's immortall; and can brook no bridle  
Of sloath, to curb her busie Intellect:  
He ponders all; thou peizest each effect:  
And thy mature and settled Sapience  
Hath som alliance with his Prouidence:

The Engines of  
Archimedes, &  
his *Spear*.

The Heauen of  
Silver sent by  
the Emperour  
Ferdinand to  
Solyman the  
great Turk.

Of man's resem-  
blance to his first  
Parents, which  
is God.



He works by Reason; thou by Rule: Hee's glory  
Of th' Heav'nly Stages; thou of th' Earthly Story:  
Hee's great High-priest; thou his great Vicar heer:  
Hee's Sovereign Prince; and thou his Vice-Roy deer.

Other testimo-  
nies of the excel-  
lency of Man,  
constituted Lord  
of the World.

For, soon as ever he had framed thee,  
Into thy hands he put this Monarchy;  
Made all the Creatures knowe thee for their Lord,  
And com before thee of their own accord:  
And gaue thee power (as Master) to impose  
Fit sense-full Names vnto the Hoast that rowes  
In watery Regions; and the wandering Heard  
Of Forrest people; and the painted Birds.  
O too-too happy! had that Fall of thine  
Not cancell'd to the Character diuine.

Wherein con-  
sisteth Man's  
glory.

But sith our Soules now-sin-obscured Light  
Shines through the Lanthorn of our Flesh so bright;  
What sacred splendor will this Star send forth,  
When it shall shine without this vail of Earth?  
The Soule, heer lodg'd, is like a man that dwells  
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noysom smells;  
In an old House, open to winde and weather;  
Never in Health, not half an houre together:  
Or (almost) like a Spider, who confin'd  
In her Webs centre, shak't with every winde;  
Moues in an instant, if the buzzing Flie  
Stir but a string of her Lawn Canapie.

Excellent com-  
parisons.

Of the Creation  
of Woman made  
for an ayde to  
Man, and with-  
out whom Man's  
life were mis-  
erable.

You that haue seen within this ample Table,  
Among so many Modules admirable,  
Th' admired beauties of the King of Creatures,  
Com, com and see the Womans rapturing features:  
Without whom (heer) Man were but half a man,  
But a wilde Wolfe, but a Barbarian,  
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike,  
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could like:  
Born solely for himselfe, bereft of sense,  
Of heart, of loue, of life, of excellence.  
God therefore, not to seem les liberall  
To Man, then else to every animall;  
For perfect patern of a holy Loue,  
To Adams half another half he gaue,  
Ta'en from his side, to binde (through every Age)  
With kinder bonds the sacred Mariage.

Simile.

Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut  
Som-cureless limb; before in vre he put  
His violent Engins on the vitious member,  
Bringerh his Patient in a sense-less slumber,  
And grief-less then (guided by vse and Art)  
To saue the whole, sawes off th' infected part:

So, God empal'd our Grandfires liuely look,  
Through all his bones a deadly chilnefs strook,  
Siel'd vp his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,  
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethé* Sands;  
In brieft, so numm'd his Soule's and Body's sense,  
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence  
Hee tooke a rib, which rarely He refin'd,  
And thereof made the Mother of Mankind:  
Graving so liuely on the living Bone  
All Adams beauties; that, but hardly, one  
Could haue the Lover from his Loue descry'd,  
Or know'n the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:  
Sauing that she had a more smiling Ey,  
A smother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dy,  
A fainter voyce, a more inticing Face,  
A Deeper Tress, a more delighting Grace,  
And in her bosom (more then Lillie-white)  
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

Now, after this profound and pleasing Trance,  
No sooner Adams raiisht eyes did glance  
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,  
But in his heart he gan to leap and laugh,  
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,  
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,  
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh)  
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh.

Their Mariage.

Source of all ioyes! sweet Hee-Shee-Coupled-One,  
Thy sacred Birth I never think vpon,  
But (rauisht) I admire how God did then  
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.

Their Epithela-  
me, or wedding  
Song.

O blessed Bond! O happy Marriage!  
Which doost the match twixt Christ and vs presage!  
O chastest friendship, whose pure flames impart  
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Hart!  
O holy knot, in *Eden* instituted  
(Not in this Earth with blood and wrongs polluted,  
Profan'd with mischiefs, the Pre-Searne of Hell  
To cursed Creatures that 'gainst Heav'n rebell)  
O sacred Cov'nant, which the sin-less Son  
Of a pure Virgin (when he first begun  
To publish proofs of his dead Pow'r *Diuine*,  
By turning Water into perfect Wine,  
At lesser *Cana*) in a wondrous manner  
Did with his presence sanctifie and honour!

By thy deer Fauour, after our Decease,  
We leaue-behinde our liuing Images,  
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,  
And in our Children liue eternally.

The ceremonies  
of Marriage.

By



By thee, we quench the wilde and wanton Fires,  
That in our Soule the *Paphian* shot inspires:  
And taught (by thee) a loue more firme and fitter,  
We finde the Mell more sweet, the Gall less bitter,  
Which hee (by turns) heap vp our humane Life  
Euen now with ioyes, anon with iars and strife.

Propagation by  
the blessing of  
God.

This done; the Lord commands the happy Pair  
With chaste embraces to replenish Fair  
Th' vnpeopled World; that, while the World endures,  
Heer might succeed their living Portraiture.  
He had impos'd the like precept before,  
On th' irefull Droues that in the Desarts rore,  
The feathered Flocks, and frutfull-spawning Legions  
That liue within the liquid Crystall Regions.  
Thence-forth therefore, Bears Bears ingendered;  
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;  
Men, Men: and Nature with a change-less Course,  
Still brought forth Children like their Ancestors:  
Though since indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt-them)  
The yellow Gold and Silver pale betwixt them  
Another Metall (like to neither) make,  
Which yet of eithers riches doth partake:  
So, oft, two Creatures of a diuers kinde,  
Against the common course through All assign'd,  
Confounding their lust-burning seeds together,  
Beget an Elf, not like in all to either,  
But (bastard Mongrell) bearing marks apparent  
Of mingled members, ta'en from either Parent.

Unnatural Con-  
junctions pro-  
duce monstrous  
Births.

Of things inge-  
dered without  
seed or commix-  
tion of sexes.

God, not contented, to each Kinde to giue  
And to infuse the Vertue Generatiue,  
Made (by his Wisdom) many Creatures breed  
Of liue-less bodies, without *Venus* deed.  
So, the colde humour breeds the *Salamander*,  
Who (in effect) like to her births Commander  
With childe with hundred Winters, with her touch  
Quencheth the Fire though glowing ne'r so much.

So, of the Fire in burning furnace, springs  
The Fly *Pyrausta* with the flaming Wings:  
Without the Fire, it dies; within it, ioyes;  
Living in that, which each thing else destroyes.

So, slowe *Bootes* ynderneath him sees,  
In th' ycy *Iles*, those Goslings hatcht of Trees;  
Whose fruitfull leaues, falling into the Water,  
Areturn'd (they say) to living Fowls soon after.  
So, rotten sides of broken Ships do change  
To *Barnacles*; O Transformation strange!  
Twas first a green Tree, then a gallant Hull,  
Lately a Mushrom, now a flying Gull.



## THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*In sacred Rest, upon This sacred Day  
Th' Eternal doth his glorious Works suruey:  
His only Powr and Providence perseuer  
T' uphold, maintain, and rule the World for euer:  
Maugre Mens malice and Hels raging mood,  
God turneth all thing to his Childrens good:  
Sabbaths right use: From all Worlds Works to cease;  
To pray (not play) and hear the Word of Peace:  
Instructions drawn from dead and liuing things,  
And for our selues; for all Estates; for Kings.*



He cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,  
Limning a Land-scape, various, rich, and rare,  
Hath set a-work, in all and every part,  
Invention, Iudgement, Nature, Use, and Art;  
And hath at length (t' immortalize his name)

With weary Pencill perfected the same;  
Forgets his pains; and, inly fill'd with glee,  
Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.

First, in a Mead he marks a frisking Lamb,  
Which seems (though dumb) to bleat vnto the Dam:  
Then he obserues a Wood, seeming to waue:  
Then th' hollow bosom of som hideous Caue:  
Heer a High-way, and there anarrow Path:  
Heer Pines, there Oaks torn by tempestuous wrath:  
Heer from a craggy Rocks steep-hanging boss  
(Thrumm'd halfe with Iuy, halfe with crisped Moss)  
A silver Brook in broken streams doth gush,  
And head-long down the horned Cliff doth rush;

Then

By an excellent  
Similitude of a  
Painter deligh-  
ted with the  
sight of a curi-  
ous table which  
he hath lately  
finished: our  
Poet sheweth  
how God rested  
the seventh  
Day, & how (as  
saith the Scrip-  
ture) that all  
that he had  
made was Good



Then, winding thence above and vnder ground,  
 A goodly Garden it be-moareth round:  
 There, on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree shrinking)  
 A skilfull Gunner with his left eye winking,  
 Levels directly at an Oak hard by,  
 Whereon a hundred groaning Culuers cry;  
 Down falls the Cock, vp from the Touch-pan flies  
 A ruddy flash that in a moment dies.  
 Off goes the Gun, and through the Forrest rings  
 The thundring bullet, born on fiery wings.  
 Heer, on a Green, two Striplings, stripped light,  
 Run for a prize with labourfom delight;  
 A dusty Cloud about their feet doth flowe  
 (Their feet, and head, and hands, and all do goe)  
 They swelt in sweat; and yet the following Rout  
 Hastens their haste with many a cheerfull shout.  
 Heer, six pyed Oxen, vnder painfull yolk,  
 Rip vp the folds of *Ceres* Winter Cloak.  
 Heer in the shade, a pretty Sheperdes  
 Driues sottly home her bleating happines:  
 Still as she goes, she spins; and as she spins,  
 A man would think som Sonnet she begins.  
 Heer runs a River, there springs forth a Fountain,  
 Heer vales a Valley, there ascends a Mountain,  
 Heer smokes a Castle, there a Cirie fumes,  
 And heer a Ship vpon th' Ocean looms.  
 In brief, so lively, Art hath Nature shap't,  
 That in his Work the Work-mans selfe is rapt,  
 Vnable to look off; for, looking still,  
 The more he looks, the more he findes his skill:

God rested the  
 seventh Day, &  
 contemplates on  
 his works.

So th' Architect (whose glorious Workmanship  
 My cloudy Muse doth but too-much eclipse)  
 Having with pain-les pain, and care-les care,  
 In these *Six* *Dayes*, finisht the Table fair  
 And infinite of th' *Vniuersall* Ball,  
 Resteth *This* *Day*, & admire himselfe in All:  
 And for a season eying nothing els,  
 Ioyes in his Work, sith all his Work excels  
 (If my dull, stutting, frozen eloquence  
 May dare coniecture of his high Intent).

A briefe recapitulation & consideration of the Works of God in the whole World and a learned Exposition of the words of Moses Gen. 1. 21. God saw that all that he had made, was very good.

One while, hee sees how th' ample Sea doth take  
 The Liquid homage of each other Lake;  
 And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,  
 Abundant vapours (for our benefit):  
 And yet it swels not for those tribute streams,  
 Nor yet it shrinks not for those boyling beams.  
 There fees he th' Ocean-peoples plentious broods,  
 And shifting Courses of the Ebbs and Floods;

Which

Which with inconstant glaunces night and day  
 The lower Planets forked front doth sway.  
 Anon, vpon the flowry Plains he looks,  
 Laced about with snaking siluer brooks.  
 Now, he delights to see foure Brethrens strife  
 Cause the Worlds peace, and keep the World in life:  
 Anon, to see the whirling Sphears to roule  
 In rest-les Dances about either Pole;  
 Whereby, their Cressets (carried diuers waies)  
 Now visit vs, anon th' *Antipodes*.  
 It glads him now to note, how th' Orb of Flame,  
 Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame:  
 How th' Airs glib-gliding firmles body bears  
 Such store of Fowls, Hail-storms, and Floods of tears:  
 How th' heauy Water, pronest to descend,  
 Twixt Air and Earth is able to depend:  
 And how the dull Earth's prop-les massie Ball  
 Stands steddily still, iust in the midst of All.  
 Anon his nose is pleas'd with fragrant sent  
 Of Balm and Basill, Myrrh and Frankincense,  
 Thyme, Spiknard, Hyssop, Sauory, Cinnamon,  
 Pink, Violet, Rose, and Cloue-Carnation.  
 Anon, his ear's charmd with the melody  
 Of winged Consorts curious Harmony:  
 For, though each bird, guided with art-les Art,  
 After his kinde, obserue a song a-part,  
 Yet the sole burden of their seuerall Layes  
 Is nothing but the Heav'n-Kings glorious prayse.  
 In brieft, th' Almighty's *ey*, and *nose*, and *ear*,  
 In all his works, doth nought *see*, *sent*, or *hear*  
 But *showes* his greatness, *sauours* of his grace;  
 And *sounds* his glory over every place.  
 But about all, Mans many beautilous features  
 Detaine the Lord more then all other Creatures:  
 Man's his own Minion; Man's his sacred Type:  
 And for Man's sake, he loues his Workmanship.  
 Not that I mean to fain an idle God,  
 That larks in Heav'n and never looks abroad,  
 That Crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice,  
 Blinde to our seruice, deafe vnto our sighs;  
 A Pagan Idoll, void of powr and pietie,  
 A sleeping Dormouse (rather) a dead Deitie.  
 For though (alas!) sometimes I cannot shun,  
 But some profane thoughts in my minde will run,  
 I never think on God, but I conceiue  
 (Whence cordiall comforts Christian soules receiue)  
 In God, Care, Counsaile, Iustice, Mercy, Might,  
 To punish wrongs, and patronize their right:

Of the Providence of God.

Sith



Epicurus and  
his followers,  
denying the  
same, confined  
by sundry  
Reasons.

Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightyest)  
Without these gifts is not a Man, but Beast.  
Fond *Epicure*, thou rather slept'st, thy self,  
When thou didst forge thee such a sleep-sick Elf  
For life's pure Fount: or vainly fraudulent  
(Not shunning the *Atheists* sin, but punishment)  
Imaginedst a God so perfect-less,  
In Works defying, whom thy words profess.

God is not sitting (like some Earthly State)  
In proud Theatre, him to recreate  
With curious Objects of his ears and eyes  
(Without disposing of the Comedies)  
Content t' haue made (by his great Word) to moue  
So many radiant Stars as shine about;  
And on each thing with his own hand to draw  
The sacred Text of an eternall Law:

Simile.

Then, bosoming his hand to let them slide,  
With reans at will, whether that Law shall guide:  
Like one that having lately forc't som Lake,  
Through some new Chancell a new Course to take,  
Takes no more care thenceforth to those effects,  
But lets the Stream run where his Ditch directs.

1. Gods power,  
guidance, & wis-  
dom, showe glori-  
ously in gover-  
ning the world.

The Lord our God wants neither Diligence,  
Nor Love, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Providence.  
He prov'd his Power, by Making All of nought:  
His Diligence, by Ruling All he wrought:  
His Care, by Ending it in six Daies space:  
His Loue, in Building it for Adams Race:  
His Providence (maugre Times wastefull rages)  
Preserving it so many Years and Ages.

2. In him, and  
through him, all  
things live and  
move, and have  
their Being.

For, O! how often had this goodly Ball  
By his own Greatness caus'd his proper Fall:  
How often had this World deceast, except  
Gods mighty arms had it vpheld and kept:  
God is the soule, the life, the strength, and sinnew,  
That quickens, moues, and makes this Frame continue.  
God's the main spring, that maketh every way  
All the small wheels of this great Engine play.  
God's the strong *Atlas*, whose vnshrinking shoulders  
Haue been and are Heav'ns heavy Globes vpholders.

3. All things  
particularly are  
guided by his  
Ordinance and  
Power, working  
continually.

God makes the Fountaines run continually,  
The Daies and Nights succeed incessantly:  
The Seasons in their season he doth bring,  
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring:  
God makes th' Earth fruitfull, and he makes the Earth's  
Large loignes not yet faint for so many births.  
God makes the Sun and Stars, though wondrous hot,  
That yet their Heat themselves inflameth not;

And that their sparkling beams prevent not so,  
With wofull flames, the *Last* great Day of wo:  
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wrest)  
They turn at-once both North, and East, and West:  
Heav'ns constant course, his heast dorth never break:  
The floating Water waiteth at his beck:  
Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command,  
The Earth is His: and there is nothing fane  
In all these Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr  
With secret touch of his eternall Powr.

God is the Iudge, who keeps continuall Sessions,  
In every place to punish all Transgressions;  
Who, voyd of Ignorance and Avarice,  
Not won with Bribes, nor wrested with Device,  
Sans Fear, or Favour; hate, or partiall zeal;  
Pronounceth Iudgements that are past appeal.  
Himselfe is Iudge, Iury, and Witness too,  
Well knowing what we all think, speak, or doo:  
He sounds the deepest of the doublest hart,  
Searcheth the Reins, and sifteth every part:  
Hee sees all secrets, and his *Lynx*-like ey  
(Yer it be thought) doth every thought descry:  
His Sentence given, never returns in vain;  
For, all that Heav'n, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,  
Serue him as Sergeants: and the winged Legions,  
That soar about the bright Star-spangled Regions,  
Are ever prest, his powrfull Ministers:  
And (lastly) for his Executioners,  
Sathan, assisted with th' infernall band,  
Stands ready still to finish his Command.

God (to be brieve) is a good Artizan  
That to his purpose aptly manage can  
Good or bad Tools; for, for iust punishment,  
He arms our sins vs sinners to torment:  
And to prevent th' vngodly's plot, sometime  
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.  
Yet true it is, that humane things (seem) slide  
Vnbridledly with so vncertain tide,  
That in the Ocean of Events so many,  
Somtimes Gods Iudgements are scarce seen of any:  
Rather it seemes that giddy *Fortune* guideth  
All that beneath the silver Moon betideth.  
Yet, art thou ever iust (O God) though I  
Cannot (alas!) thy Iudgements depth descry:  
My wit's too shallow for the least Designe  
Of thy drad Counsaile, sacred, and divine:  
And thy least-secret Secrets, I confess  
Too deep for vs, without thy Spirit's address.

4. God is the  
Iudge of the  
World: hearing  
all Creatures  
visible & invi-  
sible, ready ac-  
cused to execute  
his Iudgements.

Yea, he maketh  
even the wicked  
his instrumēt, to  
punish the  
wicked, and to  
praise his Chosen

Against, against  
Enemics, who  
hold the world  
in their hands,  
the world by  
Conquer.

Yet



1. Gods Indig-  
nations, shall our  
search: yet ever  
will in this world.

Gen. 45. vs. 6, 7  
and Gen. 50. vs.  
20.

2. In executing  
his judgments  
on the rebellious,  
he sheweth mer-  
cy on his ser-  
vants.

3. He sheweth  
his power in the  
conversion of the  
Multitude, and  
in the deliv-  
erance of his  
Church.

4. He turneth the  
malice of Saram  
and his instru-  
ments, in his  
own glory, and  
the good of his  
of whom he hath  
almighty special  
care.

Yet oftentimes, what seemeth (at first sight)  
Vniust to vs, and past our reason quite,  
Thou mak'st vs (Lord) acknowledge (in due season)  
To have been done with equitie and reason.

So, suffering th' *Hebrew Tribes* to sell their brother,  
Thy eternall Iustice thou didst seem to smother.  
But *Ioseph* (when, through such rare hap, it chanced  
Him of a slave to be so high advanced,  
To rule the Land where *Nilus* fertill flood  
Dry Heav'ns defects endeavours to make good)  
Learn'd, that his envious brethrens treacherous drift,  
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,  
That he might there provide Reliefe and Room  
For *Abraham's Seed*, against (then) time to com.

When thy strong arm, which plagues the Reprobate,  
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate,  
With flood and flame: because there lived then  
Some small remaines of good and righteous men,  
Thou seem'dst vniust: but when thou sauedst *Lae*  
From Fire, from Water *Nash* and his Boat,  
'Twas plainly seen, thy Iustice stands propitious  
To th' Innocent, and smiteth but the vitious.

He wilfull winks against the shining Sun,  
That see's not *Pharao*, as a mean begun  
Forth' *Hebrews* good; and that his hardned hart  
Smoothed the passage for their soon-depart:  
To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,  
Might for his Glory finde the larger field.

Who sees not also, that th' vniust Decree  
Of a proud Iudge, and *Iudas* treachery,  
The Peoples fury, and the Prelats gall,  
Serv'd all as organs to repair the Fall  
Of *Edens* old Prince, whose luxurious pride  
Made on his seed his sin for ever slide?

Th' Almightyes Care, doth diuerfly disperse  
Ore all the parts of all this Vniuerse:  
But more precisely, his wide wings protect  
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.  
For, aye he watcheth for his Children choice,  
That list to him their hearts, their hands, and voyce:  
For them, he built th' ay-turning Heav'ns Theater;  
For them, he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water:  
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth,  
Handles their hands, and speaketh with their breath;  
Dwels in their hearts, and plants his Regiments  
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.

But heer, what hear I? Faith-les, God-les men,  
I maruell not, that you impugn my pen:

But (O!) it grieues me, and I am amaz'd,  
That those, whose faith, like glistering Stars haue blaz'd  
Even in our darkest nights, should so obiect  
Against a doctrine of so sweet effect;  
Because (alas!) with weeping eyes they see  
Th' vngodly-most in most Prosperitie,  
Clothed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,  
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold and Gems,  
Croucht-to, and courted with all kinde affection,  
As priuiledged by the Heav'ns protection;  
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights  
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:  
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms  
Of this Worlds Sea) tost in continuall harms:  
In Earth, less rest then *Euripus* they finde,  
Gods heavy Rods still hanging them behinde:  
Them, shame, and blame, trouble and loss pursues;  
As shadows bodies, and as night the deawes.

Peace, peace, deer friends: I hope to cancell quite  
This profane thought from your vnsettled Sp'rit.  
Knowe then, that God (to th' end he be not thought  
A powr-les Iudge) heer plagueth many a fault;  
And many a fault leaues heer unpunished,  
That men may also his last iudgment dread.

On th' other side, note that the Crosse becomes  
A Ladder leading to Heav'ns glorious rooms:  
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milken way*,  
Which doth the Saints to *Ioues* high Court convey.  
O! see you not, how that a Father graue,  
Curbing his Son much shorter then his Slaue,  
Doth th' one but rare, the other rife reprove,  
Th' one but for lucre, th' other all for loue?  
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable  
Of some great Prince, or Person honourable,  
Gives ofttest to that Horse the teaching Spur,  
Which he findes fittest for the vse of War.  
A painfull School-master, that hath in hand  
To institute the flowr of all a Land,  
Gives longest Lessons vnto those, where Heav'n  
The ablest wits and aptest wills hath giu'n.  
And a wife Chieftain neuer trusts the waight  
Of th' execution of a braue Exploit,  
But vnto those whom he most honoureth,  
For often proof of their firm force and faith:  
Such sends he first t' assault his eager foes;  
Such 'gainst the Canon on a Breach bestowes;  
Such he commands naked to scale a Fort,  
And with small number to re-gain a Port.

God

A remedy for  
temptation of  
the godly, seeing  
the prosperity of  
the wicked, and  
the afflictions of  
Gods children.

The same desir-  
ed in d. uers  
sorts with apt  
similitudes con-  
fessing the rea-  
son, and decla-  
ring the righte-  
ness of Gods  
dealing  
with men.



A picture pre-  
sented to the  
Faintly.

They are wif-  
sary to cure the  
diseases of the  
soul.

Without whom  
Sould children  
deceit.

The Craft, as  
humble men.

And will be glo-  
rified in the con-  
stant suffering  
of his servants.

There is another  
craft in nature  
light, but in a  
dark.

God bears his Dear, from birth to buriall,  
To make them knowe him, and their pride appall,  
To draw deuout sighes from calamity,  
And by the touch to try their Constancy,  
T' awake their slorh, their mindes to exercise  
To trauell cheer'ly for th' immortal Prize.  
A good Physician, that Arts excellence  
Can help with practice and experience,  
Applies discretely all his *Recip'es*  
Vnto the nature of each fell-disease;  
Curing this Patient with a bitter Porion,  
That, with strict Diet, th' other with a Lotion,  
And sometime cutteth off a leg or arm,  
So (sharply-sweet) to saue the whole from harm:  
Euen so the Lord (according to th' ill humours  
That vex his most-Saints with soule-tainting tumours)  
Sends sometimes Exile, sometimes lingring Languor,  
Sometimes Dishonour, sometimes pining Hunger,  
Sometimes long Law-suits, sometime Loss of good,  
Sometimes a Childes death, or a Widowhood:  
But ay he houldeth, for the good of His,  
In one hand Rods; in th' other, Remedies.

The Souldier, slugging long at home in Peace,  
His wonted courage quickly doth decrease:  
The rust doth fret the blade hangd vp at rest:  
The Moath doth eat the garment in the Chest:  
The standing Water stinks with putrefaction:  
And Vertue hath no Vertue but in action.  
All that is fairest in the world, we finde  
Subiect to trauail. So, with storms and winde  
Th' Air still is tost: the Fire and Water tend,  
This, still to mount; that, ever to descend:  
The spirit is spright-les if it want discourse,  
Heav'n's no more Heav'n if it once cease his Course.

The valiant Knight is knowne by many scars:  
But he that steals-home wound-les, from the Wars,  
Is held a Coward, void of Valours proof,  
That for Deaths fear hath fled, or fought a-loof.

The Lord therefore, to giue Humanity  
Rare prebends of daunt-les Constancy,  
And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels  
Won from a thousand foes in glorious quarels;  
Pours down more euils on their hap-les head,  
Then yett *Pandora's* odious Box did shed;  
Yet strengthening still their hearts with such a Plaister,  
That though the Flesh stoop, still the Spirit is Maister.  
But, wrongly I these euils Euill call:  
Sole Vice is ill; sole Vertue good: and all,

Besides

virtue is best  
perceived in the  
proofe.

True constancy  
hathly represen-  
ted by two com-  
partitions.

God, Resting on  
the seventh day,  
and blessing it;  
teacheth vs that  
in resting one  
day of the week,  
we should prin-  
cipally employ it  
in his seruice:  
That we should  
cease from our  
worldly and  
wicked works,  
to giue place to  
his grace, and so  
suffer his Spirit  
to work in vs by  
the instrument  
of his holy word.

Simple.

Against profa-  
ners of the Sab-  
bath.

To

Besides the same, is selfly, simply, had  
And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.  
Let envious Fortune all her forces wage  
Against a constant Man, her fellest rage  
Can never change his godly resolution,  
Though Heav'n it self should threaten his confusion!

A constant Man is like the Sea, whose brest  
Lies ever open vnto every guest;  
Yet all the Waters that she drinks, cannot  
Make her to change her qualities a jot:  
Or, like a good sound stomach, not soon casting  
For a light surfer, or a small distasting;  
But, that, vntroubled, can incontinent  
Convert all meats to perfect nourishment.

Though then, the Lords deep Wisdom, to this day,  
Work in the Worlds vncertain-certain Sway:  
Yet must we credit, that his hand compos'd  
All in six Dayes, and that He then *Repos'd*,  
By his example, giuing vs behest  
On the Seauenth Day for evermore to Rest.  
For, God remembred that he made not Man  
Of Stone, or Steel, or Brasse *Corinthian*:  
But lodg'd our Soul in a frail earthen Mass,  
Thinner then Water, Britter then the Glasse:  
He knowes, our life is by nought sooner spent,  
Then hauing still our mindes and bodies bent.  
A Field, left lay for som few Years, will yield  
The richer Crop, when it again is till'd:  
A River, stopped by a sluice a space,  
Runs (after) rougher, and a swifter pace:  
A Bowe, awhile vn bent, will after cast  
His shafts the farther, and them fix more fast:  
A Souldier, that a season still hath lain,  
Coms with more fury to the Field again:  
Euen so, this Body, when (to gather breath)  
One Day in Seav'n at Rest it sojourneth,  
It recollects his Powrs, and with more cheer  
Falls the next morrow to his first Career.

But the chief End this Precept aims at, is  
To quench in vs the coals of Coverize;  
That, while we rest from all profaner Arts,  
Gods Spirit may work in our retired hearts:  
That we, down-treading *earthly* cogitations,  
May mount our thoughts to *heav'nly* meditations:  
Following good Archers guise, who shut one eye,  
That they the better may their mark espy.  
For, by th' Almighty, this great Holy-day  
Was not ordain'd to dance, to mask, and play,

P =



To slugg in sloth, and languish in delights,  
And loose the Reins to raging appetites:  
To turn Gods Feasts to filthy *Supercals*,  
To frantick *Orgies*, and fond *Saturnals*:  
To dazle eys with Prides vain-glorious splendor,  
To serve strange gods, or our Ambition tender;  
As th' irreligion of loose Times hath since  
Chang'd the *Prime-Churches* chaster innocence.

We ought on the  
Lords day to  
be serious and  
meditate on the  
everlasting Rest,  
Even the work  
of God.

God would, that men should in a certain place  
This Day assemble as before his face,  
Lending an humble and attentive ear  
To learn his great Name's dear-drad Loving-Fear:  
He would, that there the faithfull Pastor should  
The Scriptures marrow from the bones unfold,  
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)  
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.  
For, though the reading of those holy lines  
In private Houses som-what moue our mindes;  
Doubtless, the Doctrine *preacht* doth deeper pearce,  
Proves more effectuell, and more waight it bears.

The practice of  
the faithfull,  
is to be  
informed  
clearly, on the  
Sabbath Day.

He would, that there in holy Psalms we sing  
Shrill praise and thanks to our immortall King,  
For all the liberall bounties he bestow'd  
On vs and ours, in soule and body both:  
He would, that there we should confesse his Christ  
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince and Priest;  
Solemnizing (with sober preparation)  
His blessed Seals of Reconciliation:  
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need  
(After his will) and be assur'd to speed;  
Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency  
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly.

The Corporall  
Rest, a figure of  
the Spirituall.

He would, this Sabbath should a figure be  
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.  
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;  
Th' other to Rest both Soule and Body brings:  
Th' one but a Day endures; the others Date  
Eternity shall not exterminate:  
Shadows the one, th' other doth Truth include:  
This stands in freedom, that in seruitude:  
With cloudy cares th' one's muffled vp som-whiles;  
The others face is full of pleasing smiles:  
For, never grief, nor fear of any Fit  
Of the least care, shall dare come neer to it.  
'Tis the grand *Jubile*, th' Feast of all Feasts,  
Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-les Rest of Rests;  
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous,  
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian Fellows,

God

Gods faithfull Servants, and his chosen Sheep,  
In Heav'n we hope (within short time) to keep.  
He would this Day, our Soule (sequestered  
From busie thoughts of worldly cares) should read  
In Heav'ns bow'd Arches, and the Elements,  
His bound-les Bounty, Pow'r and Providence;  
That every part may (as a Master) teach  
Th' illiterate, Rules past a vulgar reach.

Meditations on  
the works of  
God, especially  
on the day of  
Rest.

Com (Reader) sit, com sit thee down by mee;  
Think with my thoughts, and see what I do see:  
Hear this dumb Doctor: study in this Book,  
Where day and night thou maist at pleasure look,  
And thereby learn vprightly how to liue:  
For, every part doth speciall Lessons giue,  
Even from the gilt studs of the Firmament,  
To the Base Centre of our Element.

Exhortations to  
this Meditation,  
with the use &  
profit thereof.

Seest thou those Stars we (wrongly) *Wandering* call,  
Though divers wayes they dance about this Ball,  
Yet evermore their manifold Career  
Follows the Course of the *First Mowing* Sphear?  
This teacheth thee, that though thine own Desires  
Be opposite to what Heav'ns will requires,  
Thou must still strive to follow (all thy daies)  
God (the first Mover) in his holy waies.

The Planets  
teach us to fol-  
low the will of  
God.

Vain puff of winde, whom *vaunting* pride bewitches,  
For Bodies Beauties, or Mindes (richer) Riches;  
The Moon, whose splendor from her Brother springs,  
May by Example make thee vail thy wings:  
For thou, no less then the pale Queen of Nights,  
Borrow'st all goodnes from the Prince of Lights.

The Moon tea-  
cheth that we  
have not any  
thing that we  
have not recei-  
ued.

Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th' Earth descend?  
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:  
As neer to Heav'n, the same is cleer and pure;  
Ours heer belowe, sad, smoaky, and obscure:  
So, while thy Soule doth with the Heav'ns converse,  
It's sure and safe from every thought perverse;  
And though thou won heer in this world of sin,  
Thou art as happy as Heav'ns Angels bin:  
But if thy minde be alwayes fixed all  
On the foul dunghill of this dar'ish vale,  
It will partake in the contagious smells  
Of th' vnclen-house wherein it droops and dwells.

The Elementary  
fire and ours,  
where our hap-  
piness, and  
where our mis-  
ery consist.

If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe,  
And day and night doo to is thee to and fro;  
Remember, th' Air corrupteth soon, except  
With sundry Windes it oft be swing'd and swept.  
The Sea, which sometimes down to Hell is driv'n;  
And sometimes heaves a froathy Mount to Heav'n,

The Air, that  
affections are  
propitable for us.

The Sea, that we  
ought for no re-

Yet



*Spee to trans-  
gress the Law of  
God.*

Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,  
Wherein the Lord her boistrous arms hath linkt;  
Instructeth thee, that neither Tyrants rage,  
Ambition's windes, nor golden vassallage  
Of Avarice, nor any loue, nor fear,  
From Gods Command should make thee shrink a hair.

*The Earth, that  
we should be  
conscient.*

The Earth, which never all at once doth move,  
Through her rich Orb received, from above,  
No firmer base her burthen to sustent  
Then slippery props of softest Element;  
By her example doth propose to thee  
A needfull Lesson of true Constancy.

*The Ear of  
Corn, that we  
should be hum-  
ble.*

Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother fount,  
But pithily som Vertue doth propound.  
O! let the Noble, Wife, Rich, Valliant,  
Be as the base, poor, faint and ignorant:  
And, looking on the fields when Autumn shears,  
There let them learn among the bearded ears;  
Which still, the fuller of the flowry grain,  
Bow down the more their humble heads again;  
And ay the lighter and the less their store,  
They lift aloft their chaffie Crests the more.

*The Palm-Tree,  
that we should  
be chaste.*

Let her, that (bound-less in her wanton wishes)  
Dares sport the Spouse-bed with vnlawfull kisses,  
Blush (at the least) at Palm-Trees loyalty,  
Which neuer bears vnless her Male be by.

*Cinnamon re-  
ceiveth Diligence  
and Prudence.*

Thou, thou that prancest after Honors prize  
(While by the way thy strength and stomach dies)  
Remember, Honor is like Cinnamon,  
Which Nature mounds with many a million  
Of thorny pricks; that none may danger-less  
Approach the Plant, much less the Fruit possess.

*The Sun and the  
Marigold direct  
us unto Christ,  
the Sun of right-  
eousnes.*

Canst thou the secret Sympathy behold  
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold;  
And not consider, that we must no less  
Follow in life the Sun of righteousness?

*Lime in water,  
teacheth us to  
show our vertue  
in chastity.*

O Earth! the Treasures of thy hollow brest  
Are no less fruitfull Teachers then the rest.  
For, as the Lime doth break and burn in Water,  
And swell, and smock, crackle, and skip, and scatter;  
Waking that Fire, whose dull heat sleeping was  
Vnder the cold Crust of a Chalky Mass:  
He that (to march amid the Christian Host)  
Yields his hearts kingdom to the Holy-Ghost;  
And, for braue Service vnder Christ his Banner,  
Looks to be crown'd with his Chief Champions honor,  
Must in affliction wake his zeal, which oft  
In Calmer times sleeps too-securely soft.

And

*The Diamond ex-  
ports to con-  
stancy.*

And, opposit, as the rich Diamond  
The Fire and Steel doth stoutly both withstand;  
So the true Christian should, till life expire,  
Contemn proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire.  
Or, if fell Rigour with som ruth-less smart  
A little shake the sinews of his heart,  
He must be like the richest Minerall,  
Whose Ingots bow, but never break at all;  
Nor in the Furnace suffer any loss  
Of waight, but Lees; not of the Gold, but dross.

*Gold in the fur-  
nace, so magna-  
nimity & purity*

*The Stone Iris, so  
edification of  
our Neighbour.*

The pretious Stone, that bears the Rain-bowes name,  
Receives the bright face of Sols burnisht flame;  
And by reflexion, after, it displaies  
On the next object all those pointed raies:  
So, who so hath from the Emphyreall Pole,  
Within the centre of his happy Soule,  
Receiv'd som splendor of the beams divine,  
Must to his Neighbour make the same to shine;  
Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n  
To be employ'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,  
That in his Church he may receive his Gold  
With thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.

*The needle in the  
Mariner's com-  
pass, shewes that  
we should in-  
stantly look on  
Christ our only  
Saviour.*

As th' Iron, toucht by th' Adamant's effect,  
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:  
So the Soule, toucht once by the secret power  
Of a true lively Faith, looks every howr  
To the bright Lamp which serves for Cynosure  
To all that sail vpon the Sea obscure.

*Lessons from li-  
ving Creatures.*

These presidents, from liue-less things collected,  
Breed good effects in spirits well affected:  
But lessons, taken from the things that live,  
A liuelier touch vnto all sorts doo give.

*Wise, to Subjects  
and to Princes.*

Vp, vp, ye Princes: Prince and People, rise,  
And run to School among the Honey-Flies:  
There shall you learn, that an eternall law  
Subiects the Subiect vnder Princes aw:  
There shall you learn, that a courageous King  
To vex his humble Vassals hath no sting.

*The Marlin, so  
the unshakable.*

The Persian Prince, that Princely did conclude  
So severe laws against Ingratitude,  
Knew that the Marlin, hauing kept her warm  
With a liue Lark, remits it without harm;  
And lest her friend-bird she should after slay,  
She takes her flight a quite contrary way.

*The Eagle so  
Patient.*

Fathers, if you desire, your Children sage  
Should by their Blessings blest your crooked age;  
Train them betimes vnto true Vertues Lore  
By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more):

So



So the old Eagle flutters in and out,  
To teach his yong to follow him about.  
If his example cannot timely bring  
His backward birds to use their feeble wing,  
He leaves them then some dayes vnfed, whereby  
Sharp hunger may at length constrain them fly.  
If that prevail not, then he bears them, both  
With beak and wings, to stir their fearefull sloth.

The Turtle, to  
wedlock-brea-  
kers.

You, that to haste your hated Spouses end,  
Black deadly poyson in his dish doo blend;  
O! can you see with vn-renting eies  
The Turtle-Doue? fith, when her husband dies,  
Dies all herioy: for, never loves she more;  
But on dry boughs doth her dead Spouse deplore.

Wilde-geese, to  
Babblers.

Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue  
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong;  
Discreetly set a hatch before the door:  
As the wise Wilde-geese, when they over-soar  
Cicilian Mounts, within their bills doo bear  
A pebble-stone both day and night; for fear  
Left ravenous Eagles of the North descry  
Their Armies passage, by their cackling Cry.

Discreet Fishes  
constraine'd Mo-  
thers, that will  
not nurse in  
their children.

O! Mothers, can you? can you? O vnkinde!  
Deny your Babes your breasts: and call to minde  
That many Fishes many times are fain  
Receive their seed into their wombs again;  
Lucias sad throes, for the self-same birth,  
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth.

Dolphins, to the  
crowd.

O! why embrace not we with Charity  
The living, and the dead with Piety?  
Giving these succour, sepulture to those:  
Even as the Dolphins do themselves expose,  
For their liue-fellows, and beneath the Waues  
Cover their dead-ones vnder sandy Graues.

The wilde Kid,  
to children.

You Children, whom (past hope) the Heav'ns benignity  
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved vp to dignity,  
Doo not forget your Parents: but behold  
Th' officious Kids, who (when their Parentsould,  
With heavy Gyves, Elds trembling fever stops,  
And fetters-fast vpon the Mountain-tops)  
As carefull purveyours, bring them home to brouz  
The tendrest tops of all the stendrest boughs;  
And sip (self-thirst-les) of the Rivers brink,  
Which in their mouths they bring them home to drink.

The Spider, to  
man and wife.

For House-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs  
Of the *Stagirian* (glory of good wits):  
Nor his, whom, for his hony-steeped stile,  
They Proverbiz'd the *Attick Muse* yet while:

Sith

Sith th' onely Spider teacheth every one  
The Husbands and the Hufwifes function.  
For, for their food the valiant Male doth roan;  
The cunning Female tends her work at home:  
Out of her bowels wooll and yarn she spitteth,  
And all that else her learned labour fitteth:  
Her waight 's the spindle that doth twist the twine,  
Which her small fingers draw so ev'n and fine.  
Still at the Centre she her warp begins,  
Then round (at length) her little threads she pins,  
And equall distance to their compass leaues:  
Then, neat and nimble her new web she weaves,  
With her fine shuttle circularly drawn  
Through all the circuit of her open lawn;  
Open, lest else th' vngen'le Windes should tear  
Her cypres Tent (weaker then any hair)  
And that the foolish Fly might easier get  
Within the meshes of her curious Net:  
Which he no sooner doth begin to shake,  
But straight the Male doth to the Centre make,  
That he may conquer more securely there  
The humming Creature hampered in his snare.

You Kings (that bear the sword of iust Hostility)  
Pursue the Proud, and pardon true Humility;  
Like noble Lions that do neuer shoue  
Their strength and stomach on a yeelding Foe,  
But rather through the stoutest throngs do forrage,  
Mid thousand Deaths to shew their daunt-les courage.

Thou sluggard (if thou list to learn thy part)  
Go learn the Emmets and the Vrchins Art;  
In Summer th' one, in Autumn th' other takes  
The Seasons fruits, and thence provision makes,  
Each in his Lodging laying vp a hoord  
Against cold Winter, which doth nought afford.

But, Reader, we resemble one that windes  
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthy *Indes*  
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)  
To seek far-off for Incense, Spice and Gold;  
Sith we, not loosing from our proper Strand,  
Finde all wherein a happy life doth stand;  
And our own Bodies self-contained motions  
Gine the most gros a hundred goodly Notions.

You Princes, Pastors, and ye Chiefs of War,  
Do not your Laws, Sermons and Orders mar;  
Lest your examples banefull leprosy  
Infect your Subiects, Flocks, and Companies;  
Beware, your euill make not others like:  
For, no part 's sound if once the Head be sick.

You

The Lions, to  
Kings.

The Emmets and  
Vrchins, to  
the sluggard.

Man may leade  
in himselfe excel-  
lent instruction.

The head re-  
lects all persons  
in authority.



The Eyes with all  
Princes and  
Noble-men.

The Teeth, such  
as travel for o-  
thers.

The Heart, the  
Masters of the  
word.

The Stomach,  
the same.

The Hand, all  
Christians to  
Charity.

The whole body,  
the whole socie-  
ty of mankind,  
that every one  
ought to stand  
in his own po-  
sition.

You Peers, O do not, through self-partiall zeale,  
With light-brain'd Counsels vex your Common-weal:  
But, as both Eys do but One thing behould,  
Let each his Countries common good vp-hould.

You that for Others trauell day and night,  
With much-much labour, and small benefit,  
Behould the Teeth, which Toul-free grinde the food,  
From whence themselves do reap more grief then good.

Euen as the Heart hath not a Moments rest,  
But night and day moues in our panting brest,  
That by his beating it may still impart  
The lively spirits about to every part:  
So those, to whom God doth his Flock betake,  
Ought alwayes study, alwayes work, and wake,  
To breathe (by Doctrin and good Conversation)  
The quickning spirit into their Congregation.

And as the Stomach from the holesom food  
Diuides the grosser part (which is not good)  
They ought from false the truth to separate,  
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat,  
To make the best receiv'd for nourishment,  
The bad cast forth as filthy excrement.

If Bat or Blade doo threaten sudden harm  
To belly, brest, or leg, or head, or arm,  
With dread-les dread the Hand doth ward the blowe,  
Taking herself her brethrens bleeding woe:  
Then mid the shock of fierie legions Arms  
That fill the world with blood and boistrous storms,  
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others,  
Whom Faith hath made more neer and dear then Brothers?

Nor can I see, where vnderneath the Sky  
A man may finde a iuster Policy,  
Or truer Image of a calme Estare  
Exempt from Faction, Discord and Debate,  
Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains  
Our Bodies life, through Members mutuall pains:  
Where, one no sooner feels the least offence,  
But all the rest haue of the same a sense.  
The Foot striues not to smell, the Nose to walk,  
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk:  
But, without troubling of their Common-weal  
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal  
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,  
Be't vile or honest, honoured or base.

But, soft my Muse: what wilt thou re-repeat  
The Little-Worlds admired Modulet?  
If twice or thrice one and the same we bring,  
'Tis tedious; how-euer sweet we sing.

Therefore

Therefore a-shoar: Mates, let our Anchor fall:  
Heer blowes no Winde: heere are we Welcom all.  
Besid's, consider and conceiue (I pray)  
W' haue row'd sufficient for a Sabbath Day.

THE END OF  
The  
FIRST WEEK.





Du  
**BARTAS**  
 HIS  
**SECOND VEEKE,**  
*DISPOSED*

(After the proportion of his First)  
 Into SEAVEN DAYES:  
 (viz.)

The {  
 I. ADAM,  
 II. NOAH,  
 III. ABRAHAM,  
 IV. DAVID.

{  
 V. ZEDECHIAS,  
 VI. MESSIAS,  
 VII Th ETERNALL SABBATH.

But, of the three last, Death (preventing Our Noble  
 PoET) hath deprived vs.



*Acceptam refert.*



TO  
 THE  
 MOST  
 ROYAL  
 PATTERN  
 AND PATRON  
 OF LEARNING  
 AND RELIGION,  
 THE HIGH  
 AND  
 MIGHTY PRINCE,  
**JAMES**

(By THE GRACE OF GOD)  
 KING

OF GREAT BRITAIN,  
 FRANCE, & IRELAND:  
 TRUE DEFENDER OF  
 THE TRUE, ANCIENT  
**CHRISTIAN,**  
 CATHOLIKE, AND  
 APOSTOLIKE FAITH,  
 &c.





## I. SONNET.

FROM ZEAL-Land, sayling with the Winde of Love,  
In the Bark LABOUR, steer'd by Theorems,  
Laden with Hope, and with DESIRE t' approue,  
Bound for Cape-Comfort in the Ile of IEMMES;  
In such a Mist wee fell vpon the Coast,  
That suddenly vpon the Rock Neglect  
(Vnhappily) our Ship and Goods we lost,  
Even in a Place that we did least suspect,  
So, Cast-away (my LIEGE) and quight vn-don,  
We Orphan-remnants of a woefull Wrack,  
Heer cast a-shore, to Thee for succour run:  
O Pittie vs, for our deer Parent's sake,  
Who Honour'd Thee, both in his Life and Death,  
And to thy guard his POSTHUMES did bequeath.

## 2. SONNET.

THESE glorious WORKS, and gratefull Monuments  
Built by DU BARTAS, on the Pyrenais  
(Your Royall Vertues to immortalize,  
And magnifie your rich Munificence)  
Haue prov'd so Charge-full to Trans-port from thence,  
That our small Art's-stock hardly could suffice  
To vnder-go so great an Enterprize;  
But, is even beggerd with th' vn-cast Expense.  
So that, except our Muses SOVERAINE  
With gracious Eye regarde her spent Estate,  
And, with a hand of Princely Favour, daign  
To stay her fall (before it be too-late)  
She needs must fail: as (lending Light about)  
Self-spending Lamps, for lack of Oyl, go-out.

Voy (Sire) Saluste.



TO THE RIGHT EX-  
cellent, and most hopefull young  
Prince, HENRY,  
PRINCE of WALES.

ANAGR. { Henricus Stuartus. }  
          { Hic strenuus ratat. }

{ THE TROPHEIS, }  
                                  and  
{ MAGNIFICENCE. }

He gracious Welcome You wouldst I'er-while  
To my grave PIERAC (though but meantly clad)  
Makes BARTAS (now, no Stranger in this Ile)  
More bold to come (though suited euen as bad)  
To kiss Your HIGHNES Hand; and, with your Smile,  
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad  
(Whose weary longings languish in our Stile:  
For in our Wants, our very Songs be sad)  
He brings, for Present to so great a PRINCE,  
A Princely GLASSE, made prit for SALOMON:  
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE  
As oft to look-in, as you look vpon.  
Some Glasses flatter: other some deforme:  
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE'S Form.

Q 2 Voy Sire Saluste.







TO THE RIGHT HONO.  
rable, the Lord High Chancellor  
of England.

ANAGR. { Thomas Egerton.  
1. Gestat Honorem.  
2. Age metit Honori.  
3. Honori metit Age. }

## THE LAWE.

**N**ot humbly  
Shewes to thy Great Worthiness,  
(Grave MODERATOR of our Britain LAWES)  
The Muses Abiect (subject of Distress)

How long Wrong-vert, in a not-Need-less Cause,  
Not as the Kings-Bench, but the Penny-less)  
By one, I Want (the son of Simplicities);  
Vnable, more to greaze the scraping pawes  
Of his Attorney Shift, or oyl the iaw  
Of his (dear) Counsell, Sericant Pensiueness;  
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis,  
To Plead, himselfe (and shewe his (little) LAW)  
In the free Court of thy milde Courtelies.  
Please it thee therefore an Iniunction grant,  
To stay the Suit between himselfe and Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay,  
So He and His shall pray.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONO.  
rable, the Earle of Salisbury, Lord high  
Treasurer of England.

ANAGR. { Robertus Cecilius. Robertus Cecilius.  
Cecilius celebris: (vel) Cerebra sic Tullina.  
Robertus Comes Sari. Caruere Urbi sermo. }

## THE CAPTAINES.

**N**ot yeeld to Arts: the Trumpet to the Tongue:  
Stout Ajax Prize the wise Vlysses wan:  
It will not seem then that we haue mis-sung,  
To sing of CAPTAINES to a Counsaill-man:  
Sith without Counsaile, Courag is but rage;  
Rude in Resolving, rash in Acting it:  
In which respect those of the Antique Age  
Fain PALLAS Goddess both of War and Wit:  
Therefore, to Thee, whose Wit so much hath fled  
(In War and Peace) our Princes and our STATE:  
To Thee, whose Vertue hath now Triumphed  
Of Cause-less Enuy, and misgrounded Hate:  
To Thee (Witt's WORTHIE) had it not been wrong,  
Not to haue sounded my War-WORTHIE's Song?

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONO.  
ble, the Earle of Dorset (late) Lord high  
Treasurer of England.

ANAGR. { Sacvillus. Comes Dorsetius.  
Pai iuris. Eito decor Musis.  
Sacris Musis: elo denotus. }

## THE SCHISME.

**N**ot with-out Error, and apparent Wrong  
To Thee, the Muses, and my Self (the most)  
Could I omit, amid this Noble Host  
Of learned Friends to Learning, and our Song,  
To muster Thee; Thee, that hast lov'd so long  
The sacred Sisters, and (sad sweetly-most)  
Thy Selfe hast sung (vnder a fayned Ghost)  
The tragick Falls of our Ambitious Throng.  
Therefore, in honour of Thy younger Art,  
And of the Muses, honour'd by the same,  
And to express my Thankfull thoughts (in part)  
This Tract I sacre unto SACKVILL'S Name,  
No less renown'd for Numbers of Thine Owne  
Than for thy loue to Other's Labours shew'n.

I. S.

Q 3



TO THE RIGHT HONO.  
rable, the Earle of Pembroke.

ANAGR. {William Harbert.  
{my libell arm. }

THE DECAY.

**H**ere be The Title of this tragick page  
From Thee (rare Module of Heroik mindes)  
Whose noble Bountie all the Muses kinde  
To honour Thee; but mine doth most engage:  
And yet, to Thee, and to thy Patronage  
(For present lack of other gratefull signes)  
Needs must I Offer these DECAYED lines  
(Lyned with Horrors of ISAACIAN rage)  
Where-in, to keep decorum with my Theam,  
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd every way)  
My Care-clogd Muse (still carried down the stream)  
In singing Other's, sighes her Own DECAY  
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:  
For, Vines, unpropped, on the ground do crawl.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONO.  
rable the Earle of Essex, Earle  
Marshall of England, &c.

EDEN.

**G**reat Strong-bowe's beir, no self-concept doth canse  
Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:  
But, knowing this, that your renown alone  
(As th' Adamant, and as the Amber drawes:  
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yielding strawes)  
Atters the stubborn, and attracts the prone:  
I haue presum'd (O Honors Paragon!)  
To graue your Name (which all Iberia owes)  
Heer, on the sure-front of this little Pile;  
I inuite the vertuous to a sacred feast,  
And chase-away the vitious and the vile;  
Or stop their lothsom enuious tongues, at least.  
If I haue err'd, let my submission seuse:  
And daign to grace my yet vngaced Muse.

I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT  
Honourable Earle of  
ESSEX, &c.

THE ARK.

**F**rom th' ARK of Hope, still tossed in distresse  
On th' angry Deluge of disastrous plight,  
My silly Dove heer takes her second flight,  
To view (great Lord) thy World of worthines;  
Vouchsafe (rare Plant of perfect Noblenes)  
Som branch of safety, whereon she may light;  
Som Oliue leaf, that may preage me right,  
A safe escape from this wet wilderness.  
So, when the Flood of my deep cares shall fall,  
And I be landed on sweet Comfort's Hill;  
First, my pure thoughts to Heav'n present I shall:  
Then, on thy fauours meditating still,  
My Zealous Muse shall daily strine to frame  
Som fairer Tropheis to thy glorious Name.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONO.  
rable Charles Lord Mount-joy,  
Earle of Deuonshire.

THE IMPOSTVRE.

**H**ough in thy Brook (great Charles) there swim a Swan,  
Whose happy, sweet, immortal tunes can raise  
The vertuous Greatness of thy Noble praise  
To higher notes, than my faint Numbers can;  
Yet, while thy Lucan doth in silence scan  
Vnto himselfe new meditated laies,  
To finish up his sad Pharfallian fraies,  
Lend ear to BARTAS (now our Country-man).  
For, though his English be not yet so good  
(As French-men hardly do our tongue attain)  
He hopeth yet to be well understood;  
The rather, if you (worthy Lord) shall daign  
His bashfulness a little to aduance,  
With the milde fauours of your countenance.

I. S.



TO THE SAME RIGHT  
Honourable the Earle of De-  
vonshire, &c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

**H**er Mome-free Passage, that my Muse hath found  
Under Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,  
Through carping Censures of this curious Age  
(Where high conceited happy wits abound)  
Makes her presume (O Mount-joy, most Renowned!)

To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,  
The noble Passport of thy Tutelage,  
To salve her still from sullen Enuies wound.  
Let thy (true Eagle) Sun-beholding Eyes  
Glance on our Glowe-worme's scarce discerned sparks:  
And while Witt's towering Falcons touch the skies,  
Observe a while our tender-imped Lark.  
Such sparks may flame, and such light Larks may flie  
A higher pitch, than dross-full Vanity.

I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT  
Honourable Earle of De-  
vonshire, &c.

THE COLONIES.

**R**enowned Scipio, though thine Ennius  
Still merit best the best of thy regard:  
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be pre-ferr'd  
To sound the Triumphs thou hast won for vs;  
Yet fith one Pen, how-euer plentiful  
(Were it the Mantuan or Meonian Bard)  
Suffizeth not to Give Fame's full Reward  
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:  
Though Hee, thy Homer be; Thou, his Achilles;  
Both by Each other Happy: Thou (heer-in)  
T'haue such a Trump as his immortal Quill is;  
Hee such a Theam as thy High Vertues bin:  
It shall (Great Worthy) no Dis-Honour be,  
That (English) Bartas hath Sung (thrice) to Thee.

I. S.

TO THE HONORABLE,  
learned, and religious Gentleman,

Sir PETER YOUNG of Seton, Knight,  
Almoner of Scotland, and one of his  
Maiesties Priuy Counsell there.

THE COLUMNS.

**Y**OUNG, Ancient Sernant of our Soueraign Lord,  
Grane Master of thy Maister's minor-yeares;  
Whose Prudence and whose Piety appears  
In his Perfection, which doth thine record:  
Whose loyall Truth, His royall Trusts approve

By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers:  
Whose Duty and Deuotion he endears  
With present fauours of his Princely Loue:  
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,  
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard  
Of these poor Orphanes (pyn'd in Hope-les cold)  
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Loues reward;  
Where-in (so Heav'n prosper what we haue sung)  
Through euery Age thou shalt liue euer YOUNG.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT VERTVOVS  
(fauourer of Vertue, furtherer of Lear-

ning) Sir THOMAS SMITH (of London) Knight,  
(late) Lord Embassadour for his Maiesty, to  
the Emperour of RUSIA.

IONAS.

**T**o thee, long tost in a fell Storm of State;  
Cast out, and swallowed in a Gulfe of Death,  
On false suspect of thine vnspotted Faith,  
And flying from thy (Heav'n-giuen) Charge of late:  
For much resemblance of thy troublous Fate  
(Much like in Case to that he suffereth,  
Though (in effect) thy Cause far differeth)  
Send my IONAS; to congratulate  
Thy (happy) Rescue, and thy holy Triall:  
Where-by (as Fire doth purifie the Gold)  
Thy Loyaltie is more notorious Loyall,  
And worthy th' Honours which thou now dost hold.  
Thus, Vertue's Palms, oppress'd, mount the more:  
And Spices, bruz'd, smell sweeter than before.

I. S.



TO THE MOST HONO.  
rable, learned, and religious Gent.  
Mr. Anthony Bacon.

THE FVRIES.

**B**OUND by thy Bounty, and mine own Desire,  
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal  
To Thee, whose fauour did the first repeal  
My proto-BARTAS from Self-doomed Fire:  
Hauing new tuned to du BARTAS Lyre,  
These tragick murmurs of his FVRIES fell,  
Which (with the Horrors of an Earthly Hell)  
The Sin-curr'd life of wretched Mortals tire:  
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?  
Sith by the Breath of Thine incouragement,  
My sacred-fury thou didst first inflame  
To prosecute This sacred Argument.  
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe  
Of Thankfull Loue, from Him, whose all is Thine.

I. S.

TO THE SAME MOST  
Honourable Gentleman, Master  
Anthony Bacon.

BABYLON.

**B**y friendly censure of my first ESSAIE  
(Du BARTAS FVRIES, and his BABYLON)  
My saint Endeouours hath so cheared on,  
That both His WEEKS are also Ours, to-day.  
Thy gracious hand, repriming from decay  
My fame-les Name doom'd to oblivion,  
Hath so stirr'd-up my Soule's deuotion,  
That in my Songs thy Name shall live for ay.  
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte  
(Patron and Patron of all vertuous drifts)  
Doth heere againe my gratefull Muse inuite  
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts:  
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to Thy desert:  
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

I. S.



A D A M.  
THE FIRST DAY  
OF  
THE SECOND WEEK;

Containing

- |                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| I. EDEN,              | } |
| II. The IMPOSTVRE,    |   |
| III. The FVRIES,      |   |
| IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS. |   |



Acceptam refero.





## EDEN.



## EDEN.

# THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Our Poet, first, doth Gods assistance seek:  
The Scope and Subject of his Second Week.  
Adam in Eden: Edens beauties rare;  
A reall Place, not now discerned where:  
The Tree of Life; and Knowledge-Tree withall:  
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:  
His exercise, and excellent Delights,  
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:  
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sins effect; whereby  
Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.*

**G**reat God, which hast this World's Birth made me see,  
Unfold his Cradle, shew his Infancy:  
Walke thou, my Spirit, through all the flowing alleys  
Of that sweet Garden, where through winding valleys  
Foure lively floods crauld: tell me what mis-deed  
Banisht both Edens, Adam and his seed:  
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought-vs  
The Balm from heav'n which hoped health hath wrought-vs:  
Grant me the story of thy Church to sing,  
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring  
From thy first Sabbath to his fatall toomb,  
My stile extending to the Day of Doome.  
Lord, I acknowledge and confesse, before,  
This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shore;  
But (Sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer  
My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wished Peer;

R

Where

*Invocation of  
the true God, for  
assistance in De-  
scriptions of the  
Infancy & first  
estate of the  
World.*



The Transla-  
tor, considering  
his own weak-  
ness and insuf-  
ficiency for a  
Work so rare  
& excellent, as  
all the World  
hath worthily  
admired, cra-  
veth also the  
assistance of  
the Highest,  
that (at least)  
his endeavour  
may both stir-  
up some able  
Spirit to un-  
dertake this  
Task; & also  
procure all o-  
ther good  
Wits to take in  
hand some ho-  
ly Argument:  
and with all,  
that Himself  
may be for e-  
ver sincerely  
affected, and  
(as it were)  
thoroughly sea-  
son'd with the  
sweet reliſh of  
these sacred &  
religious dis-  
courses.

Smile.

Smile.

Narration.  
God, having  
created & esta-  
blish'd Man  
Lord of the cre-  
atures, introduceth  
him into the fair  
Garden of Eden

Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet I will  
Extoll thy favours, and my vows fulfill.

And gracious Guide, which doost all grace infuse,  
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse  
With these high Theames that through mine Art-lesſ Pen

This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:

Ah, teach my hand, touch mine unlearn'd lips;

Lest, as the Earths grosse body doth Eclipse

Bright Cynthia's beames, when it is interpos'd

'Twixt her and Phoebus: so mine ill-dispos'd,

Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rays

Of this divine Sun of these learned dayes.

O! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,

That I by this may wain our wanton I L E

From Ovids heirs, and their un-hallowed spell

Heer charming senses, charming soules in Hell.

Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre

Their wondrous gifts to honour thee, their Maker:

That our mysterious E L F I N E Oracle,

Deep, morall, grave, inventions miracle;

My deer sweet DANIEL, sharp conceited, brief,

Cinill, sententious, for pure accents chief:

And our new NASO that so passionately

Th' herrike sighes of love-sick Potentates:

May change their subject, and advance their wings

Up to these higher and more holy things.

And if (sufficient rich in self-invention)

They scorn (as I) to line of Strangers Pension,

Let them devise new Weeks, new works, new wayes

To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.

And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead

Which to some Cutie from some Conduit-head

Brings holſom water; yet (self-wanting sense)

It self receives no drop of comfort thence:

But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But

Wherein the tears of death-preſt Grapes are put,

Retains (long after all the wine is spent)

Within it selfe the liquors lively sent:

Let me still saour of these sacred sweets

Till Death sold up mine earth in earthen sheets;

Lest, my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory

To BAYERS heirs, blush at mine elder Story.

G O D (supreme Lord) committed not alone

T' our Father Adam, this interior Throne;

Ranging beneath his rule the scaly Nation

That in the Ocean have their habitation:

Those that in horror of the Desarts lurk:

And those that capering in the Welkin work;

But

But also chose him for a happy Seat

A climate temperate both for cold and heat,

Which dainty Flora paveth sumptuously

With flowry V E R 's inameld rapistry;

Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excels;

And Zephyr fills with Musk and Amber smells:

Where God himself (as Gardner) treads the allies,

With Trees and Corn covers the hills and vallies,

Summons sweet sleep with noyse of hundred Brooks,

And Sun-proof Arbours makes in sundry nooks:

He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round

Th' ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground;

Heer-there the course of th' holy Lakes he leads,

With thousand Dies hee motleys all the meades.

Ye Pagan Poets that audaciously

Have sought to dark the ever Memory

Of Gods great works; from henceforth still be dum

Your fabled prayſes of Elysium,

Which by this goodly module you have wrought,

Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught:

For, the Almighty made his blisfull Bowrs

Better indeed, then you have fained yours.

For, should I say that still, with smiling face,

Th' all-clasping Heav'ns beheld this happy place;

That honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain;

That fostring milk flow'd up and down the Plain;

That sweet as Roses smelt th' ill-favory Rew:

That in all foys, all seasons, all things grew:

That still there dangled on the self-same treen

A thousand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green:

That egest fruits, and bitterest hearbs did mock

Madera Sugars, and the Apricock;

Yeelding more holſom food then all the messes,

That now taste-curious, wanton Plenty dresses,

Disguising (in a thousand costly dishes)

The various store of dainty Fowls and Fishes,

Which far and neer wee seek by Land and Seas,

More to provoke then hunger to appease;

Or should I say, each morning, on the ground

Not common dew, but Manna did abound:

That never gutter-gorging dirty muds

Defil'd the cryſtall of smooth-sliding floods,

Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink

That now in Candia decks Cerathus brink:

That shady Groves of noble Palm-tree sprays,

Of amorous Myrtles, and immortal Bays

Never un-leav'd; but evermore, their new

Self-arching arms in thousand Arbours grew:

R 2

Where

The Elyſian  
Fields of the  
Heaven Poets  
are but Dreams

A Large De-  
scription of the  
rich beauties of  
the Garden of  
Eden or earth-  
ly Paradise.

Excellent ſtate  
of the Earth, &  
eſpecially of E-  
den before A-  
dam's fall.



Where thousand sorts of birds, both night and day,  
Did bill and woo, and hop about, and play;  
And, marrying their sweet tunes to th' Angels layes,  
Sung *Adams* blifs and their great Makers prayse.  
For then, the Crowes, night-Rav'ns, and Howlets noise  
Was like the Nightingals sweet-tuned voyce;  
And Nightingals sung like divine *Arion*,  
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.

Th' Aire's daughter *Eccho*, haunting woods among,  
A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,  
Whoever asks, but onely answers all,  
Who lets not any her in vain to call;  
She bore her part; and full of curious skill,  
They ceasing sung, they singing ceased still:  
There Musick reign'd, and ever on the Plain,  
A sweet sound rais'd the dead-lie voyce again.

*All this scene  
disturbs from  
Eden before Sin*

If there I say the Sun (the Seasons stinter)  
Made no hot Sommer, nor no hoary Winter,  
But lovely *V E R* kept still in linely lustre  
The fragrant Valleys smiling Meads, and Pasture:  
That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrink  
For Northren windes, nor for the Southren wink:  
But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,  
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,  
Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field,  
That verdure flows, those flows sweet favor yeeld:  
That Day did gladly lend his sister, Night,  
For half her moisture, half his shining Light:  
That never hail did Harvest preiudice,  
That never frost, nor snowe, nor slippery ice  
The fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy showr  
Dismounted Mountains, nor no violent showr  
Poverisht the Land, which frankly did produce  
All fruitfull vapours for delight and vse:  
I think I ly not, rather I confesse

*Edens principal  
and most excel-  
lent beauty.*

My stammering Muses poore vnlearnedness.  
If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,  
Say 't was the type of th' vpper Paradise;  
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse  
With God himself, with Angels intercourse.  
Yet (over-curious) question not the site,  
Where God did plant this Garden of delight:  
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,  
Or on a Mountain neer *Latom's* shine,  
Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East.  
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)  
That, that rare, plentiful, pleasant, happy thing  
Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-fire King,

*Of the place  
where the Gar-  
den of Eden  
was situate.*

Was a choyce soil, through which did rowling slide  
Swift *Ghion*, *Pishon*, and rich *Tigris* tyde,  
And that fair stream whose silver waues do kiss  
The Monarch Towrs of proud *Semiramis*.

Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)  
Thou finde no place that answers now in worth  
This beautilous place, nor Country that can showe  
Where now-adayes, those noted fouds do flowe:  
Include not all within this Close confin'd,  
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth binde.  
A certaine place it was (now sought in vain)  
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again,  
Our Elders were: whereof the thunder-darter  
Made a bright Sword the gate, an Angel Porter.

Nor think that *Moses* paints, fantastik-wise,  
A myllike tale of fained Paradise:

'T was a true Garden, happy Plenties horn,  
And seat of graces) least thou make (forlorn)  
An Ideall *Adams* food fantastickall,  
His sinne suppos'd, his pain Poeticall:  
Such Allegories serue for shelter fit  
To curious Idiots of erroneous wit;  
And chiefly then, when reading Histories,  
Seeking the spirit, they do the body leese.

But if thou list to ghesse by likelyhood,  
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood  
Spar'd not this beautilous place, which formost saw  
The first foul breach of Gods eternall law:  
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,  
And of the sweetest flows the spirits dull'd,  
Spoild the fair Gardens, made the far fields lean,  
And chang'd (perchance) the rivers chanell clean:  
And thinke, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth play  
In humane causes with inconstant sway,  
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)  
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fordes.  
For, as through sin we lost that place, I feare  
(Forgetfull) we have lost the knowledge where  
'T was situate, and of the sugred dainties  
Wherewith God fed vs in those sacred plenties.

Now of the Trees wherewith th' immortall Powr  
Adorn'd the quarters of that blisfull Bowr,  
All serv'd the mouth, save two sustain'd the minde:  
All serv'd for food, save two for seals assign'd.

God gaue the first, for honourable stile,  
The tree of Life: true name; (alas the while!)  
Not for th' effect it had, but should haue kept,  
If Man from duty never had mis-stept.

*It was a certain  
materiall Place,  
howe soever now  
a-dayes, we can  
exactly observe  
neither the  
Circle, nor ex-  
tent of it.*

*It was no alle-  
goricall nor my-  
sticall Garden.*

*It was defaced  
by the generall  
Flood.*

*Why the Situa-  
tion of the Gar-  
den of Eden is  
now hard to  
finde.*

*Of the two Trees  
serv'd for Sa-  
crament to  
Adam.*

*Wherof the Tree  
of Life was a  
Sacrament.*



For, as the ayr of those fresh dales and hills  
Preserved him from *Epidemick* ills,  
This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,  
All civill quarrels of the crosse complexions;  
Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,  
And ever-more excluded all the rage  
Of painfull griefes, whose swift-slowe posting-pase  
At first or last our dying life do h chase.

The excellency  
of this Tree.

Strong counter-bane! O sacred Plant divine!  
What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flower, root, or rhyne,  
Shall I presume in these rude rymes to fate  
Vnto thy wondrous Would-adorn'd Fruit?  
The rarest Simples that our fields present-vs  
Heale but one hurt, and healing too torment-vs:  
And with the torment, lingring our reliefe,  
Our bags of Gold void, yer our bulks of griefe.  
But thy rare fruits hid powr admired most,  
Salveth all sores, *Jans* pain, delay, or cost:  
Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,  
Thou didst not cure, but keep all ills away.

We cannot say  
what Tree it  
was.

O holy, peer-less, rich preservative!  
Whether wert thou the strange restorative  
That suddenly did age with youth repair,  
And made old *Esau* younger then his heir?  
Or holy *Nectar*, that in heav'nly bowrs,  
Eternally self-pouring *Hebe* pours?  
Or blest *Ambrosia* (Gods immortall fare)?  
Or else the rich fruit of the Garden rare,  
Where, for three Ladies (as assured guard)  
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?  
Or precious *Moly*, which *Ioues* Pursuivant  
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?  
Or else *Nepenthe*, enemy to sadness,  
Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladness?  
Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels  
Saue men and Angels every creature els)?  
No, none of these: these are but forgeries,  
But toys, but tales, but dreams, deceits, and lies.  
But thou art true, although our shallow sense  
May honour more, then sound thine Excellence.

Of the Tree of  
Knowledge of  
Good & Evil.

The Tree of Knowledge, th' other Tree beight:  
Not that it selfly had such speciall might,  
As mens dils wits could whet and sharpen so  
That in a moment they might all things knowe.  
'Twas a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;  
Which, being ta'n, should to light man reveal  
What ods there is between still peace, and strife;  
Gods wrath, and loue; drad death, and dearest life;

Solace

Solace, and sorrow; guile, and innocence;  
Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.

For, God had not depriv'd that primer season  
The sacred lamp and light of learned Reason:  
Mankinde was then a thousand fould more wise  
Then now: blinde Error had not beard his eyes,  
With mists which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose  
That nought he knowes *saue this, that nought he knowes*.  
That even light *Pirrhons* wavering fantasies  
Reave him the skill his vn-skill to agnize.  
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,  
As deep as dark, the Truth of things immature.

Of the excellency  
of man's know-  
ledge before Sin.

He (happy) knew the Good, by th' vse of it:  
He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:  
But as they say of great *Hippocrates*,  
Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no excess,  
Nor stopt his throat, nor vext his fantasie)  
Knew the cold Cramp, th' Angine and Lunacy,  
And hundred elf-pains, whence in lusty flowr  
He liv'd exempt a hundred yeers and foure.  
Or like the pure Heav'n-prompted Prophets rather,  
Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,  
Because the World's Soule in their soule enfeal'd  
The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.

How he knew  
good and evil  
before Sin.

But our now-knowledge hath, for tedious train,  
A drooping life, and over-racked brain,  
A face forlorn, a sad and sullen fashion,  
A rest-less toyl, and Cares self-pining passion.  
Knowledge was then even the soules soule for light,  
The spirits calm Port, and Lanthorn shining bright  
To straight-stept feet: cleer knowledge; not confus'd:  
Not fowr, but sweet: not gotten, but infus'd.

Of man's know-  
ledge since his  
Fall.

Now Heav'ns eternall all-fore-seeing King,  
Who never rashly ordereth any thing,  
Thought good, that man (having yet spirits sound-stated)  
Should dwell elf-where, then where he was created;  
That he might knowe, he did not hold this place  
By Natures right, but by meer gift and Grace;  
That he should never taste fruits vn-permitted,  
But keep the sacred Pledge to him committed,  
And dress that Park, which, God without all team,  
On these conditions gaue him, as in farm.

Why the Lord  
put man in the  
Garden of Eden.

God would, that (void of painfull labour) he  
Should live in *Eden*; but not idly:  
For, Idleness pure Innocence subverts,  
Defiles our body, and our soule perverts:  
Yea, sobrest men it makes delicious,  
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.

Of his excessive  
idleness.

But



But that first trauell had no sympathy  
With our since-tranails wretched cruelty,  
Distilling sweat, and panting, wanting winde,  
Which was a scourge for *Adams* sin assign'd.

4. Comparisons.

For, *Edens* earth was then so fertile fat,  
That he made onely sweet Essayes, in that,  
Of skilfull industry, and naked wrought  
More for delight, then for the gain he sought.

1

In briefe, it was a pleasant exercise,  
A labour likt, a paine much like the guise  
Of cunning dauncers; who, although they skip,  
Run, caper, vault, trauesse, and turn, and trip,  
From Morn till Even, at night again full merry,  
Renew their dance, of dancing never weary.

2

Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck  
Rousing betimes som often breathed Buck,  
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds vn couple,  
Winde lowd their horns, their whoops and halloos double,  
Spur-on and spare not, following their desire,  
Themselves vn-weary, though their Hackneys tyre.

But, for th' end of all their iolity,  
There's found much stiffness, sweat and vanity.

3

I rather match it to the pleasing pain  
Of Angels pure, who ever floath disdain:

4

Or to the Suns calm course, who pain-les ay  
About the welkin posteth night and day.

Adam admires  
the beauties of  
the World in  
generall.

Doubtless, when *Adam* saw our common aire,  
He did admire the mansion rich and faire  
Of his Successors. For, frosts keenly cold  
The shady locks of Forrests had not pow'd:  
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,  
Nor given the Earth her sad Diuorces Wit.

But most especi-  
ally of the Gar-  
den of Eden.

But when he once had entred Paradise,  
The remnant world he rustly did despise:  
[Much like a Boor far in the Countrey born,  
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,  
Oxen, and Sheep and homely Hamlets thatcht  
(Which, fond, he counts as kingdomes; hardly matcht)

In this remark-  
ing, the Author  
seemeth to deno-  
tate the  
famous City of  
Paris; but I  
have observed  
that in 1618  
the City of  
London, which  
was to be more  
famous than  
Paris, was  
not yet  
founded.

When afterward he happens to behold  
Our wealthy London's wonders manifold,  
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be  
In a new World; and gazing greedily,  
One while he Art-les, all the Arts admires,  
Then the Fair Temples, and their top-les spires,  
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride  
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:  
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,  
Tongues, gestic, attires, the fashions and the faces,

Of busie-buzzing swarms, which still he meets  
Ebbing and flowing ouer all the streets;  
Then at the stoncs, the shops, the waights, the measures,  
The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures.  
But of all sights, none seems him yet more strange  
Then the rare, beautilus, stately, rich Exchange.  
Another while he maruaills at the Thames,  
Which seems to bear huge mountains on her streams:  
Then at the fair-built Bridge; which he doth iudge  
More like a tradefull Citie then a Bridge;  
And glancing thence a-long the Northren shore,  
That princely prospect doth amaze him more.]

For in that Garden man delighted so,  
That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no;  
If he beheld a true thing or a fable;  
Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more then admirable.  
For such excess his extasie was small:  
Nor having spirit enough to muse withall,  
He wist him hundred-fold redoubled senses,  
The more to taste so rare sweet excellences;  
Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eyes,  
Smelt, hard, or saw, more sauiours, sounds, or Dies.

But, *Adams* best and supream delectation,  
Was th' often haunt and holy conversation  
His soule and body had so many wayes  
With God, who lightned *Eden* with his Rays.  
For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd,  
Twixt God and man retain a middle kinde:  
And (Vmpires) mortall to th' immortall ioyned;  
And th' infinite in narrow clay confine.

Som-times by you, O you all-fairing Dreams,  
We gain this good; but not when *Bacchus* streames  
And glutton vapours over-flowe the Brain,  
And drown our spirits, pretenting fancies vain:  
Nor when pale *Phlegm*, or Saffron coloured *Choler*,  
In feeble stomachs belch their diuers dolor,  
And print vpon our Vnderstandings Tables:  
That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefall tables:  
Nor when the Spirit of lies, our spirits deceiues,  
And guilefull visions in our fancy leaues:  
Nor when the pencill of Cares over-deep  
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.  
But when no more the soules chiefe faculties,  
Are spent to serue the bodie many waies,  
When all self-vned, free from days disturber,  
Through such sweet Transe, she findes a quiet harbour;  
Where som in riddles, som more plain exprest,  
She sees things future, in th' almighties brest.

And

Happiest of the  
first Man before  
his fall.

Of the visions of  
the spirit.



*Of the certainty  
of the vision of  
the spirit, the  
body being  
rest.*

And yet far higher is this holy Fit,  
When (not from flesh, but from flesh cares, acquit)  
The wakefull soule it selfe assembling so,  
All selfy dies; while that the body though  
Lives motion-less: for, sanctified wholly,  
It takes th' impression of Gods Signet solely;  
And in his sacred Crytall Map, doth see  
Heav'ns Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:  
Made more then spirit, Now, Morrow, Yesterday,  
To it, all one, are all as present ay.  
And though it seem not (when the dream's expir'd)  
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd  
Of rarest men, and shines among them bright  
Like glittering Stars, through gloomy shades of night.

*Of divine & ex-  
traordinary vi-  
sions and Re-  
velations.*

But above all, that's the divinest Transe,  
When the soules eye beholdes Gods countenance;  
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,  
And in our face his drad-sweet face he seales.  
As when S. Paul on his deer Masters wings,  
Was rapt alive vp to th' eternall things:  
And he that whilom for the chosen flock,  
Made wals of waters, waters of a rock.

*Of the excellen-  
cy of such vision  
& Revelations.*

O sacred flight! sweet rape! loves soverain bliss!  
Which very loves deer lips doft make vs kifs:  
Hymen, of Manna, and of Mel compact,  
Which for a time doft Heav'n with Earth contract:  
Fite, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts divine  
Dooft purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:  
And mounting vs to Heav'n, vn-moving hence,  
Man (in a trice) in God dooft quintessence:  
O! mad'st thou man divine in habitude,  
As for a space; O sweetest solitude,  
Thy bliss were equall with that happy Rest  
Which after death shall make vs ever-blest.

*What manner of  
vision the first  
Man had in  
Eden.*

Now, I beleue that in this later guise  
Man did converse in Pleasant Paradise  
With Heav'ns great Architect, and (happy) there  
His body saw, (or bodie as it were)  
Gloriously compact with the blessed Legions  
That raig about the azure-spangled Regions.

*Man is put in  
possession of E-  
den, under a  
condition.*

A D A M, quoth He, the beauties manyfold  
That in this Eden thou doest heer behold,  
Are all thine, onely: enter (sacred Race)  
Come, take possession of this wealthy place,  
The Earth's sole glory: take (deer Son) to thee,  
This Farm's demains, leaue the Chief right to me;  
And th' only Rent that of it I referue, is  
One Trees fair fruit, to shew thy sute and service:

Bethou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,  
I'll not exact hard fines (as men shall woont).  
For signe of Homage, and for seal of Faith,  
Of all the profits this Possession hath,  
I onely aske one Tree; whose fruit I will  
For Sacrament shall stand of Good and Ill.  
Take all the rest, I bid thee: but I vow  
By th' vn-nam'd name, where-to all knees doo bow,  
And by the keen Darts of my kindled ire  
(More fiercely burning then consuming fire)  
That of the Fruit of Knowledge if thou feed,  
Death, dreadfull Death shall plague Thee and thy Seed.  
If then, the happy state thou hold'st of me,  
My holy mildness, nor high Maiesty,  
If faith nor Honour curb thy bold ambition,  
Yet weigh thy self, and thy owne Seeds condition.

Most mighty Lord (quoth Adam) heer I tender  
All thanks I can, not all I should thee render  
For all thy liberall fauours, far surmounting  
My hearts conceit, much more my tongues recounting.  
At thy command, I would with boystrous shock  
Go run my selfe against the hardest rock:  
Or cast me headlong from som Mountain steep,  
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:  
Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life  
Of my deer Phoenix, sister-daughter-wife:  
Obeying thee, I finde the things impossible,  
Cruell, and painfull; pleasant, kinde, and possible.

But since thy first Law doth more grace afford  
Vnto the Subiect, then the soverain Lord:  
Since (bountious Prince) on me and my Descend,  
Thou doost impose no other tax, nor Rent,  
But one sole Precept, of most iust condition  
(No Precept neither, but a Prohibition);  
And since (good God) of all the fruits in E D E N  
Ther's but one Apple that I am forbidden,  
Even only that which bitter Death doth threat,  
(Better, perhaps, to look on then to eat)  
I honour in my soule, and humbly kifs  
Thy iust Edict (as Author of my bliss):  
Which, once transgress, deserves the rigor rather  
Of sharpest Iudge, then mildness of a Father.

The Firmament shall retrograde his course,  
Swift Euphrates goe hide him in his source,  
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep  
Eagles shall diue; Whales in the ayr shall keep,  
Yer I presume, with fingers ends to touch  
(Much less with lips) the Fruit forbod so much.

*Before Sin, Man  
was as humble  
and zealous  
servant of God.*

Thus



Decription of  
the treasures of  
the Garden of  
Eden.

The Orchard.

The Brooks.

The Bridges.

The Alleys, Beds  
and Borders.

The Caves.

The pleasant  
murmur of the  
waters.

Thus, yet in league with Heav'n and Earth, he lives;  
Enjoying all the Goods th' Almighty giues:  
And, yet not treading Sins false mazy measures,  
Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures.

Heer, vnderneath a fragrant Hedge repofes,  
Full of all kindes of sweet all-coloured Roses,  
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dress  
In true-loue-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.

Anon he walketh in a leuell lane  
On either side beset with shady Plane,  
Whose arched boughs, for *Frixe* and *Cornich* bear  
Thick Groves, to shield from future change of air:  
Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise,  
With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;  
Whose leauy twigs, that intricately tangle,  
Seem painted wals whereon true fruits do dangle.

Now in a plentious Orchard planted rare  
With vn-graft trees, in checker, round and square:  
Whose goodly fruits so on his will doe wait,  
That plucking one, another's ready straight:  
And having tasted all (with due satiety)  
Finds all one goodness, but in taste variety.

Anon he stalketh with an easie stride,  
By some cleer River's lilly-paved side,  
Whose sand's pure gold, whose pebbles pretious Gemms,  
And liquid silver all the curling streams:

Whose chiding murmur, mazing in and out,  
With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about:  
And th' art-les Bridges, over-thwart this Torrent,  
Are rocks self-arched by the eating current:  
Or loving *Palms*, whose lusty Femals willing  
Their marrow-boyling loues to be fulfilling,  
(And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks)  
Bow their stiff backs, and serue for passing-planks.

Then in a goodly Garden's alleys smooth  
Where prodig Nature sets abroad her booth  
Of richest beauties, where each bed and border  
Is like pide posies diuers dies and order.

Now, far from noise, he creepeth covertly  
Into a Cave of kindly *Porphyry*,  
Which, rock-fall'n spowts, congeald by colder air,  
Seem with smooth anticks to haue seeled fair:  
There laid at ease, a cubit from the ground,  
Vpon a Iaspir fring'd with yvie round,  
Purled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie Beves,  
Hee falls asleep fast by a silent River;  
Whose captiue streams, through crooked pipes still rushing,  
Make sweeter Musick with their gentle gushing,

Then now at *Tiuoli*, th' *Hydrantick* Braul  
Of rich *Ferrara*'s stately Cardinall:  
Or *Ctesibius* rare engins, framed there  
Whereas they made of *Ibis*, *Jupiter*.

Musing, anon through crooked Walks he wanders,  
Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders,  
False-guiding paths, doubtfull beguiling strays,  
And right-wrong errors of an end-les Maze:  
Not simply hedged with a single border  
Of *Rosmary*, cut-out with curious order,  
In *Sauys*, *Centaurs*, *Whales*, and *half-men-Horses*,  
And thousand other counterfaieted corfes;  
But with true Beasts, fast in the ground still sticking,  
Feeding on grasse, and th' airy moisture licking:  
Such as those *Bonarets*, in *Scythia* bred  
Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed;  
Although their bodies, noses, mouthes and eys,  
Of new-yeand Lambs haue full the form and guise;  
And should be very Lambs, saue that (for foot)  
Within the ground they fix a liuing root,  
Which at their nauell growes, and dies that day  
That they haue brouz'd the neighbour-grasse away.

O wondrous vertue of God onely good!  
The Beast hath root, the Plant hath flesh and blood:  
The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro;  
The nummed Beast can neither stir nor go:  
The Plant is leaf-les, branch-les, void of fruit;  
The Beast is lust-les, sex-les, fire-les, mute:  
The Plant with Plants his hungry panch doth feed;  
Th' admired Beast is sowed a slender seed.

Then vp and down a Forrest thick he paseth;  
Which, selfly op'ning in his presence, baseth  
Her trembling tresses never-vading spring,  
For humble homage to her mighty King:  
Where thousand Trees, waving with gentle puffs  
Their plummy tops, sweep the celestiall roofs:  
Yet envying all the massie *Cerberus* fame,  
Sixty fift pases can but clasp the same.

There springs the Shrub three foot above the grasse,  
Which fears the keen edge of the *Custelace*,  
Whereof the rich *Egyptian* so endears  
Root, bark and fruit, and much much more the tears.

There liues the *Sea-Oak* in a little shel;  
There growes vntill'd the ruddy *Cocheneil*:  
And there the *Chermez*, which on each side Arms  
With pointed prickles all his precious arms;  
Rich Trees, and fruitfull in those Worms of Price,  
Which pressed, yeeld a *crimson*-coloured ioyce,

S

When ce

The Maze.

The wondrous full  
Plants.

The Enamels.

The Trees of the  
Garden of Eden.

The Cerberus.

The Oaks.

The Sea-Oak.  
The Cocheneil.  
The Chermez.



The admirable  
Meli.

Whence thousand Lambs are died so deep in grain,  
That their own Mothers knowe them not again.

There mounts the *Meli*, which serues in *Mexico*  
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to sowe)  
Brick, hony, sugar, sucket, balm and wine,  
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord and line:  
His wood for fire, his harder leaues are fit  
For thousand vses of inventiue wit.

Sometimes thereon they graue their holy things,  
Laws, lauds of Idols, and the gests of Kings:  
Sometimes, conioyned by a cunning hand,  
Vpon their roofs for rowes of tile they stand:  
Sometimes they twine them into equall threeds;  
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:  
His vpper sap the sting of Serpents cures:  
His new-sprung bud a rare Conserue indures:  
His burned stalks, with strong fumosities  
Of pearcing vapours, purge the *French* disease:  
And they extract, from liquor of his feet,  
Sharp vinegar, pure hony, sugar sweet.

The shamefaced.

There quakes the Plant, which in *Pudefetan*  
Is call'd the *Sham-fac't*: for, asham'd of man,  
If towards it one doo approach too much,  
It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch;  
As if it had a soule, a sense, a sight,  
Subiect to shame, fear, sorrow and despight.

A Tree whose  
leaves transform  
to fowls and fish.

And there, that Tree from off whose trembling top  
Both swimming shoals, and flying troops doo drop:  
I mean the Tree now in *Inturna* growing,  
Whose leaues, disperst by *Zephyr's* wanion blowing,  
Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter;  
On land to Fowls, to Fishes in the water.

A modest cor-  
rection of our  
Poet unwilling  
to make iuriber  
in curious search  
of hidden secrets

But, see'st thou not (dear *Muse*) thou read'st the same  
Too-curious path thou dost in others blame?  
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,  
The which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,  
Can once conceiue, less pourtray, least expresse,  
All over-whelm'd in gulfs so bottomless.  
Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth  
Our grounds to *EDEN*, fondly measureth  
By painted Butter-flies th' imperiall Eagle;  
And th' Elephant by every little Beagle.

Or to wander  
unprofitably in  
nice Questions,  
concerning the  
Garden of Eden  
and mans abode  
there.

This fear to fail, shall serue me for a bridle,  
Lest (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle,  
And over-bould, Gods Cabinet I clime,  
To seek the place, and search the very time  
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en  
Out of our Earth, into that fruitfull Plain:

How long they had that Garden in possession,  
Before their proud and insolent Transgression:  
What Children there they earned, and how many,  
Of whether sex: or, whether none or any:  
Or how (at least) they should haue propagated,  
If the sly malice of the serpent hated,  
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,  
And vnborn seed, with leprosie of Sin.

If void of *Venus*; sith vnlike it is,  
Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss  
Of Virgin-head; or, folk so perfect chaste  
Should furious feel, when they their loues imbrac't,  
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise  
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lies)  
And slack our sinews all, by little and little  
Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.

Or whether else as men ingender now,  
Sith spouse-bed spot-les laws of God allow,  
If no excess command: sith else again  
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.

Whether their Infants should haue had the powr  
We now perceiue in fresh youths lusty flowr,  
As nimble feet, limbs strong and vigorous,  
Industrious hands, and hearts courageous;  
Sith before Sin, Man ought not less appear  
In Natures gifts, then his then-seruants were:  
And lo the Partridge, which new-hatched bears  
On her weak back her parent-house, and wears  
(In stead of wings) a bever-supple Down,  
Follows her dam through furrows vp and down.

Or else as now; sith in the womb of *Eue*  
A man of thirty yeers could never liue:  
Nor may we iudge 'gainst Natures course apparant,  
Without the sacred Scriptures speciall warrant:  
Which for our good (as Heav'ns dear babe) hath right  
To countermaund our reason and our sight.

Whether their seed should with their birth haue brought  
Deep Knowledge, Reason, Vnderstanding-thought;  
Sith now we see the new-fall'n feeble Lamb  
Yet stain'd with bloud of his distressed Dam,  
Knowes well the Wolf, at whose fell sight he shakes,  
And right the tear of th' vnknowne Ewe he takes:  
And sith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,  
Is a dead image, and no living man.

Or the thick vail of ignorance's night  
Had hooded-up their issues inward sight;  
Sith the much moisture of an Infant brain  
Receives so many shapes, that over-lain



New dash the old; and the trim commixation  
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,  
Makes th' vnderstanding hull, which settle would,  
And findes no firm ground for his Anchors hould.

Whether old A D A M should haue left the place  
Vnto his Sons; they, to their after-race:  
Or whether all together at the last  
Should gloriously from thence to Heav'n haue past;  
Search whoso list: who list let vaunt in pride  
T' haue hit the White, and let him (sage) decide  
The many other doubts that vainly rise.  
For mine own part I will not seem so wise:  
I will not waste my trauell and my seed  
To reap an empty straw, or fruit-less reed.

Alas! we knowe what *Orion* of grief  
Rain'd on the curst head of the creatures *Chief*,  
After that God against him war proclaim'd,  
And Satan princedom of the earth had claim'd.  
But none can knowe precisely, how at all  
Our Elders liv'd before their odious Fall:  
An vnknowne Cifer, and deep Pit it is,  
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would miss:  
Sith *Adam's* self, if now he liv'd anew,  
Could scant vnwinde the knotty snarled clew  
Of double doubts and questions intricate  
That Schools dispute about this pristin state.

But this sole point I rest resolved in,  
That, seeing Death's the meer effect of sin,  
Man had not dreaded Death's all-slaying might,  
Had he still stood in Innocence vpright.

For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,  
By litte and little make cold coals to burn,  
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat  
An iron bar; which, on the Anvill beat,  
Seems no more iron, but flies almost all  
In hissing sparks, and quick bright cinders small:  
So, the World's Soule should in our soule inspire  
Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,  
And then our soule (as form) breathe in our corse  
Her count-less numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,  
Wherewith our bodies beauty beautifi'd,  
Should (like our death-less soule) haue never di'd.

Heer (wor I well) som wranglers will presume  
To say, Small fire will by degrees consume  
Our humor radical: and, how-be-it  
The differing vertues of those fruits, as yet  
Had no agreement with the harmful spight  
Of the fell Persian dangerous *Aconite*;

The decision of  
such Questions  
is a huge illence.

So makes us  
perceive more  
then sufficiently  
what happens  
our Grand-father  
and what  
misery he was by  
his shameful  
Fall.

But for his, man  
had not been  
subject to death.

Smile.

One of the  
great the estate  
of man, who had  
not been subject  
to death but for  
sin.

And notwithstanding that then A D A M's taste  
Could well haue vfed all, wit hout all waste,  
Yet could they not restore hi m every day  
Vnto his body that which did decay;  
Because the food cannot (as be ing strange)  
So perfectly in humane substance change:  
For, it resembleth Wine, wherein too rise  
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleasant life  
Is over-cool'd; and so there rests, in fine,  
Nought of the strength, fauour, or taste of Wine.  
Besides, in time the naturall faculties  
Are yr'd with toil; and th' Humour-enemies,  
Our death conspiring, vndermine, at last,  
Of our Soules prisons the foundations fast.

I, but the Tree of life the strife did stay  
Which th' Humours caused in this house of clay;  
And stopping th' evill, changed (perfect good)  
In body fed, the body of the food:  
Onely the Soules contagious malady  
Had force to frustrate this high remedy.

Immortall then, and mortall, Man was made;  
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:  
For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,  
To dy or liue, was in his power and will:  
But since his Sin, and proud Apostasie,  
Ah! dy he may, but not (alas!) not dy;  
As after his new-birth, he shall attain  
Onely a powr to never-dy again.

Smile.

Answer to these  
obscure.

Conclusion.

FINIS.

S 3

THE







## THE IMPOSTURE.

THE II. PART OF  
THE FIRST DAY OF  
THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Justice and Mercy modul'd in their kinde:  
Satan's proud Hate, and Envy to Mankind:  
His many Engins, and malicious Wiles,  
Whereby the best he many-times beguiles:  
Why he assum'd a Body, and began  
With Eve; by Her to undermine her Man:  
Their dreadfull Fall: Their drouzy Conscience:  
Gods righteous Sentence, for their soul Offence,  
On them (and theirs): Their Exile: Eden barr'd  
With flaming Sword, and Seraphim for guard.

Who shall lend me light and nimble wings,  
That (passing Swallowes, and the swiftest things)  
Even in a moment, boldly-daring, I  
From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly:  
O! who shall shew the countenance and gestures  
Of Mercy and Justice: which fair sacred sisters,  
With equall poiz, doo ever balance ev'n  
Th' unchanging Proiects of the King of Heav'n.  
Th' one stern of look, the other milde-aspecting:  
Th' one pleas'd with tears, the other bloud affecting.  
Th' one bears the Sword of vengeance vn-renting:  
Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting.  
Th' one, from Earths-Eden, Adam did dismiss:  
Th' other hath rais'd him to a higher Bliss.  
Who shall direct my pen to paint the Story  
Of wretched mans forbidden-Bit-lost glory:  
What Spell shall charm th' attentive Readers sense:  
What Fount shall fill my voice with eloquence:

So that I, rapt, may ravish all this ILE  
With grave-sweet warbles of my sacred stile;  
Though Adams Doom, in every Sermon common,  
And founded on the error of a woman,  
Weary the vulgar, and be iudg'd a jest  
Of the profane zeal-scoffing Atheist.

Ah! Thou my God, even Thou (my soule refining  
In holy Faiths pure Furnace, cleerly shining)  
Shalt make my hap far to surmount my hope,  
Instruct my spirit, and giue my tongue smooth scope:  
Thou (bountious) in my bould attempts shalt grace-me,  
And in the rank of holiest Poets place-me;  
And frankly grant, that (soaring neer the sky)  
Among our Authors, Eagle-like I fly:  
Or, at the least (if Heav'n such hap deny)  
I may point others, Honors beauteous Way.

WHILE Adam bathes in these felicities,  
Hell's Prince (fly parent of revolt and lies)  
Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest  
Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,  
Sucking his blood, tyring vpon his lungs,  
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,  
His cursed soule still most extreemly racking,  
Too frank in giving torments, and in taking:  
But above all, Hate, Pride, and Envious spight,  
His hellish life doo torture day and night.  
For, th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n  
Iustly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,  
To dwell in darknes of a sulph'ry clowd  
(Though still his brethrens service be allow'd):  
The Proud desire to haue in his subiection  
Mankind inchain'd in gyues of Sins infection:  
And th' Envious heart-break to see yet to shine  
In Adams face Gods Image all divine,  
Which he had lost; and that Man might achieve  
The glorious bliss, his Pride did him deprive;  
Grown barbarous Tyrants of his treacherous will,  
Spur-on his course, his rage redoubling still.

Or rather (as the prudent Hebrue notes)  
Tis that old Python which through hundred throats  
Doth proudly hiss, and (past his wont) doth fire  
A hell of Furies in his fell desire:  
His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight,  
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight:  
Dreads th' one, as Lord; as equall, hates another;  
And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.

To vent his poyson, this notorious Tempter  
(Meer spirit) assails not Eve, but doth attempt her

He hath re-  
course to God,  
the only giver of  
all sufficiency  
and dexterity in  
good and holy  
things.

The enemy of  
God: such  
Man and plot-  
ter is destruc-  
tion.

How subtilly in  
executing his  
Designes.

In



In fained form : for else, the soule diuine,  
Which rul'd (as Queen) the Little-worlds designe,  
So purely kept her Vow of Chastity,  
That he in vain should tempt her Constancy.  
Therefore he fleshly doth the Flesh assay  
(Suborning that) her Mistresse to betray ;  
A futtle Pandar with more ticing sleights  
Then Sea hath Fish, or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

Why he hid him  
in a body.

For, had he been of an ethereall matter,  
Of fiery substance, or aiereall nature ;  
The needfull help of language had he wanted,  
Whereby Faiths ground-work was to be supplanted :  
Sith such pure bodies haue nor teeth, nor tongues,  
Lips, artires, nose, palate, nor panting lungs,  
Which rightly plac't are properly created  
True instruments of sounds articulated.

Why he appea-  
red out in his  
own likeness, and  
transformed  
him into an An-  
gell of light.

And furthermore, though from his birth h' had had  
Heart-charming cunning smoothly to perswade,  
He fear'd (malitious) if he, care-less, came  
Vn-masked (like himself, in his owne name)  
In deep distrust man entring, suddenly,  
Would stop his ears, and his soul presence fly :  
As (opposite) taking the shining face  
Of sacred Angels full of glorious grace,  
He then suspected, lest th' Omnipotent  
Should think man's Fal scarce worthy punishment.

Simile.

Much like (therefore) from thief that doth conceiue  
From trauellers both life and goods to reauce,  
And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play  
In *Thetis* Palace) neer the Kings high-way  
Himself doth ambush in a bushy Thorn ;  
Then in a Caue, then in a field of Corn,  
Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out ;  
And yet the safety of each place doth doubt ;  
Till, resolute at last (vpon his knee  
Taking his leuell) from a hollow Tree,  
He swiftly sends his fire-wingd messenger,  
At his false sute t' arrest the passenger :  
Our freedoms felon, fountain of our sorrow,  
Thinks now the beauty of a Horse to borrow ;  
Anon to creep into a Haifers side ;  
Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide ;  
Then in a nimble Hart himself to shroud ;  
Then in the starr'd plumes of a Peacock proud ;  
And lest he miss a mischief to effect,  
Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aspect.  
At last, remembering that of all the broods  
In Mountains, Plains, Airs, Waters, Wildes and Woods,

He hides him  
under diuers  
figures.

Why he cha-  
nges his aspect.

The

The knotty Serpents spotty generation  
Are filled with infectious inflammation :  
And though they want Dogs teeth, Boars tusks, Bears paws,  
The Vultures bill, Bulls horns, and Griphins claws ;  
Yea, seem so weak, as if they had not might  
To hurt vs once, much less to kill vs quite :  
Yet, many times they treacherously betray vs,  
And with their breath, look, tongue or train they slay vs ;  
He crafty cloaks him in a Dragons skin  
All bright-bespect ; that, speaking so within  
That hollow Sagbuts supple-wreathing plies,  
The mover might with th' Organ sympathize.  
For, yet the faith-less Serpent (as they say)  
With horror crawl'd not groueling on the clay,  
Nor to Mankinde (as yet) was held for hatefull,  
Sith that's the hire of his offence ingratefull.

But now, to censure how this change befell  
Our wits com short, our words suffize not well  
To viter it : much less our feeble Art  
Can imitate this fly malitious part.

Simile againe  
hereupon.

Sometimes me seems (troubling *Euer* Spirit) the Fiend  
Made her this speaking fancy apprehend.  
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)  
Water and Air (as moist) doo mingle quickly ;  
The euill Angels slide too easily,  
As subtile Spirits, into our fantasie,

1

Sometimes me seems She saw (wo-worth the hap)  
No very Serpent, but a Serpents shape :  
Whether that, Satan plaid the Iuggler there,  
Who tender eys with charmed Tapers beare,  
Transforming so, by subtile vapoury gleams,  
Mens heads to Monsters, into Eels the beams :  
Or whether, Diuels having bodies light,  
Quick, nimble, actiue, apt to change with sleight,  
In shapes or shewes, they guilefull haue propos'd ;  
In brief, like th' Air whereof they are compos'd.  
For, as the Air, with scattred clouds bespred,  
Is heer and there black, yellow, white and red,  
Resembling Armies, Monsters, Mountains, Dragons,  
Rocks, fiery Castles, Forrests, Ships and Wagons,  
And such to vs through glasse transparent clear  
From form to form varying it doth appear :  
So, these seducers can growe great, or small,  
Or round, or square, or straight, or short, or tall ;  
As fits the passions they are moved by,  
And such our soule receives them from our ey.  
Sometimes ; that Satan (onely for this work)  
Fain'd him a Serpents shape, wherein to lurk.

2

3

For,



For, Nature framing our foules enemies,  
Of bodies light, and in experience wise,  
In malice crafty, curious they assemble  
Small Elements, which (as of kin) resemble,  
Whereof a Mass is made, and thereunto  
They soon give growth and lively motion too.  
Not, that they be Creators: for, th' Almighty,  
Who first of nothing made vaste *Amphitrite*,  
The Worlds dull Centre, Heav'n's ay-turning Frame,  
And whirling Air, sole merits that high Name:  
Who (onely *Being*) Being gives to all,  
And of all things the seeds substantiall  
Within their first-born bodies hath inclos'd,  
To be in time by Natures hand dispos'd:  
Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)  
Have giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form and stature,  
Hastned their growth, or wakened learnedly  
The forms that formless in the Lump did ly.

4 But (to conclude) I think 't was no conceipt,  
No fained Idoll, nor no juggling sleight,  
Nor body borrowed for this vses sake,  
But the self Serpent which the Lord did make  
In the beginning: for, his hatefull breed  
Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.

5 Yet 't is a doubt whether the Divell did  
Gouern the Dragon (not there selfly hid)  
To raise his courage, and his tongue direct,  
Locally absent, present by effect:  
As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,  
Another Lute laid neer it, sounds the like,  
Nay, the same note, through secret sympathy  
(Vntoucht) receiving Life and Harmony:  
Or, as a star, which (though far distant) pours,  
Vpon our heads, hap-les or happy showrs.

6 Or, whether for a time he did abide  
Within the doubling Serpents damask hide,  
Holding a place-les place: as our soule dear,  
Through the dim lanthorn of our flesh, shines clear;  
And bound-les bounds it self in so straight space,  
As form in body, not as body in place.

But this stands sure, how-ever else it went,  
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satans instrument  
To charm in *Eden*, with a strong illusion,  
Our silly Grandam to her selfs confusion.  
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-les Kir,  
If famous Dowland daign to finger it,  
Makes sweeter Musick then the choicest Lute  
In the gross handling of a clownish Brute:

Conclusion of  
the former opi-  
nion.  
A comparison.

So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand  
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,  
This self-dum Creaturo's glozing Rhetorike  
With bashfull shame great Orators would strike.  
So, Faery Trunks within *Epyrus* Grove,  
Mov'd by the spirit that was inspir'd by *Ioue*,  
With fluent voyce (to every one that seeks)  
Fore-tell the Fates of light-belceuing Greeks:  
So, all incens't, the pale *Engastronith*  
(Rul'd by the furious spirit he's haunted with)  
Speaks in his womb; So, well a workmans skill  
Supplies the want of any organ ill:  
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting vp his thought  
On Satans wing) tell with a tongue distraught  
Strange Oracles, and his sick spirit doth plead  
Euen of those Arts that he did never read.

O ruth-les murderer of immortall Soules!  
Alas! to pull vs from the happy Poles,  
And plunge vs headlong in thy yawning hell,  
Thy cease-les frauds and fetches who can tell?

Thou play'st the Lion, when thou dost engage  
Blond-thirsty *Nero*'s barbarous heart with rage,  
While flesht in murders (butcher-like) he paints  
The Saint-poor world with the dear blood of Saints.

Thou play'st the Dog, when by the mouth profane  
Of som false Prophet thou doost belch thy bane,  
While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings  
Bold blasphemies against the King of kings.

Thou play'st the Swine, when plung'd in pleasures vile,  
Som Epicure doth sober mindes defile;  
Transforming lewdly, by his loose impiety,  
Strict *Lacedamon* to a soft society.

Thou play'st the Nightingale, or else the Swan,  
When any famous Rhetorician,  
With captious wit and curious language, draws  
Seduced hearers; and subverts the laws.

Thou play'st the Fox, when thou dost fain a-right  
The face and phrased of som deep Hypocrite,  
True painted Toomb, dead-seeming coals, but quick;  
A Scorpion fell, whose hidden tail doth prick.

Yet, this were little, if thy spight audacious  
Spar'd (at the least) the face of Angels gracious,  
And if thou didst not (Ape-like) imitate  
Th' Almightyes Works, the wariest Wits to mate.

But (without numbring all thy suttile baits,  
And nimble juggling with a thousand sleights)  
Timely returning where I first digrest,  
I'll onely heer thy first *DESCRIPT* digest.

The sundry sat-  
tle and corribl-  
endurances of the  
diuell putting on  
diuers forms to  
ouerthrowe  
Man-kind.

The Poet resem-  
beth his Dis-  
course touching  
the temptation  
of Eve.



Comparison

The Dragon then, Mans Fortrefs to surprife,  
Follows fom Captains martiall policies,  
Who, yer too neer an aduerfe place he pitch,  
The fiteuation marks, and founds the ditch,  
With his eys leuell the fteep wall he metes,  
Surveies the flanks, his Camp in order fets;  
And then approaching, batters fore the fide  
Which Art and Nature haue leaft fortifi'd:  
So, this old Souldier, hauing marked rife  
The firft-born payrs yet danger-dreadlefs life;  
Mounting his Canons, fittly he affaults  
The part he findes in euident defaults:  
Namely, poor Woman, wauering, weak, vnwife,  
Light, credulous, news-louer, giu'n to lies.

Serious Oratio.

*Eue*, Second honour of this Vniuerfe!  
Is't true (I pray) that iealous God, peruerfe,  
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race  
All the fair Fruits thefe filuer Brooks embrace;  
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you poffefft,  
And day and night by your own labour drest:

Exit diuine.

With th' air of thefe fweet words, the wily Snake  
A poyfoned air inspired (as it fpace)  
In *Eues* frail brest; who thus replies: O! knowe,  
What e'r thou be (but, thy kinde care doth showe  
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs  
In this earths-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,  
Except alone that goodly fruit diuine,  
Which in the midft of this green ground doth fhine;  
But, all-good God (alas! I wot not why)  
Forbad vs touch that Tree, on pain to dy.  
She ceast, already brooding in her heart  
A curious wifh, that will her weal fubvert.

A fit Comparison.

As a falfe Louer, that thick fnares hath laid  
T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,  
When the (though little) lifning ear affords  
To his fweet, courting, deep-affected words,  
Feels fom affwaging of his freezing flame,  
And fooths himfelf with hope to gain his game;  
And rapt with ioy, vpon this point perfifts,  
That parleing City never long refifts:  
Even fo the Serpent, that doth counterfet  
A guilefull Call t' allure vs to his net;  
Perceiuing *Eue* his flatterring gloze digeft,  
He profecutes, and iocund, doth not reft,  
Till he haue try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,  
Vpon the Breach of this new-battered wall.

The Duells reply.

No, fair (quoth he) belecue not, that the care  
God hath, mankinde from fpoyling death to fpare,

Make

Makes him forbid you (on fo ftrict condition)  
This pureft, faireft, rareft Fruits fruition:  
A double fear, an envie, and a hate,  
His iealous heart for ever cruciate;  
Sith the fufpected vertue of This Tree  
Shall foon difperfe the cloud of Idiocy,  
Which dims your eyes; and further, make you feem  
(Excelling vs) even *equall* Gods to him.  
O Worlds rare glory! reach thy happy hand,  
Reach, reach, I fay: why doft thou ftop or ftand?  
Begin thy Blifs, and do no fear the threat  
Of an vncertain God-head, onely great  
Through felf-aw'd zeal: put on the gliftring Pall  
Of immortality: do not fore-ftall  
(As envious ftepdame) thy pofteritie  
The foverain honour of *Diuinitie*.

His audacious  
impudency.

This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,  
Who only yet did heart and ey abandon  
Againft the Lord; now farther doth proceed,  
And hand and mouth makes guiltie of the deed.

The Apostasy  
of Eve.

A novice Theef (that in a Clofet spies  
A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies)  
Pale, fearfull, shivering, twice or thrice extends,  
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,  
And yet again returns; the booty takes,  
And faintly-bold, vp in his cloak it makes,  
Scarce findes the doore, with faulting foot he flies,  
And ftill looks back for fear of *Hu-on-cries*:  
Even fo doth *Eue* fhew by like fear-full fashions  
The doubtfull combat of contending Paflions;  
She would, fhe fhould not not; glad, fad; coms, and goes:  
And long fhe marts about a Match of Woes:  
But (out alas!) at laft fhe toucheth it,  
And (hauing toucht) tastes the *forbidden bit*.

A Comparison.

Then as a man that from a lofty Clift,  
Or fteepy Mountain doth descend too fwift,  
Stumbling at fomwhat, quickly clips fom lim  
Of fom deer kinsman walking next to him,  
And by his headlong fall, fo brings his friend  
To an vntimely, fad, and fudden end;  
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spoule anon  
Down to the gulf of pitchy *Acheron*.  
For, to the wifht Fruits beautifull afpect,  
Sweet *Nectar*-taste, and wonderfull effect,  
Cunningly adding her quaint fmiling glances,  
Her wirty fpeech, and pretty countenances,  
She fo prevails, that her blind Lord, at laft,  
A morfell of the fharp-sweet fruit doth tafte.

Another com-  
parifon fowly  
exprefling the  
Fall of Man, by  
the prouocation  
of his wife.

Now



The effects of  
their aspe-  
ctance.

Now suddenly wide-open feel they might  
(Siel'd for their good) both soules and bodies sight;  
But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,  
And sacred Image that did honour her:  
The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow  
To see it naked, is inforc't to borrow  
The Trees broad leaues, whereof they aprons frame,  
From Heav'ns faire ey to hide their filthy shame.

Alas, fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer  
The knowledge is that you have bought so deer:  
In heav'nly things yee are more blinde then Moals,  
In earthly Owls. O! think ye (silly soules)  
The sight that swiftly through th' Earth's solid centers  
(As globes of pure transparent crysall) enters  
Cannot transpierce your leaues? or do ye ween,  
Covering your shame so to conceal your sin?  
Or that, a part thus clowded, all dorth lie  
Safe from the search of Heav'ns all-seeing ey?

Thus yet, mans troubled dull Intelligence  
Had of his fault but a confused sense:  
As in a dream, after much drink it chances,  
Disturbed spirits are vext with raving fancies.

The extraordi-  
nary presence of  
God, makes  
their drowne  
soules wallow  
up in sin: and  
begins to ar-  
raign them.

Therefore the Lord, within the Garden fair,  
Moving betimes I wot not I what ayre,  
But supernaturall; whose breath divine  
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:  
Awakes their *Lethargie*, and to the quick,  
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and prick:  
Now more and more making their pride to fear  
The frowning visage of their Iudge severe:  
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors  
Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors.

*Adam*, quoth God, (with thundring maiesty)  
Where art thou (wretch!) what doost thou? answer me  
Thy God and Father; from whose hand, thy health  
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.

Description of  
the horrible ef-  
fects of a guilty  
Conscience sum-  
moned to the  
presence of God.

At this sad summons, wofull man resembles  
A bearded rush that in a river trembles:  
His rosie cheeks are chang'd to earthen hew;  
His dying body drops in ycie dew;  
His tear-drown'd eyes, a night of clouds bedims;  
About his ears, a buzzing horror swims;  
His fainted knees, with feebleness are humble;  
His faultring feet do slide away and stumble:  
He hath not (now) his free, bold, stately port;  
But down-cast looks, in fearfull slavish sort;  
Now, nought of *Adam*, dorth in *Adam* rest;  
He feels his senses pain'd, his soule oppress:

A confus'd hoast of violent passions iar;  
His flesh and spirit are in continuall war:  
And now no more (through conscience of his error)  
He hears or sees th' Almighty, but with terror:  
And loth he answers (as with tongue distraught)  
Confessing (thus) his fear, but not his fault.

O Lord! thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made  
Me fearfull hide me in this covert shade.  
For, naked as I am (O most of might!)  
I dare not come before thine awfull sight.

*Adams answer.*

Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-less renegade,  
Apostate Pagan!) who hath told thee that?  
Whence springs thy shame? what makes thee thus to run  
From shade to shade, my presence still to shun?  
Hast thou not tasted of the learned Tree,  
Whereof (on pain of death) I warn'd thee?

God writh the  
cause of his de-  
jection & feare

O righteous God (quoth *Adam*) I am free  
From this offence: the wife thou gavest me,  
For my companion and my comforter,  
She made me eat that deadly meat with her.

*Adams reply,*  
excusing himself  
& covertly im-  
puting his Guile  
to God.

And thou (quoth God) O! thou frail treacherous Bride,  
Why, with thy self, hast thou seduc't thy Guide?

Examination of  
*Eve*, who excu-  
seth her selfe  
blame on a  
mother.

Lord (answers *Eve*) the Serpent did intice  
My simple frailty to this sinfull vice.

An example for  
Iudges & Ma-  
gistrates.

Mark heer, how He, who fears not who reform  
His high Decrees, not subiect vnto form,  
Or stile of Court: who, all-wise, hath no need  
To examine proof or witness of the deed:  
Who for sustayning of vnequall Scale,  
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mercuriall*;  
Yer Sentence pass, doth publicly convent,  
Confront, and heer with care indifferent  
Th' Offenders sad: then with iust indignation,  
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.

The Sentence of  
the supreme  
Iudge against  
the guilty Pri-  
soners and liars  
of all against the  
Serpent.

Ah cursed Serpent, which my fingers made  
To serue mankind: th' hast made thy selfe a blade  
Wherewith vain Man and his inveigled wife  
(Self-parricides) haue rest their proper life.  
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)  
Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all creatures still.  
Groneling in dust, of dust thou ay shalt feed:  
I'll kindle war between the Womans seed,  
And thy fell race; hers on the head shall ding  
Thine: thine again hers in the heel shall sting.

Against the  
Woman.

Rebell to me, vnto thy kindred curst,  
False to thy husband, to thy self the worst:  
Hope not, thy fruit so easily to bring forth  
As now thou slay'st it: hence-forth, every Birth

Shall



Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain;  
Each artire, sinew, muscle, ioynt and vein,  
Shall feel his part: besides foul vomitings,  
Prodigious longings, thought-full languishings,  
With change of colours, swoons, and many others,  
Eternall fellows of all future mothers:  
Vnder his yoke, thy husband thee shall haue,  
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants slaue.  
And thou disloyall, which hast harkned more

Against man.

To a wanton fondling then my sacred lore,  
Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow:  
Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow:  
Ne'r shalt thou send into thy branchie veins  
A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains.  
For, the earth feeling (even in her) th' effect  
Of the doom thundred 'gainst thy foul defect;  
In stead of sweet fruits which she felfly yeelds  
Seed-les, and Art-les over all thy fields,  
With thorns and burs shall bristle vp her brest:  
(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest,  
Till roth-les Death by his extreamest pain  
Thy dust-born bodie turn to dust again.

Objections re-  
cuse the sin of  
Man.

Heer I conceive, that flesh and blood will brangle,  
And murmuring Reason with th' Almighty wrangle,  
Who did our parents with *Free-will* indue,  
Though he fore-saw, that that would be the clew  
Should lead their steps into the wofull way  
Where life is death ten thousand times a day:  
Now all that he fore-sees, befalls: and further,  
He all events by his free powr dorth order.

2

Man taxeth God of too-vniust severity,  
For plaguing *Adams* sin in his posterity:  
So that th' old yeers renewed generations  
Cannot assuage his venging indignations,  
Which haue no other ground to prosecute,  
But the mis-eating of a certain fruit.

Answers to the  
first objection.

1

O dusty wormling! dar'st thou strue and stand  
With Heav'ns high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) demand  
Count of his deeds? Ah! shall the Porter make  
His clay, such fashion, as him list, to take?  
And shall not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Father)  
Dispose of man (his own meer creature) rather?  
The supream King, who (Iudge of greatest Kings)  
By number, weight and measure, acts all things,  
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Iustice, Patron strong,  
Law's life, Right's rule, will he do any wrong?  
Man, holdest thou of God thy frank *Free-will*,  
But free't obey his sacred goodness still?

F

Freely to follow him, and do his best,  
Nor *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Enfims* prest:  
God arms thee with discourse: but thou (O wretch!)  
By the keen edge the wound-soule sword doost catch;  
Killing thy selfe, and in thy loins thy line.  
O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine)  
All Heav'ns pure flows thou turnest into poyson:  
Thy sense reauers sense: thy reason robs thy reason.  
For, thou complaineest of Gods grace, whose Still  
Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill,  
Three vnexpected goods; praise for his Name;  
Bliss for thy self; for Satan endless-shame:  
Sith, but for sin, *Iustice* and *Mercy* were  
But idle names: and but that thou didst erre,  
*CHRIST* had not com to conquer and to quell,  
Vpon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell;  
Making thee blessed more since thine offence,  
Then in thy primer happy innocence.

Then, might'st thou dy, now death thou doost not doubt:  
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didst thou ride without:  
In Earth, thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest:  
Then, thou didst hear Gods word; it, now thou seest:  
Then, pleasant fruits; now, *Christ* is thy repast:  
Then might'st thou fall; but now thou standest fast.

Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed so light,  
As seemes to Reason's sin-beard Owlie sight:  
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sins  
Were one in other linked fast, as Twins:  
Ingratitude, pride, treason, gluttony,  
Too-curious skill-thirst, enuy, felony,  
Too-light, too-late belief; were the sweet baits  
That made him wander from Heav'ns holy straights.

What wouldst thou (Father) say vnto a Son  
Of perfect age, to whom for portion  
(Witting and willing, while thy self yet livest)  
All thy possessions in the earth thou givest:  
And yet th' vngratefull, grace-les, insolent,  
In thine own Land, rebellion dorth invent?  
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;  
By Gods own hand made with great maiesty,  
Not poor, nor pined; but at whose command  
The rich abundance of the world dorth stand:  
Not slave to sense, but hauing freely might  
To bridle it, and range it still aright:  
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vaine opinion;  
But Gods Disciple and his dearest Minion:  
Who rashly growes for little, nay for nought,  
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:

T 3

So



Answer to the  
second question.

1

So mayst thou ghes, what whip, what rope, what rack,  
What bre, were fit to punish *Adams* lack.

Then, *sin* Mans *sin* by little and little runs  
End-les, through every Age from Sires to Sons;  
And still the farther this foul *sin*-spring flowes  
It still more muddy and more filthy growes:  
Thou ought'st not marvail, if (even yet) his seed  
Feel the iust wages of this wicked deed.  
For, though the keen sting of concupiscence  
Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence;  
The vnborn Babe, hid in the Mothers womb,  
Is sorrow's servant, and *Sin*'s servile groom,  
As a frail Mote from the first *Mas*s extract,  
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.  
Sound off-spring coms not of a Kinde infected:  
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:  
And a defiled stinking sink doth yeeld  
More durt then water to the neighbour field.

2

Simile.

While nights black muffler hoodeth vp the skies,  
The silly blind-man misseeth not his eyes:  
But when the day summons to work again,  
His night, eternall then he doth complain,  
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas!)  
Is fain to guide his foot, and guard his face:  
So man, that liveth in the wombs obscurity,  
Knowes not, nor maketh known his lusts impurity:  
Which, for 't is sown in a too-plentiful ground,  
Takes root already in the Caves profound  
Of his infected Hart: with 's birth, it peers,  
And growes in strength, as he doth growe in years;  
And waxt a Tree (though proin'd with thousand cares)  
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.

3

Simile.

Thou seest, no wheat *Helleborus* can bring:  
Nor barley, from the madding *Morrell* spring:  
The bleating Lambs braue Lions doe not breed:  
The leprous Parents, raise a leprous seed:  
Even so our Grand-sire, living Innocent,  
Had stockt the whole world with a Saint-descent:  
But suffering *sin* in *EDEN* him invade,  
His sons, the sons of *Sin* and *Wrath* he made.  
For, God did seem't indow, with glory and grace,  
Not the first Man so much, as all mans race;  
And after reave again those gifts divine,  
Not him so much, as in him all his line.

4

Simile.

For, if an odious *Traitour* that conspires,  
Against a Prince, or to his state aspires,  
Feel not alone the laws extremity;  
But his sons sons (although sometimes they be

Honest

Honest and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,  
Are hap-les scarr'd with an eternall shame:  
May not th' Eternall with a righteous terror,  
In *Adams* issue punish *Adams* error?  
May he not thrall them vnder Deaths command,  
And fear their brows with everlasting brand  
Of infamy, who in his stock (accurst)  
Haue graft worse slips then *Adam* set at first:  
Mans seed then iustly, by succession,  
Bears the hard penance of his high transgression:  
And *Adam* heer, from *Eden* banished,  
As first offender is first punished.  
Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accursed race)  
Out of my Garden: quick, auoyd the place,  
This beaution place, pride of this Vniuers, e,  
A house vnworthy Masters so perverse.

Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of Strong,  
And iust reuenge of *Queen*, and Countries wrongs)  
Were witnesses to all the wofull plaints,  
The sighes, and tears, and pittfull complaints,  
Of brauing Spaniards (chiefly braue in word)  
When by the valiant *Heav'n*-assisted sword  
Of Mars-like *ESSSEX*, Englands Marshall-Earl  
(Then Albions Patron, and *Eliza*'s Pearl)  
They were expulst from *Cadiz*, their dearest pleasure,  
Losing their Town, their honour, and their treasure:  
Wo worth (said they) wo worth our Kings ambition;  
Wo worth our *Cleargie*, and their Inquisition:  
He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old;  
They burne for conscience, but their thirst is gold:  
Wo, and alas, wo to the vain brauados  
Of Typhon-like inuincible *ARMADOS*,  
Which like the vaunting *Monster-man* of *Gath*,  
Haue stirr'd against vs little *Dauids* wrath:  
Wo worth our sins: wo worth our selues, and all  
Accursed causes of our sudden fall.

Those well may ghes the bitter agonies,  
And luke-warm Rivers gushing down the eyes  
Of our first Parents, out of *Eden* driv'n  
(Of Repeal hope-les) by the hand of *Heav'n*;  
For, the Almighty set before the dore  
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore  
A waving sword, whole body shined bright,  
Like flaming *Comet* in the midst of night;  
A body meerly *Metaphysicall*,  
Which (differing little from th' *ONE* vnicall,  
Th' *AE*-simply-pure, the only-beeing *BEING*)  
Approcheth matter; ne'rtheless, not being

Conclusion of the  
former dispu-  
tations, and exe-  
cutions of Gods  
Decree against  
*Adam* & *Eue*.  
They are driven  
out of *Eden*.

Simile.

The terrible *E*-  
den shut up for  
ever from *Man*-  
kind.

Of



Of matter mixt : or rather is so made  
 Somerly spirit, that not the murdering blade,  
 His ioyned quantity can part in two :  
 For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doe*.

FINIS.

THE



THE FVRIES.

# THE THIRD PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The World's transform'd from what it was at first :  
 For Adams sin, all creatures else accurst :  
 Their Harmony distuned by His iar :  
 Let all again concent, to make him war ;  
 As, th' Elements, and above all, the Earth :  
 Three ghastly FVRIES ; Sicknes, War, and Death,  
 A generall Muster of the Bodies Griets :  
 The Soules Diseases, vnder sundry Chiefs :  
 Both, full of Horror, but the later most ;  
 Where ugly Vice in Vertues Mask doth boast.*

**T**His's not the World. O ! whither am I brought :  
 This Earth I read, this hollow-hanging Vault,  
 Which Dayes reducing, and renewing Nights,  
 Renews the grief of mine afflicted sprights ;  
 This Sea I sail, this troubled Ayre I lip,  
 Are not *The First-weeks* glorious Workmanship :  
 This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe  
 Th' Eternall trimmed in so various Robe :  
 'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Caue,  
 Of that first World the miserable Graue.  
 All-quickning Spirit, great God, that (iustly-Strange,  
 Iudge-turned-Father) wrought'st this wondrous change,  
 Change and new-mould me ; Lord, thy hand assist,  
 That in my Muse appear no earthly mist :  
 Make me thine organ, giue my voyce dexterity  
 Sadly to sing this sad Change to Posterity.

*His hand chan-  
 ged and ashen-  
 red the face of  
 the world.*

*See page 200.*

*And*



And, bountious Giver of each perfect gift,  
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clist,  
That in each strain my rude unready tongue  
Be lively Echo of his learned Song.

And, hence-forth, let our holy Musick ravish  
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-laish  
(Of charming Sin the deep-enchaining Syrens,  
The snares of vertue, valour-softning Hyrens)  
That toucht with terror of thine indignation,  
Presented in this wofull Alteration,  
We all may seek, by prayer and true repentance,  
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.

\* But, yer we farther pass, our slender Bark  
Must heer strike top-sails to a Princely Ark  
Which keeps these Straights: He hails us threatfull,  
Star-boord our helm; Com underneath his Lee.  
Ho, Whence your Bark? Of Zeal-land: Whither bound?  
For Vertues Cape: What lading? Hope. This Sound  
You should not pass; save that your voyage tends  
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.  
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign us them (we pray)  
Som skilfull Pilot through this FVRIOS Bay;  
Or, in this Chanell, fith we are to learn,  
Vouchsafe to togh us at your Royall Stern.

YER THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-base)  
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,  
This mighty World did seem an Instrument  
True-strung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent,  
Whose symphony resounded sweetly-shrill  
Th' Almightyes praise, who play'd vpon it still.  
While man serv'd God, the World serv'd him, the lyue  
And liue-les creatures seemed all to strive  
To nurse this league; and, loving zealously  
These two deer Heads, embraced mutually:  
In sweet accord, the base with high reioyc't,  
The hot with cold, the solid with the moist;  
And innocent *Astræa* did combine  
All with the mastick of a loue divine.

For, th' hidden loue that now-adaies doth holde  
The Steel and Load-stone, *Hydrargire* and Golde,  
Th' Amber and straw; that lodgeth in one shell  
Pearl-fish and Sharpling: and vnites so well  
*Sargons* and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Rush*,  
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Olive* and *Myrtle-bush*,  
Is but a spark or shadow of that Loue  
Which at the first in every thing did moue,  
When as th' Earth's *Muses* with harmonious sound  
To Heav'ns sweet Musick humbly did resound.

\* The Tran-  
slator heer  
humbly vail-  
eth bonnet to  
the Kings Ma-  
iesty; who ma-  
ny yeeres since  
(for his Prince-  
ly exercise)  
translated  
these FV-  
RIES, the  
VRANIA,  
and som other  
pieces of Du-  
BARTAS.

Happy estate of  
the World, be-  
fore Sin: set  
forth by a Si-  
mulacrum.

The Sympathy  
yet appearing  
between certain  
creatures, is but  
at a little sha-  
dow of the per-  
fect union which  
was among all  
creatures, be-  
fore Adam's Fall.

But *Adam*, being chief of all the strings  
Of this large Lute, o're-retched, quickly brings  
All out of tune: and now for melody  
Of warbling Charms, it yels so hideously,  
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoils  
To raise again th' old *Chaos* antick broils:  
Heav'n, that still smiling on his Paramour,  
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,  
Now with his hail, his rain, his frost and heat,  
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and bear,  
And hoares her head with Snowes, and (iealous) dashes  
Against her brows his fiery lightning flashes:

On th' other side, the sullen, envious Earth  
From blackest Cels of her foul brest sends forth  
A thousand foggy fumes, which every-where  
With cloudy mists Heav'ns crysall front befear.  
Since that, the Woolf the trembling Sheep pursues;  
The crowing Cock, the Lion stout eschews:  
The Pullein hide them from the Puttock's sight,  
The Mastiffe's mute at the *Hyanas* sight:  
Yea (who would think it?) these fell enemies  
Rage in the sense-les trunks of Plants and Trees:  
The *Vine*, the *Cole*; the *Cole-wort* *Swines-bread* dreads,  
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds*:

The *Olive* and the *Oak* participate,  
Even to their earth, signes of their ancient hate,  
Which suffers not (O date-les discord!) th' one  
Lie in that ground where th' other first hath growen.  
O strange instinct! O deep immortall rage,  
Whose fiery fiewd no *Lathe* floud can swage!

So, at the sound of Wolf-Drums rattling thunder  
Th' affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in sunder:  
So, that fell Monsters twisted entrails cuts  
(By secret power) the poor Lambs twined guts,  
Which (after death) in steed of bleating mute,  
Are taught to speak vpon an Ivory Lute:  
And so the Princely Eagles ravening plumes  
The feathers of all other Fowls consumes.

The *First-mov'd Heav'n* (in't self it self still stirring)  
Rapt with his course (quicker then windes swift whirring)  
All th' other Sphears, and to *Alcides* Spyes  
From *Alexanders* Altars drives their Fires:  
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch heer beneath,  
Erring draws all into the paths of death;  
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pilot rash,  
Against the rock of Heav'ns iust wrath doth dash  
The Worlds great Vessell, sayling yerst at ease,  
With gentle gales, good guide, on quiet Seas.

Of the Discord  
that Sin hath  
brought among  
all things.

Sundry notable  
Antipathies.



The state of  
Man before Sin.

For (yer his Fall) which way so e'r he rowl'd  
His wondering eyes God every-where behold;  
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Ayr,  
He sees, and feels, and findes him every-where.  
The World was like a large and sumptuous Shop  
Where God his goodly treasures did vnwrap:  
Or Cryfall glais most liuely representing.  
His sacred Goodness, every-where frequenting.

His state after  
Sinn.

But, since his sin, the wofull wretch findes none  
Herb, garden, grone, field, fountain, stream or stone,  
Beast, mountain, valley, sea-gate, shoar or haven,  
But bears his Deaths-doom openly ingraven:  
In brief, the whole scope this round Centre hath,  
Is a true store-house of Heav'n's righteous wrath.

All creatures from  
the highest to the  
lowest, enemies  
to Man.

Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,  
Findes his yerst-subjects gainst himselfe insulting:  
The tumbling Sea, the Ayr with tempests driven,  
Thorn-bristled Earth, the sad and lowring Heav'n  
(As from the oath of their allegiance free)  
Revenge on him th' Almightyes iniury.

The Heavens,  
with all therein.

The Stars coniu'r'd through envious Influence,  
By secret Hang-men punish his offence:  
The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-him,  
Th' Ayr with vnlookt-for sudden changes checks-him,  
With fogs and frosts, hails, snowes, and sulph'ry thunders,  
Blasting, and storms, and more prodigious wonders.

All the Elements,  
Fire,  
Aire.

Fire, fall'n from Heav'n, or else by Art incited,  
Or by mischance in som rich building lighted,  
Or from som Mountains burning bowels throw'n,  
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumy stone,  
With sparkling fury spreads, and in few hours  
The labour of a thousand years deuours.

Sea.

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,  
Vsurps his Heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

Earth.

The grieved Earth, to ease her (as it seems)  
Of such profane accursed weight, sometimes  
Swallowes whole Countries, and the aerie rops  
Of Prince-proud towrs, in her black womb she wraps.  
And in despight of him, abhord and hatefull  
She many waies proues barren and ingratefull:  
Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel  
To bum-grain Thistle, and to vapourie Darnel,  
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring Tares,  
Short Recompence for all our costly cares.

Earth brings  
forth weeds.From our  
plants.

Yet this were little, if she more malicious,  
Fell stepdame, brought vs not Plants more pernicious:  
As, fable *Henbane*; *Morell*, making mad:  
Cold poysoning *Poppy*, itching, drowlie, sad:

The stifning *Carpefe*, th' eyes-foe *Hemlock* stinking,  
Limb-numming belching: and the sinew-shrinking  
Dead-laughing *Asium*, weeping *Aconite*  
(Which in our Vulgar deadly *Wolfs-bane* hight)  
The dropie-breeding, sorrow-bringing *Psilly*  
(Heer called *Flea-Wurt*) *Colchis* banefull Lilly,  
(With vs *Wilde-Saffron*) blistering byting tell:  
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to swell:  
Blood-boyling *Tew*, and costive *Misseltoe*:  
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many mo  
Such fatall plants; whose fruit, seed, sap, or root,  
T'vntimely Graue doe bring our heed-less foot.

Besides, she knowes, we brutish value more,  
Then Lines or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:  
That *Auarice* our bound-less thought still vexes:  
Therefo'e among her wreakfull baits she mixes  
*Quick-siluer*, *Lithargie* and *Orpiment*,  
Wherewith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent:  
So that sometimes, for Body, and for Minde,  
Torture and torment, in one Mine we finde.

What refterh more? The Masters skilfull most,  
With gentle gales driv'n to the wished Coast,  
Nor with less labour guide their winged wayns  
On th' azure fore-head of the liquid plains:  
Nor crafty Iugglers, can more easly make  
Their selfe-liv'd Puppets (for their lucre sake)  
To skip, and scud, and play, and prate, and prauce,  
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and daunce:  
Then happy we did rule the scaly Legions  
That dumbly dwell in stormy water-Regions;  
Then feathered singers, and the stubborn droues  
That haunt the Defarts and the shady Groves:  
At every word they trembled then for aw,  
And every wink then serv'd them as a law;  
And always bent all duty to obserue-vs,  
Without command, stood ready still to serue-vs.

But now (alas!) through our fond Parents fall,  
They (of our slaves) are grown our tyrants all.  
Wend we by Sea: the drad *Leuiathan*  
Turns vpside-down the boyling Ocean,  
And on the suddain sadly doth intoomb  
Our floating Castle in deep *Thetis* womb;  
Yest in the welkin like an Eagle towring,  
And on the water like a Dolphin scowring.  
Walk we by Land: how many loathsome swarms  
Of speckled poysons, with pestiferous arms,

In

Person hidden  
among the Me-  
tals.The excellency  
of Man's Domi-  
nion over the  
Creatures before  
his Fall.The Creatures  
now become Ty-  
rants and Ter-  
rors to Man,  
whose slaves and  
servants they  
were before Sin.



In every corner in close Ambush lurk  
With secret bands our sodain banes to work :  
Besides, the Lion and the Leopard,  
Boar, Beare, and Wolf to death pursue vs hard ;  
And, ielous vengers of the wrongs divine,  
In peeces pull their Soverains sinfull line.  
The huge thick Forrests haue nor bush nor brake  
But hides som Hang-man our loath'd life to take :  
In every hedge and ditch both day and night  
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.  
Rest we at home : the Mastie fierce in force,  
Th'vntamed Bull, the hot courageous Horſe,  
With teeth, with horns, and hooues besiege vs round,  
As griev'd to see such tyrants tread the ground :  
And ther's no Fly so small but now dares bring  
Her little wrath against her *quondam* King.

What hideous sights : what horror-boading shoves :  
Alas, what yels : what howls : what thund'ring throws :

O ! Am I nor neer roaring *Phlegeton* ?

*Alecto*, sad *Meger* and *Theſiphon* ?

What spels haue charm'd ye from your dreadfull den  
Of darkeſt Hell : Monsters abhor'd of men,

O Nights black daughters, grim-fac't *Furies* sad,

Stern *Plutos* Postes, what make ye heer so mad :

O ! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,  
Besides your goaring wounds and ghastly horrors :

So soon as God from *Eden* *Adam* draue,  
To liue in this Earth ( rather in this Graue,  
Where raig a thousand deaths ) he summon'd vp  
With thundering call the damned Crew, that sup  
Of Sulphury *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,  
Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.

Come snake-trest Sisters, com ye dismall Elves,  
Cease now to curse and cruciate your selues :  
Com, leaue the horror of your houses pale,  
Com, parbreak heer your foul, black, banefull gall :  
Let lack of work no more from henceforth fear-you,  
Man by his sin a hundred hells doth rear-you.

This eccho made whole hell to tremble troubled,  
The drowſie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,  
And suddainly *Auernus* Gulf did swim  
With Rozin, Pitch, and Brimstone to the brim,  
And th'vgly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fel,  
*Hydraes* and *Harpies* gan to yawn and yel.

As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,  
Striuing for issue with strange murmurs loud,  
Like Guns astuns, with round-round-rumbling thunder  
Filling the Ayr with noyse, the Earth with wonder :

An admirable  
description of  
Man's miserable  
Punishments,  
incited by his  
selfe.

So the three Sisters, the three hideous *Rages*,  
Raife thousand storms, leaving th' infernal stages.

Already all rowle-on their steely Cars  
On th'ever-shaking nine-fould steely bars  
Of *Strygian* Bridge, and in that fearefull Caue  
They iumble, rumble, rumble, rage and raue.  
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*  
Which on one body, beareth ( monstrous )  
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounſe, Bear, and Bull,  
Wolf, Lion, Horſe ( of strength and stomach full )  
Lifting his lungs, he hisses, barks and brays,  
He howls, he yels, he bellows, roars, and neighs :  
Such a black Samt, such a confused sound  
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.

Haueing attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,  
With swifter course then *Boreas* nimble flight,  
All fly at Man, all at intestine strife,  
Who most may torture his detested life.

Heer first coms *DEATH*, the liuely form of Death,  
Still yawning wide, with loathſom stinking breath,  
With holloweys, with meager cheeks and chin,  
With sharp lean bones pearcing her fable skin :  
Her empty bowels may be plainly spy'd  
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide :  
She hath no belly, but the bellies fear,  
Her knees and knuckles swelling hugely great :  
Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast,  
Almost all creatures in the World would waste ;  
Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw,  
Seeks meat in meat. For, still her monstrous maw  
Voyds in deuouring, and sometimes she eates  
Her own deer Babes for lack of other meats :  
Nay more, sometimes ( O strangest gluttony ! )  
She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisie ;  
Lessening her self, her selfe so to enlarge :  
And cruell thus she doth our Grand-fire charge,  
And brings besides from *Limbo*, to assist-her,  
*Rage*, *Feeblenes*, and *Thirſt*, her ruth-lesſe sister.

Next marcheth *WAR*, the mistress of enormity,  
Mother of mischief, monster of Deformity :  
Laws, Manners, Arts, shee breaks, she mars, she chaces :  
Blood, tears, bowrs, towrs : she spills, swils, burns, and razes :  
Her brazen feet shake all the Earth asunder,  
Her mouth's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,  
Her looks are lightnings, every glaunce a flash :  
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pass.  
*Fear* and *Despaire*, *Flight* and *Disorder*, coast  
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast :

The FVRIES  
with their fowle  
face and vaine,  
representing the  
Horror of Sinne,  
and the cursed  
estate of an euill  
conscience.

Description of  
Famine with her  
traue.

Of Warre and  
her traine.



As, *Burning, Waste, Rape, Wrong, Impiety,*  
*Rage, Ruine, Discord, Horror, Cruelty,*  
*Sack, Sacrilege, Impunity, and Pride,*  
 Are still stern comforts by her barbarous side:  
 And *Pouerty, Sorrow, and Desolation,*  
 Follow her Armies bloody transmigration.

*Sickness exalt-  
 edly described  
 with all her par-  
 ticulars and de-  
 pendents.*

Heer's th' other FVRIE (or my iudgement fails)  
 Which furiously mans wofull life assails  
 With thousand Cannons, sooner felt then seen,  
 Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly teen:  
 Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,  
 Cold-burning, blistered, melancholik, sad,  
 Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,  
 Which from vs creeps, but to vs gallopeth:  
 Foul, trouble-rest, fantastik, greedy-gut,  
 Blood-sweating, hearts-theet, wretched, filthy Slut,  
 The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayrs-temper vicious,  
 Perillous knowen, but vnknowne most pernicious.

*Innumerable  
 kinds of disor-  
 ders.*

Th'inammeld meads, in Sommer cannot showe  
 More Grasshoppers aboue, nor Frogs belowe,  
 Then hellish murmurs heer about doe ring:  
 Nor never did the pretty little King  
 Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day  
 Lead to the field in orderly array  
 More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)  
 The first foundations of his waxen City;  
 Then this fierce Monster musters in her train  
 Fel Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.

*The first Regi-  
 ment due to as-  
 saile the Be-  
 head'd chiefest  
 Souldier.*

Lo, first a rough and furious Regiment  
 T'assault the Fort of *Adams* head is sent,  
*Reasons* best Bulwark, and the holy Cell  
 Wherein the soules most sacred powers dwell.  
 A King, that ayms his neighbours Crown to win,  
 Before the brute of open wars begin,  
 Corrupts his Councell with rich recompences;  
 For, in good Councell stands the strength of Princes:  
 So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, sends  
*Mamie* and *Phrenzic* to suborne her friends:  
 Whereof, th'one drying, th'other over-warming  
 The feeble brain (the edge of iudgement harming)  
 Within the Soule fantastikly they faine  
 A confus'd hoast of strange *Chimeras* vain,  
 The *Karos*, th' *Apoplexie* and *Lethargie*,  
 As forlorn hope, assault the enemy  
 On the same side; but yet with weapons others:  
 For, they freez-vp the brain and all his brothers;  
 Making a liue man like a liue-less carcass.  
 Saue that again he scapeth from the *Paras.*

And

And now the *Palsie*, and the *Cramp* dispose  
 Their angry darts; this bindes, and that doth lose  
 Mans feeble sinews, shutting vp the way  
 Whereby before the vitall spirits did play.

*A similitude of  
 the effects and  
 endeours of  
 sickness.*

Then as a man, that fronts in single Fight  
 His suddain foe, his ground doth trauerse light,  
 Thrusts, wards, auoids and best advantage spies,  
 At last (to daze his Riuals sparkling eyes)  
 He casts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,  
 In crimson streams he makes him strain his life:  
 So *SICKNES*, *Adam* to subdue the better  
 (Whom thousand Gyues al-ready fastly fetter)  
 Brings to the field the faith-less *Ophthalmie*  
 With scalding blood to blind her enemy,  
 Darting a thousand thrusts; then she is backe  
 By th' *Amasrose* and cloudy *Cataract*,  
 That (gathering-vp gross humors inwardly  
 In th' *Optike* sinnew) clean puts out the ey:  
 This other caseth in an enuious caul  
 The Crystall humour shining in the ball.

This past: in-steps that insolent insulter,  
 The cruell *Quincy*, leaping like a Vulture  
 At *Adams* throat, his hollow weafand swelling  
 Among the muscles, through thick bloods congealing;  
 Leaving him onely this Essay, for signe  
 Of's might and malice to his future-line:  
 Like *Hercules*, that in his infant-browes  
 Bore glorious marks of his vndaunted prowes,  
 When with his hands (like steely tongues) he strangled  
 His spightfull stepdams Dragons sporty-spangled;  
 A proof, praesaging the tryumphant spoyle  
 That he atchiv'd by his *Twelve* famous *Toyle*.

*The second Regi-  
 ment assaulting  
 the vitall Parts.*

The second Regiment with deadly darts  
 Assaulteth fiercely *Adam's* vitall parts:  
 Al-ready th' *Asthma*, panting, breathing rough,  
 With humors gross the lifing Lungs doth stuff:  
 The pining *Phthisick* fills them all with pulues,  
 Whence a slowe spowt of cor'sie matter gushes:  
 A wasting flame the *Peripneumony*  
 Within those sponges kindles cruelly:  
 The spawling *Empiem*, ruth-less as the rest,  
 With foul impostumes fills his hollow chest:  
 The *Pleurisie* stabs him with desperate foyle  
 Beneath the ribs, where scalding blood doth boyl:  
 Then th' *Incubus* (by some suppos'd a spright)  
 With a thick phlegm doth stop his breath by night.  
 Deere *Muse*, my guide; cleere truth that nought dissembles,  
 Name me that Champion that with fury trembles,

*The Age with  
 her train, her  
 kinds and cruel  
 effects.*

Who



Who arm'd with blazing fire-brands, fiercely stings  
At th' Armies heart, not at our feeble wings:  
Hauing for Aids, Cough, Head-ache, Horror, Heat,  
Pulse-beating, Burning, cold-distilling-Sweat,  
Thirst, Yawning, Tinking, Casting, Shivering, Shaking,  
Fantastick Raving, and continuall Aking,  
With many mo: O! is not this the Fury  
We call the *Feuer*? whose inconstant tury  
Transforms her after then *Vertumnus* can,  
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, and *Quotidian*,  
And *Secund* too; now posting, sometimes pawing,  
Even as the matter, all these changes eating,  
Is rommided with motions slowe or quick  
In feeble bodies of the *Ague fice*.

One Poet, ha-  
ving been in-  
feste for many  
yeers, eventually  
afflicted with  
the *Feuer*, com-  
plains bitterly  
at her rude vi-  
olence.

Ah trecherous beast! needs must I knowe thee best:  
For foure whole years thou wert my poor hart's guest,  
And to this day in body and in minde  
I beare the marks of thy despight vnkind:  
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft  
Of blood and marrow) through thy secret theft  
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,  
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid:  
My memory (which hath been meetly good)  
Is now (alas!) much like the fleeting flood;  
Whereon no sooner haue we drawn a line  
But it is cancel'd, leauing there no signe:  
For, the deere fruit of all my care and cost,  
My former study (almost all) is lost,  
And oft in secret haue I blush'd at  
Mine ignorance: like *Cornine*, who forgot  
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunc*  
(Learned in youth, and in his age a Dunc),  
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour  
My Numbers still by habite haue the *Feuer*,  
One-while with heat of heavenly fire enflam'd;  
Shivering anon, through faint vn-learned cold.  
Now, the third Regiment with stormy stours  
Sers on the Squadron of our *Naturall Powers*,  
Which happily maintain vs (duly) both  
With needfull food, and with sufficient growth.  
One-while the *Boulimie*, then the *Anorexie*,  
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypessie*,  
And childe-great *Pica* (of prodigious diet)  
In straightest stomachs rage with monstrous ryot:  
Then on the Liver doth the *Jaundize* fall,  
Stopping the passage of the choleric Gall;  
Which then, for good blood, scatters all about  
Her fiery poyson, yellowing all without:

The third Regi-  
ment warres  
on the *Naturall*  
*Powers*.

But the sad *Dropfie* freezeth it extream,  
Till all the blood be turned into steame.  
But see (alas!) by far more cruell foes  
The slippery bowels thrill'd with thousand throes:  
With prisoned windes the wringing *Colick* pains them,  
The *Slack* passion with more rigour strains them,  
Streightens their Conduits, and (detested) makes  
Mans mouth (alas!) even like a lothsom Iakes.  
Then, the *Dysentery* with fretting pains  
Extorteth pure blood from the flayed veins.  
On th' other side, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,  
Torturing the Reins with deadly tyranny,  
With heat-concreted sand-heaps strangely stop  
The burning vrine, strained drop by drop:  
As opposite, the *Diabete* by melting  
Our bodies substance in our Vrine swelting,  
Distills vs still, as long as any matter  
Vnto the spout can send supply of water.

Vnto those parts, wherby we leaue behind-vs  
Types of our selues in after-times to mind-vs,  
There fiercely flies defectiue *Venerie*,  
And the foul, feeble, fruit-less *Gonorrhoe*  
(An impotence for Generations-deed,  
And lust-less Issue of th' vncocted seed)  
Remorse-less tyrants, that to spoyle aspire  
Babes vnconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.

The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours  
Begot of vicious indigested humours:  
As *Phlegmons*, *Oedems*, *Schyrrhes*, *Erysipiles*,  
*Kings-eils*, *Cankers*, cruell *Gouts*, and *Byles*,  
*Wens*, *Ring-worms*, *Tetters*: these from euery part  
With thousand pangs braue the besieged hart:  
And their blind fury, wanting force and courage  
To hurt the Fort, the champaign Country forrage.

O tyrants! sheath your feeble swords again:  
For, Death al-ready thousand-times hath slain  
Your Enemy; and yet your enuious rigour  
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure.  
And with a dull and ragged instrument  
His ioynts and skin are saw'd, and torn, and rent.  
Methinks most rightly to a coward Crew  
Of *Wolues* and *Foxes* I resemble you,  
Who in a Forrest (finding on the land  
The Lyon dead, that did aliue command  
The Land about, whose awfull Countenance  
Melted, far off, their yce-like arrogance)  
Mangle the members of their liue-less Prince,  
With feeble signes of dastard insolence.

The fourth Regi-  
ment forageth  
and deface the  
Body outward-  
ly.

Comparison.

But



The Loweste  
Dyscrasy.

But, with the Grieffs that charge our outward places,  
Shall I account the loathsome *Phthiriasis* ?  
O shamefull Plague ! O foul infirmitie !  
Which makes proud Kings, fouler then Beggars be  
( That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin fore,  
Their itching backs sit thrugging euermore )  
To swarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannon rid,  
Nor often shift of shirts, and sheets, and bed :  
For, as in springs, stream stream pursueth fresh,  
Swarm follows swarm, and their too fruit full flesh  
Breeds her own eaters, and ( till Deaths arrest )  
Makes of it selfe an execrable feast.

Diseases proper  
to certaine Climates  
& Nations.

Nor may we think, that *Chance* confusedly  
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy* :  
For, of her Souldiers, som ( as led by reason )  
Can make their choice of *Country, Age, and Season*.  
So *Portugall* hath *Phthiriasis* most of all,  
*Eber Kings* - euils ; *Arme* the *Suddsin* - Fall ;  
*Sauoy* the *Mumps* ; *West-India*, *Pox*, and *Nyle*  
The *Leprosie* ; *Plague*, the *Sardinian* - ile,  
After the influence of the Heav'ns all ruling,  
Or *Countries* manners. So, soft *Child-hood* puling  
Is wrung with Worms, begot of crudity,  
Are apt to Laske through much humidity :  
Through their salt phlegms, their heads are hid with skulls,  
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloody balls  
Of *Menstruall* humour which ( like *Musk* ) within  
Their bodies boyling buttoneh all their Skin.  
To *bloody-Fluxes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,  
*Continuall-Feuers*, *Phrenzies*, *Phthiriasis* - pining.  
And feeble *Age* is seldom-times without  
Her tedious guests, the *Palsie* and the *Gout*,  
*Coughes* and *Catarrhs*. And so the *Pessilence*,  
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,  
The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *Watry-Tumour*,  
Are bred with vs of an *Autumnall* humour :  
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-grief*,  
In *Vir's* hot-moysture doe molest vs chief :  
The *Diarrhoea* and the *Burning-Feuers*,  
In *Sommer-season* doo their fell endeavour :  
And *Pleurisies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,  
Wear curled flakes of white celestiall plumes :  
Like sluggish Souldiers, keeping Garrison  
In th'ycie Bulwarks of the Years gelt Son.  
Som, seeming most in multitudes delighting,  
Bane one by other, not the first acquiting :  
As *Measels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leprosie*,  
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthiriasis* - maladie.

To som Ages of  
man.To the Season  
of the year.Some Diseases  
contagious.

And

Some have as-  
cribed.

And some ( alas ! ) we leaue as in succession,  
Vnto our Children, for a sad possession :  
Such are *Kings-euils*, *Dropisie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,  
Blood-boyling *Lepry*, and *Consumption*,  
The swelling *Throat-ache*, th' *Epilepsie* sad,  
And cruell *Rupture*, payning too-too bad :  
For, their hid poysons after-comming harm  
Is fast combin'd vnto the Parents sperm.

But O ! what arms, what shield shall we oppose,  
What stratagems against those treacherous foes,  
Those trecherous grieffs, that our frail Art detects  
Not by their cause, but by their sole effects ?  
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-suffocation*,  
The *Falling-sicknes*, and pale *Swouning-passion* ;  
The which, I wote not what strange windes long pause,  
I wot not where, I wote not how dorth cause.

Or who ( alas ! ) can scape the cruell wile  
Of those fell Pangs that *Physicks* pains beguile ?  
Which beeing banisht from a body, yet  
( Vnder new names ) return again to it :  
Or rather, taught the strange *Metempsychosis*  
Of the wise *Samian*, one it self transposes  
Into som worse *Grieffe* ; either through the kindred  
Of th'humour vicious, or the member hundred :  
Or through their ignorance or auarice  
That doe professe *Appolos* exercise.  
So, *Melancholy* turned into *Madnes* :  
Into the *Palsie*, deep-affrighted *Sadnes* ;  
Th' *ill-habitude* into the *Dropisie* chill :  
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial* - ill.

In brief, poor *Adam* in this pious case  
Is like a Stag, that long pursu'd in chafe,  
Flying for succour to some neighbour wood,  
Sinks on the suddain in the yeelding mud ;  
And sticking fast amid the rotten grounds,  
Is over-taken by the eger Hounds :  
One bites his back, his neck another nips,  
One puls his brest, at's throat another skips,  
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,  
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears,  
And last of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife  
Cuts off his head, and so concludes his life.  
Or like a lusty Bull, whose horned Crest  
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowsie nest,  
Who buzzing forth, assaile him on each side,  
And pitch their valiant Bands about his hide ;  
With fisking train, with forked head, and foot,  
Himselfe, th'ayre, th'earth, he beareth ( to no boot )

Some not known  
by their Cause,  
but by their Effects  
only.Some by sundry  
Causes encrea-  
sing and making  
worse.

Comparison.

Another compa-  
rison.

Flying



Flying (through woods, hills, dales, and roaring rivers)  
His place of griefe, but not his painfull grievers :  
And in the end, sticht full of stings he dies,  
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.

For, man is loaden with ten thousand languors :  
All other Creatures, onely feele the angors  
Of few *Diseases* : as, the gleaning Quail  
Onely the *Falling-sicknes* doth assail :  
The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattel,  
*Madnes* and *Quincie* bid the Mastie battel.

Yet each of them can naturally find  
What Simples cure the sickness of their kind ;  
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,  
But they as soon haue ready medicine.

The Ram for Physick takes strong-scenting *Rue*,  
The Tortois slowe, cold *Hemlock* doth renue :  
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Iay  
Haue th'oyly liquour of the sacred Bay.  
The sickly Beare, the *Mandrak* cures again ;  
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yeane :  
But, we know nothing, till by poaring still  
On Books, we get vs a Sophistik skill ;  
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still vnknown :  
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)  
Of those, that (broken with vnthankfull toyl)  
Seek others Health, and lose their own the-while :  
Or rather those (such are the greatest part)  
That waxing rich at others cost and smart,  
Growe famous *Dollars*, purchasing promotions,  
While the Church-yards swel with their hurtfull potions ;  
Who (hang-man like) fear-les, and shame-les too,  
Are prayd and payd for murders that they doo.

I speak not of the good, the wise, and learned,  
Within whose hearts Gods fear is well discerned ;  
Who to our bodies can again vnite  
Our parting soules, ready to take their flight.  
For, these I honour as Heav'ns gifts excelling,  
Pillars of Health, Death and Disease repelling :  
Th'Almighties Agents, Natures Counsellers,  
And flowering Youths wise faithfull Governours.

Yet if their Art can ease some kinde of dolors,  
They leam'd it first of Natures silent Schollers :  
For, from the *Sea-Horse* came *Phlebotomies*,  
From the wild Goat the healing of the eys ;  
From *Stork* and *Hearn*, our *Glysters* laxative,  
From *Beares* and *Lions Diets* wee deriue.

'Gainst th'onely Body, all these Champions stout  
Striue ; some, within : and other some, without.

An amplification  
of Man, in  
his various  
afflictions, compared  
with other Crea-  
tures, from more  
sensible, and more  
brutish, than that  
by naturall Re-  
medies of their  
owne : showing  
all's taught Men  
many pleasures  
of Physick.

Or, if that any th'all-fair Soule haue stricken,  
Tis not directly ; but, in that they weaken  
Her Officers, and spoyle the Instruments  
Wherewith she works such wonderous presidents.

But, lo ! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eger,  
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,  
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason  
Draw the blind Iudgement from the rule of Reason :  
*Opinions* issue ; which (though selfe vnseen)  
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.

*Sorrow*'s first Leader of this furious Crowd,  
Muffled all-over in a sable clowd,  
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,  
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way,  
Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies  
Sighes from her hart, tears from her blubbered eys ;  
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming *Care*,  
With weeping *Pity*, *Thought*, and mad *Despaire*  
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,  
Asps, poysons, Pistols, Halters, Kniues, and Swords :  
Foul squinting *Envy*, that self-eating Elf,  
Through others leanness fattening vp herself,  
Ioying in mischief, feeding but with languor  
And bitter tears her Toad-like-swellling anger :  
And *Jelousie* that never sleeps, for fear  
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her ear)  
That leaues repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde  
With seeking what she would be loth to finde.

The second Captain is excessive Ioy :  
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*  
Too streight for her : whose senses all possess  
All wished pleasures in all plentiousnes.  
She hath in conduct false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,  
Bold, soothing, shameles, lowd, iniurious, taunting :  
The winged Giant lofty-staring *Pride*,  
That in the clouds her brauing Crest doth hide :  
And many other, like the empty bubbles  
That rise when raine the liquid Crystall troubles.

The Third, is blood-les, hart-les, witless *Fear*,  
That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where :  
She leads black *Terror*, and base clownish *Shame*,  
And drowsie *Sloth*, that counterfaieth lame,  
With Snail-like motion measuring the ground,  
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,  
Foul, sluggish Drone, barren (but, fit to breed)  
Diseased, begger, starv'd with wilfull need.

And thou *Desire*, whom nor the firmament,  
Nor ayre, nor earth, nor Ocean can content :

Whose

Of foure Dis-  
eases of the Soule,  
under them com-  
prehending all  
the rest.

Sorrow dis-  
tributed with her  
company.

A Ioy with her  
Train.

3 Fear & her  
Followers.

4 Desire, a most  
violent Passion,  
accompanied with



olden rule: as  
Anchore,  
Anchore,  
Anchore, and  
Foolish Love.

Whose looks are hookees, whose belly's bottom-lesse,  
Whose hands are Gripes to scrape with greedinesse,  
Thou art the Fourth: and vnder thy Command,  
Thou bringst to field a rough vnruely Band:  
First, secret-burning, mighty-swoln *Ambition*  
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition,  
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds suffice not,  
Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dies not,  
Whose hands (transported with fantastlike passion)  
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:  
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters  
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge she venters  
Through fell *Charybdis*, and false *Syrtes* Nefse;  
The more her wealth, the more her wretchednesse:  
Cruel, respect-lesse, friendlesse, faith-lesse Elf,  
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her self:  
Whose foule base fingers in each dunghill poar  
(Like *Tantalus*) starv'd in the midst of store:  
Not what she hath, but what she wants she counts:  
A wel-wingd Bird that neuer lofty mounts.

Then, boyling *Wrath*, stem, cruell, swift, and rash,  
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnash:  
Whose hair doth stare, like bristled Porcupine;  
Who som-times rowles her ghastly-glowing eyn,  
And som-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,  
Now bleak, then bloody in her Countenance;  
Rauing and rayling with a hideous sound,  
Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground;  
Bearing *Boccons*, fire and sword to slay,  
And murder all that for her pittie pray;  
Baning her self, to bane her Enemy;  
Disdaining Death, provided others dy:  
Like falling Towers o'r-turned by the winde,  
That break themselves on that they vnder-grinde.  
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling Lone:  
(Whom heer to paint doth little me behooue,

After so many rare Apelleses

As in this Age our Albion nourishes)

And to be short, thou doest to battail bring  
As many Souldiers gainst the Creatures King,  
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankind  
True very Goods, or seeming-Goods doth finde.

Now, if (but like the Lightning in the sky)  
These sudden *Passions* pass but swiftly by,  
The fear were lesse: but, O! too oft they leaue  
Keen stings behinde in Soules that they deceiue.  
From this foul Fountain, all these poysons rise,  
*Rapes, Treasons, Murders, Incests, Sodomies,*

The heere of  
the first of the  
first of the first

Blasphemous

*Blaspheming, Bibbing, Theeuing, False-contracting,  
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exalting.*

Alas! how these (far-worse then death) *Diseases*  
Exceed each *Sickness* that our body seises;  
Which makes vs open war, and by his spight  
Gives to the Patient many a hollosom light,  
Now by the colour, or the Pulses beating,  
Or by som Fit, som sharper dolor threatening;  
Whereby, the Leach neer-ghessing at our grief,  
Not seldom findes sure meanes for our relief.  
But, for the *Ills* raig in our Intellect  
(Which only, them both can and ought detect)  
They rest vnkown, or rather self-conceal'd;  
And soule-sick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.

Besides, we plainly call the *Fever, Feuer*:  
The *Dropsie, Dropsie*: over-gliding neuer,  
With guile-full flourish of a fained phraze,  
The cruell *Languors* that our bodies craze:  
Whereas, our fond self-soothing Soule, thus sick,  
Rubs her own sore; with glozing Rhetorick  
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain  
Not fear the touch of *Reasons* Cantere vain.

And sure, if ever filthy Vice didiet  
In sacred *Virtues* spot-lesse mantle neat,  
'Tis in our dayes, more hatefull and unhallow'd,  
Then when the World the Waters wholly swallow'd.

He spare to speak of foulest Sins, that spot  
Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot;  
Left I the Saints chaste tender ears offend,  
And seem them more to teach, then reprehend.  
Who bear vpon their *French-sick* backs about,  
Farms, Castles, Fees, in golden threads cut-out;  
Whose lavish hand, at one *Primero* rest,  
One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering Feast,  
Spend treasures, scrap't by th' *Vsurie* and *Care*  
Of miser Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

Who, with a maiden voice, and mincing pale,  
Quaint loocks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,  
Base coward-hart, and wanton soft array,  
Their man-hood only by their Beard bewray;  
Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Lust-greedy Goates,  
Brothel from bed to bed; whose *Siren*-notes  
Inchant chaste *Susans*, and like hungry Kite  
Fly at all game, they *Louers* are behight.

Who, by false bargains, and vnlawfull measures  
Robbing the World, haue heaped kingly treasures:  
Who cheat the simple; lend for fifty fifty,  
Hundred for hundred, are esteemed *Thrifty*.

X

Who

far more danger-  
ous then the  
diseases of the  
body.

The miserable  
corruption of  
our Times, worse  
then all former  
Ages.

All riotous Pro-  
diges, and disor-  
ders, with the  
name of Libera-  
lity.

Effeminate cu-  
riosity & in-  
crease of Pride, pre-  
sented Cleane-  
liness.

What are Lust  
and Wrath like  
Lusts, and  
Wraths.

Extreme Ex-  
cession counted  
Thrifty.



Blasphemous  
Quarrels, bra-  
vest Courage.

Inhumane Mur-  
der by the  
Manhood.

Who alwaies murder and revenge affect,  
Who feed on blood, who never doe respect  
*State, Sex, or Age*: but in all humane lives  
In cold blood, bathe their paricidiall knives;  
Are stiled *valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land  
May want such valour whose self-cruell hand  
Fights for our foes, our proper life-blood spils,  
Our Cities sacks, and our owne Kindred kills.  
Lord, let the *Lance*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,  
Be turn'd to tools to furrow vp the field,  
And let vs see the Spyders busie task  
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Cask.

But if (braue *Lands-men*) your war-thirst be such,  
If in your breasts sad *Enyon* boy! so much,  
What holds you heer: alas! what hope of crowns?  
Our fields are flock-less, treasure-less our Towns.

Goe then, nay run, renowned *Martialists*,  
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* lists;  
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering stroak  
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yolk:  
To *Portugal*; people *Galizian-Spain*,  
And graue your names on *Lysbon's* gates again.

FINIS.



## THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THE III. PART OF  
THE FIRST DAY OF  
THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGVMENT.

The Praise of Peace, the miserable states  
Of Edens Exiles: their vn-curious Cates,  
Their simple habit, filly habitation:  
They find out Fire. Their formost Propagation:  
Their Childrens trades, their offerings; envious Cain  
His (better) Brother doth unkindly brain:  
With inward horror hurried up and down,  
He breakes a Horse, he builds a homely Town:  
Iron's inuented, and sweet Instruments:  
Adam sortels of *After-Worlds* euents.

**H**earns sacred Imp, fair Goddess that renew'st  
Th' old golden Age, and brightly now re-blew'st  
Our cloudy skie, making our fields to smile:  
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:

Virgin, vnseen in *France* this many a yeer,  
O blessed *Peace*! we bid thee welcom heer.

Lo, at thy presence, how who late were prest  
To spur their Steeds, and couch their staves in rest  
For fierce incounter; cast away their spears,  
And rapt with ioy, them enter-barke with tears.

Lo, how our Marchant-vessels to and fro  
Freely about our trade-full waters go:

How the grave *Senate* with iust-gentle rigour,  
Resumes his Robe; the Laws their antient vigour.

Lo, how *Oblivious* Seas our striefes do drown:  
How walls are built that war had thundred down:

X

Lo,

The Poet here  
welcomes peace  
which (after  
long absence)  
seems about time  
come to have re-  
turned into  
France.  
The Benefits he  
brings with her.



Thanksgiving  
to God for peace

Gratefull remembrance  
of the  
mercies thereof

An imitation  
thereof, by the  
Translator, in  
honour of our  
late gracious  
Soverain Elizabeth:  
in whose happy  
Reigne God  
hath given  
this Kingdom  
so long peace  
and rich pro-  
speritie.

Lo, how the Shops with busie Crafts-men swarm;  
How Sheep and Cattell cover every Farm:  
Behold the Bonfires waving to the skies:  
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chanting cries  
Of old and young; singing this ioyfull Dittie,  
To, reioyce, reioyce through Town and Cittie,  
Let all our ayr, re-echo with the praises  
Of th' everlasting glorious God, who raises  
Our ruin'd State: who giveth vs a good  
We sought not for (or rather, we with-stood);  
So that to hear and see these consequences  
Of wonders strange, we scarce beleue our senses.  
O! let the King, let Monsieur and the Sover'n  
That doth *Nauarras* Spain-wrongd Scepter gouern,  
Be all, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt:  
O! let the honour of their names be kept,  
And on brasse leaves ingrav'n eternally  
In the bright Temple of fair Memory,  
For having quencht, so soon, so many fires,  
Disarm'd our arms, appeas'd the heav'nly ires,  
Calm'd the pale horror of intestine hates,  
And dammed-up the bit'ont Fathers gates.

Much more, let vs (dear, World-divided land)  
Extoll the mercies of Heav'n's mighty hand,  
That (while the World, Wars bloody rage hath rent)  
To vs so long, so happy Peace hath lent  
(Maugre the malice of th' Italian Priest,  
And Indian Pluto (prop of Anti-christ),  
Whose Hoast, like Pharaoh's threatening Israel,  
Our gaping Seas haue swallowed quick to hell)  
Making our Ile a holy Safe-Retratt  
For saints exil'd in persecutions heat.

Much more, let vs with true-heart-tuned breath,  
Record the Praises of ELIZABETH  
(Our martiall Pallas and our milde Astraea,  
Of grace and wisdom the diuine Idea)  
Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,  
Wel-neer nine Lustres hath this Kingdom blest.  
O! pray we him that from home-plotted dangers  
And bloody threats of proud ambitious Strangers,  
So many years hath so securely kept her,  
In iust possession of this flowing Scepter;  
That (to his glory and his dear Sons honour)  
All happy length of life may wait upon her:  
That we her Subjects, whom he blesteth by her,  
Psalmist his praise, may sound the same the higher.  
But waiting (Lord) in some more learned Layes,  
To sing thy glory, and my Soueraigns praise;

I sing the young Worlds Cradle, as a Poem  
Vnto so rare and so diuine a Poem.

WHO, FULL OF wealth and honours blandishment,  
Among great Lords his yonger yeares hath spent;  
And quaffing deely of the Court-delights,  
Vs'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, and Sights:  
It in his age, his Princes angry doom  
With deep disgrace driue him to liue at home  
In homely Cottage, where continually  
The bitter smoak exhales abundantly  
From his before-vn-sorrow-drained brain  
The brackish vapours of a silver rain:  
Where Vsher-les, both day and night, the North,  
South, East, and West windes, enter and goe forth:  
Where round about, the lowe-rooft broken wals  
(In stead of Arras) hang with Spiders cauls:  
Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands,  
With brows the roof, both wals with both his hands:  
He weeps and sighs, and (shunning comforts ay)  
Wisheth pale Death a thousand times a day:  
And, yet at length falling to work, is glad  
To bite a brown crust that the Mouse hath had,  
And in a Dish (for want of Plate or Glasse)  
Sups Oaten drink in stead of *Hypocras*.  
So (or much like) our rebell Elders, driven  
For ay from Eden (earthly type of Heav'n)  
Ly languishing neer *Tigris* grassie side,  
With nummed limbs, and spirits stupefied.

But powerfull NEED (Arts ancient Dame and Keeper,  
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)  
Among the Mountains makes them seek their living,  
And foaming rivers, through the champain driving:  
For yet the Trees with thousand fruits yfraught  
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:  
The Pear and Apple lined Dwarf-like there,  
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed every where:  
And yet (alas!) their meanest simple cheer  
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and dear.  
To get a Plum, sometimes poor Adam rushes  
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.  
If they desire a Medlar for their food,  
They must go seek it through a fearfull wood;  
Or a brown Mulbery, then the ragged Bramble  
With thousand seratches doth their Skin bescrabble.  
Wherefore (as yet) more led by th' appetite  
Of th' hungry belly then the tastes delight,  
Living from hand to mouth, soon satish'd,  
To earn their supper, th' after-noon they ply'd,

An Elegant re-  
parison repre-  
senting the la-  
mentable condi-  
tion of Adam  
and Eve driven  
out of Paradise.

The first Master  
of life.

Great simplicity  
in their mode  
of life.

Vn-

X 3



Unstor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;  
Pleas'd with an Apple, or som lesser pray.  
Then, taught by *Per* (richer in flows then fruit)  
And hoary Winter, of both destitute,  
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wisely vp they hoord,  
The best provisions that the woods afford.

*Their cloathing.*

Touching their garments: for the shining wooll  
Whence the roab-spinning pretious Worms are full,  
For gold and silver wov'n in drapery,  
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy,  
For Gemms bright lustre, with excessiue cost  
On rich embroideries by rare Art embost;  
Somtimes they doe the fat-spread Gourd vnleau,  
Somtime the Fig-tree of his branch bereau:  
Somtimes the Plane, somtimes the Vine they shear,  
Choosing their fairest tresses heer and there:  
And with their sundry locks, thorn'd each to other,  
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynthia's* Brother.

Somtimes the *Iuie's* climbing stems they strip,  
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:  
And with green lace, in artificiall order,  
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-Tree doth border,  
And with his arms th' Oaks slender twigs entwining,  
A many branches in one tissue ioyning,  
Frames a loose lacquet, whose light nimble quaking,  
Wagg'd by the windes, is like the wanton shaking  
Of golden spangles, that in stately pride  
Dance on the tresses of a noble Bride.

But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)  
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourishment:  
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thomy Plains,  
And bristly Woods be witness of his pains;  
*Eue*, walking forth about the Forrests, gathers  
*Speights*, *Parrots*, *Peacocks*, *Estrich* scattered feathers,  
And then with wax the smaller plumes she sears,  
And sows the greater with a white horse hairs,  
(For they as yet did serue her in the steed  
Of Hemp, and Towe, and Flax, and Silk, and Threed)  
And thereof makes a medly coat so rare  
That it resembles *Nature's* Mantle fair,  
When in the Sunne, in pomp all glistering,  
She seems with smiles to woo the gawdie Spring.

When (by stoln moments) this she had contriv'd,  
Leaping for ioy, her choerfull looks reviv'd,  
Sh' admires her cunning, and incontinent  
Says on her selfe her manly ornament;  
And then through path-less paths she runs apace,  
To meet her husband coming from the Chase.

*Sweet*

Sweet-heart, quoth she (and then she kisseth him)  
My Love, my Life, my Bliss, my Ioy, my Gem,  
My soules deer Soule, take in good part (I prece thee)  
This pretty Present that I gladly giue thee.  
Thanks my deer All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,  
And with three kisses he requites her kiss.  
Then on he puts his painted garment new,  
And Peacock-like himselfe doth often view,  
Looks on his shadow, and in proud amaze  
Admires the hand that had the Art to cause  
So many severall parts to meet in one,  
To fashion thus the quaint Mandilion.

But, when the Winters keener breath began  
To cry stallize the *Baltike* Ocean,  
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-vp the Floods,  
And perriwig with wooll the bald-pate Woods;  
Our Grand-fire, shrinking, gan to shake and shiver,  
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiver.  
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons coming  
(Whose freez-clad bodies feel not Winters numming)  
He takes the fairest, and he knocks it down:  
Then by good hap, finding vpon the Down  
A sharp great fishbone (which long time before  
The roaring flood had cast vpon the shore)  
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and spreads the fell,  
Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well,  
Then cloathes his wife therewith; and of such hides  
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himselfe provides.

A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Caue,  
Were the first buildings that them shelter gaue:  
But, finding th' one to be too-moist a hold,  
Th' other too-narrow, th' other over-cold;  
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose  
Sixteen fair Trees that never leaues do loose,  
Whose equall front in *quadran* form prospected,  
As if of purpose Nature them erected:  
Their shady boughs first bow they tenderly,  
Then enterbraid, and binde them curiously;  
That one would think that had this Arbor seen,  
'T had been true feeling painted-over green.

After this triall, better yet to fence  
Their tender flesh from th' ayry violence,  
Vpon the top of their fit-forked stems,  
They lay a-crosse bare Oken boughs for beams  
(Such as disperfed in the Woods they finde,  
Torn-off in tempests by the stormy winde)  
Then these again with leauy boughes they load,  
So covering close their forty cold abode,

And

*Eue is iustrie  
in making a  
Garment for  
her Husband.*

*Their winter  
sutes.*

*Their lodging  
and first build-  
ing.*

*A building  
from what  
more exact.*



And then they ply from th' eares vnto the ground,  
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their mansion round,  
All faue a hole to th' Eastward situate,  
Where straight they clap a hurdle for a gate  
(In steed of hinges hanged on a With)  
Which with a sleight both shuts and openeth.

The invention  
of Fire.

Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the winds, that whistle  
Amid the Groues, so oft the *Laurell* iustle  
Against the *Mulberry*, that their angry claps  
Do kindle fire, that burns the neighbour Cops.

When *Adam* saw a ruddy vapour rise  
In glowing streame; astund with fear he flies,  
It followes him, vntill a naked Plain  
The greedy fury of the flame restrain:  
Then back he turns, and comming somewhat nigher  
The kindled shrubs, perceiving that the fire  
Dries his dank Cloathes, his Colour doth refresh,  
And vnbenums his sinews and his flesh;  
By th' vnburnt end, a good big brand he takes,  
And hying home a fire he quickly makes,  
And still maintains it, till the starry *Twins*  
Celestiall breath another fire begins.

But, Winter being comn again it griev'd him;  
T' haue lost so fondly what so much reliev'd him,  
Trying a thousand waies, fith now no more  
The iustling Trees his damage would restore.

How the first  
Man invented  
Fire for the use  
of himselfe and  
his posterity.

While (else-where musing) one day he fare down  
Vpon a steep Rocks craggy-forked crown,  
A foaming beast come toward him he spies,  
Within whose head stood burning coals for eyes;  
Then suddenly with boisterous armes he throwes  
A knobby flint, that hummeth as it goes;  
Hence flies the beast, th' ill-aimed flint-shaft grounding  
Against the Rock, and on it oft rebounding,  
Shivers to cinders, whence there issued  
Small sparks of fire no sooner born then dead.

This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee:  
And quickly calling his cold company,  
In his left hand a shining flint he locks,  
Which with another in his right he knocks  
So vp and down, that from the coldest stone  
At every stroak small fiery sparkles shone.  
Then with the dry leaues of a withered Bay  
The which together hand somly they lay,  
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun  
Shines cleer and smoak-less in the leaf begun.

*Eve*, kneeling down, with hand her head sustaining,  
And on the lowe ground with her elbowe leaning,

Blowes

Blowes with her mouth: and with her gentle blowing  
Scit up the heat, that from the dry leaues glowing  
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kix  
First fires the small, and they the greater sticks.

And now, Man-kinde with fruitfull Race began  
A little corner of the World to man:  
First *Cain* is born, to tillage all adicted;  
Then *Abel*, most to keeping flocks affected.

Beginning of  
Families.

*Abel*, desirous still at hand to keep  
His Milk and Cheefe, vnwildes the gentle Sheep  
To make a Flock; that when it tame became  
For guard and guide should haue a Dog and Ram.

The severall  
Occupations of  
*Abel* & *Cain*.

*Cain*, more ambitious, giues but little ease  
To 's boistrous limbs: and seeing that the Pease,  
And other Pulse, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,  
Burnt in the Copses as not held in price,  
Som grains he gathers: and with busie toyl,  
A-part hee sowes them in a better soyl;  
Which first he rids of stones, and thorns, and weeds,  
Then buries there his dying-living seeds.

By the next Haruest, finding that his pain  
On his small plot was not ingratly vain,  
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring  
Without so often weary labouring,  
He tames a Heifer, and on either side,  
On either horn a three-fold twist hery'd  
Of Osiar twigs, and for a Plough he got  
The horn or tooth of som Rhinocerot.

Now, th' one in Cattle, th' other rich in grain,  
On two steep Mountains build they Altars twain;  
Where (humbly-sacred) th' one with zealous cry  
Cleaves bright *Olympus* starry Canopy:  
With fained lips, the other low'd-refounded  
Hart-wanting Hymns, on self-deseruing founded:  
Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord  
The best that eithers flocks, or fields affords.

Their sacrifice.

Rein-searching God, thought-sounding Judge, that tries  
The will and heart more then the work and guile,  
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other  
Profane oblation of his furious brother;  
Who feeling, deep th' effects of Gods displeasure,  
Raues, frets, and fumes, and murmurs out of measure.

God regards  
*Abel* and his  
Sacrifice, and  
reuereth *Cain*  
and his wicked  
Cain murdereth  
his brother;  
his blood  
crieth  
unto God  
for vengeance.

What boots it (*Cain*) O wretch! what boots it thee  
T' haue opened first the fruitfull womb (quoth he)  
Of the first mother; and first born the rather  
T' haue honour'd *Adam* first, with name of Father:  
Vnfortunate, what boots thee to be wealtly,  
Wife, actiue, valiant, strongly-limb'd; and healthy,

If



If this weak Girl-boy, in mans shape disguis'd,  
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou despis'd?  
What boots it thee, for others night and day  
In painfull toyl to wear thy self away:  
And (more for others then thine own relief)  
To haue deuised of all Arts the chief;  
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurs't,  
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurs't):  
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,  
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool  
This kindling flame: and that none over-crowe thee,  
Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe thee.

Ay in his minde this counsaile he reuolues:  
And hundred times to act it he resolues,  
And yet as oft relents; stopt worthily  
By the pains horror, and his tyranny.

But, one day drawing with dissembled loue  
His harm-les brother far into a Groue,  
Vpon the verdure of whose virgin-boughs  
Bird had not pearcht, nor never Beast did brouz;  
With both his hands he takes a stone so huge,  
That in our age three men could hardly bouge,  
And iust vpon his tender brothers crown,  
With all his might he cruell casts it down.

The mured face lies printed in the mud,  
And lowd for vengeance cryes the martyr'd blood:  
The battered brains fly in the murd'ers face.  
The Sun, to shun this Tragike sight, a-pace  
Turns back his Teem: the amazed Paricide  
Doth all the Furies scourging whips abide:  
Externall terrors, and th' internall Worm  
A thousand landes of living deaths do form:  
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,  
Flies his owne friends, of his own shade affright,  
Scarr'd with a leaf, and starting at a Sparrow,  
And all the World seems for his fear too-narrow.

*By reason of the  
ouerthrowing of  
Manhood, the  
Children of A-  
dam beginne  
to be benighted  
in their commodity  
and retreat.*

But for his Children, born by three and three,  
Produce him Nephews, that still multiply  
With new increase; who yer their age be rise  
Becom great-Grand-fires in their Grand-fires life;  
Staying at length, he chose him out a dwelling,  
For woods and floods, and ayr, and soyl excelling.

One felts down Firs, another of the same  
With crossed poles a little lodge doth frame:  
Another mounds it with dry wals about  
(And leaues a breach for passage in and out)  
With Turf and Furle: som others yet more grosse  
Their homely Sties in stead of wals inclose:

Som

Som (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,  
And that about their silly Cotes they fix:  
Som make their Roofs with fearn, or reeds, or rushes,  
And som with hides, with oase, with boughs, and bushes.

He, that still fearfull, seeketh still defence,  
Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.  
For, with keen Coultar having bounded (wittie)  
The four-fac't Rampire of his simple Citie;  
With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand,  
And clayie mortar readie there at hand,  
Well trod and tempered, he immures his Fort,  
A stately Towr erecting on the Port:  
Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies;  
Securing som-what his pale tyrannies.

O Tigre! think'st thou (hellish fraticide)  
Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,  
Prince of som Peasants trained in thy tillage,  
And silly Kingling of a simple Village;  
Think'st thou to scape the storm of vengeance dread,  
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head:  
No; wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will  
On strongest top of any steepest Hill:  
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,  
Having for aid all Creatures in this All:  
If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,  
Thy pain thou could'st not, less auoid thy fear  
Which chills thy bones, and runs through all thy vains,  
Racking thy soule with twentie thousand pains.

Cain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed,  
The first of all th' vntamed Courser curbed;  
That while about on others feet he run  
With dustie speed, he might his Deaths-man shun.  
Among a hundred braue, light, lustie, Horses  
(With curious ey, marking their comly forces)  
He chooseth one for his industrious proof,  
With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, ietty hoof,  
With Pasterns short, vpright (but yet in mean);  
Dry sinewie shanks; strong, flesh-less knees, and lean;  
With Hart-like legs, broad breast, and large behinde,  
With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd;  
A crested neck bow'd like a half-bent Bowe,  
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flowe;  
A firm full tail, touching the lowely ground,  
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drownd;  
A pricked ear, that rests as little space,  
As his light foot; a lean, bare bonny face,  
Thin ioule, and head but of a middling size,  
Full, liuely-flaming, quickly rowling eyes,

Great

*Cain thinking  
to find some quiet  
for the tempest  
of his conscience,  
begins to fortify,  
and build a  
Towre.*

*Surpassing to se-  
cure himselfe by  
the strength and  
swiftness of a  
Horse, which he  
begins to tame.*

*Description of a  
gallant Horse.*



The manner how  
to back a horse,  
or make a good  
horse.

Smile.

The ready speed  
of a swift horse  
presented in the  
reader, may  
become and  
lastly improve.

Good horse-  
man's life.

Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming nostrill wide,  
Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head starri'd,  
Three milky feet, a feather on his breast,  
Wom seav'n-years-old at the next gras he ghest.

This goodly Jennet gently first he wins,  
And then to back him actively begins:  
Steady and straight he sits, turning his sight  
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.  
The chafed Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,  
Begins to snuff, and snort, and leap, and fling;  
And flying wifely, his fearfull Rider makes  
Like some vnskilfull Lad that vnder-takes  
To holde some ships helm, while the head-long Tyde  
Carries away the Vessell and her Guide;  
Who neer deuoured in the jawes of Death,  
Pale, fearfull, shivering, faint, and out of breath,  
A thousand times (with Heav'n crested eyes)  
Repens him of so bold an enterprise.

But, sitting fast, less hurt then feared, Cain  
Polders himselfe and his braue Beast again:  
Brings him to pafe, from pasing to the trot,  
From trot to gallop: after runs him hot.  
In full career: and at his courage smiles,  
And sitting still to run so many miles.

His pafe is fair and free; his trot as light  
As Tigres course; as Swallows nimble flight:  
And his braue gallop seems as swift to goe  
As Biscan Darts, or shafts from Russian bowe:  
But, roaring Canon, from his smoking throat,  
Never so speedy spews the thundring shot  
(That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down,  
And batters bulwarks of a common'd Town)  
As this light Horse scuds, if he doe but feel  
His bridle slack, and in his side the heel:  
Shunning himself, his sinewie strength he stretches;  
Flying the earth, the flying ayr he catches,  
Born whirl-winde-like: he makes the trampled ground  
Shrink vnder him, and shake with doubling sound:  
And when the sight no more pursue him may,  
In fieldy clouds he vanisheth away.

The wise-waxt Rider, nor esteeming best  
To take too-much now of his lusty Beast,  
Restraines his fury: then with learned wand  
The triple Corvet makes him vnderstand:  
With skilfull voice he gently cheers his pride,  
And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide:  
He stops him steady still, new breath to take,  
And in the same path brings him softly back.

The Courtenace,  
Pride and Port  
of a courageous  
Horse, when he  
is chased.

The Dexterity of  
a skilfull Rider.

The invention of  
iron.

Comparisons.

But th' angry Steed, rising and rearing proudly,  
Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,  
Calls for the Combat, plunges, leaps and prauces,  
Befoams the path, with sparkling eys he glaunces,  
Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously  
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,  
All side-long iaunts, on either side he iustles,  
And 's waving Crest courageously he bristles,  
Making the gazers glad on every side  
To give more room vnto his portly Pride.

Cain gently stroaks him, and now sure in seat,  
Ambitiously seeks still some fresher feat  
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,  
Another while he doth him backward bring,  
Then of all four he makes him lightly bound;  
And to each hand to manage rightly round;  
To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,  
To dance, to leap, to hold-up any lim:  
And all, so don, with time-grace-ordered skill,  
As both had but one body and one will.  
Th' one for his Art no little glory gains:  
Th' other through practice by degrees attains  
Grace in his gallop, in his pafe agility,  
Lightnes of head, and in his stop facility,  
Strength in his leap, and stedfast managings,  
Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.

The vse of Horses thus discovered,  
Each to his work more cheery fetteled,  
Each plies his trade, and trauels for his age,  
Following the paths of painfull Tubal sage.

While through a Forrest Tubal (with his Yen  
And ready quiver) did a Boar pursue,  
A burning Mountain from his fiery vain  
Anyron River rowls along the Plain:  
The witty Huntsman, musing, thither hies,  
And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise.  
And first perceiving, that this scalding mettle,  
Becoming cold, in any shape would settle,  
And growe so hard, that with his sharped side  
The firmest substance it would soon divide;  
He cast a hundred plots, and yer he parts  
He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts:  
Like as a Hound, that following loose, behinde  
His pensive Master) of a Hare doth finde;  
Leaves whom he loves, vpon the sent doth ply,  
Figs to and fro, and fells in cheerfull Cry;  
And with vp-lifted head, and nostrill wide  
Winding his game, snuffs-up the winde, his guide:

A

Y



A hundred wayes he measures Vale and Hill:  
Ears, eyes, nor nose, nor foot, nor tail are still,  
Till in her hot Form he haue found the pray  
That he so long hath sought for every way.

*Causing of the  
first instruments  
of Iron.*

For, now the way to thousand works reveal'd,  
Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld:  
In two square creases of vnequall files  
To turn to yron streamlings he devises;  
Cold, takes them thence: then off the dross he rakes,  
And this a Hammer, that an Anvill makes;  
And, adding tongs to these two instruments,  
He stores his house with yron implements:  
As, forks, rakes, hatches, plough-shares, coulter, staples,  
Bolts, hinges, hooks, nails, whistles, spoaks and grapples;  
And grow'n more cunning, hollow things he formeth,  
He hatcheth Files, and winding Vices wormeth,  
He shapeth Sheers, and then a Saw indents,  
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.

*The excellency  
of Iron and common-  
uses of Iron.*

Happy device! we might as well want all  
The Elements, as this hard mineriall.  
This, to the Plough-man, for great uses serves:  
This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carves:  
This arms our bodies against adverse force:  
This clothes our backs: this rules th' unruly Horse:  
This makes vs dry-shod daunce in *Neptunes* Hall:  
This brightens gold: this conquers self and all;  
Fifth Element, of Instruments the last;  
The Tool of Tools, and Hand of Handy-Craft.

*Invention of  
Musick.*

While (compact round with smoking *Cyclops* rude,  
Half-naked *Brontes*, and *Sterops* swarthy-hew'd,  
All well-neer weary) sweating *Tubal* stands,  
Hastning the hot work in their sounding hands,  
No time lost *Jubal*: th' vn-full Harmony  
Of vn-even Hammers, beating diversly,  
Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbery soule  
Yer birth (som think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.  
Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde,  
And glad and fain som Instrument would finde  
That in accord those discords might renew,  
And th' iron Anvils rattling found ensue,  
And iterate the beating Hammers noise  
In milder notes, and with a sweeter voice.

*Invention of the  
Lute and other  
Instruments.*

It chanc'd, that passing by a Pond, he found  
An open *Tortoise* lying on the ground,  
Within the which there nothing else remained  
Sauë three dry sinews on the shell stiff-stained:  
This empty house *Jubal* doth gladly bear,  
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;

And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,  
That makes woods harken, and the windes be mute,  
The Hills to dance, the Heav'ns to retro-grade,  
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.

His Art, still waxing, sweetly marieth  
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:  
More little tongues to 's charm-care Lute he brings,  
More Instruments he makes: no Eccho rings  
Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,  
And bubbling Rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,  
But wiery *Cymbals*, *Rebeckes* sinews twin'd,  
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.

But *Adam* guides, through paths but seldom gone,  
His other Sons to *Vertues* sacred throne:  
And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abel's* place)  
Staff of his age, and glory of his race:  
Him he instructeth in the waies of *Verity*,  
To worship God in spirit and sincerity:  
To honour Parents with a reverent aw,  
To train his children in religious law:  
To love his friends, his Country to defend,  
And helpfull hands to all mankind to lend:  
To knowe Heav'ns course, and how their constant swaies  
Divide the yeer in months, the months in daies:  
What star brings Winter, what is Sommers guide;  
What signe foul weather, what doth fair beride;  
What creature's kinde, and what is curst to vs;  
What plant is holefom, and what venomous.

No sooner he his lessons can commence,  
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents,  
Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations  
In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.  
The more he knowes, the more he craves; as fewell  
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.

While on a day by a cleer Brook they travell,  
Whose gurgling streams frizadoc on the gravell,  
He thus bespake: If that I did not see  
The zeal (dear Father) that you bear to me,  
How still you watch me with your carefull ein,  
How still your voice with prudent discipline  
My Prentice ear doth oft reverberate;  
I should misdoubt to seem importunate;  
And should content me to haue learned, how  
The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;  
What things have hot, and what have cold effect;  
And how my life and manners to direct.  
But your milde Love my studious heart advances  
To ask you further of the various chances

*While Cain and  
his Children are  
banish'd for the  
murder of Abel,  
Seth exercises  
himself in  
Piety & Justice  
and in ascertaining  
the gaily secrets  
of Nature.*

*Seth questions  
his Father con-  
cerning the state  
of the world & the  
beginning of  
the End.*



Adams answer

Of future times : what off-spring spreading wide  
Shall fill this World : What shall the World betide ;  
How long to last : What Magistrates, what Kings  
With *Justice* Mace shall govern mortall things ?

Son (quoth the Sire) our thoughts internally  
Things past and present may by means descry ;  
But not the future, if by speciall grace  
It read it not in th' *One-Trine's* glorious face.

Thou then, that (onely) things to come dost knowe,  
Not by Heav'n's course, nor guess of things belowe,  
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,  
Nor trembling tripes of sacrificed Heards,  
But by a clear and certain prescience  
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents,  
With whom at once the three-fould times do fly,  
And but a moment lasts Eternity ;  
O God, behold me, that I may behold  
Thy cry stall face : O *Sun*, reflect thy gold  
On my pale *Moon* ; that now my veiled eyes,  
Earth-ward eclips'd, may shine vnto the skyes.  
Ravish me, Lord, & (my soules life) revivue  
My spirit a-space, that I may see (alive)  
Heav'n yer I dy : and make me now (good Lord)  
The Eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.

The power of  
God's spirit  
his Prophecy:  
and the conse-  
quence between  
Justice and  
the Ministers of  
Satan.

With sacred fury suddenly he glowes,  
Nor like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,  
Who, dancing foaming, rowling furious-wife  
Under their twinkling lids their torch-like eys  
With ghastly voice, with visage grizly grim ;  
Tost by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,  
Bleaking and blushing, panting, threeking, swooning,  
With wrathless wounds their senseless members wounding:  
But as th' Imperiall Airy peoples Prince,  
With stately pinions soaring-by from hence,  
Cleaves through the clouds, and bravely-bold doth think  
With his firm ey to make the Sun's ey wink :  
So *Adam*, mounted on the burning wings  
Of a *Seraphick* love, leaves earthly things,  
Feeds on sweet *Aether*, cleaves the starry Sphears,  
And on Gods face his eys he fixly bears :  
His brows seem brandisht with a Sun-like fire,  
And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.

Adam declares  
to his Son  
how many daies  
the World was  
created.

Then thus began he : Th' ever-trembling field  
Of scaly folk, the Arches starry seeld,  
Where th' All-Creator hath disposed well  
The Sun and Moon by turns for *Ser'inell* ;  
The cleer cloud-bounding Air (the Camp assign'd  
Where angry *Auster*, and the rough North-winde,

Merry

Meeting in battell, throwe down to the soil  
The Woods that middling stand to part the broil ;  
The Diapry Mansions, where man-kinde doth trade,  
Were built in *Six Daies* : and the Scav'nth was made  
The sacred *Sabbath*. So, Sea, Earth and Air,  
And azure-gilded Heav'n's Pavilions fair,  
Shall stand *Six Daies* ; but longer diversly  
Then the daies bounded by the Worlds bright ey.

The *First* begins with me : the *Seconds* moine  
Is the first Ship-wright, who doth first adorn  
The Hills with Vines : that Shepherd is the *Third*,  
That after God through strange Lands leads his Heard,  
And (past mans reason) crediting Gods word,  
His onely Son slaies with a willing sword :  
The *Fourth's* another valiant Shepheardling,  
That for a Cannon takes his silly sling,  
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheards staff,  
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Psalmograph :  
The *Fifth* begins from that sad Princes night  
That sees his children mured in his sight,  
And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*,  
Poor *Judah* led in Captive heavinefs :  
Hoped *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt* ;  
Who, mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt,  
For our foul sins (still-selfly innocent)  
Hath fully born the hatefull punishment :  
The *Last* shall be the very *Resting-Day*,  
Th' Air shall be mute, the Waters works shall stay ;  
The Earth her store, the Stars shall leave their measures,  
The Sun his shine : and in eternall pleasures  
We plung'd, in Heav'n shall ay solemnize, all,  
Th' eternall *Sabbaths* end-less *Festivall*.

Alas ! what may I of that race presume  
Next th' irefull Flame that shall this Frame consume,  
Whose gut their god, whose lust their law shall be,  
Who shall not hear of God, nor yet of me ?  
Sith those outrageous, that began their birth  
On th' holy groundfill of sweet *Edens* earth,  
And (yet) the sound of Heav'n's drad Sentence hear,  
And as ey-witnes of mine Exile were,  
Seem to despight God. Did it not suffice  
(O lustfull soule ! ) first to *polygamize* ?  
Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to distain  
Thy Nuptiall bed : but that thou must ingrain  
In thy *great-Grand-fires* *Grand-fires* reeking gore  
Thy cruell blade : respecting nought (before)  
The prohibition, and the threatening vow  
Of him to whom infernall Powrs do bow :

Y 3

Neither

How many  
daies shall  
last.

1. Adam.  
2. Noah.  
3. Abraham.

4. David.

5. Zedechias.

6. Messias.

7. Th' Eter-  
nall Sabbath.

Considerations  
of Adam upon  
that which  
should befall his  
Posterity, upon  
the end of the  
first World, as  
descried by the  
Flood, according  
to the relation  
of Moses in Gen-  
esis, in the 9.  
6 and 7. chaps.  
10th.



Neither his Passports sealed Character  
Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.

Courage, good *Enos*: re-advance the Standard  
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reason slander'd,  
And trodden-down: Invoke th' immortall Pow'r;  
Vpon his Altar warm blood-offrings pour:  
His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapor,  
And teend again *Truths* neer-extinguisht Taper.

Thy pupil *Enoch*, selfly-dying wholly,  
(Earth's ornament) to God he liveth solely.  
Lo, how he labours to endure the light  
Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright:  
How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,  
Sometimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets  
Of the divine *Ideas* everlasting,  
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Praier* and *Fasting*:  
How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,  
He (sacred) sees, feels, all enioyes in God:  
How at somtimes, mounting from form to form,  
In form of God he happy doth transform.  
Lo, how th' All-fair, as burning all in love  
With his rare beauties, not content above  
T' haue half, but all, and ever, sets the stairs  
That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs:  
Lo, how he climeth the supernall stories.

Adieu, dear *Enoch*: in eternall glories  
Dwell there with God: thy body, chang'd in quality  
Of Spirit or Angell, puts-on immortality:  
Thine eys already (now no longer eyes,  
But new bright stars) doo brandish in theskyes:  
Thou drinkest deep of the celestiall wine:  
Thy *Sabbath's* end-less: without vail (in fine)  
Thou seest God face to face; and neer vnite  
To th' ONE-TRINE *Good*, thou liv'st in th' Infinite.

But heere the while (new Angell) thou dost leaue  
Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reave,  
Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,  
Whose guts are gulfs, incestuous all their life.

O strange to be beleev'd! the blessed Race,  
The sacred Flock, whom God by speciall grace  
Adopts for his, ev'n they (alas!) most shame-less  
Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-less,  
With lustfull eys choosung for wanton Spoues  
Mens wicked daughters; mingling so the houses  
Of *Seth* and *Cain*; preferring foolishly  
Frail beauties blaze to yertuous modesty.

From these profane, foul, cursed kisses sprung  
A cruell brood, feeding on blood and wrong;

Fell Gyants strange, of haughty hand and minde,  
Plagues of the World, and scourges of Mankinde.

Then, righteous God (though ever prone to pardon)  
Seeing His mildeness but their malice harden,  
List plead no longer, but resolves the Fall  
Of man forth-with, and (for mans sake) of all:  
Of all (at least) the living creatures gliding  
Along the air, or on the earth abiding.

Heav'n's crysell windows with one hand he opes,  
Whence on the World a thousand Seas he drops:  
With th' other hand he gripes and wringeth forth  
The spongy Globe of th' execrable Earth,  
So straightly prest, that it doth straight restore  
All liquid flouds that it had drunk before:  
In every Rock new Rivers doo begin;  
And to his aid the snowes com tumbling in:  
The Pines and Cedars haue but boughs to shewe,  
The shoars doo shrink, the swelling waters growe.  
Alas! so many Nephews lose I heer  
Amid these deeps, that but for mountains neer,  
Vpon the rising of whose ridges lofty,  
The lusty climb on every side for safety,  
I should be seed-less: but (alas!) the Water  
Swallows those Hills, and all this wide Theater  
Is all one Pond. O children, whither fly-you?  
Alas! Heav'n's wrath pursues you to destroy-you:  
The stormy waters strangely rage and roar,  
Rivers and Seas haue all one common shoar,  
(To wit) a fable, water-loaden Sky  
Ready to rain new Oceans instantly.

O Son-less Father! O too fruitfull hanches!  
O wretched root! O hurtfull, hatefull branches!  
O gulfs unknown! O dungeons deep and black!  
O worlds decay! O vniversal wrack!  
O Heav'n's! O Seas! O Earth (now Earth no more)  
O flesh! O blood! Heer, sorrow stoppt the door  
Of his sad voice; and, almost dead for wo,  
The prophetizing spirit forsook him so.





# NOAH.

## THE SECOND DAY OF THE SECOND WEEK.

CONTAINING

- I. THE ARK,
- II. BABYLON,
- III. THE COLONIES,
- IV. THE COLUMNES.



*Acceptam refero.*



# THE ARK.

## THE FIRST PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Noah prepares the Ark : and thither brings  
(With him) a Seed-pair of all living things :  
His exercise, a ship-board : Atheist Cham  
His holy Father's humble Zeal doth blame ;  
And diversly impugn's Gods Providence :  
Noah refutes his Faith-less arguments :  
The Flood surceast : Th' Ark landed : Blood forbid :  
The Rain-bow bent : what is prefigured :  
Wine downeth Wit : Cham scoffs the Nakednes  
Of's sleeping Sire : the Map of Drunkennes.

**N**ow no more my sacred rimes distill  
With Art-less ease from my dis-custom'd quill :  
If now the Laurell, that but lately shaded  
My beating temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded :  
And if now, banisht from the learned Fount,  
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount  
Where sweet *Fransia* sitteth to endite,  
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowely flight,  
Blame these sad Times ingratefull cruelty,  
My household cares, my healths infirmity,  
My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,  
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.  
Lo, there the clogs that waigh down heavily  
My best endeavours, whilom soaring high :  
My harvest's hail : the pricking thorns and weeds  
That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.

*A Poem by a  
modest  
scholar  
the Reader  
may be  
wondered  
way in the  
world of  
Poems of Gods.*



O gracious God! remove my great incumbers,  
Kindle again my faiths neer-dying imbers:  
Allwage thine anger (for thine own Sons merit)  
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit:  
Comb, gild and polish, more then ever yet,  
This later issue of my labouring wit:  
And let not me be like the winde, that proudly  
Begins at first to roar and murmur loudly  
Against the next hills, over-turns the woods,  
With furious tempests rumbles-vp the floods,  
And (fiercely-fell) with stormy puffs constrains  
The sparkling founts to roul about the Plains;  
But flying, faints; and every league it goes,  
One nimble feather of his wing doth lose:  
But rather like a River poorly-breeding  
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:  
Which, toward the Sea, the more he flees his source,  
With growing streams strengthens his gliding course,  
Rowls, roars and foams, raging with rest-less motion,  
And proudly scorns the greatnes of the Ocean.

The coming of  
the Flood, and  
building of the  
Ark.

THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect.  
Eor th' angry Heav'ns (that can, without respect  
Of persons, plague the stubborn Reprobate)  
In Waters buried th' *Univerfall* state:  
And never more the nimble painted Legions  
With hardy wings had cleft the airy Regions:  
We all had perisht, and the Earth in vain  
Had brought such store of fruits, and grass, and grain,  
If *Lamech's* Son (by new-found Art directed)  
That huge vast vessell had not first erected,  
Which (sacred refuge) kept the parent-pairs  
Of all things moving in the Earth and Airs.

Noah's mercies  
about the  
Ark.

Now, while the Worlds-re-colonizing Boat  
Doth on the waters over Mountains float,  
Nee passeth not, with tales and idle play,  
The tedious length of daies and nights away:  
But, as the Sommers sweet distilling drops  
Vpon the meadows thirstly yawning chops,  
Re-greens the Greens, and doth the flowers re-flour,  
All scorcht and burnt with *Ausler's* parching powr:  
So, the care-charming hony that distils  
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fills,  
Flatters despair, dryes tears, calms inward sinarts,  
And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted harts.

Cheer yee, my children: God doth now retire  
These murdering Seas, which the revenging ire  
Of his strict *Justice* holy indignation  
Hath brought vpon this wicked generation;

Arming

Arming a season, to destroy mankinde,  
The angry Heav'ns, the water, and the winde:  
As, soon again his gracious *Mercy* will  
Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm windes, and waters still.  
His wrath and mercy follow turn by turn;  
That (like the Lightning) doth not lightly burn  
Long in a place: and this from age to age  
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.  
Our gracious God makes scant-weight of displeasure,  
And spreads his mercy without weight or measure:  
Sometmes he strikes vs (to especiall ends)  
Vpon our selues, our children, or our friends,  
In soule or body, goods, or else good names,  
But soon he casts his rods in burning flames:  
Not with the fist, but finger hedoth beat-vs;  
Nor doth he thrill so oft as he doth threat-vs:  
And (prudent Steward) gives his faithfull Bees  
Wine of his Wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.  
And thus the deeds of Heav'ns Iust-gentle King,  
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did sing.

But, brutish *Cham*, that in his brest accurst  
The secret roots of sinfull *Albeisme* nurst;  
Wishing already to dis-throne th' *Eternall*,  
And self-vsurp the Maiefty supernall:  
And to himself, by name of *Jupiter*,  
On *Asrik* sands a sumptuous *Temple* rear:  
With bended brows, with stout and stem aspect,  
In scornfull tearms his Father thus be-checkt:  
Oh! how it grieues me, that these servile terrors  
(The scourge of Cowards, and base vulgars errors)  
Hauet' on such deep root in your feeble brest!  
Why, Father, alwayes selfly thus deprest?  
Will you thus alwaies make your self a drudge,  
Fearing the fury of a fained Iudge?  
And will you alwayes forge your self a Censor  
That waighs your words; and doth your silence censure?  
A lly Controuler, that doth count your hairs,  
That in his hand your hearts keyes ever bears,  
Records your sighs, and all your thoughts descries,  
And all your sins present and past espies:  
A barbarous Butcher, that with bloody knife  
Threats night and day your grievous-guilty life?  
O! see you not the superstitious heat  
Of his blinde zeale, do h in your minde beget  
A thousand errors? light credulity  
Doth drive you still to each extreamity,  
Faining a God (with thousand storms oppress)  
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beast.

Cham, full of  
impurity,  
brought-on, an-  
swered his Fa-  
ther, and diuers  
ly meane  
the wisdom and  
unrepentable  
Providence of  
God. Although  
and All-merci-  
full: and the  
humble and re-  
pentant  
Noah.

Who



Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others weeping,  
Wails others woes, and at the onely peeping  
Of others blood, in sudden swoon deceases,  
In manly brest a womans heart possesses:  
And who (remorse-less) lets at any season  
The stormy tide of rage transport his reason,  
And thunders threats of horror and mishap,  
Hides a Bears heart vnder a humane shape.  
Yet, of your God, you one-while thus pretend;  
He melts in tears, if that your fingers end  
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, he frowns,  
He burns, he brains, he kills, he dams, he drowns.

The wildest Boar doth but one Wood destroy;  
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy:  
And yet this Gods outrageous tyranny  
Spoils all the World, his onely Empery.

O goodly *Justice*! One or two of vs  
Have sinn'd perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;  
All bear the pain, yea even the innocent  
Poor Birds and Beasts incur the punishment.

No, Father, no: ('t is folly to infer it)  
God is no varying, light, inconstant spirit,  
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate,  
Nor savage fell, nor sudden passionate,  
Nor such as will for som small fault vndoo  
This goodly World, and his own nature too.

All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,  
All Seas (which Heav'n through many generations  
Hath hoorded vp) with selfs-waight enter-crusht,  
Now all at once vpon the earth have rusht:  
And th' end-less, thin air (which by secret quills  
Had lost it self within the windes-but his  
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold  
To icy crysell turned by the cold)  
Now swiftly surging towards Heav'n again,  
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowely Plain,  
But in few daies with raging *Floods* o'r-flow'n  
The top-less Cedars of mount *Libanon*.

Then, with iust grief the godly Father, gall'd,  
A deep, sad sigh from his hearts centre hal'd,  
And thus reply'd: O false, rebellious *Cham*;  
Mine ages sorrow, and my houses shame;  
Through self-concept contemning th' holy Ghost,  
Thy sense is baend, thine vnderstanding lost:  
And o I fear (Lord, falsifie my fear)  
The heavy hand of the high Thunderer  
Shall light on thee; and thou (I doubt) shalt be  
His Furies object, and shalt testifie

Answers of  
Noah to all the  
blasphemies of  
Cham and his  
fellows-Abime.

By thine infamous lifes accursed state,  
What now thy shame-less lips sophisticate.

I (God be pray'd) knowe that the perfect *CIRCLE*  
Whose Center's every-where, of all his circle  
Exceeds the circuit; I conceiue aright  
Th' Almighty-most to be most infinite:  
That th' onely *ESSENCE* feels not in his minde  
The furious tempests of fell passions winde:  
That moueless, all he moves: that with one thought  
He can build Heav'n; and, builded, bring to nought:  
That his high Throne's inclos'd in glorious Fire  
Past our approach: that our faint soule doth tire,  
Our spirit growes spright-less, when it seeks by sense  
To sound his infinit Omni-potence.

I surely know the Cherubins do hover  
With flaming wings his stary face to cover.  
None sees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,  
But passing by, and by the back alone.

To vs, his Essence is in-explicable,  
Wondrous his wayes, his name vn-vtterable;  
So that concerning his high Maiesty  
Our feeble tongues speak but improperly.  
For, if we call him strong, he prayse is small:  
If blessed spirit, so are his Angels all:

If Great of greats, he's void of quantity:  
If good, fayr, holy, he wants quality;  
Sith in his *Essence* fully excellent,  
All is pure substance, free from accident.  
Therefore our voice, too-faint in such a subiect  
T' ensue our soule, and our weak soule her object,  
Doth alwayes stammer; so that euer when  
I would make Gods name redoubted among men  
(In humane phraze) it calls him pitifull,  
Repentant, ielous, fierce, and angerfull.

Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,  
Of ignorance and error taxt, like vs:  
His ielous hatred doth not make him curious,  
His pittie wretched, nor his anger furious.  
Th' immortall Spirit is ever calmly-eleer:  
And all the best that feeble man doth heere,  
With vehemence of some hot passion driv'n;  
That, with ripe iudgement doth the King of Heav'n.

Shall a Physician comfortably-bold,  
Fear-less, and tear-less, constantly behold  
His sickly friend vext with exceeding pain,  
And feel his pulse, and give him health again?  
And shall not th' *euere-false-resembling* God  
Look down from Heav'n vpon a wretched clod,

2 Answer: God  
is infinite, unmea-  
surable, Almighty  
and incompre-  
hensible.

So that men can  
not speak of Him  
but improperly.

Why we cannot  
speak of God but  
after the manner  
of men.

2 Answer: The  
Repentance and  
the change  
which the Scrip-  
ture ascribeth  
to God, is far  
from Error or  
defect.

Two reasons  
are explaining  
the point.



Without he weep, and melt for griefe and anguish;  
Nor cure his creature, but himselfe must languish;

And shall a Iudge, self-angerless, prefer  
To shamefull death the strange adulterer;  
As onely looking fixtly all the time

Not on the sinner, but the sinfull crime?

And shall not then th' Eternall *Iusticer*

Condemn the Atheist and the Murderer,

Without selfs-fury? O! shall *Iustice* then

Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?

Or shall his sacred Will, and soverain Might

Be chayn'd so fast to mans frail appetite,

That filthy sin he cannot freely hate,

But wrathfull Rage him selfly cruciate?

Gods sacred vengeance, serues not for defence

Of his own *Essence* from our violence

(For in the Heav'ns, above all reach of ours,

He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towers);

But, to direct our liues and laws maintain,

Guard Innocence, and Iniurie restrain.

Th' Almighty past not mean, when he subuerted

Neer all the World from holy paths departed.

For *Adams* Trunk (of both-our Worlds the Tree)

In two faire Branches forking fruitfully,

Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the first brought forth a sute

Of bitter, wilde, and most detested fruit:

Th' other, first rich in goodnes, afterward

With those base Scions beeing graft, was mari'd:

And so produced execrable clustres

Worthy so wicked and incestuous lusters:

And then (alas!) what was ther to be found

Pure, iust, or good, in all this Earthly Round?

*Cain's* Line possest sinne, as an heritage;

*Seth's* as a dowry got by mariage:

So that (alas!) among all humane kinde

Those Mongrell kisses mari'd the purest minde.

And we (even we, that haue escaped here

This cruell wrack) within our conscience bear

A thousand Records of a thousand things

Conuincing vs before the King of kings;

Whereof not one (for all our self-affection)

We can defend with any iust obiection.

God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods

The earthly Bands and all the ayrie broods:

For, sith they liv'd but for mans service sole,

Man, raz'd for sin out of the *Living Roule*,

Those wondrous tools, and organs excellent,

Their Work-man rest, remain'd impertinent.

3 Answer: Iustice being a ver- tue in Man, can- not be a vice in God.

4 Answer: God doth not punish Offenders for de- fence of his owne sake: but in- ma in sinners.

5 The impu- rity of the world de- served extreme punishment.

6 When all are generally depre- ssed, all were in de- struction.

7 The last im- mense punish- ment, given then when they were most fully corrupted.

8 God destroy- ing the work- man, doth no wrong to the Tools, he breathes, & car- ries them with their Matter.

Man

Man's only head of all that draweth breath.

Who lacks a member, yet perseuereth

To live (we see): but, members cut away

From their own head, do by and by decay.

Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth.

For, sithence man had from his very birth

Rebeld against him, was't not equity,

That for his fault, his house should vtterly

Be rent and raz'd: that salt should there be sow'n,

That in the ruins (for instruction)

We for a time might reade and vnderstand

The righteous vengeance of Heav'ns wrathfull hand,

That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waues

Of ayry clouds, or vnder-earthly caves?

If all blew Curtins mixt of ayr and water,

Round over-spreading this wide All-Theater,

To som one Climate all at once should fly,

One Country they might drown vndoubtedly:

But our great Galley hauing gone so far,

So many months, in sight of either *Star*,

From Pole to Pole through sundry Climats whorl,

Showes that this *Flood* hath drowned all the world.

Now *non-plust*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,

Thou fly for succour to thine Ayery Damp:

Showe, in the concave of what Mountains steep

We may imagine Dens sufficient deep

For so much ayr as gushing out in fountains,

Should hide the proud tops of the highest Mountains:

Sith a whole tun of ayr scarce yeelds (in triall)

Water ynough to fill one little Viall.

And what should then betide those empty spaces?

What should succeed in the forsaken places

Of th' air's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking thence)

Sith there's no voyd in th' All-circumference?

Whence (wilt thou say) then coms this raging flood,

That ouer-flowes the windy *Ryphean* Wood,

*Mount Libanus*, and enuiously aspires

To quench the light of the celestially fires?

Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from coms it (*Cham*)

That Wolues, and Panthers waxing meek and tame,

Leaving the horror of their shady home,

Adiourn'd by Heav'n, did in my presence com,

Who holding subiect vnder my command

So many creatures humbled at my hand,

Am now restor'd to th' honour and estate

Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satans hate?

Whence doth it com, or by what reason is't,

That vnmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist

Zz

Com

9. A Traitor deserves to have his house razed to the ground.

10. The Flood was no natural accident, but a most iust iudgement of God.

11. The waters of the Flood sprung not from a naturall motion only, but proceeded from other then naturall Causes, which cannot produce such effects.

12. The confu- ration of the power of God in subverting the creature in Noah: in- flaming & ter- rifying them so long as the Ark (which was as a sepulchre) con- tinued at the bottom of the sea.



Com without call? Whence comes it, that so little  
 Fresh water, fodder, meal, and other victuall,  
 Should serue so long so many a greedy-gut  
 As in the dark holds of this *Ark* is shut?  
 That heer the Partridge doth not dread the Hawk?  
 Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?  
 That all these storms our Vessell haue not broak?  
 That all this while we do not ioyntly choak  
 With noysom breath, and excrementall stink  
 Of such a common and continuall sink?  
 And that our selues, mid all these deaths, are sav'd  
 From these All-Seas, where all the rest are Grav'd?

*27. The Ark  
 full of creatures,  
 which contained  
 the wit, & by  
 the mouth of  
 Noah were  
 preserv'd.*

In all the compass of our floating Inns,  
 Are not so many planks, and boords, and pins,  
 As wonders strange, and miracles that ground  
 Mans wrangling Reason, and his wits confound:  
 And God, no less his mighty powr displayd  
 When he restor'd, then when the World he made.  
 O sacred Patron! pacifiethine ire,  
 Bring home our Hulk: these angry floods retire;  
 A-line and dead, let vs perceiue and proove  
 Thy wrath on others, on our selues thy love.

*God causeth the  
 flood to cease.*

Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captivity,  
 Beguiles the time, and charms his misery,  
 Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountains  
 Now stopping close the veins of all the Fountains,  
 Shutting Heav'n's sluices, causing th'ayr (controul'd)  
 Close-up his channels, and his Seas with-hould,  
 Calls forth the winds. O Heav'n's fresh fans (quoth he)  
 Earths sweeping Brooms, O Forrests enmity,  
 O you my Heralds and my Harbengers  
 My nimble Postes and speedy Messengers,  
 Mine arms, my sinews, and mine Eagles swift  
 That through the ayr my rowling Chariot lift,  
 When from my mouth in my iust-kindled ire  
 Fly Sulph'ry fumes, and hot consuming fire,  
 When with my Lightning Scepters dreadfull wonder  
 I muster horror, darknes, clouds and thunder:  
 Wake, rise, and run, and drink these waters dry,  
 That hills and dales haue hidden from the sky.

*The Ark's vessel  
 on the Mountain  
 Ararat, in Ar-  
 menia.*

Th' *Asiatic* Crowd obeys his mighty call,  
 The surly furies of the waters fall,  
 She Sea retreateth: and the sacred *Keel*  
 Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet do kneel  
 A thousand Hills, his lofty horn adoring  
 That cleaves the clouds, the starry welkin goaring.  
 Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, first of all (for scout)  
 Sends forth the Crowe, who flutters neer-about;

*What Noah  
 said before he  
 was sent.*

And finding yet no landing place at all,  
 Returns a-boord to his great Admirall.

Som few daies after from the window flies  
 The harm-less Doue for new discoueries:  
 But seeing yet no shoar, she (almost tyr'd)  
 Aboord the Carrack back again retir'd.

But yer the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode,  
 To view the World a-fresh she flies abroad;  
 And brings a-boord (at evening) in her bill  
 An Olive branch with water pearled still.

O happy presage! O deer pledge of loue!  
 O wel-com newes! behold the peacefull Doue  
 Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal  
 And truce with God; who by this sacred seal  
 Kindly confirms his holy Couenant,  
 That first in fight the Tiger rage shall want,  
 Lions be cowards, Hares couragious,  
 Yer he be false in word or deed to vs.  
 O sacred Olive! firstling of the fruits,  
 Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots  
 Haue lived still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,  
 I doe reioice it hath not all things wasted:  
 Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,  
 Prays'd be the bounty of th'immortall King  
 That quickens thus these dead, the World induing  
 With beauty fresh so suddainly renewing.

Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World gan lift  
 Most of his Isles above the waters drift:  
 Though waxen old in his long weary night,  
 He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:  
 Though choak't with ill ayr in his stinking stall,  
 Hee'l not a-shoar till God be pleas'd with-all;  
 And till (deuout) from Heav'n he vnderstand  
 Som Oracle to licence him to land.

But, warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his Cave,  
 (Or rather from a foul infectious Grave)  
 With *Sem, Cam, Japheth*, and their twice-two Brides,  
 And thousand pairs of liuing things besides,  
 Vnclean and clean: forth' holy *Patriark*  
 Had of all kinds inclosed in the Ark.

But, heer I hear th'vngodly (that for fear  
 Late whispered softly in each others ear,  
 With silent murmurs muttering secretly)  
 Now trumpet thus their filthy blasphemie;  
 Who will beleeeve (but shallow-brained Sheep)  
 That such a ship scarce thirty Cubits deep,  
 Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,  
 So many months could bear so great a charge?

*He expecteth  
 Gods comman-  
 dement to go  
 forth, whereby  
 at the first hee  
 was sent up in  
 the Ark.*

*Now the Ark  
 is built, con-  
 sidering the  
 plenty of the  
 Ark.*



Sith the proud Horse, the rough-skinn'd Elephant,  
The lusty Bull, the Camell water-want,  
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,  
Fill-up a Hulk farr deeper, longer, broader?

Answer.

O profane mockers! if I but exclude  
Out of this Vessell a vast multitude  
Of since-born mongrels, that deriue their birth  
From monstrous medly of *Venerian* mirth;  
Fantastik Mules, and spotted Leopards,  
Of incest-heat ingendred afterwards:  
So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks and Doves,  
Since, dayly sprung from strange and mingled louses  
Wherein from time to time in various sort,  
Dedalian Nature seems her to disport:  
If playner, yet I proue you space by space,  
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,  
By subtile iudgement made and *Symmetrie*,  
Might lodge so many creatures handfomly,  
Sith euery brace was *Geometrical*:  
Nought resteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;  
If, who dispute with God, may be content  
To take for current, Reasons argument.

An vn-answ-  
rable answer to  
all profane ob-  
iurgations.

But heer t'admire th' Almightyes powerfull hand  
I rather loue, and silence to command  
To mans discourse: what he hath said, is don:  
For, euermore his word and deed are one.

By his sole arm, the *Gallions* Masters saw  
Themselues safe rescu'd from deaths yawning iaw;  
And offers-up to him in zealous wise,  
The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice;  
And sends withall above the starry Pole  
These winged sighes from a religious soule;  
World-shaking Father, Windes King, calming-Seas,  
With milde aspect behold vs; Lord appease  
Thine Angers tempest, and to safety bring  
The planks escap't from this sad Perishing:  
And bound for ever in their antient Caves  
These stormy Seas deep World-deuouring waves.

Commandments,  
Prohibitions, &  
Promises of God  
to Noah & his  
Posterity.

Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,  
And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny:  
Resume your Scepter, and with new becheasts  
Bridle againe the late revolted Beasts,  
Re-exercise your wonted rule again,  
It is your office ouer them to raigne:  
Deere Children, vse them all: take, kill, and eate:  
But yet abstain, and do not take for meat  
Their ruddy soule: and leaue (O sacred seed!)  
To raving Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.

I am holy: be you holy then,  
I deeply hate all cruell bloody men:  
Therefore defile not in your brothers blood  
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood;  
Fly homicide: doe not in any case,  
In man, mine Image brutishly deface:  
The cruell man a cruell death shall taste;  
And blood with blood be venged first or last;  
For euermore vpon the murderers head  
My roaring storms of fury shall be shed.

From hence-forth, fear no second *Flood* that shall  
Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:  
I assure ye no; no, no, I sweare to you  
(And who hath ever found mine Oath vntrue?)

Again, I swear by my thrice sacred *Name*:  
And to confirm it, in the Clouds I frame  
This coloured Bowe. When then som tempest black  
Shall threat again the feareful World to wrack,  
When water loaden Heav'ns your Hills shall touch,  
When th'ayr with Midnight shall your Noon be-pitch,  
Your cheerfull looks vp to this Rain-bowe cast.  
For, though the same on moystfull Clouds be plac't,  
Though hemm'd with showrs, and though it seem to sup  
(To drown the World) all th'Oceans waters vp,  
Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)  
Make you, of me; me, of my promise, think.

Noah looks-up, and in the Ayre he views  
A semi-Circle of a hundred hews:  
Which, bright ascending toward th'æthereall thrones,  
Hath a lyne drawn between two *Orizons*  
For iust *Diameter*: an even-bent bowe  
Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth shewe  
To be all painted of a golden hew,  
The second green, the third an orient blew;  
Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green  
Still (*opal-like*) som changeable is seen.  
A Bowe bright-shining in th'Arch-Archers hand,  
Whose subtile string seems level with the Land,  
Half-parting Heav'n; and over vs it bends;  
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends;  
A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies,  
Where powrfull Nature shewes her freshest Dies.  
And if you onely blew and red perceiue,  
The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceiue;  
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doom*,  
The *Iudgement* past, and *Iudgement* yet to come.  
Then, having call'd on God, our second Father  
Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,

The Rain-Bowe  
guarantise for a Pledge  
of the Promise,  
that there shall  
be no more gene-  
rall Flood.Description of  
the Rain-Bowe.What is signifi-  
eth.Noah falls to  
husbandry, and

But



*kills the Earth,  
as he had done  
before the Flood.*

But fals to work, and wisely now renew'th  
The Trade he learn'd to practice in his youth.  
For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude  
That first his hand in brothers blood imbrowd,  
As scorning Ploughs, and hating harm-lesse tillage,  
And (wantons) prising less the homely village,  
With fields and Woods, then th' idle Cities shades;  
Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.  
But *Seth's* Sons, knowing Nature soberly  
Content with little, fell to Husbandry,  
Thereto reducing, with industrious care,  
The Flocks and Doves cover'd with wool and hair;  
As prayse-full gain, and profit void of strife,  
Art nurse of Arts, and very life of life.

So the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers  
Had scarcely boxed all th' Earths droplie vapours,  
When hee that sav'd the store-seed-World from wrack,  
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back,  
And there soon-after planteth heedfully  
The brittle branches of the *Nectar-tree*.

*He plants a vine*

For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill  
To the warm Suns ey lying open still,  
He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches  
The crooked Vines choice scyons, shoots, and branches:  
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses:  
Cuts, props, and proins; and God his work so blesses,  
That in the third *September* for his meed  
The plentious Vintage doth his hopes exceed.

*He is overtaken  
with wine.*

Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage  
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,  
To see with mud so many Roofs o're-grown,  
And him left almost in the World alone;  
One-day a little from his strictness shrunk,  
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:  
And, silly, thinking in that hony-gall  
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.

*Description of a  
drunken-man.*

His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,  
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,  
His idle prattle from the purpose quite,  
Is abrupt, stuttering, all confus'd, and light:  
His wine-stuff stomach wrung with winde he feels:  
His trembling Tent all topsie-turvie wheels:  
At last, not able on his legs to stand,  
More like a fowl Swine then a sober man,  
Opprest with sleep, he wallows on the ground  
His shame-lesse shorting trunk, so deeply drown'd  
In self-obliuion, that he did not hide  
Those parts that *Casir* covered when he died.

*Ex*

*Fit comparisons  
to set forth the  
nature and pro-  
perty of slande-  
ring, & Detrac-  
ing imitating  
Cham.*

Ev'n as the Ravens with windy wings o'r-fly  
The weeping Woods of *Happy Arabi*,  
Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs  
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowres,  
And greedy, light vpon the loathsome quarters  
Of some late *Lopez*, or such *Romish* Martyrs:  
Or as a young, vnskilfull Painter raw,  
Doth carelessly the fairest features draw  
In any face, and yet too neerly marks  
Th' vnpleasing blemish of deformed marks,  
As lips too great, or hollownes of eys,  
Or sinking nose, or such indecencies:  
Even so th' vngodly Sonns of *Leasings* Father  
With black Oblivions sponge ingrately smother  
Fair Vertues draughts, and cast despightfully  
On the least sinns the venom of the ey,  
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages  
The lightest trips of greatest Personages:  
Like scoffing *Cham* that impudently view'd  
His Fathers shame, and most profanely-lewd,  
With scornfull laughter (grace-lesse) thus began  
To infamize the poor old drunken man;

Com (brethren) com, com quickly and behold  
This pure controuler that so oft contrould  
Vs without capse: see how his bed he soyls:  
See, how the wine (his master) now recoyls  
By's mouth, and eys, and nose: and brutally so  
To all that com his naked shame doth showe.

Ah shame-lesse beast (both brethren him reprov'd,  
Both chiding thus, both with iust anger moou'd)  
Vnnaturall villain, monster pestilent,  
Vnworthy to behold the firmament;  
Where (absent we) thou ought'st haue hid before  
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy silence more,  
Thy Fathers shame, whom age, strong wine, and grief,  
Haue made to fall, but once in all his life;  
Thou barkest first, and sporting at the matter  
Proclaim'st his fault on Infamies Theater.  
And saying this (turning their sight a-side)  
Their hoary Fathers nakedness they hide.

When wine had wrought, this good old-man awook,  
Agniz'd his crime, ashamed, wonder-strook  
At strength of wine, and toucht with true repentance,  
With Prophet-mouth gan thus his Sons fore-sentence:  
Curst be thou *Cham*, and curst be (for thy scorn)

Thy darling *Canaan*: let the pearly Morn,  
The radiant *Noon*, and rheumy *Euening* see  
Thy necke still yoked with Captivity.

God

*His speech is his  
Rebuke, setting  
his sinners na-  
kedness.*

*Their discent  
behaviour.*

*Noah awaked  
curst his Sons  
& his eldest Son  
and Taphet and  
their issue.*



An execution  
of Drunkenness,  
described with  
as shamefull,  
dangerous and  
dreadfull ef-  
fects.

God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious speed  
Spread-wide my *Iapheths* fruitfull-swarming seed.  
Error, no error, but a wilfull badnes:  
O foul defect! O short, O dangerous madnes!  
That in thy rage, dost harm-les *Clytus* smother,  
By his deer friend; *Pentheus* by his Mother,  
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent;  
The talk-full, blab; cruell, the violent:  
The fornicator, wax adulterous;  
Th' adulterer, becom incestuous:  
With thy plagues leaven swelling all our crimes;  
Blinde, shameless, sense-less, quenching of offences  
The soule within it self: and oft defames  
The holiest men with execrable blames.  
And as the Must, beginning to re-boyl,  
Makes his new vessels wooden bands re-coyl,  
Lifts-up his lees, and spews with fuming vent  
From his Tubs ground his scummy excrement:  
So ruin' it thou thine hoast, and foolishly  
From his harts bottom driv' st all secrecy.  
But, hadst thou neuer don (O filthy poison!)  
More mischief heer, but thus bereft of reason  
This Vertues Module (rather Vertues best)  
We ought thee more then Death it self detest.

FINIS.

BABY.



BABYLON.

## THE SECOND PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Th' Antithesis of Blest and Cursed States,  
Subiect to Good and Euill Magistrates:  
Nimrod vsurps: His prowes-full Policy,  
To gain himself the Goal of Soueraignty:  
BABEL begun: To stop such out-rages,  
There, God confounds the builders Languages:  
Tongues excellent: the Hebrew, first and Best:  
Then Greek and Latin: and (aboue the rest)  
Th' Arabian, Toscan, Spanish, French, and Dutch,  
And Ours, are Honoured by our Author much.*

**H**appy people, where good Princes reign,  
Who tender publike more then priuate gain!  
Who (vertue's patrons, and the plagues of vice)  
Hate Parasites, and harken to the wise:  
Who (self-commanders) rather sin suppress  
By self-examples, then by rigorousnes:  
Whose inward-humble, outward Maiesty  
With Subiects loue is guarded loyalty:  
Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters glory,  
But knowe themselves set on a lofty story  
For all the world to see and censure too:  
So, not their lust, but what is iust they do.  
But, 't is a hell, in hatefull vassallage,  
Vnder a Tyrant to consume ones age:  
A self-shav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,  
Whose cursed Courts with blond and incest swell:

A preface, repre-  
senting the felici-  
ty & happye-  
state of Common-  
weales gouerned  
by good and pru-  
dent princes: &  
the misery of  
those that live in  
subtilty vnder  
Tyrants: which  
the Poet very  
justly propounds as  
his introduction  
to the life and  
Manners of  
Nimrod.

An



An Owl, that flies the light of Parliaments  
And State-assemblies, jealous of th' intents  
Of private tongues; who (for a pastime) sets  
His Peers at odds; and on their fury whets:  
Who neither faith, honour, nor right respects:  
Who every day new Officers erects:  
Who brooks no learned, wise, nor valiant Subjects,  
But daily crops such vice-vpbraiding objects,  
Who (worse then Beasts, or savage monsters been)  
Spare neither mother, brother, kiff, nor kin:  
Who, though round fenc'd with guard of armed Knights,  
A-many more he fears, then he affrights:  
Who taxes strange extorts; and (Caniball)  
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subjects all.

*A Prayer fitted  
to the former  
discontent, and  
giving entry to  
this more benefi-  
ciall.*

Print (O Heav'n's King!) in our kings hearts a zeal,  
First of thy lawes; then of their publik weal:  
And if our Countries now-Po-poisoned phrase,  
Or now-contagion of corrupted daies  
Leave any tract of *Nimrodizing* there;  
O! cancel it, that they may every where,  
In stead of *Babel*, build *Ierusalem*:

*Nimrod's exer-  
cises & efforts to  
make himselfe  
Master of the  
world.*

That lowd my *Muse* may echo vnder them.  
Y E R *Nimrod* had attain'd to twise fix yeers,  
He tyranniz'd among his stripling-peers,  
Out stripe his equals, and in happy howr,  
Layd the foundations of his after-powr;  
And bearing reeds for Scepters, first he raigns  
In Prentice-Princedom ouer sheep-heard Swains.

Then knowing well, that who so ayms (illustrer)  
At fancied blifs of Empires awful lustre;  
In valiant acts must pass the vulgar sort,  
Or mask (at least) in louely Vertues Port:  
He spends not night on beds of down or feathers,  
Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers  
His youthfull limbs: and takes ambitiously  
A rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:  
In stead of softlings iests, and iollities,  
He ioyes in Iousts, and manly exercises:  
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling flesh,  
Scarce fully slain, luke-warm and bleeding fresh.

*Perseuerance in  
painfull and la-  
borious exercises  
of Nimrod  
to make himselfe  
gracious  
with the people.*

Then, with one breath, he striveth to attain  
A Mountains top, that ouer-peers the Plain:  
Against the stream to cleave the rowling ridges  
Of Nymph-strong floods, that haue born down their bridges  
Running vnclean'd with swift rebounding fallies  
A-crofs the rocks within the narrow vallies:  
To overtake the dart himselfe did throwe,  
And in plain course to catch the Hinde or Roe.

But, when five lustres of his age expir'd,  
Feeling his stomach and his strength aspir'd  
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,  
Boar, Libbard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounse, or Bear,  
Him dread-les combats; and in combat foyle,  
And rears high Tropheis of his bloody spoyle.

The people, seeing by his war-like deed  
From theeues, and robbers every passage freed:  
From hideous yels, the Desarts round about:  
From fear, their flocks; this monster-master stout,  
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,  
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

Then *Nimrod* (snatching Fortune by the tresses)  
Strikes the hot steel; sues, sooths, importunes, presses  
Now these, then those, and (hastning his good Hap)  
Leaves hunting Beasts, and hunteth Men to trap.  
For, like as He, in former quests did vse  
Cals, pit-fals, toyle, sprenges, and baits, and glews:  
And (in the end) against the wilder game,  
Clubs, darts, and shafts, and swords, their rage to tame:  
So, som he wins with promise-full intreats,  
With presents som, and som with rougher threats:  
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)  
Vsurps the Child-World's maiden Monarchy;  
Whereas, before each kindred had for guide  
Their proper Chief, yer that the youthfull pride  
Of vpstart State, ambitious, boyling fickle,  
Did thrust (as now) in others corn his sickle.

*He abandons his  
first perry chase,  
and houceth  
wilder for a  
more precious  
Prey.*

In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant gan deuise  
To perpetrate a thousand cruelties,  
Pel-mel subverting for his appetite  
God's, Man's, and Natures triple sacred Right.  
He braves th' Almighty, lifting to his nose  
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he lose  
The peoples aw; who (idle) in the end  
Might slip their yolk; he subtle makes them spend,  
Draws dry their wealth, and busies them to build  
A lofty Tower, or rather *Atlas* wilde.  
W' have liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim Grooms:  
Leave we these rowling tents, and wandring rooms:  
Let's raise a Palace, whose proud front and feet  
With Heav'n and Hell may in an instant meet;  
A sure *Asylum*, and a safe retreat,  
If th' irefull storm of yet-more Floods should threat:  
Let's found a Citie, and vnited there,  
Vnder a King let's lead our liues; for fear  
Lest sever'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,  
We be dispers'd o'r all the Regiments

*Tyrannicall rule  
of Nimrod, and  
his proud enter-  
prise.*



That in his course the Dayes bright Champion eyes,  
Might-lesse our selues to succour, or aduise.  
But, if the fire of fow intestine war,  
Or other mischief should diuide vs far,  
Brethren (at least) let's leaue memorialls  
Of our great names on these cloud-neighbouring wals.

*A comparison,  
showing howe  
the efficacy of  
the attempts of  
Tyrants, the  
Risks of Gods  
vengeance upon  
the people.*

Now, as a spark, that Shepheards (vnespied)  
Haue faine by chance vpon a Forrest side,  
Among dry leaues; a while in secret throwds,  
Lifting a-loft small, smoky-wauing cloudes,  
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it blusht,  
With angry rage; and rising through the bushes,  
Climbs fragrant Hawthorns, thence the Oak, and then  
The Pine, and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:  
It still gets ground, and (running) doth augment,  
And neuer leaues till all neer Woods be brent:  
So, this sweet speech (first broacht by certain Minions)  
Is soon applauded 'mong the light opinions:  
And by degrees from hand to hand rem'd,  
To all the base confused multitude;  
Who longing now to see this Castle reat'd,  
Them night and day, in differing crafts bestir'd,

Som fall to felling with a thousand stroaks  
Aduenturous Alders, Ashes, long-liv'd Oaks;  
Degrading Forrests, that the Sun might view  
Fields that before his bright rayes neuer knew.

*Truly Descrip-  
tion of the people  
accused in this  
great business.*

Ha' ye seen a Town expos'd to spoyl and slaughter  
(At victors pleasure) where laments and laughter  
Mixtly rebound; som carry, som conuay,  
Som lug, som load; 'gainst Souldiers seeking Prey  
No place is sure, and yea a day be done,  
Out at her gate the ranlack'r Town doth run:  
So (in a trice) these Carpenters disrobe  
Th' *Assyrian* hills of all their leafie robe,  
Strip the steep Mountains of their gassy shades,  
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:  
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick iustling meet abroad,  
And bending axles groan beneath their load.

Heer, for hard Cement, heap they night and day  
The gummy slime of chalkie waters gray:  
There, busie Kil-men ply their occupations  
For brick and tyle: there for their firm foundations,  
They dig to hell; and damned Ghosts again  
(Past hope) behold the Suns bright glorious wain:  
Their hammers noyse, through Heav'ns rebounding brim,  
Affrights the fish that in fair *Tigris* swim.  
Ther ruddy wals in height, and compasse growe;  
They cast long shadow, and far-off do shoue:

All swarms with work-men, that (poor fots) surmise  
Even the first day to touch the very skies.

Which, God perceiving, bending wrathfull frowns,  
And with a noyse that roaring thunder drowns;  
'Mid cloudy fields, hills by the roots he rakes,  
And th' vnmov'd hinges of the Heav'ns he shakes.

See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble, Dwarfs,  
See their huge Castles, Wals, and Counter-scarfs:  
O strength-full Peece, impregnable! and sure  
All my iust anger's batteries to endure.

I swore to them, the fruitfull earth, no more  
Hence-forth should fear the raging Oceans roar;  
Yet build they Towrs: I will'd that scattered wide  
They should go man the World; and lo they bide  
Self-prisoned heer: I meant to be their Master,  
My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;  
And they, for Lord, a Tyrant fell haue ta'en them;  
Who (to their cost) will roughly curb and rean them;  
Who scorns mine arm, and with these braving Towrs  
Attempts to scale this Cryshall Throne of Ours.

Com, com, let's dash their drift; and sith, combin'd  
As well in voyce, as blood, and law, and minde,  
In ill they harden, and with language bold  
Incourage-on themselves their work to hold,  
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence:  
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;  
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the brother,  
The Sire, and Son, not vnderstand each other.

This said, as soon confusedly did bound  
Through all the work I wor not what strange sound,  
A iangling noyse; not much vnlike the rumors  
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors:  
Som speak between the teeth, som in the nose,  
Som in the throat their words do ill dispose,  
Som howl, som halloo, som do stut and strain,  
Each hath his gibberish, and all strue in vain  
To finde again their know'n beloved tongue,  
That with their milke they suckt in cradle, young.

Arise betimes, while th' *Opal*-coloured Morn,  
In golden pomp doth *May-dyes* door adorn:  
And patient hear th' all-differing voyces sweet  
Of painted Singers, that in Groves do greet  
Their Loue-*Bon-iours*, each in his phrase and fashion  
From trembling Pearch vttering his earnest passion;  
And so thou mayst conceipt what mingle-mangle  
Among this people every where did iangle.

Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick;  
One brings him vp a hammer: hew this brick

Aa z

(An-

*God displeased  
with the auda-  
cious enterprise  
of Nimrod and  
his, resolue to  
break their De-  
signes by con-  
founding their  
Language.*

*Execution of  
Gods decree.*

*A comparison.*



(Another bids) and then they cleave a Tree:  
Make fast this rope, and then they let it see:  
One calls for planks, another mortar lacks:  
They bear the first, a stone; the last an ax:  
One would have spikes, and him a spade they giue:  
Another asks a saw, and gets a fine:  
Thus crossly-cross, they prate and point in vain;  
What one hath made, another mars again:  
Nigh breath-less all, with their confused yawling,  
In boot-less labour, now begins appawling.

*Another  
can compare  
to him that  
there is no  
fall, no  
Endeavor,  
no diligence,  
no  
might nor  
courage, that can  
resist God.*

In brief, as those, that in som chanell deep  
Begin to build a Bridge with Arches steep,  
Perceiving once (in thousand streams extending)  
The course-chang'd River from the hills descending,  
With watry Mountains bearing down their Bay,  
As if it scorn'd such bondage to obey;  
Abandon quickly all their work begun,  
And heer and there for swifter safety run:  
These Masons so, seeing the storm arriv'd  
Of Gods iust Wrath, all weak, and hart-depriv'd,  
For sake their purpose, and like frantick fools  
Scatter their stuffe, and tumble down their tools.

*Discommunion  
proceeding from  
the confusion of  
Tongues.*

O proud revolt! O traitorous felony!  
See in what sort the Lord hath punisht thee  
By this Confusion: Ah! that language sweet,  
Sure bond of Cities, friendships masticke meet,  
Strong curb of anger yerst vnited, now  
In thousand dry Brooks strays, I wot not how:  
That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mover,  
That calm-rage harts-theef, quel-pride conjure-lover:  
That purest coyn, then current in each coast,  
Now mingled, hath found, waight, and colour lost,  
Tis counterfeit: and over every shoar  
The confus'd fall of Babel yet doth roar.

Then, Finland-folk might visit *Africa*,  
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,  
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound  
Our Towns about, our tongues do also mound:  
For, who from home but half a furlong goes,  
As dumb (alas!) his Reason's tool doth lose:  
Or if we talk but with our neer confines,  
We borrow mouthes, or else we work by signes.  
Vn-royl'd, vn-tutor'd, sucking tender food,  
We learn'd a language all men vnderstood;  
And (seav'n-years old) in glass-dust did commence  
To draw the round Earths fair circumference:  
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,  
We reacht betimes that Castles highest part,

*Which*

Where th' *Encyclopedie* her darling Crowns,  
In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.

Now (ever-boys) we wax old while we seek  
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek:  
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole  
Of Natures secrets, and of th' *Essence* sole  
Which *Essence* giues to all, we tire our minde  
To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde;  
Our letters and our syllables to waigh:  
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,  
Who teach vs yet to read, and giue vs (raw)  
An *A. B. C.* for great *Iustinians* law,  
*Hippocrates*, or that *Diviner* lore,

Where God appears to whom him right adore.

What shall I more say? Then, all spake the speech  
Of God himself, th' old sacred *Idiom* rich,  
Rich perfect language, where's no point, nor signe,  
But hides som rare deep mystery divine:  
But since that pride, each people hath a-part  
A bastard gibberish, harsh, and overthwart;  
Which daily chang'd, and losing light, wel-neer  
Nothing retains of that first language cleer.

The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation  
Fed with fair *Nilus* fruitfull inundation,  
Longing to know their Languages priority,  
Fondly impos'd the censuring authority  
To silly Iudges, voyd of iudging sense  
(Dumb stammerers to treat of Eloquence)  
To wit, two Infants nurs'd by Mothers dumb,  
In silent Cels, where never noyse should com  
Of charming humane voyce, to eccho there,  
Till triple-twelve months full expired were.  
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men  
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd childrenen,  
Cry often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words  
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth affords.  
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*  
*Bek* meaneth bread, much to reioyce began,  
Glad that kinde Nature had now grac't them so,  
To grant this Sentence on their side to go.  
Fools, which perceiv'd not, that the bleating flocks  
Which powl'd the neighbour Mountains motly locks  
Had taught this tearm, and that no rearms of *Rome*,  
*Greece*, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Iewry*, come  
Com born with vs: but every Countries tongue  
Is learnt by much vse, and frequenting long.  
Only, we haue peculiar to our race,  
Apiness to speak; as that same other grace

A a 3

Which

*The Hebrew  
Tongue in all  
Mens mouthes  
before the con-  
fusion of Lan-  
guages.*

*A conclusion  
tried, whereby  
appeareth that  
children are na-  
turally apt to  
learn to speak:  
not able of them-  
selues to speak,  
without ex-  
ample.*



Answer to the  
objection taken  
from the confused  
voice of Beasts.

Which, richly-divers, makes vs differ more  
From dull, dumb wretches that in Desarts roar.

Now, that Bulls bellow (if that any say)  
That Lions roar, and slothfull Asles bray,  
Now lowe, now lowd; and by such languages  
Distinctly seem to shew their courages:  
Those are not words, but bare expressions  
Of violent fits of certain passions:

Confused signes of sorrow, or annoy,  
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, loue, or ioy.

To answer Ob-  
jection, of the  
chirping of Birds.

And so I say of all the winged quiers,  
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,  
Ear-tickling tunes: for, though they seem to prattle  
A part by payrs, and three to three to rattle;  
To winde their voyce a hundred thousand wayes,  
In curious descant of a thousand layes:  
T' haue taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;  
Their sounds want sense; their notes are word-less still:  
Their song, repeated thousand times a-day,  
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

Advantage of  
Man endued  
with Reason a-  
bove the rest of  
the Creatures.

But, only Man can talke of his Creator,  
Of Heav'n, and earth, and fire, and ayr, and water,  
Of Iustice, Temperance, Wisdom, Fortitude,  
In choise sweet tearms, that various sense include.  
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts dislunder;

Iosephus Scal-  
iger, sheweth in  
13. languages.

But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,  
The Learned's Sun: who eloquently can,  
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,  
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,  
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.  
O rich quick spirit! O wits Chameleon!  
Which any Authors colour can put on:  
Great *Julius* Son, and *Sylvius* worthy brother,  
Th' immortal grace of *Gascogne*, their mother.

Answer to a  
third objection  
touching Parots  
resembling Ec-  
cho, & speaking  
without speech.

And, as for layes, that in their wyery gail  
Can ask for victuals, and vnvictual'd rail;  
Who, daring vs for eloquences meed,  
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,  
Say the Lords Prayer, and oft repeat it all,  
And name by name a good great household call:  
Th' are like that voice, which (by our voyce begot)  
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what:  
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleaving,  
And dumbly speak, their owne speech not conceiving,  
Deaf to themselves: for, speech is nothing (sure)  
But th' vnseen soules resounding portrature:  
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plain,  
As it was all, yer that rough hunters raign.

Now

The Hebrew  
tongue the  
principall.

Now, when I note, how th' Hebrew brevity,  
Even with few words expresseth happily  
Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing part  
Through all the closets of the mazy hart:  
Better then Greek with her *Synonimies*,  
Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphorues*,  
Her apt Coniunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases,  
And many other much esteemed graces:

First reason.

When I remember, how the *Rabbins* fet  
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet  
All that our faith beleuees, or eyes behold;  
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:  
Whether (with curious pain) we do transport  
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort  
(For, as in ciphering, th' onely transportation  
Of figures, still varies their valuation:  
So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slacks a name,  
Giving a secret twist vnto the same:)  
Or whether we (euen as in gross) bestowing  
The numbers, which, from one words letters flowing,  
Vnfold a secret; and that word again  
Another of like number doth contain:  
Whether one letter for a word be put;  
Or all a sentence in one word be shut:  
As *Egypt* silence sealed-up (mysterious)  
In one Character a long sentence serious.

Second reason.

Simile.

When I obserue, that from the *Indian* Dawning,  
Euen to our *Irish* *Etna*'s fiery yawning:  
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,  
Thou seest (O Sun!) no Nation so barbarian,  
Nor ignorant in all the Laws diuine,  
But yet retains som tearms of *Palestine*,  
Whose Elements (how-so disguiz'd) draw-nigh  
The sacred names of th' old Orthography.

Third reason.

When I consider that Gods antient Will  
Was first enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:  
That never *Vrim*, *Dream*, or *Vision* sung  
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaaks* tongue:  
That in the same, the Lord himselfe did draw  
Vpon two Tables his eternall Law:  
And that (long since) in *Sians* Languages,  
His Heav'nly Postes brought down his messages:

Fourth reason.

And (to conclude) when I conceiue, how then  
They gaue not idle, casual names to men,  
But such as (rich in sense) before th' event,  
Markt in their liues som speciall accident;  
And yet, we see that all those words of old  
Of *Hebrew* still the sound and sense do hold.

Fifth reason.

For,



For, *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay : his wife  
*Eua* (translated) signifieth life :  
*Cain*, first begot, *Abel*, as vain : and *Seth*,  
 Put in his place : and he that, vnderneath  
 The generall Deluge, saw the World distressed,  
 In true interpretation, foundeth Rest.  
 To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-euer *Greece* do grudge)  
 The sacred right of Eldership I iudge.

Praise of the  
 Hebrew Tongue,  
 Mother and  
 Queen of all  
 the Rest.

All hail, therefore, O sempiternall spring  
 Of spirituall pictures ! speech of Heav'n's high King,  
 Mother, and Mistresse, of all Tongues the Prime :  
 Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time :  
 Which hast no word but weighs, whose Elements  
 Flowe with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments.  
 O sacred *Dialect* ! in thee the names  
 Of Men, Towns, Countries register their fames  
 In brief abridgements : and the names of Birds,  
 Of Water-guests, and Forrest-hunting Heards,  
 Are open Books where every man might read  
 Their natures story ; till th' Heav'n-shaker dread,  
 In his iust wrath, the flaming sword had set,  
 The passage into Paradise to let.

Adam gave  
 Hebrew names  
 to all the Crea-  
 tures.

For, *Adam* then (in signe of mastery) giving  
 Peculiar names vnto all creatures living,  
 When in a generall muster ranged right,  
 They marcht by couples in his awfull sight,  
 He framed them so fit, that learned ears  
 Bearing the soul the sound, the maruails bears,  
 Wherewith th' All-forming voyce adorned fair  
 Th' inhabitants of Sea, and Earth, and Ayr.  
 And, for each body acts, or suffers ought,  
 Having made Nouns, his Verbs he also wrought :  
 And then, the more t' enrich his speech, he brings  
 Small particles, which stand in lieu of strings,  
 The master members fitly to combine  
 (As two great boards, a little glew doth ioyn)  
 And serue as plumes, which ever dancing light  
 Deck the proud crests of helmets burnisht bright :  
 Fringes to mantles ; ears, and rings to vessels :  
 To marble statues, bases, feet, and tressels.

The Hebrew  
 Tongue continued  
 from Adam to  
 the time of  
 Nimrod : Since  
 when it rested in  
 the house of He-  
 ber, of whom it  
 is called He-  
 brew.

This (*Adam's* language) pure persisted since,  
 Till th' iron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince ;  
 Refounding onely, through all mortall tents,  
 The peer-less accents of rich eloquence ;  
 But then (as partiall) it it self retyr'd  
 To *Heber's* house : whether, of the conspir'd  
 Rebels, he were not ; but in sober quiet,  
 Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot :

Of

Or whether, thither by compulsion brought,  
 With secret sighes hee oft his God besought,  
 So with vnwilling hands helping to make  
 The wals he wisht deep sunk in *Stygian* Lake :  
 As wretched Galley-slaves (beating the Seas  
 With forced oars, fighting against their ease  
 And liberty) curse in their grieved spright,  
 Those, for whose sake they labour day and night ;  
 Or whether else Gods liberall hand, for ever  
 (As it were) meeting holy mens indeavour,  
 For his owne sake, of his free grace and pleasure,  
 To th' Hebrew race deposited this treasure ;  
 While the proud remnant of those scattered Masons  
 Had falsed it in hundred thousand fashions,  
 When every one where fate him called flew,  
 Bearing new words into his Countrey new.

But slipp'ry Time, enviously wasting all,  
 Disfigur'd soon those Tongues authentically,  
 Which 'mid the *Babel*-builders thunder, bred  
 On *Tigris* banks, o're all the earth were spread :  
 And, ay the world the more confus'd to leave,  
 The least of them in many Tongues did cleave.

Each language alters, either by occasion  
 Of trade, which (causing mutuall commutation  
 Of th' Earths and Oceans wares) with hardy luck  
 Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck :  
 Or else, because Fame-thirsting wits, that toyl  
 In golden tearms to trick their gracious stile,  
 With new-found beauties prank each circumstance,  
 Or (at the least) doe new-coyn'd words inhance  
 With current freedom : and again restore  
 Th' old, rusty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of yore.

For, as in Forrests, leaues do fall and spring :  
 Even so the words, which whilom flourishing,  
 In sweet Orations shin'd with pleasing lustre  
 (Like snowe-white Lillies in a fresh green pasture)  
 Pass now no more ; but, banisht from the Court,  
 Dwell with disgrace among the Countrey sort :  
 And those, which Eld's strict doom did disallow,  
 And damn for bullion, go for current now.

A happy wit, with gracious iudgement ioyn'd  
 May giue a passport to the words new coyn'd  
 In his own shop : also adopt the strange :  
 Ingraft the wilde : enriching, with such change  
 His powerfull stile ; and with such sundry amell  
 Painting his phrase, his Prose or Verse enamell.  
 One language hath no law but vse : and still  
 Runs blinde, vnbridled, at the vulgars will.

Anothers

Smile.

A sub-division  
 of the Languages  
 first dialect.

Whereof proceed  
 the sundry  
 changes in our  
 self same Lan-  
 guage.

Smile.

The liberty of a  
 witty, learned,  
 and industrious  
 writer.



Another's course is curiously inclos'd  
In lists of Art; of choice fit words compos'd.  
One, in the feeble birth, becoming old,  
Is cradle-toomb'd: another warreth bold  
With the year-spinners. One, unhappy-founded,  
Lives in a narrow valley ever bounded:  
Another 'mong the learned troop doth presse  
From *Alexanders* Altars, even to *Fez*.

Excellency of  
the Hebrew,  
Greek, & La-  
tin Tongues a-  
bove the rest.

And such are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*:  
Th' *Hebrew*, because of it we hold the Paten  
Of *Thrice-Eternals* ever sacred Word:  
And, of his Law, That is the first Record.  
The *Greek*, as having cunningly compriz'd  
All kinde of knowledge that may be devis'd.  
And manly *Roman*, fith the sword vndanted  
Through all the world her eloquence hath plapted.

A pleasant in-  
roduction to his  
following tri-  
cunse, wherein  
Poetically he  
describeth and  
braveth in the  
principlall Lan-  
guages, together  
with such as  
have excelled in  
each of them.

Writing these later lines, weary wel-neer  
Of sacred *Pallas* pleasing labours deer;  
Mine humble chin saluterh oft my brest;  
With an *Ambrosial* dew mine eys posselt  
By peece-meal close; all moving powrs be still;  
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill;  
Down in my sloath-lov'd bed again I shrink;  
And in dark *Lethé* all deep cares I sink:  
Yea, all my cares, except a zeal to len  
A gainfull pleasure to my Countrymen.  
For, th' holy loves-charm, burning for their sake,  
When I am sleeping, keeps my soule awake.  
Gold-winged *Morpheus*, East-ward issuing  
By 's crystall gate (it earlier opening  
Then dayes bright door) fantastick leads the way  
Down to a vale, where moist-cool night, and day,  
Still calms and storms, keen cold, and sultry smother,  
Rain, and fair weather follow not each other:  
But *May* still rains, and rose-crown'd *Zephyrus*  
With wanton sighes makes the green trees to buse,  
Whose whispering boughs, in Ovall form do fence  
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.

Description of  
the House, and  
Image of elo-  
quence: and of  
the principall  
Languages.

Iust in the midst of this enammeld vale  
Rose a huge Rock, cut like a Pedestall;  
And on the Cornich a Colossus stands  
Of daring brasse, which beareth in his hands  
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue  
Growe thousand chains, which all the mead a-long  
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,  
Bound fast by th' ears, but faster by the hart.  
Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie  
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from cruelty.

Neer

Neer hills do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,  
Seeming to dance at his sweet voyces sound.

Of *Carian* pillars rais'd with curious Art  
On bases firm, a double rowe doth girt  
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence:  
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)  
Bear, foure by foure, one of the Tongues which now  
Our learned Age for fairest doth allow.

Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer spirits supporting heer  
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear  
Like daunt-Earth Comer's Heav'n-adorning brand,  
Who holds a green-dry, with'r'd-springing ward,  
And in his armes the sacred Register  
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth bear;  
Is *Israels* guide: first Author, he that first  
Vnto his heirs his Writings offer durst:  
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed  
All *Grecian* Writ, but every *Grecian* Deed.

*David* 's the next, who, with the melody  
Of voyce-matcht fingers, draws sphears harmony,  
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound  
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round:  
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*  
Shall cease their Galliard, th' ever-blessed soules  
Of *Christ* his champions (cheer'd with his sweet songs)  
Shall dance to th' honour of the *Strong of Strong*;  
And all the Angels glorie-winged Hostes  
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hosts*.

The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,  
Who in his lines hath more wise lessons sow'n,  
More golden words, then in his Crown there shin'd  
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gems of *Inde*.

Then, *Amos* Son, in threatnings vehement,  
Grace-fellowed, graue, holy and eloquent.

Sweet-numbred *Homer* here the *Greek* supports,  
Whose School hath bred the many-differing sorts  
Of antient Sages: and, through every Realm,  
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream:

*Plato*, the all-divine, who like the *Fowl*  
(They call) of *Paradise*, doth never foul  
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies  
Higher then Heav'n from Hell, above the skies:  
Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*,  
Gold-mouthed hearts-king, law of learned men.

Th' Arch-Foeto factious *Catiline* and (since)  
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence  
Yields thousand streames, whence (rapt in admiration)  
The rarest wits are drunk in every Nation:

The Hebrew  
supported by 4  
Pillars (viz.)

Moses.

David.

Salomon.

Amos.

4. The Greek  
by  
Homer.  
Plato.  
Herodotus.  
Demosthenes.

3. The Latine  
by  
Cicero.

Caesar.



Caesar,  
Salust.  
Virgil.

Caesar, who knowes as well to write, as war:  
The Sinnewie *Salust*: and that Heav'n-fall'n star,  
Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tyber's* brink,  
Who never seems in all his Works to wink;  
Who never stumbled, ever cleer and graue;  
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-brave:  
Still like himself, and else, still like to no-man:  
Sustain the stately, graue-sweet antient *Roman*.

4. The Italian  
by  
Boccaccio.  
Petrarch.  
Amosio.  
Tasso.

On mirthfull *Boccaccio* is the *Tuscan* plac't:  
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions grac't:  
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,  
Smooth, pithy, various, quick affection-stirrer:  
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indight  
Heroik numbers, full of life and light;  
Short, sharpe-concepted, rich in language cleer,  
Though last in age, in honour formost heer.

5. The Arabick  
by  
Aben-Rosic.  
Eldebag.  
Auicen.  
Ibnu-farid.

Thi' *Arabian* language hath for pillars sound,  
Great *Aben-Rosic* most subtile, and profound,  
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Auicen*,  
And *Ibnu-farid's* Figure-flowing Pen.

6. The Dutch  
by  
Peuther.  
Luther.  
Beuer.  
Butric.

The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germaniz'd* the story  
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Isleban* (lasting glory  
Of *Wittenberg*) with *Beucer* gilding bright  
His pleasing stile: and *Butric* my delight.

7. The Spanish  
by  
Gueuarra.  
Boscan.  
Granada.  
Garcilaso.

*Gueuarra*, *Boscan*, and *Granada*, which sup  
With *Garcilaso*, in honey *Psycho's* cup  
The smiling *Nectar*, beare th' *Hyberian*:  
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,  
*Rauisht Ofsa*, he might well haue claym'd  
The *Spanish Laurell*, mong these lastly named.

8. The French  
by

Now, for the *French*, that shape-less *Column* rude,  
Whence th' idle *Mason* hath but grossly hew'd  
(As yet) the rough scales from the vpper part,  
Is *Clement Marot*: who with Art-les Art  
Busily toyls: and, prickt with praise-full thirst,  
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* first:  
Whom, as a time-torn Monument I honour:  
Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:  
Or age-worn Image: not so much for showe,  
As for the reuerence that to *Eld I owe*.

Amyot.  
Ronsard.

The next I knowe not well; yet (at the least)  
He seems som skilfull Master with the rest:  
Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear  
Like *Iaques Amyot*, then like *Viginere*.  
That, is great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,  
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varnish:  
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily  
All sorts of subiect, stile, and Poësie.

And this *du Plessis*, beating *Atheisme*,  
Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Iudaisme*,  
With their owne Armes: and sacred-graue, and short,  
His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such sort,  
That his quick reasons, wing'd with grace and Art,  
Pearce like keen arrows, every gentle hart.

Our *English* Tongue three famous Knights sustain;  
*Moore*, *Bacone*, *Sidney*: of which former, twain  
(*High Chancelors of England*) weaned first  
Our Infant-phraze (till then but homely nurst)  
And childish toyes; and rudeness chasing thence,  
To ciuill knowledge, ioynd sweet eloquence.  
And (*World-mourn'd*) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Thames*  
His Swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,  
That (all with-childe with Fame) his fame they bear  
To *Thetis* lap; and *Thetis*, every-where.

But, what new Sun dazles my tender eyes?  
What sudden transe rapt me about the skies?  
What Princely Port? O! what imperiall grace?  
What sweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels face?

Say (learned Heav'n-born Sisters) is not this  
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Misteris,  
That Great *Eliza*, making hers disdain,  
For any Man, to change their Maidens reign?  
Who, while *Erynny's* (weary now of hell)  
With Fire and Sword her neighbour States doth quell,  
And while black *Horror* threats in stormy rage,  
With dreadfull down-fall th' vniuersall stage;  
In happy Peace her Land doth keep and nourish:  
Where reverend *Iustice*, and *Religion* flourish.  
Who is not only in her Mother-voice  
Rich in Oration; but with phrascs choice,  
So on the sudden can discourse in *Greek*,  
*French*, *Latin*, *Tuscan*, *Dutch*, and *Spanish* eek,  
That *Rome*, *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spain*, and *Italy*,  
Plead all for right in her natiuitie.

Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting martialist,  
To grace the *Muses* and the *Arts*, persist:  
And (O!) if ever these rude rimes be blest  
But with one glaunce of Nature's only Best;  
Or (luckie) light between those Yuory palms,  
Which holde thy State's stem, in these happy calms,  
View them with milde aspect; and gently read,  
That for thy praise, thine eloquence we need.

Then thus I spake; O spirits diuine and learned,  
Whose happy labours haue your lauds eterned:  
O! sith I am not apt (alas!) nor able  
With you to bear the burthen honourable

Plessis.

9. The English  
by  
Sir Thomas  
Moore.  
Sir Nicholas  
Bacone.  
Sir Philip  
Sidney.

And the incom-  
parable Queen  
Elizabeth.

Her prudence,  
Piety, Justice,  
Religion, Lear-  
ning, and Elo-  
quence.



Of Albions Fame, nor with my feeble sight  
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flight;  
At least permit me, prostrate to embrace  
Your reverend knees: permit me to inhale  
Your radiant crests with Aprils flowry Crown;  
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,  
My feeble tunes eternall fames derive;  
While in my Songs your glorious names survive.

End of the  
Fifth.

Granting my sute, each of them bowd his head,  
The valley vanisht, and the pillars fled:  
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)  
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.

FINIS.

THE



THE COLONIES.

# THE THIRD PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

To stop ambition, Strife, and Avarice,  
Into Three Parts the Earth divided is:  
To Sem the East, to Cham the South, the West  
To Iapheth falls; their severall scopes exprest:  
Their fruitfull spawn did all the World supply:  
Antiquities uncertain Search, and why:  
Assyria sceptred first; and first imparts,  
To all the rest, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:  
The New-found World: Mens divers humors strange:  
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.

While through the Worlds unhanted wilderness  
I, th' old, first Pilots wandring House address:  
While (Famous Drake-like) coasting every strand  
I do discover many a New-found-Land:

And while, from Sea to Sea, with curious pain  
I plant great Noahs plentious Vine again:  
What bright-brown cloud shall in the Day protect me?  
What fiery Pillar shall by Night direct me  
Toward each Peoples primer Residence,  
Predestin'd in the Court of Providence,  
Yer our bi-sexed Parents, free from sin,  
In Eden did their double birth begin?

O sacred Lamp! that went'st so brightly burning  
Before the Sages, from the spycie Morning,  
To shew th' Almighty Infants humble Birth;  
O! chase the thick Clouds, drive the darknes forth

Bb z

Which

Being here in  
interest of the  
Transmigration  
of so many Na-  
tions, I need not  
at the length of  
Noah, one Part  
directed by  
him speciall de-  
votion of God.



The true, & on-  
ly drift of all his  
understandings.

A comparison  
expressing the  
effect of the allo-  
nishment, which  
the confusion of  
Tongues brought  
into the Babel-  
builders.

Why God would  
not that the seed  
of Noah should  
reside in the  
Plains of Shinar.

The Earth di-  
vided among  
the sons of  
Noah.  
To Sem, the  
East.

Which blindeth me: that mine adventurous Rime,  
Circling the World, may search out every Clime.  
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage shift  
From side to side; yet is my speciall drift,  
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring  
To that dear Babe, the *Man-God, Christ*, our King.

As WHEN the lowering Heav'ns with loudest raps  
Through Forrests thrill their roaring thunder-claps,  
The shivering Fowls do suddenly forgo  
Their nests and perches, fluttering to and fro  
Through the dark ayr, and round about their rings  
A whistling murmur of their whisking wings;  
The griffell Turtles (seldom seen alone)  
Dis-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;  
And even the feeble downie feathered Yong  
Venture to fly, before their quills be strong:  
Even so, the Builders of that *Babel-Wonder*,  
Hearing Gods voice aloud to roar and thunder  
In their rude voices barbarous difference,  
Take all at once their fearfull flight from thence  
On either hand; and through th' Earth voidly-vast  
Each packs a-part, where God would haue him plac't.

For, Heav'ns great Monarch (yer the World began)  
Having decreed to giue the World to man;  
Would not, the same a nest of theeves should be,  
That with the Sword should share his Legacie;  
And (brutely mix'd) with mongrell stock to stoar  
Our Elements, round, solid, slimy soar:  
But rather, fire of Couetize to curb,  
Into three Parts he parts this spacious Orb,  
"Twixt *Sem* and *Cham*, and *Iapheth*: *Sem* the East,  
*Cham* South, and *Iapheth* doth obtain the West.

That large rich Countrey, from *Perosite* shoars  
(Where stately *Ob*, the King of Rivers, roars,  
In *Scythian* Seas voiding his violent load,  
But little less then six dayes sayling broad)  
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Iles, that bear  
Cloues and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*  
Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden streams  
Of *Bisnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemms:  
From th' *Euxin* Sea and surge of *Chaldean* Twins  
To th' *Anian* Streight: the sloathfull flymy Fens  
Where *Quinzay* stands; *Chiorze*, where Buls as big  
As Elephants are clad in silken shag,  
Is great *Sems* Portion. For the Destinies  
(Or rather Heav'ns immutable Decrees)  
*Assur* i' *Assyria* send, that in short time  
*Chale* and *Rhesen* to the Clouds might climbe,

And *Ninieue* (more famous then the rest)  
About them raise her many-towred Crest:  
The sceptred *Elam* chose the *Persian* Hills,  
And those fat fields that swift *Araxis* fills;  
*Lud*, *Lydia*: *Aram* all *Armenia* had:  
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.

*Cham* became Soverain over all those Realms  
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne* streams,  
*Balangas*, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguametre*,  
Hoe *Concritan*, too-full of poysonic matter;  
North-ward with narrow *Mid-terranean* Sea  
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa*:  
Tow'rs where *Titans* Euening splendor sank,  
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cape-verde*, and *Cape-blanc*:  
And tow'rs where *Phaebus* doth each morning wake,  
With *Adel* Ocean and the *Crimsin* Lake.  
And further, all that lies between the steep  
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,  
Between th' *Erythrean* Sea, and *Persian* *Sine*,  
He (mighty Prince) to 's *Afrik* State doth ioyné.  
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Jordan* dwell  
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Israel*):  
Put peopled *Lybia*: *Misriam* *Egypt* mann'd:  
And 's first-born *Chus* the *Ethiopian* strand.

*Iapheth* extends from struggling *Hellepont*,  
The *Tane* and *Euxin* Sea, to th' double Mount  
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,  
Whose tumbling billows bathe the shoars of *Spain*:  
And from those Seas, where in the steed of Keels  
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,  
To the *Marfilian*, *Morean*, and *Thyrrhenian*;  
*Ligurian* Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,  
Iust opposite to *Asia* rich in spice,  
Pride of the Word, and second *Paradise*:  
And that large Countrey stretcht from *Amana*  
To *Tanaïs* shoars, and to the source of *Rha*.

Forth of his *Gomers* loigns (they say) sprung all  
The war-like Nations scattered over *Gaul*,  
And *Germanis* too (yerst called *Gomerits*):  
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog*, *Scythes*:  
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Mesech*, *Mazacans*:  
From *Iauan*, *Greeks*: from *Thyrus*, *Thracians*.  
Heer, if I list, or lov'd I rover-shooting,  
Or would I follow the vncertain footing  
Of false *Berosus* and such fond Deluders  
(Their zealous Readers insolent Illuders)  
I could deriue the lineall Descents  
Of all our Sires; and name you every Prince

To Cham the  
South.

To Iapheth the  
North & West.

According to  
his accustomed  
modesty or dif-  
ference the Poet  
chooseth rather  
silence then to  
speak vncer-  
tainly of things  
unknowne.



Of every Province, in his time and place  
(Successfully) through-out his Ancient Race:  
Yea, sing the Worlds so divers populations;  
And of least Cities shewe the first Foundations.  
But, never will I to my sails abandon  
To every blast, and rowing so at randon  
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star  
(Which shines 'boue all the Heav'ns) venture so far  
On th' vnkowne surges of so vast a Sea  
So full of Rocks and dangers every way;  
Having no Pylot, saue som brain-sick Writers  
Which coyn Kings names, vain fabulous Inditers  
Of their own fancies, who (affecting glory)  
Ypon a Flyes foot build a goodly story.

Reasons why  
the Search of  
such Antiqui-  
ties is so obscure

Som words allusion is no certain ground  
Whereon a lasting Monument to found:  
Sith fairest Rivers, Mountains strangely steep,  
And largest Seas, never so vast and deep  
(Though self-eternall, resting still the same)  
Through sundry chances often change their name:  
Sith it befalls not alwayes, that his seed  
Who builds a Town, doth in the same succeed:  
And (to conclude) sith vnder Heav'n, no Race  
Perpetually possesseth any place:  
But, as all Tenants at the High Lords will,  
We hold a Field, a Forrest, or a Hill:  
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moues)  
Waue hunteth waue, and billow billow shoues:  
So do all Nations iustle each the other,  
And so one People doth pursue another;  
And scarce the second hath a first vn-housed,  
Before a third him thence again haue rowed.

Famous exam-  
ples to this pur-  
pose.  
Of the ancient  
Britains.  
Of the Lom-  
bards.

So, th' ancient Britain, by the Saxons chac't  
From 's native Albion, soon the Gaules displac't  
From Armonik; and then victoriously  
(After his name) surnam'd that, Britannie.

So, when the Lombard had surrendered  
Fair, double-named *Isther* flowry-bed  
To scar-fac't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiously  
The rest of Gaules from wealthy *Insubrie*;  
Which after fell in *French-mens* hands again,  
Won by the sword of *Worthy Charlemain*.

Of the Alains,  
Goths and  
Vandals.

So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandal*, beaten both  
From *Corduba* and *Seuil* by the *Goth*,  
Seiz'd *Carthage* straight; which after-ward they lost  
To wise *Iustinians* valiant *Roman* Hoast:  
And *Romans*, since, ioyn'd with the barbarous troop  
Of curled *Moors*, vnto th' *Arabians* stoop.

The sacrilegious greedy appetite  
Of Gold and Scepters glistering glorious bright,  
The thirst of Vengeance, and that puffing breath  
Of elvish Honour built on blood and death,  
On desolation, rapes and robberies,  
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutish butcheries,  
Vn-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations  
Through every Clymat seek new habitations.  
I speak not heer of those *Alarbian* Rovers,  
*Numidian* Shepheards, or *Tartarian* Drovers,  
Who shifting pastures for their store of Cattle:  
Do heer and there their hairy Tents imbattle:  
Like the black swarms of Swallows swiftly-light,  
Which twice a-year cross with their nimble flight  
The Pine-plough'd Sea, and (pleas'd with purest ayr)  
Seek every Season for a fresh repair:

But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh  
With their own bloods-price purchast Victory;  
Who, better knowing how to win, then wield;  
Conquer, then keep; to batter, then to build;  
And brauely choosing rather War then Peace,  
Haue over-spread the World by Land and Seas.

Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurs't,  
On *Rugeland* and *Liuonia* seized first.  
Then having well reveng'd on the *Bulgarian*  
The death of *Agilmont*, the bold Barbarian  
Surpriseth *Poland*; thence anon he presses  
In *Rhines* fair streams to rinse his Amber tresses:  
Thence turning back, he seats him in *Moravia*;  
After, at *Buda*; thence he postes to *Paui*;  
There raigns two hundred years: triumphing so,  
That royall *Tesin* might compare with *Po*.

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom issuing forth  
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,  
Imcamp't by *Vistula*: but th' Air (almost)  
Bring there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coast,  
He with victorious arms *Sclavonia* gains,  
The *Transylvanian* and *Valacchian* Plains.  
Thence plies to *Thracia*: and then (leaving *Greeks*)  
Greedy of spoil, foure times he bravely seeks  
To snatch from *Rome* (then, *Mars* his Minion)  
The Palms which she o'r all the World had won;  
Guided by *Rhadaguse*, and *Alaric*,  
And *Vidimarius*, and *Theodoric*:  
Then comes to *Gaul*: and thence repulst, his Legions  
Rest ever since vpon the *Spanish* Regions.

Such th' antik *Gaul*: who, roving every way,  
As far as *Phæbus* darts his golden ray,

Seiz'd

The causes of  
such Transmi-  
grations.

The originall re-  
mains, voyages,  
& conquests of  
the Lombards.

Of the Goths.

Of the ancient  
Gaules.



Seiz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Mistress sackt  
Which rather *Mars* then *Romulus* compact:  
Then pill'd *Pannonia*: then with conquering ploughs  
He furrows vp cold *Strymon*s slymie sloughs:  
Wastes *Macedonia*: and (inclin'd to fleece)  
Spare not to spoyl the greatest Gods of *Greece*:  
Then (cloyd with *Europe*) th' *Hellepont* he past,  
And there Mount *Ida*'s neighbour world did waste:  
Spoyleth *Pisidia*: *Mysia* doth inthrall:  
And midst of *Asia* plants another *Gaul*.

Most famous Peoples dark Antiquity,  
Is as a Wood: where bold Temerity  
Stumbles each step; and learned Diligence  
If selfe intangles; and blind Ignorance  
(Groping about in such *Cimmerian* nights)  
In pits and ponds, and boggs, and quag-mires lights.

It shall suffice me therefore (in this doubt)  
But (as it were) to coast the same about:  
And, rightly tun'd vnto the golden string  
Of *Amrams* Son, in gravest verse to sing,  
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth* did re-plant  
Th' vn-peopled World with new inhabitant:  
And that again great *Noah*s wandering Boat  
The second time o'r all the World did float.

Not that I send *Sem*, at one flight vnceast,  
From *Babylon* vnto the farthest *East*,  
*Tartarian* *Chorats* silver waues t' essay,  
And people *China*, *Cambula*, *Cathay*,  
*Japheth* to *Spain*: and that profanest *Cham*,  
To thirstie Countries *Meder*\* and *Bigam*,  
To *Cephala* vpon Mount *Zambrica*,  
And Cape of *Hope*, last coign of *Africa*.

For, as *Hymetus* and Mount *Hybla* were  
Not over-spread and covered in one year  
With busie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice  
Each Hyue supplying new-com Colonies  
(Heav'ns tender Nurcelings) to those fragrant Mountains,  
At length their Rocks dissolv'd in Hony Fountains:  
Or rather, as two fruitfull Elms that spread  
Amidst a Cloase with brooks environed,  
Ingender other Elms about their roots;  
Those, other still; and still, new-springing shoots  
So over-growe the ground, that in fewe years  
The sometimes-Mead a great thick Grove appears:  
Even so th' ambitious *Babel*-building rout,  
Disperst, at first go seat themselves about  
*Mesopotamia*: after (by degrees)  
Their happy Spawn, in sundry Colonies

He affirmeth  
finally that the  
three sons of  
Noah peopled  
the world, and  
showeth how.

2. Fit compari-  
sons to represent  
the same.

Crossing

Crossing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,  
All the green-mantled neather Globe hath mann'd:  
So that, except th' Almighty (glorious Iudge  
Of quick and dead) this World's ill dayes abbridge,  
Ther shall no soyl so wilde and savage be,  
But shall be shadowed by great *Adams* Tree.

Therefore, those Countries neere *Tigris* Spring,  
In those first ages were most flourishing,  
Most spoken-of, first Warriors, first thar guide,  
And gine the Law to all the Earth beside.

*Babylon* (living vnder th' ayfull grace  
Of Royall Greatness) sway'd th' Imperiall Mace,  
Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,  
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall:  
Yer *Gauls* had houses, *Latins* Burgages,  
Our *Britains* Tents, or *Germans* Cotages.

The *Hebrews* had with Angels Conversation,  
Held th' Idol-Altars in abomination,  
Knew the Vnknown, with eyes of Faith they saw  
Th' invisible *Mesias*, in the Law:  
The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made,  
Had measur'd Heav'n, conceiv'd how th' Earths thick shade  
Eclipt the silver brows of *Cynthia* bright,  
And her brown shadow quench't her brothers light.

The *Memphian* Priests were deep Philosophers,  
And curious gazers on the sacred Stars,  
Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematicks;  
Yer any Letter, knew the ancient *Atticks*.

Proud *Egypt* glistred all with golden Plate,  
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (vnder *Aetna* grate)  
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented  
*Prometheus*, 'mong the *Greeks* had fire invented.

*Gauls* were not yet; or, were they (at the least)  
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their feast,  
But Mast and Acorns, for the which they gap't  
Vnder the Trees when any winde had hapt:  
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)  
Durst rowe about the salt-blew *Africk* Main;  
Traffickt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were drest,  
And pomp and pleasure *Euphrates* posselt.

For, as a stone, that midst a Pond ye sling,  
About his fall first forms a little ring,  
Wherein, new Circles one in other growing  
(Through the smooth Waters gentle-gentle flowing)  
Still one the other more and more compell  
From the Ponds Centre, where the stone first fell,  
Till at the last the largest of the Rounds  
From side to side 'gainst every bank rebounds:

So,

Why the first  
Monarchie began  
in *Allyria*.

The *Hebrewes*  
and their next  
neighbors were  
religious and  
learned before  
the *Grecians*  
knew any thing.

The *Egyptians*,  
& *Tyrians*  
had their fill of  
Riches and  
Pomp, & Plea-  
sure before the  
*Greeks* or  
*Gauls* knew  
what the world  
meant.



The first Colonies  
of Sem in  
the East.

So, from th' Earth's Centre (which I heer suppose,  
About the Place where God did Tongues transpoſe)  
Man (day by day his wit repoliſhing)  
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to ſpring,  
As he doth ſpread, and ſhed in divers ſhoals  
His fruitfull Spawn, round vnder both the Poles.

Forth from *Aſſyria*, Eaſt-ward then they traueſſ  
Towards rich *Hytaſis* with the golden grauell:  
Then people they the *Persian Oroitis*;

Then cleer *Choaspiſ*, which doth humbly kiſſ  
The Walls of *Suſa*; then the Vallies fat  
Neer *Caucaſus*, where yerſt th' *Arſaces* ſat:  
Then mann they *Media*; then with humane feed,  
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they ſpeed.

The ſecond,

The Sons of theſe (like flowing Waters) ſpredd  
O'r all the Countrey which is bordered  
With *Chieſel* River, 'boue *Thacaliſtan*;  
*Gadel* and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Baleſtan*.

The third.

Their off-ſpring then, with fruitfull ſtems doth ſtrow  
*Baſinagar*, *Nayard*, and either ſhoar  
Of famous *Ganges*; *Aua Toloman*,  
The Kingdom *Mein*, the Muſky *Charazan*;  
And round about the Deſart *Op*, where oft  
By ſtrange *Phantaſmas* Paſſengers are ſcoſt.

The fourth,

Som ages after, linkt in diuers knots,  
*Tipur* they take, rich in Rhinocerots;  
*Caichin*, in Aloes; *Mangit*, and the ſhoar  
Of *Quinz* and *Anie* lets them ſpread no more.

Fiſt Colonies of  
Iapheth in the  
Weſt.

From that fiſt Centre to the Weſt-ward bending,  
Old *Noahs* Nephews far and wide extending,  
Seiz leſs *Armenia*; then, within *Cilicia*,  
Poſſeſs the Ports of *Tharſis* and of *Iſſea*,  
And the delicious ſtrange *Corycian* Caue  
(Which warbling ſound of Cymbals ſeems to haue)  
*Ionia*, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,  
*Bythinia*, *Troas*, and *Meanders* turns.

The ſecond.

Then paſſing *Sefſos* Straights; of *Strymon* cold,  
*Herber* and *Neſt* they quaſſ; and pitch their Fold  
In vales of *Rhodope*, and plow the Plains  
Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.

The third di-  
uid into many  
branches.

On th' other ſide, *Thrace* ſubtle *Greece* beſwarms;  
*Greece*, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):  
*Italy*, *France*; *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*  
(*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Britany*.  
On th' other ſide, it ſpreads about *Moldauia*,  
*Mare-Maiour*, *Podolia*, and *Moravia*,  
With *Transylvania*, *Seruis*, and *Panopia*,  
The *Pruſſian* Plains, and over all *Polonia*:

Fiſt Colonies  
of Cham, ro-  
ward the South

The verge of *Viſſula*, and farther forth  
Beyond the *Alman*, drawing to the North.  
Now turn thee South-ward: ſee, ſee how *Chalde*  
Spews on *Arabia*, *Phanice*, and *Iudea*,  
*Chams* curſed Ligne, which (over-ferill all)  
Between two Seas doth into *Egypt* fall;  
Sowes all *Cyrenia*, and the famous Coaſt  
Whercon the roaring *Punik* Sea is toſt:  
*Fez*, *Dara*, *Argier*, *Galate*, *Guzol*, *Aden*,  
*Terminan*, *Tombut*, *Melle*, *Gago*, *Gogden*:  
The ſparkling Deſarts of ſad *Libya*,  
*Zecze*, *Benin*, *Borno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,  
And ſcalding quick-lands of thoſe thirſty Plains  
Where *I e s v s* name (yet) in ſom reverence raigns;  
Where *Preſter John* (though part he *Judaize*)  
Doth in ſom ſort devoutly *Chriſtianize*.

But would'ſt thou knowe, how that long Traſt, that lies  
Vnder Heav'n's ſtarry Coach, covered with yce,  
And round embraced in the winding arms  
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but ſeldom warms)  
Came peopled fiſt? Suppoſe, that paſſing by  
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company  
With the far-flowing ſilver *Euphrates*,  
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates*:  
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,  
*Albania*, *Colchis*, and *Bosphorian* ſtrand:  
And then from thence, toward the bright *Leuant*,  
That vaſt Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant  
In wandring troops; and towards th' other ſide  
Which (neer her ſource) long *Volga* doth diuide,  
*Moſceny* Coaſt, *Permia*, *Liuonia*, *Pruſſia*,  
*Diarmia*, *Scrinia*, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Ruſſia*.

Colonies of the  
North.

But whence (ſay you) had that *New-World* his Gueſts,  
Which *Spain* (like *Delos* ſtoting on the Seas)  
Late digg'd from darknes of Oblivions Graue,  
And it vndoing, it new Eſſence gaue?  
If long agoe; how ſhould it hap that no-man  
Knew it till now? no *Persian*, *Greek*, no *Roman*;  
Whoſe glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding  
O're all the World, of this had never tyding?  
If but of late; how ſwarm their Cities ſince  
So full of Folk? how paſs their Monuments  
Th' *Egyptian* *Spirez*, *Mauſolus* ſtately Toomb,  
The Walls and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome*?  
Why! think ye (fond) thoſe people fell from Heav'n  
All-ready-made; as in a Sommer Ev'n  
After a ſweltring Day, ſom ſultry ſhower  
Doth in the Marſhes heaps of *Tadpals* pour,

How the New-  
found world  
(diſcouered in  
our Time) came  
peopled.  
A double que-  
ſtion.

x. Answer.

Which



Which in the ditches (chapt with parching weather)  
Lie crust and croaking in the Mud together?  
Or else, that setting certain slips, that fixt  
Their slender roots the tender mould betwixt,  
They saw the light of *Phabus* lyuening face;  
Having, for milk, moist deaws; for Cradle, grasse:  
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,  
As Toad-stools, Turneps, Leeks, and Beets haue birth?  
Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerst did sowe)  
Were bravely born armed from top to toe?

That spacious Coast, now call'd *America*,  
Was not so soon peopled as *Africa*;  
(Th' ingenious, Towr-full, and Law-loving Soil,  
Which, *Ioue* did with his Lemans name en-stile)  
And that which from cold *Bosphorus* doth spread  
To pearl'd *Auroras* Saffron-coloured Bed.  
Because, they ly neerer the diapry verges  
Of tear-bridge *Tigris* Swallow-swifter surges,  
Whence our amaz'd first Grand-fires faintly fled,  
And like sprung Partridge every-where did spread;  
Except that World, where-vnder *Castiles* King,  
Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.

But the rich buildings rare magnificence,  
Th' infinit Treasures, various governments,  
Showe that long since (although at sundry times)  
'T had Colonies (although from sundry Climes):  
Whether the violence of tempestuous weather  
Som broken Vessels haue inforced thither;  
Whether som desperat, dire extremity  
Of Plague, War, Famin; or th' Authority  
Of som braue *Typhis* (in adventure tost)  
Brought weary Carvels on that *Indian* Coast.

Cometures tou-  
ching the Pro-  
pings of the same

Who maketh doubt but yerst the *Quinay* Fraights  
As well might venture through the *Aniam* Straights,  
And finde as easie and as short a way  
From the *East Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,  
As vsually the *Asian* Ships are wont  
To pass to *Greece* a-crofs the *Hellespont*:  
*Spaniards* to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abilia*:  
Through *Messine* stream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia*?

From *Tolm* and *Quinir*'s spacious Plains (wherein  
Bunch backed Calues, with Horse-like manes are seen,  
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azasia*,  
*Tona*, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Cossia*,  
*Mecchi*, *Anascal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,  
*Los Campos de Labor* (where Floods are froze).

Wonders of the  
Sera-found  
people.

On th' other side, *Xalisco* soyl they Man  
(Now new *Galizia*) *Cusule*, *Mechuacan*:

And

And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile  
Another *Venice* (or a City-Isle).  
Strange things there see they (that amaze them much)  
Green Trees to wither with their very touch;  
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,  
That (*Etna*-like) bright Flashes belches vp.  
Thence, reach they th' *Isthmos* of rich *Panama*,  
And on their right hand build *Oucanama*,  
With *Cassamalca*, *Cusco*, *Quito*: and  
In famous *Peru*'s very golden Strand  
Admire the Lake that laveth *Colle* about,  
Whose Waves be salt within, and fresh without:  
And streams of *Cinca*, that, with vertue strange,  
To hardest stone soft Mud and Chalk do change.

Then seiz they *Chili*, where all day the Deep  
Runs roaring down, and all the night doth sleep:  
*China*, the *Patagons*, and all the shoar  
Where th' azure Seas of *Magellan* do roar.  
Left-ward, they spread them 'longst the *Darians* side;  
Where through th' *Vrabian* Fields the *Huo* doth slide,  
Nearer *Zenu*'s stream, which toward the Ocean drags  
Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets eggs:  
To new *Granada*, where the Mount embost  
With Emeralds doth shine; *Cumanean* Coast,  
Where noysom vapours (like a dusky night)  
Bedimms their eyes, and doth impair their sight:  
Therefore som troops from *Cumana* they carry  
To *Caripana*, *Omagu* and *Pari*:

By *Maragon*, all over fell *Brasile*,  
And *Plate*'s fat Plains, where flowes another *Nile*.  
Ghes too, that *Grotland* yerst did *Piene* store,  
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;  
As *Tombu*, *Melli*, *Gago* and *Terminan*,  
Planted the Plains and shoars of *Corican*.

Yet (happely) thou 'lt gladly grant me this,  
That mans ambition ay so bound-less is,  
That steepest Hills it over-climbs with ease,  
And runs (as dry-shod) through the deepest Seas:  
And (maugre meagre Thirst) her Carvels Lands  
On *Afrik*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* sands;  
But hardly credit 'st, that one Family  
Out of foure couples should so multiply,  
That *Asia*, *Europ*, *Africa*, and All  
Seems for their off-spring now too straight and small.

If thou set-light by th' everlasting Voice,  
Which now again re-blest the Love-full choice  
Of sacred Wedlocks secret binding band;  
Saying, *Increase*, *Flourish* and *Fill the Land*:

C. c

And

How it was pos-  
sible that Noah  
and his 3. Sons  
should so multi-  
ply.

i. Answer.



And if (profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,  
That *Seauenty Iewes*, in *Egypt* (in affliction)  
Within foure-hundred yeers and half three-score,  
Grew to five-hundred-thousand soules and more:

Consider yet, that being fed that while  
With wholesome Fruits of an vn-forced soil,  
And kindly meats, not marred by the Book,  
And wanton cunning of a sawcy Cook;  
Waigh furthermore, that being not cut-down  
With bloody swords when furious neighbours frown;  
Nor worn with Travell, nor enfeebled  
With hatefull Sloth; Our Grand-fires flourished  
Hundreds of yeers in youth; and even in Age  
Could render duly *Venus* Escuage:  
And that *Polygamy* (in those dayes common)  
Most Men vsurping more then one sole Woman,  
Madethen the World so mightily augment  
In vpright Creatures; and (incontinent)  
From fruitfull loins of one old Father-stock,  
So many branches of man-kinde to flock:

Even as an ear of Corn (if all the yield  
Be yearly sow'n still in a fertill Field)  
Fills Barns at length; and spreads in spacious Plain  
Millions of millions of like ears again.

Or, as two Fishes, cast into a Meer,  
With fruitfull Spawn will furnish in few yeer  
A Town with victuall, and serve (furthermore)  
Their neighbour Waters with their Fry to store.

Have not our Daies a certain Father know'n,  
Who, with the fruit of his own body grow'n,  
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,  
And issue-blest (the Crown of Old Desires)  
In his own life-time, his own off-spring saw  
To wed each other without breach of Law?  
So far, the branches of his fruitfull Bed  
Past all the Names of Kinreds-Tree did spread.

'Tis know'n, that few *Arabian* Families  
New-planted *Lybia* with their Progenies,  
In compass of three hundred yeers and less;  
And *Bugi*, *Argier*, *Oran*, *Thunis*, *Tez*,  
*Fez*, *Melli*, *Gago*, *Tonbut*, *Terminan*  
With hatefull Laws of Heathnish *Alcoran*.

If this among the *Africans* we see,  
Whom cor'zive humour of Melancholy  
Doth alwaies tickle with a wanton Lust,  
Although less powerfull in the *Paphian* Iouist  
For Propagation (for, too-often Deed  
Of *Loues-Deight*, enfeebles much their seed:

Comparison to  
that purpose.

Example of  
our daies.

Another exam-  
ple.

And inly, still they feel a Wintery Fever;  
As outwardly, a scorching Sommer ever)  
Ghes how much more, those, whose hoar heads approach  
And see the turnings of Heav'n's flaming Coach,  
Doo multiply; because they seldom venter,  
And, but in season, *Venus* lists to enter.  
And, the cold, resting (vnder th' *Arctick* Star)  
Still Master of the Field in champion War,  
Makes Heat retire into the Bodies-Towr:  
Which, there vnited, gives them much more powr.

From thence indeed, *Hunns*, *Herales*, *Franks*, *Bulgarians*,  
*Circassians*, *Sweves*, *Burgognians*, *Turks*, *Tartarians*,  
*Dutch*, *Cimbers*, *Normans*, *Alains*, *Ostrogothes*,  
*Tigurins*, *Lombards*, *Vandals*, *Visigothes*,  
Have swarm'd (like Locusts) round about this Ball,  
And spoil'd the fairest Provinces of all:  
While barren South had much a-doo to assemble  
(In all) two Hoasts; that made the North to tremble:  
Whereof, the One, that one-ey'd Champion led,  
Who famous *Carthage* rais'd and ruined:  
Th' other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd so,  
That never since, could *Afrik* Army shoue.

O! see how full of Wonders strange is Nature:  
Sich in each *Climat*, not alone in stature,  
Strength, hair and colour, that men differ doo,  
But in their humours and their manners too.  
Whether that, Custom into Nature change:  
Whether that, Youth to th' Elds example range:  
Or divers Laws of divers Kingdoms, vary-vs:  
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, cary-vs.

The Northern-man is fair, the Southern foul;  
That's white, this black; that smiles, and this doth scowl:  
Th' one's blithe and frolick, th' other dull and froward;  
Th' one's full of courage, th' other fearfull coward:  
Th' one's hair is harsh, big, curled, th' other's slender;  
Th' one loveth Labour, th' other Books doth tender:  
Th' one's hot and moist, the other hot and dry;  
Th' one's Voice is hoarse, the other's cleer and high:  
Th' one's plain and honest, th' other all deceit:  
Th' one's rough and rude, the other handfom neat:  
Th' one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every winde:  
The other (constant) never changeth minde:  
Th' one's loose and wanton, th' other continent;  
Th' one thrif-les lavish, th' other provident:  
Th' one milde Companion; th' other, stern and strange  
(Like a wilde Wolf) loves by himself to range:  
Th' one's pleas'd with plainness, th' other pomp affects:  
Th' one's born for Arms, the other Arts respects.

C c 2

But

The North haile  
exceedingly  
multiplied in  
people the South  
not so.

Where our Au-  
thor takes occa-  
sion to enter into  
an excellent dis-  
course of Gods  
wondrous work  
in the diuers  
temperatures,  
qualities, com-  
plexions, and  
manners of so  
many Nations  
in the World.



But middling folk, who their abiding make  
Between these two, of either guise partake:  
And such have stronger limbs, but weaker wit,  
Then those that neer *Niles* fertill sides do sit;  
And (opposite) more wit, and lesser force,  
Then those that haunt *Rhines* and *Danubius* shoars.

For, in the Cirque of th' Vniversall City;  
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-witty)  
Builds all on Dreams, deep Extracies and Trances,  
Who measures Heav'ns eternall-moving Dances,  
Whose searching soule can hardly be sulliz'd  
With vulgar Knowledge, holds the Place of Priest.  
The *Northern*-man, whose wit in 's Fingers settles,  
Who what him list can work in Wood and Mettles,  
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfaite;  
With men of Arms, and Artizans is set.  
The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)  
Holds, gravely-wise, the room of Magistrate.  
Th' one (to be briefly) loves studious *Theory*,  
The other Trades, the third deep *Policy*.  
Yet true it is, that since som later lustres,  
*Minerva*, *Themis*, *Hermes* and his *Sisters*  
Have set, as well, their Schools in th' *Artick* Parts,  
As *Mars* his Lists, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.

Notable differences  
between  
the Nations of  
Europe

Especially the  
French, German,  
Italian,  
and Spaniard.

Nay, see we not among our selves, that live  
Mingled almost (to whom the Lord doth give  
But a small Turf of earth to dwell-vpon)  
This wondrous ods in our condition?  
We finde the *Alman* in his fight courageous,  
But salable; th' *Italian* too-outrageous;  
Sudden the *French*, impatient of delay;  
The *Spaniard* slowe, but subtle to betray:  
Th' *Alman* in Counsell cold, th' *Italian* quick,  
The *French* inconstant, *Spaniards* politick:  
Fine feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* spares;  
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman*, fares:  
Milde speaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and brave;  
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave:  
Th' *Italian* proud in 'tire, *French* changing much;  
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and vn-fit the *Dutch*:  
The *French*-man braves his Fo, th' *Italian* cheers-him;  
The *Alman* spoils, the *Spaniard* never bears-him:  
The *French*-man sings, th' *Italian* seems to bleat;  
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great:  
*Spaniards* like Jugglers ier, th' *Almans* like Cocks;  
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox:  
*Dutch* *Lovers* proud, th' *Italian* envious;  
Frolick the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race  
Should over-spread th' Earths vniversall-Face:  
That, drawing so his Children from the crimes  
Which seem peculiar to their Native Climes,  
He might reveal his grace: and that Heav'ns lights  
Might well incline (but not constrain) our sprights:  
That over all the World, his Saints alwaies  
Might offer him sweet Sacrifice of Praise:  
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far  
Might ay resound as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*:  
And that the treasures which strange Soils produce,  
Might not seem worth-les for the want of vse;  
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter,  
And vent their Wares about to every Quarter.

For, as in *LONDON* (stuf with every sort)  
Heer 's the *Kings* Palace, there the *Innes* of Court:  
Heer (to the *Thames*-ward, all a-long the *STRAND*)  
The stately Houses of the Nobles stand:  
Heer dwell rich Merchants; there Artificers:  
Heer *Silk-men*, *Mercers*, *Gold-Smiths*, *Jewellers*:  
There 's a Church-yard furnisht with choice of Books;  
Heer stand the *Shambles*, there the Rowe of Cooks:  
Heer wonn *Sp-Holsters*, *Habersashers*, *Horners*:  
There *Pothecaries*, *Grocers*, *Tailours*, *Tourners*:  
Heer *Shoo-makers*; there *Joiners*, *Coopers*, *Coriers*:  
Heer *Brewers*, *Bakers*, *Cutlers*, *Felters*, *Furriers*:  
This Street is full of *DRAPERS*, that of *Diars*:  
This Shop with *Tapers*, that with *Womens* *Tiars*:  
For costly Toys, *silk* *Stockings*, *Cambrick*, *Lawn*,  
Heer 's choice-full Plenty in the curious *PAWN*:  
And all 's but an Exchange, where (briefly) no-man  
Keeps ought as private. Trade makes all things common.

Causes why the  
Europe world  
have abundance  
so dispersed over  
all the world.

The world com-  
pared to a magi-  
ty city, wherein  
dwell people of  
all conditions,  
continually traf-  
fiking together,  
exchanging  
their particular  
commodities, for  
benefit of the  
publike.

So com our Sugars from *Canary* Iles:  
From *Candy*, *Currance*, *Muskadels* and *Oyls*:  
From the *Moliques*, *Spices*: *Balsamum*  
From *Egypt*: *Odours* from *Arabia* com:  
From *India*, *Drugs*, rich *Gemms* and *Ivory*:  
From *Syria*, *Mummy*: black-red *Ebony*,  
From burning *Chus*: from *Pera*, *Pearl* and *Gold*:  
From *Russia*, *Furres* (to keep the rich from cold)  
From *Florence*, *Silks*: from *Spain*, *Fruit*, *Saffron*, *Sacks*:  
From *Denmark*, *Amber*, *Cordage*, *Firres* and *Flax*:  
From *France* and *Flanders*, *Linnen*, *Woad* and *Wine*:  
From *Holland*, *Hops*: *Horse*, from the banks of *Rhine*.  
In brief, each Country (as pleas'd God distribute)  
To the Worlds Treasure paies a sundry Tribute.  
And, as sometimes that sumptuous *Persian* Dame  
(Out of her Pride) accustomed to name

Man, lord of the  
world, which for







Nor subtle Sea-Horse, with deceitfull Call,  
 Inveigle thy Children in thy Floods to fall.

What though thy Thames and Tweed have never rowl'd,  
 Among their gravell, massy grains of Gold?  
 What though thy Mountains spew no Silver streams?  
 Though every Hillock yeeld not precious Gemms?  
 Though in thy Forrests hang no Silken Fleeces?  
 Nor sacred Incense, nor delicious Spices?  
 What though the clusters of thy colder Vines  
 Distill not Clarets, Sacks, nor Muscadines?  
 Yet are thy Woolls, thy Corn, thy Cloth, thy Tin,  
 Mines rich enough to make thee Europes Queen,  
 Tea Empress of the World, yet not sufficient  
 To make thee thankfull to the Cause efficient  
 Of all thy Blessings: Who, besides all this,  
 Hath (now mine Lustres) lent thee greater Bliss;  
 His blessed Word (the witness of his favour)  
 To guide thy Sons unto his Son (their Saver)  
 With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,  
 Thy neighbours Countries never breathed scant.  
 And last, not least (so far beyond the scope  
 Of Christians Fear, and Anti-Christians Hope)  
 When all, thy Fall seem'd to prognosticate,  
 Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;  
 In raising STWARDS to thy regal Throne,  
 To Rule (as David and as Salomon)  
 With Prudence, Prowesse, Justice, and Sobriety,  
 Thy happy People in Religious Piety.

O too too happy! too too fortunate,

Knew'st thou thy Weal: or were thou not ingrate.

But least (at last) Gods righteous wrath consume-us,  
 If on his patience still we thus presume-us:

And least (at last) all Blessings had before  
 Double in Curses to torment-us more:

Dear Mother ENGLAND, bend thine aged knee,

And to the Heav'ns lift up thy hands with me;

Off with thy Pomp, hence with thy Pleasures past:

Thy Mirth be Mourning, and thy Feast a FAST:

And let thy soule, with my sad soule, confesse

Our former sins, and soul-unthankfulness.

Pray we the Father, through th' adopting Spirit,

Not measure-us according to our merit;

Nor swiftly weigh, at his high Justice Beam,

Our bold Rebellions, and our Pride extream:

But, for his Son (our dear Redeemer's) sake,

His Sacrifice, for our Sins Ransom, take;

And, looking on-us with milde Mercies Eye,

Forgive our Past, our Future Sanctifie;

That never more, his Fury we incense

To strike (as now) with raging Pestilence

(Much lesse provoke him by our guilt so far,

To wound-us more with Famine and with War.)

Lord, cease thy wrath: Put up into thy Quiver

This dreadful shaft: Dear Father, us deliver:

And under wings of thy protection keep

Thy Servant I A M U S, both waking and a-sleep:

And (furthermore) we (with the Psalmist) sing,

Lord, give thy judgements to (our Lord) the King,

And to his Son: and let there be borne

Of his Male Seed to sit upon his Throne,

To feed thy Folk in Iacob, and (advance)

In Israel thy (dear) Inheritance,

And (long-long-lived) full of Faith and Zeal,

Reform (like Aſa) Church and Common-weal;

Raising poor Vertue, razing proudest Vice,

Without respect of Person or of Price;

That all bold Atheists, all Blasphemers, then,

All Popish Traitors may be weeded clean.

And, Curs'd be All that say not beer, Amen.

FIN IS.

THE







THE COLVMNES.  
THE IIII. PART OF  
THE SECOND DAY OF  
THE II WEEK.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Seth's Pillars found: Heber instructs his Son  
in the use thereof, and who them first began;  
Opens the One, and findes, on severall Frames,  
Foure lively Statues of foure lovely Dames  
(The Mathematicks) furnisht each apart  
With Equipages of their severall Art:  
Wonders of Numbers and Geometry:  
New Observations in Astronomy:  
Musiks rare force: Canaan (the Cursed) cause  
Of Hebers stop; and BARTAS witty pause.*

*Being about the  
great of the Ma-  
thematicks, our  
Poet here implor-  
eth assistance of  
his Muse, and  
difficult a Sub-  
ject.*

**E**ver (Lord) the purest of my Soule  
In sacred Rage were rapt above the Pole:  
If ever, by thy Spirit my spirit inspir'd,  
Offerd thee Layes that learned France admu'd:  
Father of Light, Fountain of learned Art,  
Now, now (or never) purge my purest part:  
Now quintessence my Soule, and now advance  
My care-free Powrs in som celestiall Trance:  
That (purg'd from passion) thy Divine address  
May guide me through Heav'ns glistering Palaces;  
Where (happily) my dear V IRANIA's grace,  
And her fair Sisters I may all embrace:  
And (the melodious *Sirens* of the Sphears,  
Charming my senses in those sweets of theirs)  
So ravished, I may at rest contempe  
The Starry Arches of thy stately Temple:

*Vision*

Vnto this end, that as (at first) from thee  
Our Grand-fires learn'd Heav'ns Course and Quality;  
Thou now mai'st prompt me som more lofty Song,  
As to this lofty Subject doth belong.

AFTER THAT Mens strife-hatching, haut Ambition  
Had (as by lot) made this lowe Worlds partition;  
*Phalee* and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand  
A huge high Pillar, which vpright did stand  
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean set,  
Seeming great *Neptunes* furly pride to threat;  
Whereon a *Pharos* bears a Lanthorn bright,  
To save from Shipwrack those that sail by night)  
And afterward, another nigh as great;  
But not so strong, so stately, nor so neat:  
For, on the flowry field it lay all flat,  
Built but of Brick, of rusty Tiles, and Slat:  
Whereas the First was builded fair and strong  
Of Jasper smooth, and Marble lasting long.

What Miracles! what monstrous heaps! what Hills  
Heav'd-up my hand! what Types of antike Skills  
In form-less Forms (quoth *Phalee*): Father shewe  
(For, th' Ages past I knowe full well you knowe):  
Pray teach me, who did both these Works erect:  
About what time: and then to what effect.

Old *Seth* (saith *Heber*) *Adams* Scholler yerst  
(Who was the Scholler of his Maker first)  
Having attain'd to knowe the course and fites,  
Th' aspect and greatnes of Heav'ns glistering Lights;  
He taught his Children, whose industrious wit  
Through diligence grew excellent in it.  
For, while their flocks on flowry shoars they kept  
Of th' Eastern Floods, while others soundly slept  
(Hushing their cares in a Night-shortning nap,  
Vpon *Oblivions* dull and sense-less Lap)  
They, living lusty, thrice the age of *Rav'ns*,  
Observ'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns:  
And on their Grand-fires firm and goodly ground  
A sumptuous building they in time do found.  
But (by Tradition *Cabalistik*) taught,  
That God would twice reduce this world to nought,  
By Flood and Flame; they reared cunningly  
This stately pair of Pillars which you see;  
Long-time safe-keeping, for their after-Kin,  
A hundred learned Mysteries therein.

This having said, old *Heber* drawing nigher,  
Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,  
Where (*Phalee* following) soon perceive they might  
A pure Lamp burning with immortall light.

As

*The occasion &  
ground of this  
Discourse.*

*Phalees Que-  
stion.*

*Hebers answer*

*The opening of  
the Pillars.*



Soule.

As a mean person, who (though oft-disgrac'd  
By churlish Porters) is conuaid at last  
To the Kings Closet; rapt in deep amaze,  
At th' end-less Riches vp and down doth gaze:  
So *Phaet* fares. O father (cries he out)  
What shapes are these heer placed round about,  
So like each other wrought with equall skill,  
That foure rain-drops cannot more like distil?  
What Tools are these? what diuine secrets ly  
Hidden within this learned Mystery?

The liberall Sci-  
ences.

These foure (quoth *Heber*) foure bright Virgins are,  
Heav'n's Babes, and Sisters, the most fair and rare,  
That e'r begot th' eternall Spirit (expir'd  
From double Spirit) or humane soule admit'd.

Arithmetick.

This first, that still her lips and fingers moves,  
And vp and down so sundry waies removes  
Her nimble Crouns; th' industrious Art it is  
Which knowes to cast all Heav'n's bright Images,  
All Winters hail, and all the gawdy flowrs  
Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.  
She's stately deckt in a most rich Attire:  
All kinde of Coins in glistering heaps ly by-her:  
Vpon her sacred head Heav'n seems to drop  
A richer showr then fell in *Danaes* Lap:  
A gold-ground Robe; and for a Glasse (to look)  
Down by her girdle hangs a Table-book,  
Wherein the chief of her rare Rules are writ,  
To be safe-guarded from times greedy bit.

Her Numbers.

1

Mark heer what Figure stands for *One*, the right  
Root of all Number; and of Infinite:  
Loves happines, the praise of Harmony,  
Nurcery of All, and end of *Polymny*:  
No Number, but more then a Number yet;  
Potentially in all, and all in it.

2

Now, note *Two*'s Character, *One*'s heir apparent,  
As his first-born; first Number, and the Parent  
Of female Pairs. Heer now obserue the *Three*,  
Th' eldest of Ods, Gods number properly;  
Wherein both Number, and no-number enter:  
Heav'n's dearest Number, whose enclosed Center  
Doth equally from both extreames extend:  
The first that hath beginning, midst and end.

3

The (*Cubes*-Base) *Four*; a full and perfect sum,  
Whose added parts iust vnto Ten doo com;  
Number of Gods great Name, Seasons, Complexions,  
Windes, Elements, and Cardinall Perfections.

4

Th' Hermaphrodite *Five*, never multiply'd  
By't self, or Odd, but there is still defecty'd

His proper face: for, three times *Five* attine  
Vnto Fifteen; *Five* *Fives* to Twenty-five.  
The perfect *Six*, whose iust proportions gather,  
To make his Whole, his members altogether:  
For *Three*'s his halfe, his *Six* *One*, *Two* his *Third*;  
And *One* *Two* *Three* make *Six*, in *One* conferr'd.  
The Criticall and double-sexed *Seau'n*,  
The Number of th' vnfix'd Fires of Heav'n;  
And of th' eternall sacred *Sabbath*;  
Which *Three* and *Four* containeth ioyntly both.  
Th' *Eight*, double-square. The sacred note of *Nine*,  
Which comprehends the *Muses* Triple-Trine.  
The *Ten*, which doth all Numbers force combine:  
The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the Point, the Line:  
The Figure, th' *Hundred*, *Thousand* (solid corps)  
Which, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantick* shoars  
Can sum the sand, and all the drops distilling  
From weeping *Auster*, or the Ocean filling.  
See: many *Summs*, heer written streight and even  
Each over other, are in one contriven:  
See heer small Numbers drawn from greater count:  
Heer *Multipli'd* they infinitely mount:  
And lastly, see how (on the other side)  
One *Summ* in many doth it self *Diuide*.

That fallow-fac't, sad, stooping *Nymph*, whose ey  
Still on the ground is fixed stedfastly,  
Seeming to draw with point of siluer Wand  
Som curious Circles in the syding sand;  
Who weares a Mantle, brancht with flowrie Buds,  
Emboist with Gold, trayled with silver Floods,  
Bordered with greenest Trees, and Fringed fine  
With richest azure of Seas storm-full brine:  
Whose dusky Buskins (old and tattered out)  
Showe, she hath traual'd far and neer about  
By North and South, it is *Geometrie*,  
The Crafts-mans guide, Mother of *Symmetrie*,  
The life of Instruments of rare effect,  
Law of that Law which did the World erect.

Heer's nothing heere, but *Rules*, *Squares*, *Compass*,  
*Weights*, *Measures*, *Plummets*, *Figures*, *Balances*.  
Lo, where the Workman with a steddly hand  
Ingenuously a leuell Line hath drawn,  
War-like *Triangles* building-fit *Quadrangles*,  
And hundred kindes of Forms of *Manie*-Angles  
*Straight*, *Broad*, and *Sharp*: Now see on th' other side  
Other, whose *Tracks* neuer directly slide,  
As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpenter*,  
And that which most the learned do prefer,

D d

The

6

7

8. 9

10

100.1000.

Addition.

Subtraction.  
Multiplication.

Division.

Geometry.

Her Instruments  
and Figures.



The compleat Circle; from whose every-place  
The Centre stands an equi-distant space.

See heer the Solids, Cubes, Cylinders, Cones,  
Pyramides, Prisms, Dodechadrons:

And there the Sphear, which ( Worlds Type ) comprehends  
In't-selfit-self; having nor midst nor ends:  
Arts excellence, praise of his peers, a wonder  
Wherein consists ( in diuers sort ) a hundred:  
Firm Mobile, an vp-down-bending-Vault,  
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought.  
See, how so soon as it to veer begins,  
Both vp and down, forward and back it wends;  
And, rapt by other, not it self alone  
Moues, but moues others with its motion  
( Witnes the Heav'ns ) : yea, it doth seem, beside,  
When it stands still, to shake on every side,  
Because it hath but one small point where-on  
His equal halves are equi-peiz'd vpon,  
And yet this goodly Globe, where we assemble  
( Though hung in th'Ayr ) doth neuer selfly tremble:  
For, it's the midst of the Con-centrik Orbs  
Whom neuer Angle nor out-nook disturbs.

All Solids else ( cast in the Ayr ) reflect  
Vn-self-like-forms: but in a Globe each tract  
Seems still the same, because it every-where  
Is vniform, and differs not a hair.

More-over, as the Buildings Amblygon  
May more receiue then Mansions Oxigon  
( Because th' acute, and the rect-Angles too,  
Stride not so wide as obtuse Angles doo ):  
So doth the Circle in his Circuit span  
More roum then any other Figure can.  
Th' other are eas'ly broke, because of ioynts,  
Ends and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points:  
But, th' Orb's not subiect vnto such distress,  
Because 'tis ioyntless, point-less, corner-less.

Chiefly ( my Phalec ) hither bend thy minde,  
And learn Two Secrets which but fewe shall finde,  
Two busie knots, Two labyrinths of doubt,  
Where future Schools shall wander long about,  
Beating their brains, their best endeuours troubling:  
The Circles Squareness and the Cubes Re-doubling.

Print euer faster in thy faithfull brain,  
Then on brasse leaues, these Problemes proued plain,  
Not by Sophistick subtle Arguments,  
But euen by practice and experience:  
Vn-disputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,  
Which with new wonders all the VWorld shall fill.

The certainty  
of Geometry.

Heer-by

Heer-by, the Waters of the lowest Fountains  
Shall play the Millers, as the Windes on Mountains:  
And grain, so ground within a rowling Frame,  
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.  
Heer-by, a Bullet spewd from Brazen brest  
In fiery fume against a Town distressed,  
With roaring power shall pass the Rocks in sunder,  
And with the noise euen drown the voice of Thunder.  
Heer-by, the Wings of fauourable Windes  
Shall bear from Western to the Eastern Indies,  
From Africa to Tule's farthest Flood,  
A House ( or rather a whole Town ) of Wood;  
While sitting still, the Pilot shall at ease  
With a short Leauer guide it through the Seas.  
Heer-by, the PRINTER, in one day shall rid  
More Books, then yerst a thousand Writers did.  
Heer-by, a Crane shall steed in building, more  
Then hundred Porters busie pains before:  
The Jacobs-staff, to measure heights, and Lands,  
Shall far excell a thousand nimble hands,  
To part the Earth in Zones and Climats euen;  
And in twice-twenty-and-foure Figures, Heav'n.  
A Wand, Sand, Water, small Wheels turning ay,  
In twice-twelve parts shall part the Night and Day.  
Statues of Wood shall speak: and fained Sphears  
Shoue all the Wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.  
Men, rashly mounting through the emptie Skie,  
With wanton wings shall cross the Seas wel-nigh:  
And ( doubt-less ) if the Geometrician finde  
Another world where ( to his working minde )  
To place at pleasure and convenience  
His wondrous Engines and rare Instruments,  
Euen ( like a little God ) in time he may  
To som new place transport this World away.  
Because these Two our passage open set  
To bright Frania's sacred Cabinet,  
Wherin shee keeps her sumptuous Furniture,  
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:  
Because, to climbe starrie Parnassus top  
None can, vnless these Two doo help him vp  
( For, who so wants either of these Two eyes,  
In vain beholds Heav'ns glistering Canopies ):  
The Caruer ( heer ) close by Geometry  
And Numbering Art, hath plac't Astronomy.  
A siluer Crescent wears she for a Crown,  
A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down,  
Brows stately bent in milde-Maiestik wise,  
Beneath the same two Carbuncles for eyes,

Her rare inven-  
tions,  
Mills.

Gunnes.

ships.

Printing.

The Crane.

The Staffe.

Dials and  
Clocks.

Sphears.

Astronomy.

Dd 2

An



An Azure Mantle waiving at her back,  
With two bright Claps buckled about her neck;  
From her right shoulder sloping over-thwart-her,  
A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,  
Flourisht with Beasts of sundry shapes, and each  
With glistering Stars imbossed and poudred rich;  
And then, for wings, the golden plumes she wears  
Of that proud Bird which starry Rowells bears.

Her 2. Globes.

1. The Terre-  
strall.

But what faire Globes (quoth *Phaëc*) seemes she thus,  
With spreading arms, to reach and offer vs?  
My Son (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there,  
With crossing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear;  
Wherein, the Earth (as the most vile and base,  
And Lees of All) doth hold the lowest place:  
Whom prudent Nature girdeth over-thwart  
With azure Zone: or rather, euery part  
Couets with Water winding round about,  
Saue heer and there some Angles peeping out:  
For, th' Oceans liquid and sad slyding Waues  
Sinking in deepest of Earths hollow Caves,  
Seek not (within her vast vnequall height)  
The Centre of the wideness, but the weight.

There, should be th' Ayr, the Fire, and wandring Seauen,  
The Firmament, and the first-mouing Heav'n  
(Besides th' Emphyreall Palace of the *Sancted*)  
Each ouer other, if they could be painted.

His 10 Circles.

But th' Artist, faining in the steed of these,  
Ten Circles, like Heav'n's Superficies,  
To guide vs to them by more easie Path,  
In hollow Globe the same described hath.

1  
The Equinoctiall-  
all.

'Mid th' amplest Six, whose crossing difference  
Divides in two the Sphears Circumference,  
Stands th' *Equinoctiall*, equi-distant all  
From those two *Poles* which do support this Ball.  
Therefore each Star that vnderneath it slides,  
A rest-less, long, and weary Journey rides,  
Goes larger Circuit, and more speedy far  
Then any other steady fixed Star  
(Which waxeth slowe the more it doth aduance  
Neer either *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)  
And while *Apollo* drives his Load of Light  
Vnder this *Line*, the Day and dusky Night  
Tread equall steps: for learned Natures hand  
Then measures them a-like in every Land.

2  
The Zodiac.

The next, which there beneath it sloaply slides,  
And his fair Hindges from the World's divides  
Twicetwelve Degrees, is call'd the *Zodiack*,  
The *Planets* path, where *Phæbus* plies to make

Th' Years Revolution: through new *Houses* ranging,  
To cause the *Seasons* yeerly foure-fold changing.

Th' other, which (crossing th' Vniuersall Tropes,  
And those where *Titans* Whirling Chariot floaps)  
Rect-angles forms; and, crooking, cuts into  
Heer *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;  
Of the Sun's stops, it *Colure* hath to name,  
Because his Teem doth seeme to trot more tame  
On these cut points: for, heere he doth not ride  
Flatling a-long, but vp the Sphears steep side.

Th' other, which cuts this equi-distantly  
With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wisely)  
The Second *Colure*: The *Meridian*, This  
Which neuer in one Point of Heav'n persists;  
But still pursues our *Zenith*: as the light  
Inconstant *Horizon* our shifting sight.

For the foure small ones: heer the *Tropiks* turn,  
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.  
And neerer th' Hindges of the golden Sphear,  
Heer's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there:  
Which *Circles* cross not (as you see) at all  
The Center-point of th' vniuersall Ball;  
But, parting th' Orb into vnequall ellis,  
Twixt th' *Equi-nox* and them, rest *Parallels*.

The other Ball her left hand doth support,  
Is Heav'n's bright Globe: for, though that Art com short  
Of Nature far, heer may ingenious foules  
Admire the stages of Star-seed *Poles*.

O what delight it is in turning soft  
The bright Abbridgement of that Vpper Loft,  
(To seem) to see Heav'n's glorious Host to march  
In glistering Troops about th' *Aethereal* Arch!  
Where, one for Arms bears Bowe and Shafts: a Sword  
A second hath; a trembling Lauce a third:  
One fals: another in his Chariot owles  
On th' azure Brads of th' ever-radiant Bowles:  
This serues a-foot, that (as a Horseman) rides:  
This vp, that down; this back, that forward slides:  
Their Order order-less, and Peace-full Brail  
With-child's the World; fils Sea, and Earth, and All.

I neuer see their glaunces inter-iect  
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aspect,  
Now milde, now moody; but, mee thinks I see  
Som frolick Swains amid their dauncing glee;  
Where Men and Maids together make them merry,  
With ligs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:  
Where, on his Loue one smiles with wanton eye;  
Where-at his Rivall frowns for Icalousie.

D d 3

But

2  
The 1. Colure.4  
The 2. Colure.5  
The Meridian6  
The Horizon  
7 and 8  
The Tropiks.9 and 10  
The South and  
North Circles.The Celestiall  
Globes.The diuers as-  
pects of the ce-  
lestiall bodies.

single.



Qu. / shew.

But why ( quoth *Phalee* ) hath th' All-Fair, who frames  
Nought heer below, but 's full of Beauties flames;  
Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' azure CrySTALLINE  
( Where Beauties self, and Loue should euer shine )  
So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell:  
Fellows, more fit for th' vgly Fiends in Hell.

Ans. / we.

Surely ( saith *Heber* ) God's all-prudent pleasure  
Makes nothing Art-les, nor without iust measure:  
And this the Worlds chiefe praise of Beauty carries  
That in each part it infinitely varies.

The reason of  
the names given  
to the 12. Signes  
of the Zodiac.

Our learned Elders then, who on this Sphear,  
Heav'n's shining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,  
Did vnto each, such Shape and Name devise,  
As with their Natures neerly symbolize.

1. Aries.

In form of *Ram* with golden Fleece, they put  
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Yeers bounds doth 'butt,  
Because the World ( vnder his temp'rate heat )  
In fleece of flowrs is pranked richly neat.

2. Taurus.

Of *Bull* the next: because the husband-men  
With yokes of slowe-pac't smoking Bullocks then  
Tear-up their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,  
Furbush their Coultars in the Corn-fit soyl.

3. Gemini.

Of *Twins* the third: because then, of two Sexes  
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:  
Then all things couple, then Fruits double growe,  
Then Flowrs do flourish, and corn Fields do showe.

4. Cancer.

The fourth a *Lobsters* name and frame they made,  
Because then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,  
Goes ( *Crab-like* ) backward, and so neuer stinteth,  
But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.

5. Leo.

The fift a *Lion*: for, as Lions breath  
Is burning hot; so likewise, vnderneath  
This fiery *Signe*, th' Earth sparkles, and the streams  
Seem sod-away with the Suns glowing beams.

6. Virgo.

The sixt a *Maid*: because with Maid-like honour,  
Th' Earth loatheth then the Suns Loue-glances on her  
T'inflame her loue: and ( reclus'd as it were )  
This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.

7. Libra.

*Balance* the seuenth: because it equall weighs  
Nights louing-silence, and grief-guiding Daies;  
And Heat and Cold: and in *Must*-Month, the Beam  
Stands equi-poiz'd in equipeizing them.

8. Scorpio.

*Scorpion* the next: because his pearcing sting  
Doth the first tydings of cold Winter bring.

9. Sagittarius.

The ninth an *Archer* both in shape and Name,  
Who day and night follows his fairest game;  
And his keen Arrows euer where bestowes  
Headed with Yce, feathered with Sleet and Snowes.

The

The next a *Kid*: because as Kids do clime  
And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time  
The Prince of Planets ( with the locks of Amber )  
Begins again vp towards vs to clamber.

And then, because Heav'n alwayes seems to weep  
Vnder th' ensung *Signes*; on th' Azure steep  
Our Parents plac't a *Skinker*: and by him,  
Two siluer *Fishes* in his floods to swim.

But if ( my Son ) this superficial gloze  
Suffice thee not: then may we thus suppose,  
That as before th' All-working Word alone  
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,  
Th' eternall Plot, th' *Idea* fore-conceiv'd,  
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,  
Did in the Work-mans spirit diuinely ly;  
And, yer it was, the World was wondrously:  
Th' Eternall *Trine-One*, spreading even the Tent  
Of th' All enlightning glorious Firmament,  
Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks  
There pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.

See heer the pattern of a siluer Brook  
Which in and out on th' azure stage doth crook,  
Heer th' Eagle plays, there flies the ray'ning Crowe,  
Heer swims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth rowe,  
Heer bounds the Courser, there the Kid doth skip,  
Heer smoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:  
There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Ayre,  
But hath in Heav'n som like resemblance faire,  
Yea, euen our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and Scales  
Are all but Copies of Heav'n's Principals;  
And sacred patterns, which to serue all Ages,  
Th' Almighty printed on Heav'n's ample stages.

Yea surely, durst I ( but why should I doubt  
To wipe from Heav'n so many slanders out,  
Of profane Rapin and detested Rapes,  
Of Murder, Incest, and all monstrous Scares,  
Wher-with ( heerafter ) som bold-tabling *Greeks*  
Shall foully stain Heav'n's Rosy-blushing cheeks? )  
Heer could I shoue, that vnder euer *Signe*  
Th' Eternall grav'd som Mystery divine  
Of's *holy City*; where ( as in a glass )

To see what shall heer-after com-to pass;  
As publik and autentik Rowles, fore-quoting  
Confusedly th' Euent's most worthy noting,  
In his deer *Church* ( his Darling and Delight )  
O! thou fair *Chariot* flaming brauely bright,  
Which like a Whirl-winde in thy swift Career  
Rapt' v'p the *Thesbis*; thou do'st alwayes veer

10. Capricornus.

11. Aquarius,  
12. Pisces.  
A deeper and  
more curious  
reason of the  
same.

In Heav'n are  
patterns of all  
things that are  
in earth.

A third witty,  
pleasant, & ele-  
gant reason of  
the names afore-  
said.

Plautum.

About



Boötes.

About the *North-pole*, now no more be-dabbling  
Thy nimble spokes in th' Ocean, neither stabling  
Thy smoking Courfers vnder th' Earth, to bayt:  
The while *Elisba* earnestly doth wayt  
Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherit  
His Masters Office, and his mighty Spirit;  
That on the starry Mountain (after him)  
He well may manage his celestially Teem.

Hereules.  
Lyra.  
Corona Bore-  
alis.  
Vesumor.  
Pleides.  
Cuspia.

Close by him, *Dauid* in his valiant Fift  
Holds a fierce *Lions* fiery flaming Crest:  
Heer shines his golden *Harpe*, and there his *Crown*:  
There th' vgly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)  
*Scorpi* (shining) *Stars*. Lo, heer the whistling *Lance*,  
Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glance.

Andromada.  
Cassiopeia.  
Cepheus.

Pure Honours Honour, Praise of Chastity,  
O fair *Susanna*, I should mourn for thee,  
And moan thy tears, and with thy friends lament  
(With Heav'n-lift-eyes) thy wofull punishment,  
Saue that so timely (through Heav'ns providence)  
Young *Daniel* saues thy wronged Innocence:  
And by a dreadfull radiant splendor, spread  
From Times Child Truth (not from *Medusa's* head)  
Condemns th' old Leachers, and est-soons vpon  
Their cursed heads there hayls a storm of stone.

Draco.

Also, as long as Heav'ns swift Orb shall veer,  
A sacred Trophee shall be shining heer  
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idoll fell,  
Which the same Prophet shall in *Babel* quell.

Pegasus.

Wher-to more fit may *Pegasus* compare,  
Than to those Courfers, flaming in the ayr,  
Before the Tyrant of *les-Asia's* fury  
Vsurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Iury*:  
Wher-to the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*?  
That so well drives the *Coach* of *Israel*.

Cygnus.

Wher-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*,  
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,  
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom sure to meet,  
So neer his end sings so exceeding sweet:

Piscis Borealis.

Wher-to the *Fish* which shineth heer so bright,  
But to that *Fish*, that cureth *Tobies* sight?

Delphinus.

Wher-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek Man,  
Who dry-shod guides through Seas *Erythrean*  
Old *Jacobs* Fry: And *Jordans* liquid glaſs  
Makes all his Hoast dry (without boar) to pass:

Trigonus.

And furthermore, God hath not onely graven  
On the braſs Tables of swift-turning Heav'n  
His sacred *Mot*; and, in *Triangle* frame,  
His *Thrice-One* Nature stamped on the same:

Ophiucus.

But also, vnder that stout *Serpent-Slayer*,  
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'ns glorious heir)  
Who with the Engin of his *Cross* abates  
Th' eternall Hindges of th' infernall Gates:  
And, vnder that fair *Son*-fixt-gazing *Fowl*,  
The God of Gods deer Minion of his Soule,  
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,  
His Spirit; his Loue, which visits earthly Climes  
In plume shape: for, this bright winged *Sto*,  
In head and neck, and starry back (in fine)  
No less resembles the milde simple *Dove*,  
Than crook-bild *Eagle* that commands aboue.

Aquila.

What shall I say of that bright *Bande*,  
Which twice-six *Signs* so richly garnish heer?  
Th' Years Vsher, doth the *Paschal* Lamb fore-tell:  
The *Bull*, the *Calfe*, which erring *Israel*  
Sets vp in *Horeb*. These fair shining *Twins*,  
Those striving Brethren *Isaacs* tender Sons:  
The fourth is *Salomon*, who (Crab-like) crawls  
Backward from Vertue: and (fowl Swine-like) fals  
In Vices mire: profanest old (at last)  
In soule and body growne a-like vn-chaste.

Arles.

Taurus.

Gemini.  
Cancer.

The fifth, that *Lion* which the *Hair*-strong Prince  
Tears as a Kid, without Wars instruments.  
The sixth, that *Virgin* ever-maiden Mother,  
Bearing for vs, her Father, Spouse, and Brother.  
The next that *Beam*, which in King *Lemuels* hand,  
So iustly weighs the *Iustice* of his Land.

Leo.

Virgo.

The next, that Creature which in *Malta* stings  
Th' Apostles hand, and yet no blemish brings;  
For 'tis indifferent, whether we the same,  
A spotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name.

Libra.

Scorpio.

Th' *Archer*, is *Hagars* Son: The *Goat* (I ghes)  
Is *Arons* Scape-Goat in the Wildernes.

Sagitarius.  
Capricornus.  
Aquarius.

The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,  
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Messias*:  
Who in clear *Jordan* washeth clean the sin  
Of all that rightly do repent with-in.

Pisces.

These *Two* bright *Fishes*, those wher-with the Lord  
(Through wondrous blessing of his powerfull Word)  
Feeds with fine Loaves (vpon *Asphaltis* shoar)  
Abundantly five thousand Folk and more.

But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, and there  
Let's mark as much the *Southern* Hemi-sphere.  
Ah! know'st thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,  
Which shines so brightly by the burning *Steer*?  
Tis *Nuns* great Son, who through deep *Jordan* leads  
His Army dry shod; and (triumphant) treads

Oryon.  
Burdan.

On



Canis.  
Canicula.  
Lepus.

Hydr.

Corvus.  
Crater.  
Centaurus.

Lupus.  
Ara.

Corona austr.  
in.  
Piscis australis.

Balnea.

A notable cure  
found by the Poet  
upon the last  
Dissonance.

On *Canaan Curs*, and on th' *Ammorean Hare*,  
Foyl'd with the fear of his victorious war.

See th' ancient *Ship*, which, over windes and waues  
Triumphing safe, the Worlds seed-remnant saues.

Lo, heer the *Brasen Serpent* shines, whose sight  
Cures in the Desert, those whom Serpents bite.

Heer th' happy *Rav'n*, that brings *Elias* cates;  
Heer the rich *Cup*, where *Ioseph* meditates

His grave Predictions: Heer that Heav'nly *Knight*,  
Who prest appearing armed all in white,  
To *Maccabeus*, with his flaming spear

So deep (at last) the *Pagan Wolfe* doth tear,  
That on Gods *Altar* (yerst profan'd so long)

Sweet *Incense* fumeth, and the sacred Song  
Of *Leuits* foundeth in his House again;

And that rich Crown th' *Asmonean Race* doth gain,  
To rule the *Jewes*. Lo, there the happy *Fish*

Which payes *Christ's* Tribute (who our Ransom is):  
And heer the *Whale*, within whose noysom breast,

The Prophet *Ionas* for three daies doth rest.

But while (my spoaks-man, or I rather his)  
Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'n's *Images*,

Through path-less paths his wandering steps doth bring,  
And boldly quauers on a Maiden string;

Suppose not (Christians) that I take for grounds  
Or points of Faith, all that he heer propounds;

Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I sustain,  
Or *Stoick Fate* (th' *Almighties* hands to chain):

Or in Heav'n's Volume reading things to-come,  
Erroneously a *Chaldee-Wife* become,

No, no such thing; but to refresh again  
Your tyred Spirits, I sung this novell strain:

That hither to having with patience past  
Such dreadfull Oceans, and such Desarts vast,

Such gloomy Forrests, craggy Rocks and steep,  
Wide-yawning Gulfs, and hideous Dungeons deep;

You might (at last) meet with a place of pleasure,  
Wher-on the Heav'n's lauish their plentious treasure,

Where *Zephyre* puffs perfumes, and silver Brooks  
Embrace the Meads, smiling with wanton Looks.

Yet (curteous Readers) who is it can say  
Whether our Nephews yet another-day

(More zealous then our selues in things Divine)  
This curious *Art* shall Christianly refine;

And giue, to all these glistring *Figures* then,  
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men:

But, seek we now for *Heber*, whose Discourse  
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planets* course:

He proceeds to  
discourse the

What

crests of Astro-  
nomie.

What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-centrik*,  
With *Apogee*, *Perigee*, and *Eccentrik*:

And how fell *Mars* (the Seedster of debate)  
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate)

*Saturn*, and *Ioue*, three Sphears in one retain,  
Smooth *Hermes* five, faire *Cynthia* two-times-twain.

For, the Divine Wits, whence this Art doth flowe,  
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,

Now neer, now far from Natures Nave: above,  
Confusion, voyd; and rupture to remoue,

Which would be caused, through their wanderment,  
In th' Heav'n's inclos'd within the Firmament;

Have (more then men) presum'd to make, within  
Th' Eternall Wheels where th' erring Tapers been,

Sundry small Wheels, each within other closed,  
Such equi-distance each-where inter-posed,

That (though they kiss) they crush not; but the base  
Are vnder th' high, the high the lowe embrace:

Like as the Chest-nut (next the meat) within  
Is cover'd (last) with a soft slender skin,

That skin inclos'd in a rough tawny shel,  
That shel in-cas't in a thick thistly fell.

Then takes heth' *Astrolabe*, wher-in the Sphear  
Is flat reduced: he discovers there

The Card of Heights, the *Almycantharats*,  
With th' *Azimuths* and the *Almadarats*

(Pardon me Muse, if ruder phrase defile  
This fairest Table, and deface my stile

With Barbarism: For in this Argument,  
To speak *Barbarian*, is most eloquent).

On th' other side, vnder a veering Sight,  
A Table veers; which, of each wandering Light

Shows the swift course; and certain Rules includes,  
Dayes, names of Months, and scale of *Altitudes*.

Removing th' *Albidade*, he spends som leasure,  
To shew the manner how a Wall to measure,

A Fountains depth, the distance of a place,  
A Countries compass, by Heav'n's ample face:

In what bright starry *Signe*, th' Almighty dread,  
Dayes Princely *Planet* daily billeted:

In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all  
To finde his *Elevation* and his *Fall*.

How long a time an entire *Signe* must wear  
While it ascendeth on our *Hemi-sphear*:

*Poles elevation*: The *Meridian line*:  
And diuers Hours of Day and night to finde.

These learned wonders witty *Phalec* marks,  
And heedfully to euery Rule he harks:

Simile.

The use of the  
Astralabe.

Wife



Smile.

Astronomy, by  
whom, and how  
maintained.The praise of  
learned Astro-  
nomers, and the  
praise of their  
Doctrine.

Wife Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold,  
This Talent turns, encreasing many-fold:  
And then presents it to his Noble Iced,  
Who soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.  
But, even as *Mars, Hermes, and Venus bright*,  
Go visit now the naked *Troglodite*,  
Then *Jane*, then *Gwynney*; and (inclined to change)  
Of shifting House, through both the Worlds do range  
(Both Worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinoctiall Line*):  
So the perfection of this Art divine,  
First vnder th' *Hebrews* bred and born, anon  
Coms to the *Chaldes* by adoption:  
Scorning, anon, th' olde *Babylonian* Spires,  
It leaves swift *Tigris*, and to *Nile* retires;  
And, waxen rich, in *Egypt* it erects  
A famous School: yet, firm-les in affects,  
It falls in love with subtile *Grecian* wits,  
And to their hands a while it self commits;  
But, in renowned *Ptolomeus* Raig, n,  
It doth re-visit the deer *Memphian* Plain:  
Yet, Thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabians* try;  
From thence to *Rome*: from *Rome* to *Germany*.

O true *Endymions*, that imbrace above  
Vpon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love  
(Great Queen of Heav'n) about whose Bed, for Guard,  
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.  
True *Atlases*: You Pillars of the *Poles*  
Empyreall Palace; you fair learned soules;  
But for your Writings, the *Starrs*-Doctrine soon  
Would sink in *Lathe* of Oblivion:  
'Tis you that Marshall Months, and yeers, and dayes:  
'Tis you that quote for such as haunt the Seas  
Their prosperous Dayes, and Dayes when Death ingraven  
On th' angry Welkin, warns them heep their Haven:  
'Tis you that teach the Plough-man when to sowe:  
When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;  
When to retire to Garrison again;  
When to assaul a batter'd Preece; and when  
To convoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:  
'Tis you that shewe what season fitteth most  
For every purpose; when to *Purge* is good,  
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-blood*:  
And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix  
Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eyes must fix.  
'Tis you that in the twinkling of an ey  
Through all the Heav'nly Provinces do fly:  
'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings)  
Possess the whole World in your Governings:

And

And (to conclude) you Demi-gods can make  
Between your hands the Heav'ns to turn and shake.  
O divine Spirits: for you my smoothest quill  
His sweetest hony on this Book should still;  
Still should you be my Theam: but that the Beauty  
Of the last *Sister* drawes my Love and Duty;  
For, now I hear my *Phaet* humbly crave  
The fourth Maids name: his Father, mildly-grave,  
Replies him thus; Observe (my dearest Son)  
Those cloud-les brows, those cheeks vermilion,  
Those pleasing looks, those eyes so smiling-sweet,  
That grace-full posture, and those pretty feet  
Which seem still Dancing: all those Harps and Lutes,  
Shawms, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,  
Plac'd round about her; prove in every part  
This is the noble, sweet, Voice-ord'ring *Art*,  
Breath's Measurer, the Guide of supplest fingers  
On (living-dumb, dead-speaking) sinew-fingers:  
Th' Accord of Discords: sacred *Harmony*,  
And Numb'ry Law, which did accompany  
Th' Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance  
Appointed Earth to rest, and Heav'n to dance.  
For (as they say) for super-Intendent there,  
The supream Voice placed in every Sphear  
A *Siren* sweet; that from Heav'ns Harmony  
Inferiour things might learn best Melody,  
And their rare Quier with th' Angels Quier accord  
To sing aloud the praises of the Lord,  
In's Royall Chappell, richly beautif'd  
With glitt'ring Tapers and all sacred Pride.  
Where, as (by *Art*) one selfly blast breath'd out  
From panting bellows, passeth all-about  
Winde-Instruments, enters by th' vnder Clavers  
Waich with the Keys the Organ-Master quavers,  
Fills all the Bulk, and severally the same  
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;  
At once reviving lofty *Cymbals* voice,  
Flutes sweetest air, and *Regals* shrillest noise:  
Even so th' all-quickning Spirit of God above  
The Heav'ns harmonious whirling wheels doth move;  
So that re-treading their eternall trace,  
Th' one bears the Trebble, th' other bears the Base:  
But, brimmer far than in the Heav'ns, heer  
All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear:  
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, *Earth* belowe,  
Bear ay the Base; deep, hollow, sad and slowe:  
Pale *Phlegm*, moist *Autumn*, *Water* moistly-cold,  
The Plummet-like-smooth-sliding *Tenor* hold:

E c

Hot.

The description  
of *Amich*.The Heavens  
Harmony.

Smile.

A figure should  
be set in the  
humors, seasons,  
and elements.



The power of  
music towards  
all things.

Towards Men.

Towards Beasts,  
Birds, Trees and  
Plants.

Towards God  
himself.

Conclusion of the  
2. Day of the 2.  
week.

Hot-humid *Bloud*, the *Spring*, transparent *Air*,  
The Maze-like *Mean*, that turns and wends so fair :  
Curst *Choler*, *Summer*, and hot thirsty *Fire*,  
Th' high warbling *Treble*, loudest in the Quire.  
And that's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st things  
Are stoopt by *Musik*; as retaining springs  
Of Number in them : and they feeble live  
But by that Spirit which th' Heav'ns dance doth drive.

Sweet *Musik* makes the sternest men-at-Arms  
Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms :  
It cheers sad soules, and charms the frantick fits  
Of Lunatics that are bereft their wits :  
It kills the flame, and curbs the fond desire  
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire  
(Whose soule, seduced by his erring eies,  
Doth som proud Dame devoutly Idolize) :  
It cureth Serpents banefull bit, whose anguish  
In deadly torment makes men madly languish :  
The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all,  
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call :  
Th' Harp leads the Dolphin, and the buzzing swarm  
Of busie Bees the tinkling Brass doth charm.

O ! what is it that *Musick* cannot doo !  
Sith th' all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too :  
And makes the same down from th' Emphyreall Pole  
Descend to Earth into a Prophets soule ;  
With divine accents tuning rarely right  
Vnto the rapturing Spirit the rapted Spright.  
Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threatneth most,  
With wrathfull tempest arming all his Hoast ;  
When angry stretching his strong sinewy arms,  
With bended back he throwes down thundry storms ;  
Th' harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep  
Supple his sinews, lull his wrath a-sleep ;  
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand  
The sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.

But, while that *Heber* (eloquently) would  
Old *Musiks* vse and excellence have told ;  
Curst *Canaan* (seeking *Jordans* fatall course)  
Past by the *Pillars*, and brake his Discourse,  
And mine withall ; for I must rest me heer :  
My weary Iourney makes me faint well-neer :  
Needs must I crave new aid from High, and step  
A little back, that I may farther leap.

The End of the Second Day of the  
Second Week.



# ABRAHAM.

## THE THIRD DAY OF THE SECOND WEEK.

### CONTAINING

- |                   |   |
|-------------------|---|
| I. THE VOCATION,  | } |
| II. THE FATHERS,  |   |
| III. THE LAVVE,   |   |
| IV. THE CAPTAINS. |   |



Acceptam refectio.





## THE VOCATION.

THE FIRST PART OF  
THE THIRD DAY OF  
THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ABRAM from Chalde is Divinely CALL'D:  
How Blest abroad: His (parted) Nephew Thrall'd  
(in Sodom's aid) to Chedorlaomer;  
Rescu'd by Him: Type of that bloody War:  
Melchisedec His Hap congratulates:  
Ismael great; but GOD confederates  
With (promis'd) Isaac, and his (CHRIST-kin) Seed,  
Which shall in number even the Stars exceed:  
Lot harbors Angels: sav'd from Sodom's Fire;  
His Wife Transform'd: His Daughters foul Desire.

**V**ntill this Day (dear Muse) on every side  
Within straight lists thou hast been boundi'd,  
Pend in a Path so narrow every-where,  
Thou couldst not manage: only heer and there  
(Reaching thine arms over the Rails that close  
Thy bounded Race) thou caught'st som fragrant Rose,  
Som lily-flower, or som sweet Sops-in-Wine,  
To make a Chaplet, thy chaste brows to binde.  
But now, behold th' art in the open Plain,  
Where thou maist lively, like the Horse of Spain  
(That having burst his halter and his holde  
Flings through the field, where list him, vncontrol'd)  
Corvet, and turn, run, prance, advance, and pride thee;  
As sacred fury of thy Zeal shall guide thee.  
Th' whole World is thine: henceforth thy Sythe may mowe  
The fairest Crop that in Fame's fields doth growe;

Simile.

And

And, on the Sea of richest Histories  
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,  
A hundred Rowes, a hundred Wonders new  
Com huddling in, in heaps before thy view:  
So that I fear, lest (train'd with various sent)  
Thou be at fault in this vast Argument;  
And lest the best choice in so bound-less Store  
Pain thee no less now, than did Want before.  
But worst thou what, my Muse (my dear delight,  
My care, my comfort) & we will follow right  
The modest hand of a fair Shepherdling,  
Who doth not rudely spoil the flowry Spring  
Of all her painted beauties; nor deface  
All in one day a pleasant Gardens grace;  
But nimmerly amid the Quarters seeks  
Such rarest flowers as best her fancy likes:  
And heer a blew one, there a red she pulls,  
A yellow heer, and there a white she culls,  
Then binde them with her hair, and blessed over  
With a chaste kiss, she sends them to her Lover:  
We'll over-run the Annals of all Ages;  
And, choosing out the chiefest Personages,  
And Prodigies amid the Hebrew Story,  
We'll offer them on th' Altar of Gods glory.

For He (I hope) who, no less good then wise,  
First stirr'd vs vp to this great Enterprize,  
And gave vs heart to take the same in hand,  
For Level, Compass, Rule and Squire will stand;  
Will change the Pebbles of our puddly thought  
To Orient Pearls, most bright and bravely wrought;  
And will not suffer in this pretious Frame  
Ought that a skilfull Builders ey may blame:  
Or, if he suffer ought, 't shall be som trace  
But of that blindnes common to our Race;  
T'abate my glory, and to give me proof,  
That (mortal) I build but with mortall stuff.

I AM I, richest Gem of Scots, and Scotland's Praise,  
Who, with the same hand that the Scepter carries,  
On Heav'n-faln paper, in a golden stile,  
Dooft happily immortall lines compile;  
And (new Apollo) vnder Others names  
Singst in thy Childhood thine Own future Fames:  
To whom but Thee should I these Verses vow?  
Who through the World hast made me famous now,  
And with a liberall learned hand indu'd  
My Muse with lustre of a Royall Sute;  
Before, so ragged, that she blush'd wel-neer  
That her chaste Sisters should so homely see-her.

E c 3

The

Simile.

Dedication to  
the King's Ma-  
jesty.



The scorn of Art, of *Helicon* the shame,  
Vsurping (wrong) *Vrania's* sacred Name.

Through thee she's *Heav'nly*. O wise, worthy Prince,  
Maist thou surmount all those in Excellence,  
Which have (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,  
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall spots)  
That, first *Fergusius* (glory of his daies)  
*Ev'nus* and *Donald* may envy thy Praise;  
And even the *Scott'sh* (or rather th' *Hebrew*) *David*  
(*Jesse's* great Son, so holily behaved)  
Give place to thy Renown, and therewithall  
Give thee his Zeal and Heart heroicall,  
And all his best (which doth thee best belong)  
As he hath giv'n thee his sweet Harp and Song.

THOUGH profane service of *Idolatry*  
Had drown'd the whole Earth univ'rsally:  
Though shame-less sin (born with the *COLONIES*  
Through all the world) through all did Tyrannize:  
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefest Seat,  
Their strength in *Shinaar*; and that City great,  
Built on the slimy strand of *Euphrates*,  
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feasts.  
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* sacred Line  
(Where God his grace yet seem'd to confine)  
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Affyrian* air,  
Did (like the Heathen) every day impair;  
Forgot the true God; followed (rashly-rude)  
The gross grand Error of the multitude;  
Degeneriz'd, decay'd and wither'd quight:  
Like som rare Fruit-Tree over-ropt with spight  
Of Briers and Bushes which it sore oppress,  
With the fowr shadow of their thorny tress,  
Till choakt withall, it dies as they do growe,  
And beareth nought but *Moss* and *Mistletoe*.

The calling of  
Abraham.

But God, desirous (more for vs, then him)  
In som one stock to save *Faith's* sacred Stem  
(Like as before from the All-drowning *Flood*  
He sav'd the worlds seed in an Ark of wood)  
Marks *Abram* for his own: and from false Rites  
To Men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprites,  
Him graciously to his own Service drawes;  
Not by meer Conduct of exterior cause,  
As by contemplating th' Antship richly-rare  
Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe so fair;  
Earth's fruitfull powr, producing (goodly-green)  
From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,  
Flowers fragrant air, so fresh and divers-died;  
Seas foaming Course, whose ever-Tilting Tide

(Ebbing

(Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,  
Bounded with lists, guided with reins of Reason:  
But, by the motion of his Spirit, which seals  
In our hearts Centre what his word reveals,  
And prudently in his fit time and place  
(Dispensing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)  
Doth inwardly bear-witnes, and aver-it  
Vnder our Spirits that 't is Gods *Holy Spirit*.

The sacred *Faith of Abram* languish not  
In idleness, but alwaies waakt and wrought,  
And ever lively, brought forth Patience,  
Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,  
Loue, fervent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,  
Sincerity, and true Perseverance;  
Fruits that (like Load-stones) haue a vertue given  
(Through *Faith*) to draw their Father-Tree to Heav'n,  
And guide the soules to God (the Spring of life)  
Of's kin-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his deer Wife;  
Who with him following the Almighty's call,  
Wend to the strand where *Jordans* course doth crawl,  
Their owne deer Country willingly forsake,  
And (true-religious) less account do make  
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lives content,  
Than of an end-less, friendless Banishment.

O sacred ground of Vertue's sole perfection!  
O shield of Martyrs! Prophets sure direction!  
Soule's remedy! O contrite heart's Restorer!  
Tears-wiping tame-grief! Hopes guide, hunting horror,  
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortality!  
O liuely *Faith*! through thy admired quality,  
How many wonders dost thou work at once,  
When from Sin's slumbers thou hast waakt vs once,  
And made vs inly in our spirits conceiue  
Beauties that neuer outward eyes perceiue!

Alas! said *Abram*, must I needs forgoe  
These happy fields where *Euphrates* doth slowe:  
Heer, first I drew this vitall air, and (pleas'd  
With my births news) my Mothers throes I eas'd:  
Heer, from her tender brest (as soft as silk)  
My tender gums suckt my first drop of milk:  
Heer, with the pleasure of mine infant-smile  
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:  
Heer, my chaste Sisters, Vncles, Aunts and Kin,  
My pritty prattling have delighted in:  
Heer, many a time I wantonly have clung,  
And on my fathers wrinkled neck have hung:  
Heer, I have past my Lad-age fair and good:  
Heer, first the soft Down on my chin did bud:

Heer.

The fruit of a  
true faith  
the effect thereof

Natural con-  
sideration  
have kept the  
Journey of A-  
braham.



Heer, I have learn'd Heav'n's Motions, and the nature  
 And various force of Fire, Air, Earth and Water:  
 Heer, I haue show'n the noblest tokens forth  
 Both of my Mindes and of my Bodies worth:  
 Heer, I have spent the best part of mine age:  
 Heer, I possesse a plentiful Heritage:  
 Heer, I have got me many friends and fame,  
 And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:  
 And must I hence, and leave this certain state,  
 To roam vncertain (like a Runagate)  
 O're fearfull Hills, and thorough foaming Torrents  
 That rush-down Mountains with their roaring Currents,  
 In dreadfull Desarts, where Heav'n's hottest beam  
 Shall burn without; within vs, Thirst extrem:  
 And gloomy Forrests full of ghastly fear  
 Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there:  
 To seek a Country (God knowes where, and whither)  
 Whose vnknown name hath yet scarce sounded hither:  
 With staff in hand, and waller at our back,  
 From Town to Town to beg for all we lack:  
 To guise our selves (like counterfainting Ape)  
 To th' guise of Men that are but Men in shape:  
 T' have (briefly) nothing properly our own  
 In all the World; no, nor our Grave-place known:  
 Is't possible, I should endure to see  
 The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me:  
 O! can I thus my Native soil forsake:  
 O! with what words shall I my Farewell take:  
 Farewell *Chaldea*: dear delights, adieu:  
 Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you,  
 Farewell for ever: Can I thus (alas!)  
 Rudely vnwinde me from the kinde embrace  
 Of their dear arms, that will me faster hold  
 Than trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfould;  
 Or than the Vine doth with her crawling spray  
 The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to stay:  
 Can I expose (with perill of my life)  
 Th' vn-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,  
 To the none-sparing lust of that loose Nation  
 That brutely burns in all abomination:  
 Besides, what rigour? nay, what paricide:  
 To hale from *Tigris* shoar to *Jordan* side  
 A weak old-man: a man so weak andould,  
 He scarce can creep without our help andould.  
 Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands.  
 A carnall man on carnall reason stands:  
 But, for all Reasons, Faith suffizeth me.  
 Who lodge with God can never House-less be.

2. Comparison.

His resolution  
above all dif-  
ference of reason.

Then

Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age  
 And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage,  
 The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)  
 To *Canaan* (since called *Palestine*):  
 Where God pours down such floods of goods vpon them,  
 And bountiously bestowes such blessings on them,  
 That their abundance shortly seems t' exceed  
 Gods Promises, and their desires indeed.  
 Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt,  
 Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,  
 Which (slowe in coupling, and in calving more,  
 Pining her Master so long time before  
 With lingring hope) brings-forth, with painfull groans,  
 But once in twelve yeers, but one Calf at once.  
 All's white with their wool: all their Cartell proves,  
 Still, still increasing like to Stares and Doves.  
 Their Wealth so growes, that, wantoniz'd withall,  
 Their envious Shepherds broach a civil Brawl.  
 But, lest this Mischief, by the Grooms begun,  
 Between their Masters might vnkindly run,  
 The grave-milde *Grand-fire of the Faithfull* (there)  
 And *Ammon*'s Father, to cut-off the fear  
 Of farther strife, and to establish rather  
 Their Mindes, then Bodies, in a league together;  
 Divided duly with a deep foresight  
 Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.  
 Then pleas'd and parted; both go live a-part:  
 The Vncle kept the Mountain for his part;  
 For, 's Nephew chose the far and flowy Plain,  
 And even to *Sodom* stretcht his Tent and Train;  
 And, dwelling there, became a Citizen  
 Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.  
 O *Lot* (alas!) what lot hast thou elect:  
 Th' eternall verdure, and the trim prospect,  
 The plentiful Pastures, and the purling Springs,  
 Whose fibrous silver thousand Tributes brings  
 To wealthy *Jordan*, watering so the soil  
 (Like Gods own Garden) doth thy sense beguile,  
 Blindeth thy iudgement, makes thee (miserable)  
 To fear thee with a People execrable,  
 Whose War-thrall'd woes, and odious villanies  
 To springs of tears shall turn thy tender eyes.  
*Elam*'s proud King, great *Chedor-laomer*  
 (Leagued with *Arrioch* King of *Ellazer*,  
 The Sovereign of the Nations, *Thadael*,  
 And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*)  
 Made war against the Kings of *Sodoma*,  
*Gomorra*, *Zeborn*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;

The great blef-  
sing of God on  
his obedience.

Simile.

Larre begun be-  
tween his Ser-  
vants, and the  
servants of *Lot*Abram & *Lot*  
to shew conten-  
tion, part com-  
pany.*Lot* dwells at  
*Sodom*.The battell of  
*Sodoma* fought  
by the King of  
*Elam*, with his  
confederates, a-  
gainst the Kings  
of *Sodoma* and  
*Gomorra*  
with theirs.

Who,



Who, subiect to him for twelve yeers before,  
Rebelled now, and cast the yoke they bore.

Both Camps approach, their bloody rage doth rise,  
And even the face of Cowards terriblize;  
New Martiall heat inflames their mindes with ire,  
Their blood is moov'd, their heart is all on fire.  
Their cheerfull limbs (seeming to march too slowe)  
Longing to meet, the farall drums out-go;  
And even already in their gesture fight:

Th' iron-footed Coursers, lusty, fresh and light,  
Marrying their Masters cause and courage both,  
Snowe all the field with a white foaming froth,  
And prancing with their load (as proud withall)  
With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.

Now both the Hoasts march forward furiously,  
The Plain between soon shrinketh equally:

First in the Air begins a fight of dust,

Then on the Earth both Armies bravely ioust.

Brave yet it was: for yet one might behould  
Bright swords and shields, and plumed helms of gould  
Vn-guard with blood; no Cask had lost his head,  
No Horse his load, no scattered Corps lay dead.

But, on our Corn-fields towards harvest-time  
(For punishment of som ingratefull crime)

Th' incensed hand of Heav'n's Almighty King  
Never more thick doth slippery Ice-pearls fling,  
Than heer the Arrows showr on euery side:

An iron Cloud Heav'n's angry face doth hide  
From Souldiers sight; and flying weapons then  
For lack of ground fall vpon horse or men:

Ther's not a shaft but hath a man for White,  
Nor stone but lightly in warm blood doth light:

Or, if that any fail their foes to hit  
In fall; in flight themselves they enter-split:

The wounds com all from Heav'n: the bravest Hee  
Kils and is kild of him he doth not see:

Without an aim the Dart-man darts his spear,  
And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.

As two stout Rams, both Ieloux-phrenzy-sick,  
Afront two flocks, spurd on with anger's prick,  
Rush-on each other with tempestuous shock,

And, butting boisterous, horns and heads do knock:

So, these two Armies enterchanged blowes;

And doubling steps and strokes vpon their Foes,  
First flesh their Lances, and their Pikes embrew,

Then with their swords about them keenly heaw,  
Then stab with daggers; standing bravely to't,

Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot;

Comparison.

simile.

50

So neer, that oft ones Targets pike doth pearce  
Another's Shield, and sends him to his Herse.  
And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered brave)  
Oft on their Foes (vn-plumed) crests do wave.

Of all their stroaks scarce any stroak is vain;  
Yet stand they firm, and still the fight maintain:  
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,  
Noe turn their backs; no, neither shrink aside;  
Of their own blood, as of their Foe's, as frank.

But, too-too-tired, som at last dis-rank:

Then, Threats, and Cries, and Plaints, redoubled ay,

And so pel-mel rage-blinded Mars doth play,

That now no more their Colours they discern;

But, knowing none, to all are strangely stein.

The Palestine fights vnder Elams Standard,

The Shinarite with Sodoms Ensignes wander'd:

Even as two swarms of busie Buzzers, mounting  
Amid the Air, and mutually affronting,

Mingle their Troops; one goes, another coms,  
Another turns; a cloud of Moatlings hums

Above our heads, who with their cypres wings  
Decide the Quarell of their little Kings:

Either of which a hundred times a minute  
Doth lose a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.

But, may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,  
Soft Carpet-Knights, all senting Musk and Amber

(Whose chief delight is to be over-com)

Vn-danted hearts that dare not Over-com?

In Woman-Men a manly Constancy?

In wanton Arms vn-wearied Valiancy?

No, no (Gomorrhah) this is not the place  
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voice to grace:

No (filthy Sodom) 't is not heer the game  
To play with Males in spight of Natures name:

No (Zebolim) heer are no Looking-Glasses  
For Para-Nymphs to gaze their painted faces:

To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print,  
And curl the Lock (with fauours braided in 't):

No (Adamah) we spend not heer the day  
In Dancing, Courting, Banqueting and Play:

Nor lastly (Zoar) is it heer the guise  
Of silken Mock-Mars (for a Mistris-Prize)

With Reed-like Lance, and with a blunted Blade,  
To Championize vnder a Tented shade,

As at your Tourneys. Therefore to your Mew:  
Lay down your weapons, heer's no Work for you.

'T is heer the Fashion (and the pride of Wars)  
To paint the face with sweat, dust, blood and scars:

simile.

A martial  
brave of an old  
Captain against  
the effeminate  
softness and deli-  
cacy of Carpet-  
Knights.

Our



Our Glas is heer a bright and glist'ring shield :  
 Our Satten, steel : the Musick of the Field  
 Doth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roar :  
 Death tilketh heer : the Mistresse we adore,  
 Is Victory (true Sovrain of our hearts)  
 Who without danger graceth no Deferts :  
 Dead carcasses perfume our dainty Nose :  
 Our Banquets heer, be Banquets for the Crowes :  
 Flee therefore (Cowards) flee and turn your backs,  
 (As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)  
 But with our swords and Lances (in your hatte)  
 Through-thrilled (Villains) this shall be your last,  
 Said *Amraphel* : and charg'd them in such sort,  
 That 't seems a sudden Whirl-winde doth transport  
 Their fainting Troops. Som (best-advised) fly  
 To tops of Mountains that do neighbour by ;  
 Som, through the Plain : but, neither (in the chace)  
 Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)  
 Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art :  
 This throwes away his shield, and that his dart ;  
 Swords, Morriions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes & Lances,  
 Are no defence, but rather hinderances :  
 They, with their hear s, have also lost their sight,  
 And recking less a glorious end, in Fight,  
 Than thousand base deaths, desperately they ran  
 Into the flood that fars rich *Canaan*.

Then, *Jordan* arms him 'gainst these infidels,  
 With rapid course, and like a sea he swels ;  
 Lakes vnder ground into his chanel range,  
 And shallowest Foords to ground-less gulfs do change :  
 He fumes, he foams ; and, swiftly whirling round,  
 Seems, in his rage, these bitter words to sound :

Dy (Villains) dy : O more then infamous  
 Foul Monsters ! drench your damned soules in vs.  
 Sa, sa, my Floods : with your cold moisture quench  
 The lust-full flame of their self burning stench.  
 Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the wrong  
 Which they have don our Mother *Nature* long.

The River, swiftly whirling in the slaves,  
 Above with Boaws, beneath with Bodies paves :  
 The gaudy Plume, yet floating light and soft,  
 Keeps for awhile the hollow helm aloft ;  
 But yet (at length) even those that swim the best,  
 Down to the bottom sink among the rest,  
 Striving and struggling (topsi-turvy tost)  
 While fain they would, but cannot, yield the ghost ;  
 Because the flood (unwilling to defile  
 His purest waves with spirits so foul and vile)

Defecare of the  
*Sodomites.*

Re-pon

Re-spews them still into themselves, and there  
 Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were :  
 Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at last  
 To the main Sea, or his own shoar doth cast.

The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrath* then,  
 Hoping to train the King of *Elam* men,  
 Among the Clay-pits which themselves before  
 (T' intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered o're,  
 Ran thither-ward : but their confused flight,  
 In their owne ambush made their owne to light :  
 Wherein they lost the flower of all their rest,  
 Sooner of death, then of deaths fear possest.

One, as he flies with trembling steps the dart  
 Which (from behinde) nigh pearst him to the heart,  
 Tangling his foot with twynning tendrels tho  
 Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did growe,  
 Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels  
 Vp to the wast in water : where he feels  
 A three-fold Fate : for there (O strange !) he found  
 Three deaths in one ; at once *slain, hangd and drown'd*.

Another, weening o're a Well to skip,  
 From the wet brim his hap-less foot doth slip,  
 And in he falls : but instantly (past hope)  
 He catcheth holde vpon a dangling rope,  
 And so at length with shifting hands gets-vp  
 By litle and litle to the fountains top.

Which *Thaddeus* spying, to him straight he hies,  
 And thus aloud vnto the wretch he cries ;  
 Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,  
 Your wonted yoke of *Elam* off to shake ?  
 Is this your Skirmish ? and are these your blowes,  
 Wherewith t' encounter so courageous Foes ?  
 Sir, leaue your ladder ; this shall serue as well,  
 This sword shall be your ladder down to Hell :  
 Go pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)

The Tribute heer deny'd vnto your own :  
 Heer with he draws his Fauchin bright and keen,  
 And at a blowe heaws both his arms off clean :  
 His trickling hands held fast, down fell his Trunk,  
 His blood did swim, his body quickly sunk.

Another (roughly pushed by the Foe)  
 Falls headlong down into a Bog belowe :  
 Where, on his head deep planted in the mud  
 With his heels vp-ward, like a tree he stood ;  
 Still to and fro, waving his legs and arms,  
 As Trees are wont to waue in windy storms.

Another heer (on horse-back) posting over  
 A broad, deep clay-pit that green boughs do cover,

Their own Ambush  
 makes  
 their  
 selves.

Sinks

Sinks



*Smile.*  
Sinks instantly; and in his sudden Fate  
Seems the brave Horse doubly vnfortunate:  
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruizing in  
(With the keen scales of his bright Brigandin)  
His Masters bowels, serves (alas!) for Tomb  
To him that yett so many times did comb  
His crispy Crest, and him so frankly fed  
In's hollow Shield with oats and beans and bread:  
Even so sometimes, the loving Vine and Elm  
(With double damage) ioyntly over-whelm;  
She wails the wrack of her dear Husbands glade;  
He moanes his Spouses feeble arms and shade:  
But most it grieues him with his Trunk to crush  
The precious Clusters of her pleasing Bush;  
And pres to death vnkindly with his waight  
Her that for loue embraceth him so straight.

*Lots valour.*  
Yet Lot alone (with a small troupe assisted)  
The Martiall brunt with Manly breast resisted,  
And thirsting Fame, stands firmly looking for  
The furious hoste of Chedorlaomer:  
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops  
Of tender saplings with their slender tops,  
Is fell'd almost as soon as vnder-taken  
By Multitudes of Peasants Winter-shaken:  
Lot's little Number so environ'd round,  
Hemm'd with so many swords, is soon hew'n down.

*His valiant resolution.*  
Then left alone, yet still all one he fares;  
And the more danger, still the more he dares:  
Like a strange Mastiff fiercely set vpon  
By mongrell Curs, in number ten to one:  
Who tyr'd with running (growen more cunning) gets  
Into some corner, where vpriight he sits  
Vpon his stern, and sternly to his foes  
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he shoves,  
And snarles, and snaps; and this and that doth bite,  
And stoutly still maintains th' vnequall fight  
With equall fury, till (disdaining Death)  
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.

*Simile.*  
Arioch, admiring, and (even) fearing too  
What Lot had done, and what he yet might doo;  
Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus:  
Cease (valiant youth) cease, ceaset' incounter vs.  
Wilt thou (alas!) wilt thou (poor soule) expose  
And hazard thus thy life and Fame to lose,  
In such a Quarrell, for the cause of such?  
Alas, I pittie thy misfortune much.  
For, well I see, thy habit and thy tongue  
Thine Arms (but most) thy courage (yet so young)

Show

Shewe that in Sodom's wanton wals accurst  
Thou wert not born, nor in Gomorrah nurs't.  
O chief of Chivalry, reserve thy worth  
For better wars: yeeld thee: and think hence-forth  
I highly prize thy powrs; and, by my sword,  
Forthousand kingdoms will not false my word.

Past hope of Conquest (as past fear of death)  
Lot yeelds him then vpon the Princes Faith;  
And, from his Camell quick-dismounting, hies  
His Royall hand to kifs in humble wise:  
And th' Army, laden with the richest spoyl,  
Triumphantly to th' Eastward marcht the while.

No sooner noyse of these sad novels cam  
Vnto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,  
But instantly he arms to rescue Lot,  
And that rich prey the heathen Kings had got.  
Three hundred servants of his house he brings  
(But lightly arm'd with staves and darts, and slings  
Aided by MAMRE (in whose Plain he wons)  
ABCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant sons)  
So at the heels he hunts the fear-less Foe,  
Yet waits advantage yer he offer blowe)  
Favour'd by streightness of the wayes they took,  
And cover'd close with nights deceitfull cloak.

In Groom-land fields is found a dungeon,  
A thousand-fold more dark then Acheron,  
It hath no door, lest as it turns about  
On rusty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,  
But Silence serves for Port and Porter there,  
A gagged Vsher that do:h never wear  
Stif-rustling silks, nor rattling chamlet lutes,  
Nor glingling spurs, nor creaking spanish boots;  
But, that he make no noyse (when ere he sturs)  
His high-day lutes are of the softest Furs,  
At other times (less-starely-service-full)  
Hee's only clad in cotton, shod in wool:  
His left fore-finger ore his lips he locks;  
With th' other beckens to the early Cocks,  
The rushing streams, and roaring Eüus,  
Seeming (though dumb) to whisper softly thus:  
Sleep silver Torrents; cease, sweet Chante-cleer,  
To bid Good-morrow to the Morning heer:  
Be still, ye Windes, keep in your native nest;  
Let not your storms disturb this house of Rest.  
In midst of all this Caue so dark and deep,  
On a still-rocking couch lies bleary'd Sleep,  
Snorting alowd, and with his panting breath  
Blowes a black fume, that all enuapoureth:

Ff 2

Oklinion

Lot taken pri-  
soner.Abraham with  
his family of  
300. goes to  
rescue Lot.A lively de-  
scription of  
Sleep, with his  
cell, servants,  
furniture and  
company.



*Obliuion* lies hard-by her drowzie brother,  
Who readily knowes nor her selfe, nor other:  
Then solitary *Morpheus* gently rockt:  
And nasty *Sloath* self-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,  
Irresolute, vnhandfom, comfortless,  
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth press  
The yellow *Night-shade*, and blew *Gladiols* iuyce,  
Wher-with her sleep-swoln heavy lids she glews.  
Confusedly about the silent Bed  
Fantastick swarms of *Dreams* there hovered,  
Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:  
Som sacred, som profane; som false, som true;  
Som short, som long; som diuinish, som diuine;  
Som sad, som glad; but monstrous all (in fine):  
They make no noyse, but right resemble may  
Th' vnnubred Moats which in the Sun do play,  
When (at som Cranny) with his piercing ey  
He peepeth in, som darker place to spy.

Simple.

Thicher th' Almighty (with a iust intent  
To plague those tyrants pride) his Angel sent.  
No sooner entred, but the radiant shine  
Of's gliftring wings, and of his glorious eyn,  
As light as Noon, makes the dark House of Night.  
The gawdy swarm of *Dreams* is put to flight:  
And opening wide the sable Canapey  
The winged Herald summon'd *Sleep* away.

*Silence* dislodg'd at the first word he spake:  
But deaf dead *Sleep* could not so soon awake.  
Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd and touz'd,  
And by the Angel often rubb'd and rouz'd:  
At length he stirs, and stretching lazily  
His legs and arms, and opening halfe an ey,  
Foure or fve times he yawns; and leaning-on  
His (Lob-like) elbowe, hears This Messlage don.

Great Spirits-restorer, Cares-charm, Chacing-grief,  
Night-short'ning Sire, Man's-Rest, and Mind's Relief,  
Vp, vp (said he) dispatch thee hence in poste,  
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoste  
Of those prowd Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)  
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in dis-array.

Th' Angel, in th' instant back to Heav'n-ward gon,  
*Sleep* slowly harness his dull Bears anon;  
And, in a noyfeless Coach all darkly dight,  
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowziness*, and *Night*:  
Th' ayr thickning where he goes, doth nod the head,  
The Woolf in Woods lies down, th' Ox in the Mead,  
Th' Orque vnder Water; and on Beds of Down  
Men stretch their limbs, and lay them softly down.

The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender spring  
Of sweetest Haw-thorn, hangs her drowlie wing,  
The Swallow's silent, and the loudest *Humber*,  
Leaning vpon the Earth, now seems to slumber:  
Th' Yeugh mooues no more, the Asp doth cease to shake,  
Pines bow their heads, seeming som rest to take.  
So soon as *Sleep's* black wings had over-spread  
The Pagan Host; the Souldiers haste to bed:  
For, instantly begin they all to wink,  
To hang their heads, and let their weapons sink:  
Their words half-spoke, are lost between their lips,  
Through all their veins *Sleep's* charming humor slips,  
Which to a deep and death-like *Letharge* brings  
Both Heathen Souldiers, and their Heathen Kings.

*Abram* perceiving now the Army neer,  
By their owne Fires; gan thus his Troups to cheet:  
Souldiers (said he) behold, this happy Night  
Shall make amends for that dis-astrous Fight  
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,  
For *Sodom's* shame, and *Lot's* captivity:  
Me thinks, already *Victory* (adorn'd  
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns) return'd  
From th' Enemy, on our triumphant spears  
Erected Tropheis far more rich then theirs:  
Me thinks, already on our glittering Crests,  
The glorious Garland of the Conquest rests;  
Our way to vertue lyes so smooth and plain,  
With pain-les Honours, and vn-vent' red Gain.  
This Host you see, is not the valiant Troup  
That stipt *Gomorrah*, and made *Segor* stoop;  
That *Jordan*, *Inde*, and *Euphrates* admire;  
Puffe foul heard of Swine wall-wing in mire:  
Regard them as they are, not as they were:  
See but their sloath, do not their number fear:  
He that's asleepe is dead, and he that's dead  
Bites not (they say): What haue we then to dread?  
Why stay we, Lads? already down they are,  
Their throats be naked, and their boloms bare,  
Their lives lie prostrate heer at our command,  
And Fortune calls but for your helping hand.  
Com, follow me; rather, the Lord of Hosts  
(Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coasts  
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)  
All worldly powr, and brings mens plots to nought:  
Com (happy Troups) follow with one accord  
Th' invincible brave Standard of the Lord.  
This sayd; eft-soons I wot not what a grace,  
What diuine beam reflected on his face:

Abram's ora-  
tion to his little  
Troupe.



Simile.

For as in March, the Serpent, having cast  
His olde fowl skin, crawls from his hole full fast,  
Hisses, and stings, and stares vs in the face,  
And (gold-like) glistering, glides along the gras:  
So Heav'n inspires fresh vigour in each part,  
His blood renews, his heart doth take new heart,  
A martiall fury in his breast there boyls,  
His stature seems much taller then yere-whiles,  
Youth paints his cheeks with Rose and Lilly Dies,  
A lovely Lightning sparkles in his eyes;  
So that his gallant Port and gracefull voyce  
Confirms the faintest, makes the sad reioyce.

Abraham sets  
upon the Camp  
of Chedor-  
laomer.

Then, on the Camp he sets, where round about  
Lie mingled Carts, and Horse, and Men that rout:  
Rest seizeth all; and (wanting what it fed)  
The fire it selfe slept in his ashy bed.

Th' *Hebrews* the while laid-on on back, or brest,  
Or arm, or side, according as their Rest  
To th' ground had bound them; and those liues bereft  
The which Death's Image in an Image rest.

Heer, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,  
Pours-out at once his gore, his ghost, and Wine;  
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confused,  
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accused.

Another, taken by inchanting sleep,  
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons, quaffing deep,  
Doth at a wound, given in his rattling gorge,  
The Wine again in his owne Cup disgorge.

Another, while ingeniously he plays  
Vpon his Lute som passing-pleasing Lays,  
Sleep sieles his eyes vp with a gloomy clowd;  
And yet his hand still quavers light and lowd:

But, at the last it sinks; and, offering fair  
To strike the Base, strikes but the empty ayr:  
His soule, descending to th' Infernall Coasts,  
Goes to conclude his Song vnto the Ghosts:

Dolefull it was, not for the Argument  
(For't was of *Loue*) but for the sad event.

Another, wak'ned with those lowd alarms,  
Starts-up, and groapeth round about for arms;  
Which, ah too soon he findeth, for his part:  
For a keen poignard stabs him to the heart.

Simile.

Like as a Tigress, having with the gore  
Of Buls and Heifers made her spots the more,  
And pay'd a Plain with Creatures mangled lims,  
Views on each side her valiant stratagems,  
Treads on the vanquisht, and is proudly-sad,  
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw she had:

So th' *Hebrew* stalking round-about the slain,  
Braves (but it boots not) and would very fain  
That those dead bodies might their ghosts re-gather,  
Or that those Mountains would produce him (rather)  
Som Foes more wakefull, that more manfully  
In blood-drown'd Valleis might his valour try.

*Amor's* three sons did no less slaughter make;  
*Abram* for zeale, they but for Furies sake:

This, nayls a Souldier with his sword to th' ground;  
That, at a blowe, th' heads of two Heads dis-crown'd.  
This, vnderneath a Chariot kills the driver:  
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth shiver.

The Tents already all in blood do swim,  
Gulshing from sundry Corps, from severall lim.  
In brief, so many ravening Woolues they seem,  
Within whose breast, fierce Famine biteth keen,  
Who softly stealing to som fold of sheep  
(While both the Shepherd and his Curr doth sleep)  
Purbush their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey  
Vpon the best, to eat and bear-away.

Yet, at the length, the vanquished awake,  
And (re-aray'd) the Victors vnder-take;  
Putting the three prowld *Amorites*, to flight,  
Who but for *Abram*, had bin routed quite.

Sleep, sleep (poor *Pagans*) fith you needs must die,  
Go sleep again, and so die easily.

Die yere you think on death, and in your Dreams  
Gasp-out your soules; Let not your dazled beams  
Behold the havock and the horror too

Oft' Execution, that our swords shall doo,  
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,  
Yer Death, to fright you with a thousand deaths,  
Said *Abraham*: and pointing every word  
With the keen point of his quick-whirled sword  
(As swift in doing, as in saying so)

More fiercely chargeth the insulting Foe,  
Than ever storm-full cloud, which fed with Water's  
Thin moist-full fumes (the snowie Mountains daughters)  
Show'd heaps of hail-shot, or pour'd floods of rain,  
On slender stems of the new tender Grain:

Through blood, and blades, through danger, dust and death,  
Through mangled Corps and carts he traverseth;  
And partly in the shock, part with the blowes,  
He breaketh in through thickest of his Foes,  
And by his travail topsi-turneth then

The live and dead, and half-dead horse and men:  
His bright-keen Fauchin never threats, but hits;  
Nor hits, but hurts; nor hurts, but that it splits

Comparison.

Som



Som priuy postern, whence to Hell (in Post)  
Som groaning Pagan may gasp out his ghost:  
He all assaies, and him so brave bestowes,  
That in his Fight he deals more deaths than blowes.

simile.

As the North-winde, re-cleering vp the front  
Of cloudy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt  
The showrs that *Austers* spungie thirst exhales  
Out of those seas that circle *Orans* wals:

Elamites over-  
thrown by A-  
braham.

So where-so-e're our *Hebrew Champion* wield  
His war-like weapon and his glistering Shield  
(Whose glorious splendor darts a dreadful light)  
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight:  
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope, and all,  
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:  
Or, if that any be so strangely-stout  
As not to faint, but bravely yet hould out,  
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot stop  
The victory, but haste his owne mishap.

God giveth  
victory.

But in what Fence-schoole, of what master, say,  
Brave pearl of Souldiers, learmd thy hands to play  
So at so sundry weapons, such pallados,  
Such thrusts, such foyns, stramazos, and stoccados:  
Even of that mighty God, whose sacred might  
Made Heav'n and Earth (and them so braue bedight)  
Of meerly nothing: of that God of Pow'r  
Who swore to be thy Target and thy Tow'r:  
Of that high God, who fortifies the weak,  
Who reacheth his, even steely bowes to break,  
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame;  
But daunts the prowd, and doth their courage tame.

Abraham fol-  
lows the extra-  
tion.

Thy sword abates th' armed, the strong, the stout;  
Thou cleav'st, thou kill'st: The faint dis-armed rout,  
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,  
And thy stern dreadfull port confounds with wonder:  
Death and Despair, Horror and Fury fight  
Vnder thine Ensignes in the dismall Night:  
Thou slayest this, and that thou threat'st as much:  
This thou pursu'st, that thou disdain'st to touch:  
In brief (thou blest Knight brave) thou quells at once  
Valiant and vile, arm'd and vnarmed ones.

Heer, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)  
In equall halves a pagans head doth slyce:  
Down on each shoulder looketh either half,  
To gaze vpon his gashly *Epitaph*,  
In lines of blood writ round about him fair,  
Vnder the curtain of his parted hair.  
Heer, through a Jerkin (more then Musket-proof)  
Made twelue-fold double of East-country Buff,

Clean

Clean through and through thy deadly shaft doth thrill  
A Gyants bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel:  
The head behinde appears; before, the feathers:  
And th' Ethnick soule flies both-waies out together:  
Heer thou do'st cleave, with thy keen Fauchins force,  
The Bards and Breast-plate of a furious Horse,  
No sooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,  
Writing his Fortune in a bloody track:  
Thy Barbed dart, heer at a *Chaldee* flies,  
And in an instant lardeth both his thighs,  
While he (blaspheming his hard stars and state)  
Hops (like a Pic) in stead of wonted gate.

Now *L o r* (the while) escap't from *E l a m s* hands,  
Free from the burthen of his yron bands;  
With iust revenge retorts his taken wrong,  
His feet growe swift, his sinews waxen strong,  
His heart reviuces; and his revived heart  
Supplies new spirits to all and every part:  
And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out  
Of som great Stable, staring scuds about,  
Shakes his proud head and crest, yerks out his heels,  
Butts at the ayr, beats on the humble fields,  
His flying shadow now pursues amain,  
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as fast again,  
Again beholds it with self-proud delight,  
Looks on his legs, sets his stiff rayl vpright,  
And neighs so loud to Mares beyond the Mound,  
That with the noyse the neighbour hills resound:  
So, one while *L o r* sets on a Troup of Horse,  
A Band of Sling-men he anon doth force,  
Anon he pusheth through a Stand of Pikes,  
A Wing of Archers off anon he strikes,  
Anon he stalks about a steepfull Rock,  
Where som, to shun Death's (never shunned) stroak,  
Had clambred vp; at length a path he spies,  
Where vp he mounts, and doth their Mount surprise:  
Whence, stones he heaves, so heavy and so huge,  
That in our Age, three men could hardly bouge;  
Vnder whose waight his flying Foes he dashes:  
And in their flesh, bones, stones, and steel he pashes:  
Sometimes he shoots, sometimes he shakes a Pike,  
Which death to many, dread to all doth strike.  
Som in the breast he wounds, som in the backs,  
Som on the hanch, som on the head he hacks,  
He heaws down all; and maketh where he stood  
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of blood.  
At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place:  
Then both sides ran; these chased, those do chase:

Lot rescued, re-  
uengeth bravely  
his captivity.

simile.

The *Pagans*  
wholly put to  
flight.

These



These only use their heels; those heels and hands:  
Those with but a fair way; these that the sands  
Would quickly gape, and swallow quick to Hell  
Themselves that fled, and them that chase so fell:  
These render nought but blowes; those nought but blood:  
Both sides have brook their Ranks: pell-mell they scud;  
Choakt-up with dust, disordered, disarray'd;  
Neither, Command, Threat, nor Law to obey'd.

Thou that (late) bragdest, that thy White *Horn* braue  
Could dry-foot run vpon the liquid Waue,  
And on the sand leaving no print behinde  
Out-swifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,  
With a steel Dart, by ABRAHAM slily sent,  
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle sent:  
And thou that thrice, neer *Tigris* silver source,  
Hadst won the Bell, as best in every Course,  
Art caught by LOT, and (thrild from side to side)  
Loosest thy speed-praise, and thy life beside.

It seems no Fight, but (rather as befals)  
An execution of sad criminals:  
Who-so escapes the sword, escapes not so  
His sad destruction; or, if any tho  
Escap't at all, they were but few (at least)  
To rue the farall ruine of the rest:  
For th' Vncle and the Nephew never lin,  
Till out of *Canaan* they haue chact them clean:  
Like to a Cast of Falcons that pursue  
A flight of Pidgeons through the welkin blew;  
Srooping at this and that, that to their Louer,  
(To saue their liues) they hardly can recover.

At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords  
Of *Palestine*, with glad and humble words,  
Do welcom *Abram*, and refresh his Troop;  
To's knees their heads, to's feet their knees they stoop:  
O valiant Victor! for thy high deserts,  
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.  
Accept our gratefull zeal: or, if ought more  
(As well thou mayst) thou dost expect therefore,  
Accept (said they) our Lands, our goods, our golde,  
Our wiues, our liues, and what we deereft holde:  
Take all we haue; for all we haue is thine:  
No wrong to vs, to take thy Valours Fine.

*Melchisedec*, Gods sacred Minister,  
And King of *Salem*, coms to greet him there,  
Blessing his blis, and thus with zealous cry  
Devoutly pearc't Heav'ns starfull Canopey.  
Blest be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule  
The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole;

Sould.

The Kings of Ca-  
naan received  
Abraham and  
his company with  
great joy & the  
gratefull offer of  
their homage  
into his house.

Melchisedec  
blesseth Abra-  
ham.

And rules the Actions of all Humane-kinde  
With full command; and with one blast of winde  
Razes the Rocks, and rends the proudest Hills,  
Dries-up the Ocean, and the Empty firs:  
Blest be the great God of great *Abraham*:  
From Age to Age extolled be his Name:  
Let every Place vnto him Altars build,  
And every Altar with his Praise be fill'd,  
And every Praise above the Welkin ring  
As loud or louder then the Angels sing:  
Blessed be He that by an Arm-lefs crew  
Of Art-lefs Shepheards did so quick subdue  
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* so;  
And to the servants of an exil'd Foe  
Hath given the Riches and the royall store  
(Both of their Boory and their Owne before)  
Of such an Hoast of Nations that first see  
Sall's early rising from *Aurora's* knee.

But *Abraham*, to prove that not for Prey,  
He put-on arms, divides the Spoyle away:  
The Tythe's the Priests: the Rest of all the things  
(Yerit lost in field) he renders to the Kings,  
Save but the Portion He participates  
To th' *Amorites*, his stout Confederates:  
Shewing himselfe a Prince as Politicke  
Prudent and iust, as stout and Souldier-like,  
That with his Prowess Policy can mel,  
And Conquering, can vse his Conquest well,  
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek,  
That seeming Riches, true Renown doth seek.  
So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphratean* source,  
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* cristall course,  
Rings his renown: Of him is all the speech,  
At home, abroad; among the poor and rich,  
In war and peace: the Fame of his high deeds  
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds;  
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,  
Shaking the sides of their proud Citadels,  
That with their fronts the fear of I o v a do scorn,  
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do spurn.  
Voice, Harp, and Timbrel sound his praise together,  
Hee's held a Prophet or an Angel rather,  
They say that God talks with him face to face,  
Hoasts at his house, and to his happy Race  
Gives in Fee-simple all that goodly Land  
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tigris* strand.  
And it is certain, the Thrice-sacred-One,  
The King of Kings, by Dream or Vision,

Abraham di-  
tributes the  
boory, reserving  
only a portion  
for the Amo-  
rites that were  
his confederates.

He is famous far  
and neer.

God appears  
vnto him, and

Speaks



*malesh cove-  
nant with him.*

*Circumcision  
instituted.*

*Canaan pro-  
mised to A-  
braham.*

Speaks with him oft; and calls him thus by name:

Faint not my servant, fear not A B R A H A M;  
I am no fiend that with a fained lip  
Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip,  
Nor to intice thee (with a baen-full breath)  
To bite (like A D A M) a new fruit of death:  
'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native V R,  
From night to day, from death to life (thus far)  
I brought thee hither, I have blest thee heer,  
I with thy flocks have covered far and neer  
Canaan's far Hills; I have preserv'd thy Wife  
From strangers lust, and thee from Tyrants knife,  
When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, affray'd  
To tell the Truth, her and thy selfe betray'd:  
'Tis I, that have so oft from Heathens powr  
Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conquerour)  
Now made thee Triumph over th' Eastern Kings  
(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):  
I am (in brieve) I am the Lord thy God,  
Thy help at home, thy Guide and Guard abroad.  
Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,  
That to the World thou dy'st, to live to Mee)  
Go Circumcise forth-with thy Selfe and Thine,  
Lead holy Life, walke in my Wayes divine  
With vpright-foot: so shall my favour hant  
Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:  
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land  
Which Canaan's Children have with mighty hand  
So long posselt; a happy Land that flowes  
With milk and hony: a rich Land where growes  
(Even of it selfe) all kinde of Fruit and Corn,  
Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plenties-horn:  
I'll heap thee there with Honour, Wealth, and Powr,  
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.

O Lord (said A B R A M) though into my lap  
In showrs of Gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,  
What bootest all, to me that am alone?  
Alas! my Lord, I have enough, for one  
That hath no issue after to inherit,  
But my good servant E L E A Z A R's merit.

Not so, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent)  
Mistake not so my bountifull intent;  
I'll not disparage to a Servants Fee  
The rich estate, and royall Dignity  
That in my People shall hereafter shine:  
No, no (mine A B R A M) even a stock of thine,  
Thine own deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed  
Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy state succeed.

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Yea, thine own Son's immortal-mortal Race  
Shall holde in gage the treasures of my Grace.

The Patriarch, then rapt with sudden Joy,  
Made answer thus: Lives then my wandering Boy?  
Lives I S M A E L? is I S M A E L alive?  
O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)  
And shall his Seed succeed so eminent?  
Ah! let me die then: then I die content.

I S M A E L indeed doth live (the Lord replies)  
And lives, to father mighty Progenies:  
For, from the Day when first his Mother (flying  
Thy iealous S A R A's curst and threatfull crying)  
To the dry Defarts sandy horror hy'd,  
I have for both been carefull to provide;  
Their extreame Thirst due-timely to refresh,  
Conducting them vnto a Fountain fresh,  
In liquid Crystall of whose Mayden spowt  
Bird never dipt her bill, nor Beast his snout.

And if I err not (but, I cannot err:  
For, what is hid from Hearts-Artificer?  
What can the sight of the Sight-maker dim)?  
Another Exile yet attendeth him,  
Wher-in he shall (in season) feel and finde,  
How much to him I will be good and kinde.  
He shall growe Great, yet shall his rest be small;  
All shall make war on him, and He on all:

Through Corlets, Rivers, Iacks, and Shirts of Mail,  
His shaft shall thrill the Foes that him assail:  
A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit:  
A Sparrows head he shall (even flying) split:  
And in the ayr shall make the Swallow cease  
His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimbleness.  
Yea (O Saints-Firstling) onely for thy sake,  
Twelve mighty Princes will I shortly make  
Spring from his Loigns, whose fruitfull seed shall sway  
Even vnto S U R from golden Havils.

Yet, 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit  
Mine inward Covenant; th' outward seal of it  
I S M A E L may bear, but not the efficacy  
(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).  
But to declare that vnder Heav'ns Frame,  
I holde nought deerer then mine A B R A H A M,  
I'll open S A R A's dry and barren womb,  
From whence thine I S A A C (Earths delight) shall com,  
To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)  
Support the Faith, and prosper Family.

Com from thy Tent, com forth and heer contemple  
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple,

Gg

Num-

*Israels migh-  
tynesse.*

*Isaac promised.*



Number the Stars, measure their bigness bright,  
With fixed ey gaze on their twinkling Light,  
Exactly mark their ordered Courses, driven  
In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heav'n:  
Then may'st thou also number thine own Seed,  
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly reade  
Their noble acts, and of their Publike-State  
Draw an *Idea* in thine own conceit.

In him the Count-  
ness satisfied.

This, This is He, to and with whom I grant  
Th' eternall Charter of my *Covenant*.

Which if he truly keep, vpon his Race

I'll pour an Ocean of my plentiful Grace:

I'll not alone giue him the Fields heer seen,

But even from *India* all that flowreth green

To th' vtmost Ocean's vtmost sand and shelve;

I'll giue him Heav'n, I'll giue him even my Selfe.

Of his lineage shall  
come Christ the  
Redeemer.

Hence, hence, the *High and mighty Prince* shall spring,

Sin's, Death's, and Hell's eternall taming King,

The sacred Founder of Man's soveraign Bliss,  
World's peace, world's ransom, and World's righteousness.

Th' Eternall seem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,

Th' olde-man to follow him with a greedy eye.

The sudden dis-appearing of the Lord,

Seem'd like to Powder fired on a boord,

When smokingly it mounts in sudden flash,

With little flame, giving a little clash.

Prosperity plun-  
geth the Sodo-  
mities in all  
manner of abho-  
minations.

Plenty and Pleasure had o'rwhelm'd the while

*Sodom* and *Gomor* in all Vices vile:

So that, already the most ruth-les Rape

Of tender Virgins of the rarest shape,

Th' Adulterous kifs (which Wedlocks bands vnbindes)

Th' Incestuous Bed, confounding Kindreds kindes

(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Sister Brother,

Th' Vncle the Niece, and even the Son the Mother)

They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;

But rather scom'd, as sports they car'd not for.

Forbear (dear Younglings) pray a-while forbear,

Stand farther from me, or else stop your ear,

At th' obscene sound of th' vnbecoming words

Which to my *Muse* this odious place affords:

Or, if it's horror cannot drive you hence,

Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Punishments.

These beastly Men (rather these man-like Beasts)

Could not be fill'd with *Venus*, vulgar Feasts;

Fair Nature could not furnish their Desire;

Som monstrous mefs these Monsters did require:

An execrable flame inflam'd their hearts,

Prodigiously they play'd the Womens parts:

Their most ex-  
ecrable sin.

Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,  
Their furious Lusts in fruitless Venerie.

Therefore, to purge Vleers so pestilent,  
Two heav'nly Scowrs the Lord to *Sodom* sent;

Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates  
To take his Lodging and to taste his Cares.

For, Angels, being meer Intelligences,

Have (properly) no Bodies nor no senses:

But (sacred Legats of the *Holy-One*)

To treat with vs, they put our Nature on;

And take a body fit to exercise

The Charge they have, which runs, and feeds, and flies;

Dures during their Commission; and, that past,

Turns Elements whence first it was amass'd.

A simple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)

Vnto a bodie doth not so vnite,

As to the Matter Form incorporates:

But, for a season it accomodates,

As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,

(That at his pleasure makes the same to stir)

Yet in such sort that th' instrument (we see)

Holde much of him that moves it actively.

But alwaies in som place are Angels: though

Not as all filling (God alone is so,

The Spirit which all good spirits in spirit adore,

In all, on all, with-out all, evermore):

Nor as environ'd (That alone agrees

To bodies bounded with extremities

Of the next substance; and whose superflue

Vnto their place proportionable is):

But rather, as sole selfly limited,

And ioyn'd to place, yet not as quantiti'd;

But by the touch of their liue efficacy,

Containing Bodies which they seem't embrace:

So, visibly those bodies move, and oft

By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft,

And eat with vs; but, not for sustentation,

Nor naturally, but by meer dispensation.

Such were the sacred Guests of this good Prince:

Such, courteous *ABRAHAM* feasted in his Tents,

When, seeing three, he did adore but one,

Which, coming down from the celestial Throne,

Fore-told the sad and sudden Tragedy,

Of these loose Cities, for their Luxury.

You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar

Against the colde, faint, hungry Passenger,

You little think that all our life and Age

Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:

2. Angels sent  
down, received  
and gusted by  
Lot.

Of the nature  
and essence of  
Angels.

Exhortation to  
Hospitality.



And that in earth whoſo hath never given  
Harbour to Strangers, ſhall have none in Heaven,  
Where ſolemn Nuptials of the Lamb are held;  
Where Angels bright and Soules that have exceld,  
All clad in white, ſing th' Epithalamie,  
Carowling Nectar of Eternitie.

*The luſtfull So-  
domites, infla-  
med with the  
beauty of the  
Angels, mirrour  
againſt Lot for  
harboring them.*

Sans Hospitality, the Pilgrim poor  
For Bed-fellow might have a Woolf or Boar:  
What e'r is given the Strange and Needy one,  
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,  
A Loan to God, who payes with intereſt;  
And (even in this life) guerdons even the leaſt.  
For, alms (like levain) make our goods to riſe,  
And God his owne with bleſſings plentifulies.

O Hoſts, what knowe you, whether (charitable)  
When you ſuppoſe to feaſt men at your Table,  
You gueſt Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,  
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good Hebrew did?  
Who ſupped them: and when the time grew meet  
To go to bed, he heard amid the ſtreet  
A wrangling iangling, and a murmur rude,  
Which great, grew greater through Nights ſolitude.

For, thoſe that fiſt theſe two bright Stars ſurvey'd,  
Wilde Stallion-like, after their beauties naigh'd;  
But, ſeeing them by the chaſte Stranger ſav'd,  
Shame-leſs and ſenſe-leſs vp and down they rav'd,  
From Houſe to Houſe knocking at every dore,  
And beaſtly-brute, thus, thus they rail and rore;

Brethren, ſhall we endure this Fugitive,  
This Stranger Lot, our pleaſures to deprive?  
O Cowardiſe! to ſuffer in our fights  
An exile heere't' vſurp our choiſe delights,  
T' embrace a brace of Youths ſo beautilous  
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heaven to vs):  
Shall it be ſaid that ſuch an olde colde ſtock  
Such rare yong Minions in his bed ſhould mock:  
While wretched we, vnto our ſelves make mone,  
And (Widow-like) wear out our ſheets alone?  
Let's rather break his doors, and make him knowe,  
Such dainty morſels hang not for his Mowe.

*Simile.*

Even as at Bathe, down from the neighbour hills,  
After a Snowe, the melting Cryſtall trails  
Into the Avon (when the Pythian Knights  
Strips thoſe ſteep Mountains of their ſhirts ſo white)  
Through hundred Vallies guſhing Brooks and Torrents,  
Striving for ſwiftnes in their ſundry Currents,  
Cutting deep Channells where they chance to run,  
And never reſt till all doe meet in one:

So, at their cry, from every corner throng  
Vnto Lot's houſe, Men, Children, olde, and yong.  
For, common was this execrable ſin:  
With beare-ey'd Age, as nuſſed long therein;  
With Youth, through rage of luſt; with Infancy,  
Example-led: all through Impunity.  
And thus, they all cry out; Ope, ope the dore,  
Com, open quickly, and delay no more:  
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove  
With vs the pleaſures of Male-mingled love.

Lot lowely then replies: Brethren and Friends,  
By all the names that amity commends,  
By Nature's Rules, and Rights of Hoſpitality,  
By ſacred Laws, and leſſons of Morality,  
By all reſpects of our com-Burgenſhip  
(Which ſhould our mindes in mutuall kindneſs keep)  
I do adiure you all, that you refrain  
The honour of my harm-leſs gueſts to ſtain,  
Nor in your hearts to harbour ſuch a thought  
Whereby their Vertues may be wrongd in ought.

Beſe buſie Stranger, com'ſt thou hither, thus  
(Controller-like) to prate and preach to Vs?  
No (Puritan) thou ſhalt not heere do ſo:  
Therefore diſpatch and let thy darlings go;  
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove  
With vs the pleaſures of Male-mingled love.

The horror of this ſin, their ſtubborn rage,  
His ſacred promiſe given his Gueſts for gage,  
Th' olde Hebrew's minde ſo trouble and diſmay,  
That well he wots not what to do nor ſay.  
For, though we ought not (if Gods Word be true)  
Do any evill that good may enſue:

To ſhun one ill, another ill he ſuffers,  
He prostitutes his Iſſue; and he offers,  
Lambs to the guard of Wolves: and thus he cries,  
I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes)  
I have two daughters that be Virgins both;  
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)  
Go, crop the fiſt-fruits to their Bride-grooms due  
(O! death to think it): But let none of you  
Abuſe my chaſte Gueſts with ſuch villany  
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;  
A Sin ſo odious, that the Name alone  
Good men abhor, yea even to think vpon.

Tuſh: we are glutt'd with all granted loves,  
And common Pleaſures nought our pleaſure moves:  
Lot, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity)  
Conſiſt not in the pleaſure, but th' enormity,

Gg 3

Which

*Lot ſpeaks the  
fair, & merites  
them carneſtly  
for the ſafety of  
his gueſts.*

*Their inſolent  
reply.*

*He offers them  
his own daugh-  
ters to reſcue  
his Gueſts.*

*Their monſtrous  
impudencie.*



Which fools abhor: and, saying so they rush,  
Som vpon Lot, som at his gates do push.

O cursed City! where the aged Sire,  
Vn-able thus to doe, doth thus desire;  
And Younglings, yet scarce weaned from their Nurse,  
Strive with their Elders whether shall be worse;  
Full is the measure of thy monstrous sin:  
Thy Canker now o'r all thy bulk hath bin.

*Impudence in  
sinning doublet  
the guilt of sin.*

God hates all sin: but, extream Impudence  
Is even a greater sin than the Offence:  
The sweet kinde Kisses of chaste Man and Wife  
Although they seem by God and Nature (rise)  
Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac't  
In their sweet fruits (their issue choicely-chaste)  
With Law's large priviledge; yet evermore  
(As Modestie and Honestie implore)  
Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden  
Vnto the sight) with Night's black curten hidden.

Yet, these foul Monsters, in the open street  
Where altogether all the Town might see 't,  
Most impudent, dare perpetrate a sin  
Which Hell it selfe before had never seen;  
A sin so odious, that the fame of it  
Will fright the damned in the darksom Pit.

*Before their  
fearfull distress-  
tion, the Angels  
bring Lot and  
his family safe  
out of the city.*

But now, the Angels, their celestially kinde  
Vn-able longer to conceal, strook blinde  
Those beastly Letchers, and brought safe away  
Lot and his household by the break of day.  
But, O prodigious! never rose the Sun  
More beautifull, nor brighter shin'd vpon  
All other places (for he rose betimes  
To see such Execution on such Crimes):  
And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders,  
It rores, it rains (O most vnwonted wonders!)  
Vpon this Land, which 'gainst th' Omnipotent  
Had warr'd so long with sins so insolent:  
And 'gainst the pride of those detested livers,  
Heav'n seems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers.  
From *Acheron*, even all the Furies hie,  
And all their Monsters them accompany,  
With all their tortures and their dismall terrors,  
And all their *Chaos* of confused Horrors;  
All on the the guilty strand of *Jordan* storm,  
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* swarm,  
As thick as Crows in hungry shoals do light  
On new-sowen lands; where stalking bold vpight,  
As black as Iet they iet about, and feed  
On Wheat, or Rye, or other kinde of seed;

*simile.*

*Roaring*

Roaring so loud, that hardly can the Steer  
The whistling Goad-man's guiding language hear.  
It rain'd indeed; but, not such fertile rain  
As makes the Corn in Sommer sprout amain;  
And all things freshed with a pleasant ayr,  
To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair:  
But in this sink of Sin, this stinking Hell,  
A rain of Salt, of Fire and Brimston, fell.  
Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulness,  
Which serv'd for fewell to their Wantonness:  
Fire punished their beastly Fire within:  
And Brimstone's stink the stench of their foul Sin.  
So, as their Sin was singular (of right)  
Their Punishment was also exquisite:  
Heer, open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires  
Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires  
Of Brick nor Stone, nor Columns, Gates, nor Arches,  
Nor Bows, nor Towers, nor even their neighbour-Marches.

*The manner of  
their punishment  
by fire & brim-  
stone from Hea-  
ven, & the rea-  
son thereof.*

In vain the-while the People weep and cry,  
To see their wrack and know no remedy:  
For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun,  
From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run,  
The Slat and Tyles about their eares do split,  
The burning Rafter Pitch and Rosin spet:  
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,  
About the fields ten thousand sparks do flie;  
Half-burned houses fall with hideous fray,  
And *VULCAN* makes Mid-night as bright as Day:  
Heaven flings down nought but flashing Thunder-shot,  
Th' Air's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot  
Are spewing *ÆTNA*'s that to Heaven aspire:  
All th' Elements (in briebe) are turn'd to fire.

*The same most  
lively representa-  
ted.*

Heer, one perceiving the next Chamber burning,  
With sudden leap towards the window turning,  
Thinks to cry *Fire*: but instantly the smoke  
And Flame with-out, his with-in Voyce do choke,  
Another sooner feels then sees the Fire.  
For, while (O horror!) in the stinking mire  
Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash  
Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash:  
Th' abhorred Bed is burnt; and they, aswell  
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell.  
Another yet on tops of Houses crawls:  
But, his foot slips, and down at last he falls.  
Another feeling all his cloathes a-fire,  
Thinking to quench them yer it should com nigher,  
Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began  
To boyl and bubble like a seething Pan,

*simile.*

Or



Or like a Chaldron that top-full of Oyl,  
Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,  
To boyl to death som cunning counterfeit  
That with false stamp som Princes Coyn hath bear.  
Another, seeing the Citie all in Cinders,  
Himselfe for safety to the fields he renders:  
But flakes of fire, from Heav'n distilling thick,  
There th' horror of a thousand Deaths do strike.

Through *Adamah's* and *Gomor's* goodly Plains,  
*Sodom* and *Seboim* not a soule remains:  
Horse, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake  
In this revenge, for their vile Masters sake.

Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent  
Inroll'd the *Deed* of their drad Punishment,  
With Diamantin Pen, on Plates of Brasse,  
With such an Ink as nothing can deface:  
The moulten Marble of these cindred Hills,  
*Asphaltus* Lake, and these poor mock-fruit Fields  
Keep the *Record*; and cry through every Age,  
How God detesteth such detested rage.

O chastisement most dradly-wonderfull!  
Th' Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad standing Pool  
O'r-floues (yet flowes not) whose infectious breath  
Corrupts the Ayr, and Earth dis-fertileth:  
A Lake, whose back, whose belly, and whose shoar,  
Nor Bark, nor Fish, nor Fowl hath ever bore.  
The pleasant Soyl that did (even) shame yer-while  
The plentious beauties of the banks of *Nile*,  
Now scarr'd, and collowed, with his face and head  
Cover'd with ashes, is all dry'd and dead;  
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;  
Vpon whose brest nothing can live or thrive:  
For, nought it bears save an abortive fruit  
Of seeming-fair, false, vain, and fained fruit,  
A fruit that feeds the ey, and fills the hand,  
But to the stomach in no steed doth stand;  
For, even before it touch the tender lips  
Or Ivory teeth, in empty smoak it slips,  
So vanishing: onely the nose receives  
A noysom favour, that (behinde) it leaves.

Heer, I adjure you vent'rous Trauailours,  
That visit th' horror of these cursed shoars,  
And taste the venom of these stinking streams,  
And touch the vain fruit of these withered stems:  
And also you that do beholde them thus  
In these sad Verses portray'd heer by vs,  
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears  
To shewr another Sea; and that your hairs

Exhortation to  
Travellers that  
have seen, or to  
others that shall  
read or heare  
these fearful  
moniments of  
Gods severe Ju-  
dgement, to make  
use of this  
horrible Ex-  
ample.

Starte

Starte vpright on your affrighted head  
Heave-up your Hats; and, in your dismall dread,  
To think, you hear like Sulph'ry Storms to strike  
On our new Monsters for Offences like.

For, the Almightyes drad all-danting arm  
Not only strikes such as with *Sodom* swarm  
In these foul Sins; but such as sigh or pity  
*Sodoms* destruction, or so damn'd a Citie,  
And cannot constant with dry eyes observe  
God's iudgements iust on such as such deserve.

Loe hies to *SAGOR*: but his wife behinde  
Lagged in body, but much more in minde:  
She weeps and wails (O lamentable terror!  
O impious Piety! O kinde-cruell error!)  
The dire destruction of the smoking Cities,  
Her Sons-in-Law (which should haue been) she pities,  
Grieues so to leave her goods, and she laments  
To lose her Jewels and habilliments:  
And (contrary to th' Angels Words precise)  
Towards the Town she turns her wotull eyes.

But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone,  
Her feet (alas!) fast to the ground be growne.  
The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in:  
As silly Bird caught in a subrill gin,  
Set by som Shepheard neer the *Copses* side,  
The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.  
And, as the venom of an eating Canker  
From flesh to flesh runs every day the ranker,  
And never rests, vntill from foot to head  
O'rall the Body his fell poyson spread:  
This Ice creeps-up, and ceaseth not to num,  
Till even the marrow hard as bones becom,  
The brain be like the scull, and blood convert  
To Alabaster over every part;  
Her Pulse doth cease to beat, and in the ayr  
The windes no more can wave her scattered hayr:  
Her belly is no belly, but a Quar  
Of *Cardon* Rocks, and all her bowels are  
A pretious Salt-Mine, supernaturall;  
Such, as (but Salt) I wot not what to call;  
A Salt, which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)  
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson given,  
Not to presume in Divine things to pry,  
Which seav'n-times seal'd, vnder nine Locks do lie.  
She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears  
Turn in to Pearls fro'm on her thinkling hairs;  
Fain would she speak: but (forced to conceal)  
In her cold throat her guilty words congeal;

Loe wife Me-  
tamorphosed.

Simile.

Simile.

Her



Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-croſs,  
Though dumb, declare both why and how ſhe was  
Thus *Metamorphos'd*: for, Heav'n did not change  
Her laſt ſad geſtures in her ſudden *Change*.

No gorgeous Maſſole, grac't with flattering verſe,  
Eternizeth her Trunk, her Houſe, and Herſe;  
But, to this Day (ſtrange will it ſeem to ſom)  
One and the ſame is both the Corps and Tomb.

Almighty Father! Gracious God and Juſt!  
O! what hard heartedneſs, what brutiſh Luſt,  
Purſueth man, if thou but turn thy face,  
And take but from vs thy preventing grace;  
And, if provoked for our paſt offences,  
Thou give vs vp to our Concupiſcences?

O *Harran's* Nieces, you (*Lo r's* daughters) ſaw  
*Sodom* conſumed in that Sulphry ſlaw:  
Their Hills and Forreſts calcined (in fine)  
Their liberall fields ſowen with a burning brine,  
Their ſtately houſes like a coal-pit ſmoaking,  
The Sun it ſelfe with their thick vapours choking:  
So that within a yard for ſtinking ſmother  
The Labourers could hardly knowe each other;  
Their ſlowring Valley to a Fen exchang'd:  
And your own Mother to a Salt-ſtone chang'd:  
Yet all (alas!) theſe famous Monuments  
Of the juſt rigour of God's Punishments  
Cannot deterr you: but even *Sodom*-like  
Inceſtuouſly a holy-man you ſeek;

Even your owne Father, whom with wine you fill;  
And then by turns intice him to your will:  
Conceiving ſo (O can heav'n ſuffer it!)  
Even of that ſeed which did your ſclues beget:  
Within your wombs you bear for nine months time  
Th'vpbraiding burden of your ſhame-leſs Crime:  
And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quight,  
You both becom, even in one very Night,  
Wiues to your Fathers, Siſters to your Sons,  
And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;  
All vnder colour, that thus living ſole,  
Sequeſtered thus in an vnanted hole,  
Heav'ns enuy ſhould all *Adam's* race have reſt,  
And *Lo r* alone ſhould in the World be left.

Had't not been better, never to have bred,  
Than't have conceived in ſo foule a bed?  
Had't not been better never't have been Mothers,  
Than by your Father, to have born your Brothers?  
Had't not been better to the death to hare,  
Then thus t' have lov'd him that you both begate?

Many proneneſſe  
to fall, without  
the ſupport of  
Gods gracious  
iudgement.

Loth to ſee  
his Daughters,  
in drunkenneſſe  
commit ſuch  
wicked things  
as hee.

Him

Him, ſo much yours, that yours he mought not be:  
Sith of theſe Rocks God could immediatly  
Have rais'd *Lo r* Son-in-lawes; or, ſtriking but  
Th' Earths ſolid boſom with his brazen foot,  
Out of the duſt haue reared ſudden ſwarms  
Of People, ſtay'd in Peace, and ſtout in Arms.

FINIS.

THE







## THE FATHERS.

A PART OF THE II  
PART OF THE III. DAY OF  
THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The famous FATHER of the Faithfull, heer  
Limn'd to the life, in strife of Faith and Fear:  
His Son's sweet nature, and his nurture such,  
Endeers his TRIALL with a neerer Touch:  
REASON's best Reasons are by FAITH refell'd;  
With GOD, th' Affection, for the Action held;  
So, sounner-manning His command (achieu'd)  
The Sire's approved, and the Son reprim'd.  
Heer (had our Author liv'd, to end his Works)  
Should have ensu'd the other PATRIARCHS.*

**T**'is a Heav'nly and a happy turn,  
Of godly Parents to be timely born:  
To be brought vp vnder the watchfull eyn  
Of milde-sharp Masters awfull Discipline:  
Chiefly, to be (even from the very first)  
With the pure milk of true Religion nurst.  
Such hap had *Isaac*: but his Inclination  
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.  
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, and Iudgement sage,  
Out-stripping Time, anticipate his age.  
For (yet a Child) he fears th' Eternall Lord,  
And wisely waits all on his Fathers word:  
Whose steady steps so duly he observes,  
That every look, him for a lesson serves:  
And every gesture, every wink and beck,  
For a command, a warning and a check:

So that, his toward Diligence out-went  
His fathers hopes and holy document.  
Now, though that *Abram* were a man discreet,  
Sober and wise, well knowing what is meet;  
Though his dear Son sometimes he seem to chide,  
Yet hardly can he his affection hide:  
For, evermore his love-betraying ey  
On's darling *Isaac* glanceth tenderly:  
Sweet *Isaac*'s face seems as his Glasse it were,  
And *Isaac*'s name is musick in his ear.

But God, perceiving this deep-settled Love,  
Thence takes occasion *Abrams* Faith to prove;  
And tempteth him: but not as doth the Divell  
His Vassals tempt (or Man his Mate) to evill:  
Satan still draws vs to Deaths dismall Parh;  
But God directs where Death no entry hath:  
Ay Satan aims our constant Faith to foil;  
But God doth seal it, never to recoil:  
Satan suggesteth ill; God moves to grace:  
The Divell seeks our Baptisme to deface;  
But God, to make our burning Zeal to beam  
The brighter ay in his *Ierusalem*.

A Prince, that means effectually proof to make  
Of som Mans faith that he doth newly take,  
Examins strictly, and with much a-doo,  
His Words and Deeds, and every gesture too;  
And, as without, within as well to spy-him,  
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him.

But God ne'r seeks by Triall of Temptation  
To found Mans heart and secret cogitation  
(For, well he knowes Man, and his ey doth see  
All thoughts of men yer they conceived be):  
But this is still his high and holy drift,  
When through temptation he his Saints doth sift,  
To leave for pattern to his Churches seed  
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed.

Yet, out of season God doth never try  
His new-converted Children, by and by:  
Such novices would quickly faime and shrink:  
Such ill-rigg'd ships would even in lanching sink:  
Their Faiths light blossoms would with every blast  
Be blown away, and bear no fruit at last:  
Against so boistrous stroaks they want a shield:  
Vnder such weight their feeble strength would yield.  
But when his Words dear seed, that he hath sown  
Within their hearts, is rooted well and grown:  
And when they have a broad thick Breast-plate on,  
High peril-proof against affliction:



Such as our *Abram*: Who, now waxen strong  
Through exercise of many trials long,  
Of faith, of love, of fortitude and right,  
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,  
By often Terrors, *Lucas* Impiement,  
His Wifes twice taking, *Ismaels* banishment,  
Being made invincible for all assaults  
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;  
Is tempted by the Voice which made all things,  
Which sceptreth Shepherds, and vn-crowneth Kings.

Give me a voice, now, O Voice all divine!  
With sacred fire inflame this breast of mine:  
Ah! ravish me, make all this Vniverse  
Admire thine *Abram* pourtraid in my Verse.

Mine *Abram*, said the Lord, dear *Abraham*,  
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy F. nee *I am*:  
Hy straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill  
Thine own Son *Isaac*; on that sacred Hill  
Heaw him in peeces, and commit the same  
In sacrifice vnto the ragefull Flame.

As he, that slumbering on his carefull Bed,  
Seems to discern som Fancy full of dread,  
Shrinks down himself, and fearfull hides his face,  
And scant draws breath in half an howers space:  
So *Abraham*, at these sharp-sounding words  
(Which wound him deeper than a thousand swords)  
Sized at once with wonder, grief and fright,  
Is well-nigh sunk in Deaths eternall night;  
Death's ash-pale Image in his eyes doth swim,  
A chilling Ice shivers through every lim,  
Flat on the ground himself he groveling throwes,  
A hundred times his colour comes and goes,  
From all his body a cold dew doth drop,  
His speech doth fail, and every sense doth stop.

But, self-return'd, two sounding sobs he cast,  
Then two deep sighes, then these sad words at last:  
Cruell command, quoth He, that I should kill  
A tender Infant, innocent of ill:  
That in cold blood I (barbarously) should murder  
My (fear-les, fault-les) faithfull Friend; nay (further)  
Mine own dear Son: and what dear Son? Alas!  
Mine onely *Isaac* (whose sweet vertues pass  
The lovely sweetnes of his angel-face)  
*Isaac*, sole Pattern of now-Virtue known;  
*Isaac*, in yeers yong, but in wisdom grown;  
*Isaac*, whom good men love, therest envy:  
*Isaac*, my hearts heart, my lifes life, must dy.  
That I should stain an execrable Staine  
With *Isaac's* warm blood, issued out of mine.

O! might mine serve, 't were tolerable los,  
'T were little hurt; nay, 't were a welcom cross.  
I beare no longer fruit: the best of Mee  
Is like a fruit-les, branch-les, sap-les Tree,  
Or hollow Trunk, which onely serves for staies  
To crawling Ivie's weak and winding spraes.  
But, losing *Isaac*, I not onely leese  
My life withall (which Heav'ns have linkt to his)  
But (O!) more millions of Babes yet vn-bore,  
Than there be sands vpon the *Lybian* shoar.

Canst thou, mine Arm? O! canst thou, cruell Arm,  
In *Isaac's* breast thy bloody weapon warm?  
Alas! I could not but even dy for grief,  
Should I but yield mine Ages sweet relief  
(My blifs, my comfort, and mine eys delight)  
Into the hands of Hang-mens spare-les spight:  
But, that mine own self (O extreamest Rigour!)  
What my self formed, should, my self, dis-figure:  
That I (alas!) with bloody hand and knife,  
Should rip his bosom, rend his heart and life:  
That (odious Author of a Precedent  
So rarely ruth-les) I should once present,  
Vpon a sacred Altar, an Oblation  
So barbarous (O brute abomination!)  
That I should broil his flesh, and in the flame  
Behould his bowels crackling in the same;  
'Tis horrible to think, and hellish too,  
Cruell to wish, impossible to doo.

Doo't he that lists, and that delights in blood:  
Neither will, nor can becom so wood,  
To obey in this: God, whom we take to be  
Th' eternall Pillar of all verity,  
And constant faith; will he be faith-les now:  
Will he be false, and from his promise bow?  
Will he (alas!) vndoo what he hath don,  
Mar what he makes, and lose what he hath won:  
Sail with each winde: and shall his promise, then,  
Serve but for snares t' intrap sincerest men:  
Sometimes, by his eternall self he swears,  
That my Son *Isaac's* number-passing Heirs  
Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race  
Shall be the blessed levain of his Grace;  
Now he commands me his dear life to spill,  
And in the Cradle my health's Hope to kill,  
To drown the whole World in the blood of him;  
And at one stroak, vpon his fruitfull stem,  
To strike off all the heads of all the flock  
That should heerafter his drad Name invoke,



His sacred nostrils with sweet smells delight,  
His ears with praises, with good deeds his sight,  
Will God impugn himself? and will he so  
By his command his Covenant overthrowe?  
And shall my faith my faith's confounder be?  
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.

Alas! what saist thou, *Abram*? pause thou must.  
He that revives the *Phoenix* from her dust,  
And from dead Silk-worms Toombs (their shining Clews)  
A living bird with painted wings renews;  
Will he forget *Isaac*, the onely stock  
Of his chaste Spouse (his Church and chosen Flock)?  
Will he forget *Isaac*, the onely Light  
Of all the World, for Vertues lustre bright?  
Or, can he not (if't please him) even in death  
Restore him life, and re-inspire him breath?

But mark, the while thou bringest for defence  
The All-proof Tower of his Omnipotence,  
Thou shak'st his Justice. This is certain (too)  
God can doo all, save that he will not doo.  
He loves none ill: for, when the wreakfull Waves  
Were all return'd into their wonted Caves;  
When all the Meads, and every fruitfull Plain,  
Began (with ioy) to see the Sun again;  
So soon as *Noah* (with a gladfom heart)  
Forth of his floating Prison did depart,  
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more  
Then Murder, doth his Majesty abhor.

But (shallow man) sound not the vast Abyss  
Of God's deep Iudgements, where no ground ther is:  
Be sober-wile: so, bound thy frail desire:  
And, what thou canst not comprehend, admire.  
God our Lawmaker (iust and righteous)  
Maketh his Laws, not for himself, but vs:  
He frees himself; and flees with his Powers wing,  
No where, but where his holy will doth bring:  
All that he doth is good: but not therefore  
Must he needs doo it 'cause 't was good before:  
But good is good because it doth (indeed)  
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:  
From him, the Fountain of pure Righteousnes:  
From him, whose goodnes nothing can expresse.

Ah, profane thoughts! O wretch! and think'st thou then  
That God delights to drink the blood of men?  
That he intends by such a strange impiety  
To plant his service? You, you forged deity  
Of *Molech*, *Milcham*, *Camelsh*, *Ashtareth*,  
Your damned shrines with such diue Orgies blot:

You

You Tyrants, you delight in Sacrifice  
Of slaughtered Children: 't is your bloody guise  
(You cruell Idols) with such *Hecatombs*  
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms:  
You should no sent so sweet, no gift so good,  
As streaming Rivers of our luke-warm blood:  
Not *Abram's* God (ay gracious, holy, kinde)  
Who made the World but onely for Mankinde:  
Who hates the bloody hands; his Creatures loves;  
And contrite hearts for sacrifice approves.  
You, you, disguiz'd (as angels of the light)  
Would make my God Author of this despight,  
Supplant my Faith on his sure promise built,  
And stain his Altars with this bloody guilt.

No, no, my Ioy, my Boy thrice-happy born  
(Yea, more then so, if furious I, forlorn,  
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father shalt thou be  
Of happy People that shall spring from thee.  
Fear not (dear Childe) that I, vnnaturall,  
Should in thy blood imbrue my hand at all:  
Or by th' exploit of such detested deed  
Commend my name to them that shall succeed.  
I will, the Fame that of my name shall ring  
In timeto com, shall flee with fairer wing.

The lofty Pine, that's shaken to and fro  
With Counter-puffs of sundry windes that blowe,  
Now, swaying South-wards, tears som root in twain,  
Then, bending North-wards, doth another strain,  
Reels vp and down, tost by two Tyrants fell,  
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell  
(Inconstant Neuter, that to both doth yield)  
Which of the two is like to win the Field:  
So *Abraham*, on each side set-vpon  
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;  
One while his Faith, anon Affection swaies:  
Now wins Religion, anon Reason waighs:  
Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull, Father:  
Now resolute, anon relenting rather.  
One while the Flesh hath got the vpper hand:  
Anon the Spirit the same doth countermand.  
Hee's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;  
But much more loth to break His Fathers will.  
For thus (at last) He faith, now sure I knowe,  
'T is God, 't is God; the God that loves me so,  
Loves, keeps, sustains: whom I so oft haue seen:  
Whose voice so often hath my comfort been.  
Illuding Satan cannot shine so bright,  
Though Angelliz'd: No, 't is my God of Might.

H h 3

Now



Now feel I in my Soule (to strength and stir-it)  
The sacred Motions of his sacred Spirit.  
God, this sad Sacrifice requires of me;  
Hap what hap may, I must obedient be.

The sable Night dislodg'd: and now began  
*Aurora's* Vther with his windy Fan

Gently to shake the Woods on every side,  
While his fair *Mistress* (like a stately Bride)  
With Flowrs, and Gems, and *Indian* Gold, doth spangle  
Her lovely locks, her Lovers looks to tangle;  
When, gliding through the Air in Mantle blew,  
With silver string'd, she drops the Pearly dew.  
With her goes *Abram* out; and the third day,  
Arrives on *Cedrons* Margents greenly gay,  
Beholds the sacred Hill, and with his Son  
(Loaden with sacred wood) he mounts anon.

Anon, said *Isaac*: Father, heere I see

Knife, fire and faggot, ready instantly:

But where's your *Hofte*? Oh! let vs mount, my Son,

Said *Abram*: God will soon provide vs one.

But, scant had *Isaac* turn'd his face from him

A little faster the steep Mount to climb,

Yer *Abram* changed cheer; and, as new Wine,

Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine)

For beeing stop't too-soon, and wanting vent,

Blowes up the Bong, or doth the vessell rent,

Spews out a purple stream, the ground doth stain

With *Bacchus* colour, where the Cask hath lain:

So, now the Tears (which manly fortitude

Did yerst as captive in the Brain include)

At the dear names of Father and of Son,

On his pale Cheeks in pearly drops did run:

His eyes full vessels now began to leak:

And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering gan to speak

In submiss voice, that *Isaac* might not hear

His bitter grief, that he unfoldeth heer.

Sad spectacle! O now my hap-less hand,

Thou whett'st a sword, and thou doost teend a brand,

The brand shall burn my heart, the sword's keen blade

Shall my bloods blood, and my lifes life, invade:

And thou, poor *Isaac*, bearest on thy back

Wood that shall make thy tender flesh to crack;

And yeeld'st thee, (more for mine than thine amiss)

Both Priest and Beast of one same Sacrifice.

O hap-less Son! O more then hap-less Sire!

Most wicked wretch! O what misfortune dire

In-gulfs vs heer! where miserable I,

To be true godly, must Gods law deny:

To

To be true faithfull, must my faith transgress:

To be Gods Son, I must be nothing less

Than *Isaac's* Sire: and *Isaac* (for my sake)

Must, Soil, and Sire, and Life, and all, forsake.

Yet on he goes, and soon surmounts the Mount;

And, steel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournfull Front:

(Much like the *Delian* Princess, when her Grace

In *Thetis* Waves hath lately wash't her face)

He builds his Altar, layes his wood ther-on,

And tenderly bindes his dear Son anon.

Father, said *Isaac*, Father, Father dear

(What? do you turn away, as loth to hear?)

O Father, tell me, tell me what you mean:

O cruelty vn-knowen! Is this the mean

Wherby my loins (as promised long since-is)

Shall make you Grand-fire of so many Princes?

And shall I (glorious) if I heer do dy,

Fill Earth with Kings, with shining Stars the Sky?

Back, *Phabus*: blush, go hide thy golden head:

Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* watery Bed:

See not this savage sight. Shall *Abraham's* minde

Be milde to all, and to his Son vn-kinde!

And shall great *Abram* do the damned deed

Thar Lyons, Tigers, Boars and Bears would dread?

See how (incens't) he stops his ear to me,

As dreaming still on's bloody Mystery.

Lord, how precise! see how the Paricide

Seems to make conscience in less sins to slide:

And he, that means to murder me (his Son)

Is scrupulous in smaller faults to run.

Yet (Father) hear me; not that I desire

With sugred words to quench your Angers fire:

In God's Name reap the Grain your self have sown;

Com take my life, extracted from your owne,

Glut with my blood your blade, if you it please

That I must dy; welcom my death (mine ease):

But, tell me yet my fault (before I dy)

Thar hath deserv'd a punishment so high.

Say (Father) have I not conspir'd your death?

O, with strong poyson sought to stop your breath:

Have I devis'd to shoot my Mother's life?

O, with your Foes ta'en part in any strife:

O thou *Aethereall* Palace CrySTALLine

(Gods highest Court) If in this heart of mine

So damned thoughts had ever any place,

Shut up for ever all thy Gates of Grace

Against my Soule; and suffer not, that I

Among thy winged Messengers do fly.

If



If none of these, *Abram* (for I no more  
Dare call thee Father) tell me further-more  
What rests besides, that damned I have don,  
To make a Father Butcher of his Son?  
In memory, that fault I fain would have,  
That (after God's) I might your pardon crave  
For such offence; and so, th' Attonement driven,  
You live content, that I may dy forgiven.

My Son, said He, thou art not hither brought  
By my fell fury, nor thine owne foul fault:  
God (our God) calls thee, and He will not let  
A Pagan sword in thy dear blood be wet;  
Nor burning plague, nor any pining pain  
With Languor turn thy flesh to dust againe:  
But Sacrific'd to him (for sweet perfume)  
Will have thee heer within this fire consume.  
What? Fears my Love, my Life, my Gem, my Ioy?  
What God commands, his servants must obey,  
Without consulting with frail Flesh and Blood,  
How he his promise will in time make good:  
How he will make so many Scepters spring  
From thy dead dust: How He (All-wise) will bring,  
In his due season, from thy sense-less Thighs,  
The glorious Son of righteousness to rise,  
Who shall the Mountains bruise with yron Mace,  
Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernall place.  
For he that (past the course of Natures kinde)  
First gave thee birth, can with his sacred Winde  
Raise thee again out of the lowest dust.

Ten-thousand means he hath to save the Lust:  
His glorious wisdom guides the worlds society  
With equall Reans of Power and of Piety.  
Mine own sweet *Isaac*, dearest of my seed  
(Too-sweet, alas! the more my grief doth bleed,  
The more my loss; the more, with ease-less anguish,  
My vexed Bowels for thy lack shall languish)  
Adieu, dear Son (no longer mine, but His  
Who calls thee hence) let this unhappy kiss  
Be the sad seal of a more sad Fare-well

Then wit can paint, or words have pow'r to tell.  
Sith God commands, and (Father) you require  
To have it so, com Death (no longer dire,  
But glorious now) com gentle death, dispatch:  
The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach  
To embrace my Soule: O! let me bravely fly  
To meet my Lord, and Deaths proud darts desie.  
What, Father? weep you now? Ah! cease those shows:  
Weep not for me; for I no more am yours:

I was the Lords yer I was born, you knowe;  
And he but lent me for a while to you:  
Will you recoil, and (Coward) lose the Crown  
So neer your head, to heap you with renown?  
Shall we so dare to dally with the Lord?  
To cast his yolk, and to contemn his Word?  
Where shall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne:  
The Earth his foot-stool: and dark *Acheron*  
(The Dungeon where the damned soules be shut)  
Is of his anger evermore the Bur.

On him alone all our good hap depends:  
And he alone from dangers vs defends.  
Ah! weep no more: This sacred Turf doth crave  
More blood then tears: let's so our selves behave,  
That, ioyn'd in zeal, we yeeld vs willingly  
To make a vertue of necessity.

Let's testifie, we have a time abod;  
I, in your School; you, in the School of God:  
Where we have learned, that his sacred Word  
(Which made of Nothing all that ever stirr'd;  
Which all sustains, and all directerh still)  
To divers ends conducts the good and ill.

Who loves not God more then all Kinn's respect,  
Deserves no place among his dear Elect:  
And who doth once God's Tillage vnder-take,  
Must not look back, neither his Plough forsake.

Heer-with, th' old *Hebrew* cheerfuller becam,  
And (to himself) cries, Courage *Abraham*:  
The World, the Flesh, *Adam*, are dead in thee:  
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone subsisting be.  
Lord, by thy Spirit vnto my Spirit annex  
So lively Faith, that still mine eyes may fix  
On thy true *Isaac*, whose sharp (sin-less) Suffering  
Shall purge from Sin me and my sinfull offering.

Scarce had he drawn his sword (in resolution)  
With heaved hand for instant execution,  
When instantly the thundring Voice of God  
Staid heart and hand, and thus the Fact forbod;  
*Abram*, enough: hould, hould thy hand (said he)  
Put-up thy sword; thine *Isaac* shall not dy:  
Now, of thy Faith I have had perfect proof;  
Thy Will for Deed I do accept: Enough.

Glad *Abram*, then, to God gives thanks and praise,  
Vnbindes his Son, and in his room he laies  
A Lamb (there strangely hampered by the head)  
And that, to God, devoutly offered.

Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts  
Excell the Fictions of *Heroic* Facts:

And,



And, that pure Law a Son of thine should write,  
 Shall nothing else but thy brave deeds recite.  
 Extoll who list thy wisdoms excellence,  
 Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,  
 And Iustice too (which even the *Gentiles* honor):  
 Ill dares my *Muse* take such a task vpon her.  
 Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' effects)  
 Onely one fruit of thousand she select,  
 For glorious subiect: which (to say the right)  
 I rather love to wonder-at, then write.

Go *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book:  
 Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look:  
 Collect a Scroule of all the Children slain  
 On th' Altars of your gods: dig-up again  
 Your lying *Legends*: Run through every Temple:  
 Among your Offerings choose the best example  
 (Among your Offerings which your Fathers past  
 Have made, to make their names eternall last)  
 Among them all (fondlings) you shall not finde  
 Such an example, where (vnrindely-kinde)  
 Father and Son so mutually agree  
 To shewe themselves, Father nor Son to be:  
 Where man's deep zeal, and God's dear fauour, strove  
 For Counter-conquest in officious love.

One, by constraint his Son doth sacrifice:  
 Another means his Name t' immortalize  
 By such a Fact: Another hopes to shun  
 Som dismall Plague, or dire Affliction:  
 Another, onely that he may conform  
 To (Tyrant) Custom's, aw-les, law-les Form,  
 Which beares our eys, and blurs our senses so,  
 That Lady *Reason* must her seat forgo:  
 Yea, blindes the iudgement of the World so far,  
 That *Vertue*'s oft arraign'd at *Vice*'s Bar.

But, vn-constrain'd, our *Abram*, all alone,  
 Vpon a Mountain, to the guise of none  
 (For, it was odious to the *Jews* to doo)  
 And in a time of Peace and Plenty too,  
 Fights against Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)  
 And, slaying *Isaac*, wars against his Weal.

O sacred *Muse*! that, on the double Mount,  
 With withering Baies bind'st not thy Singers Front;  
 But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire,  
 With Crowns of glory doost their brows attire;  
 Tell (for, thou know'st) what sacred Mystery  
 Vnder this shadow doth in secret lie?

O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye nor all,  
 For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall

So lively figur'd: To behold Gods Bowe  
 So ready bent to cleave your heart in two:  
 To see yong *Isaac*, Pattern of that Prince  
 Who shall, Sin Satan, Death and Hell, convince:  
 Both onely Sons, both sacred Potentates,  
 Both holy Founders of two mighty States,  
 Both sanctified, both Saints Progenitors,  
 Both bear their Crofs, both Lamb-like Sufferers,  
 Both bound, both blame-les, both without reply,  
 Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dy  
 Vpon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mount  
 Serves vs for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,  
 Restores vs *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,  
 Lost through the eating of the fruit forbidden,  
 By wretched *Adam*, and his weaker Wife)  
 And blessed bears the holy Tree of life.

Christ dies indeed: but *Isaac* is repriv'd  
 (Because Heav'ns Councell otherwise contriv'd)  
 For, *Isaac*'s blood was no sufficient price  
 To ransom soules from Hell to Paradise:  
 The Leprosie of our contagious sin  
 More powr-fall Rivers must be purged in.

FINIS.

THE







## THE LAVVE.

THE THIRD PART OF  
THE THIRD DAY OF  
THE II WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Envy, in Pharaoh, seeks to stop the Cause  
Of Iews increase: Moses escapes his claws;  
Out of a Burning (unburnt) Bush, a Voice  
For Iacob's Rescue doth of Him make choice;  
Sends him (with Aaron) to th' Egyptian King:  
His Hardning, PLAGVING, finall Ruining  
In the Red Sea. Israel ingrate for all:  
Christ-Typing Manna, Quails, Rock-waters fall:  
The glorious LAVVE: the golden Calf: strange Fire:  
Cor'e in-gulft: MOSES prepar'd to expire.

**A**rm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions,  
Rock-batt'ring Bumbards, Valour-murdering Guns,  
Think you to drown with horror of your Noise  
The choice sweet accents of my sacred Voice?  
Blowes (ill you burst) roar, rend the Earth in sunder;  
Fill all with Fury, Tempest, War and Thunder,  
Dire Instruments of Death, in vain yee toil:  
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd stile  
Out-shrills yee still; and my Stentorian Song,  
With warbled Ecchoes of a silver tongue,  
Shall brim be heard from India even to Spain,  
And then from thence even to the Artik Wain.  
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort;  
My side's too-weak, alas! my breath's too-short:  
It is the spirit-inspiring Spirit, which yerst  
On th' eldest Waters mildely moved first,

The

That furnishes and fills with sacred winde  
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muse* and minde.  
So, still, good Lord, in these tumultuous times,  
Give Peace vnto my Soule, soule to my Rimes:  
Let me not faint amid so faire a course:  
Let the World's end be th' end of my Discourse:  
And, while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,  
In lofty stile (Lord) let me sing thy Powr.  
ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and suppress  
IOSEPH'S Deserts: his Master was deceast,  
His Sons were dead; when currish *Envie's* strife  
Lays each-where ambush for poor ISRAEL's life:  
Who, notwithstanding, doth far faster spread  
And thicker spring, than in a fruitfull Mead  
Moted with Brooks, the many-leaved locks  
Of thriving Charvel; which the bleating Flocks  
Can with their daily hunger hardly mowe  
So much as daily doth still newly growe.

This *Monster* wuns not in the Cel she wont,  
Sh' hath rear'd her Palace on the steepest Mount,  
Whose snowy shoulders with their stony pride  
Externally do *Spain* from *France* divide:  
It hath a thousand loop-holes every-way;  
Yet never enters there one sunny ray:  
Or if that any chance so far to pass,  
Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face:  
At every Loop, the Work-man wittily  
Hath plac'd a long, wide, hollow Trunk, wher-by  
Prattling *Renowne* and *Fame* with painted wing,  
News from all corners of the World do bring,  
Buzzing there-in: as, in a Sommer Even,  
From clefts of Meadows that the Heat hath riven,  
The Grass-hoppers, seeming to faine the voyces  
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thousand noyses.

It frout'd now that a swift-flying *Fame*,  
Which (lately but) from stately *Memphis* came,  
Sweating, and dusty, and nigh breath-less, fills  
With this Report one of her listening Quills:  
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with vs,  
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)  
Most wakefull Goddess, Queen of mortall hearts,  
Consort of *Honor*, *Wealth*, and *High-Deserts*,  
Doo'st thou not knowe, that happy ISRAEL  
(Which promiseth, the Conqueror of Hell,  
That twice-borne King, here-after to bring-forth,  
Who dead shall live again; and by his Worth  
Wipe-out Man's Fortait, and God's Law fulfill,  
And on his Crofs th' envy of *Envy* kill)

Ii

Doth

Comparison.

Description of  
the Palace of  
Envy.

Simile.

To whom I now  
express Israels  
prayer.



Doth (even in light) abundantly increase?  
That Heav'n and Earth conspire his happiness?  
That seven my Exiles, with vn-hallowed Frie  
Cover the face of all the World well-nigh?  
And, drunk with wealth, waigh not thy force a jot?  
*Enie*, thou seest it, but sore-seest it not.

Every complete  
Pharaoh or op-  
press'd slave.

Swolne like a Toad, between her bleeding iaws  
Her hissing Serpents wriggling tails she chaws:  
And, hasting hence, in I S I S form she jets;  
A golden vessell in one hand she gets,  
In th' other a sweet Instrument; her hood  
Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Southernwood;  
A siluer crescent on her front she set,  
And in her bosom many a fostering reat:  
And, thus disguis'd, with pride and impudence  
She presses in to the *Bubastik* Prince;  
Who, dumbring then on his vn-quiet Couch,  
With I S R A E L's greatness was disturbed much:  
Then she (the while, squinting vpon the lustre  
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers glister;  
And, snuffing with a wrythed nose the Amber,  
The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)  
Gan thus to greet him: Sleep'st thou? sleep'st thou, son?  
And see'st thou not thy self and thine vn-don,  
While cruell Snakes, which thy kinde brest did warm,  
Sting thee to death, with their vngratefull swarm?  
These Fugitiues, these out-casts do conspire  
Against rich Egypt, and (ingrate) aspire  
With odious Yoke of bondage to debase  
The noble PHARAOH's, God's immortall Race.

Amale

With these last words, into his brest she blowes  
A banefull ayr, whose strength vnselfly flowes  
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,  
Makes Reason stoop to Sense in every part:  
So th' Aspick pale (with too-right aim) doth spet  
On his bare face, that coms too-neer to it,  
The froth that in her teeth to bane he turns;  
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns  
So secretly, that without sense of pain,  
Scar, wound, or swelling, soon the Partie's slain.  
What shall I farther say? This Sorrow's-Forge,  
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's scourge,  
Besides her sable poyson, doth inspire  
With Hate and Fear the Princes fell desire.

Amale  
The

Hence forth therefore, poor I S R A E L hath no peace,  
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no ease;  
Still, still oppress'd, Tax vpon Taxarose,  
After Thefts, Threats, and after Threats com blowes.

The

Slavery of the  
Israelites.

The silly wretches are compell'd som-while  
To cut new chanel for the course of Nile:  
Sometimes som Curies ruins to repair  
Sometimes to build huge Castles in the air:  
Sometimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher  
In those proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;  
Those Towrs, whose tops the Heav'ns have terrified:  
Those Towrs, that scuse th' audacious *Titan's* pride  
(Those Towrs, vain Tokens of a vast expence;  
Trophies of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments)  
To make with their owne sweat and blood their mortar:  
To be at-once Brick-maker, Mason, Porter.  
They labour hard, eat little, sleeping less;  
No sooner layd, but thus their Task-lords press;  
Villains, to work: what? are ye growne so sloth?  
Wee'll make yee yeeld vs wax and hony both.

In breese, this Tyrant, with such servitude,  
Thought soone to waste the sacred multitude;  
Or, at the least, that overlayd with woe,  
Weakened with watching, worn with toyling so,  
They would in time becom less service-able  
In VENUS Bartails, and for breed less able  
(Their spirits disperst, their bodies over-drid,  
And *Cyprius* sap vn-duly qualified):

Pharaoh his  
vain policy.

But, when he saw this not succeed so well,  
But that the Lord still prosper'd I S R A E L;  
Inhumane, he commands (on bloody Pain)  
That all their male babes in their birth be slain:  
And that (because that charge had don no good)  
They should be cast, in CAIRO's siluer Food.

His cruell Edict  
against the male  
children.

O Barbarisme, learned in Hel belowe!  
Those, that (alas!) nor steel nor stream do knowe,  
Must die of steel or stream: cruell Edicts!  
That, with the Infant's blood, the Mother's mix;  
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;  
Him with the stroke, her with the griefe therof:  
With two-fould tears *Jens* greet their Native Heav'n:  
The day that brings them life their life hath reav'n.

But, I O C H E N E D would fain (if she had durst)  
Her deer son MOSES secretly haue nourc't:  
Yet thinking better, her sweet Babe forgo,  
Than Childe and Parents both to hazard so,  
At length she layes it forth, in Rush-boat weaves-it,  
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's she leaves-it.

Though Rudder-less, nor Pilot-less, this Boat  
Among the Reeds by the Floods side did float,  
And saues from wrack the future *Legislator*,  
Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughter:



His Daughters  
finding Moles  
expell'd, caus'd  
him to be provok-  
ly brought up.

Who opening it, findes (which with ruth did strike-her)  
A lovely Babe (or little Angel liker)  
Which with a smile seem'd to implore the ayd  
And gentle pity of the Royall Mayd.  
Love, and the Graces, State and Maiesty,  
Seem round about the Infants face to fly,  
And on his head seem'd (as it were) to shine  
Presagefull rayes of som-what more diuine.

She takes him vp, and rears him royal-like;  
And, his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like  
A wel breath'd Body, nimble, sound, and strong,  
That in the Dance-schoole needs not reaching long:  
Or a good Tree set in as good a soyl,  
Which growes a-pace, without the Husband's royl.

2. Similes.

In time, he puts in *Practice* what he *knowes*;  
With courteous *Mildenes*, manly *Courage* shewes:  
H'hath nothing vulgar: with great happiness,  
In choice discourse he doth his mind expresse;  
And as his Soul's-type his sweet tongue affords,  
His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words:  
His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:  
So means the Prince; such is the peoples prayer.

Gods providence  
in his preferen-  
tism.

Thus while o're-whelmed with the rapid course  
Of Mischief's Torrent (and still fearing worse)  
I S R A E L seems help-less and even hope-less too  
Of any help that Mortall hand can doo:  
And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form  
Boards them (alas!) nothing but wrack and storm,  
Their *Calhar* shines, their Saviour's sav'd: and Hee  
That with high hand shall them from bondage free,  
Scourging with Plagues, scarring with endless shame  
Th' *Egyptian* Court, is rais'd by the same.

Moses affirms  
his duty toward  
his Parents and  
care of his Bre-  
thren.

For, though him there they as a God adore,  
He scorns not yet his friends and kindred poor:  
He feels their Yoak, their mournings he laments:  
His word and sword are prest in their defence;  
And, as ordain'd for their Deliverance,  
And sent expresse by Heav'n's pre-ordinance,  
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,  
A *Patagon*, that tasted nought so well  
As I S R A E L's blood) to ill-intreat a *Jew*,  
Him bold incounters, and him bravely slew.  
But, fearing then lest his inhumane Prince  
Should hear of it, young *Moses* flies from thence:  
And, hard by *Horeb*, keeping I E T H E O's sheep,  
He Falls and Prayes; with Meditations deep  
His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,  
And prudently he lays-*vp* long-before

He flies out of  
Egypt.

Within

Within his Soule (his spirituall Armory)  
All sacred Weapons of *Sobriety*,  
Where-with t' encounter, conquer, and suppress  
All Insurrections of Voluptuousness.  
Also, not seldom some deep *Dream* or *Transe*  
Him suddainly doth even to Heav'n advance:  
And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord  
On plentious shoars of the *Pelusian* Foord,  
In walled Cities with their Towred Ports,  
In learned Colledges, nor sumptuous Courts,  
In *Desart* meets him; greets him face to face,  
And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.

God calleth to  
him in the wil-  
dernes.

For, while he past his sacred Prentiship  
(In Wildernes) of th' *Hebrews* Shephardship;  
In driving forth to kiss-cloud *SIN A's* foot  
His fleecy Flock, and there attending too't,  
He suddain sees a *Bush* to flame and fume,  
And all a-fire, yet not at all consume;  
It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in,  
Kisses, but bites not, no not even the skin:  
True figure of the *Church*, and speaking Signe  
Which seemeth thus to, of it selfe, define:  
What (*Amram's* son) Doth *Jacob's* bitter Teen  
Dismay thee so? Behould, this Haw-thorn green  
Is even an Image of thine I S R A E L  
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell  
Still flourishes, on each side hedged round  
With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound:  
This Fire doth seem the Spirit Omnipotent,  
Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent:  
Who also addeth to the sacred Signe,  
The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.

Moses vision of  
the flaming bush.

I AM I that I am, in me, for me, by me:  
All Beings else Be not (or else vn-selfly be)  
But, from my Beeing, all their Beeing gather;  
Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father:  
Onely Beginning, Midst, and End of all;  
Yet *I am* Beginning, Midst, and End at all:  
All in my selfe compris'd, and all comprising  
That in the World was, is, or shall be rising:  
Base of this Vniverse: th' uniting Chain  
Of th' Elements: the Wisdom Sovereign:  
Each-where, in Essence, Powr and Providence;  
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:  
Fountain of Goodness: ever-shining Light:  
Perfectly Blest: the One, the Good, the Bright:  
Self-simple Act, working in frailest matter:  
Framer of Forms: of Substances Creator:  
I i 3

The voice of the  
Lord speaking  
out of the Bush.

And



And (to speak plainer) even that **GOD I AM**  
Whom so long since religious *Abraham*,  
*Isaac*, and *Jacob* and their Progenies  
Have worshipped and pray'd in humble wise.

*God thus say  
to his people  
at Heliopolis  
Egypt.*

My sacred ears are tyred with the noyse  
Of thy poor Brethren's iust-complaining voyce:  
I have beheld my Peoples burdens there;  
**Moses**, no more I will, nor can, forbear:  
Th'have groan'd (alas!) and panted all too-long  
Vnder that Tyrants vn-renting wrong.

*He thus saith  
to Moses in the  
desert,  
after he hath  
seen the  
plagues in  
Pharao.*

Now, their *Deliverer* I authorize thee,  
And make thee Captain of their Colony;  
A sacred Colony, to whom (as mine)  
I have so oft bequeath'd rich *Palestine*.  
Therefore from me command thou **PHARAO**  
That presently he let my People go  
Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wildernesse,  
Where far from sight of all profane excess  
On a new Altar they may sacrifice  
To Me the **LORD**, in whom their succour lies:  
Haste, haste (I say) and make me no excuse  
On thy Tongue's rudenes (for the want of use)  
Nor on thy weaknes, nor vnworthines  
To vnder-go so great a Busines.  
What? cannot He, that made the lips and tongue,  
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)  
Vnto his Legat? and who every thing  
Of Nothing made, and All to nought shall bring;  
Th' Omnipotent, who doth confound (for His)  
By weak the strong, by what is not, what is,  
(That in his wondrous Iudgements, men may more  
The Work-man then the Instruments adore)  
Will he forsake, or leave him vn-assisted,  
That in his seruice duly hath insisted?  
Sith faithfull Seruant, to do well affected,  
Can by his Master never be reiected.

*Moses (accom-  
panied with his  
brother Aaron)  
first went to  
the high Em-  
perour.*

No sooner this, the *Divine Voire* had ended,  
And vp to Heav'n the Bushy Flame ascended,  
But **Moses**, with (his fellow in Commission)  
His Brother **AARON**, wends with expedition  
First to his People, and to **PHARAO** then,  
The King of *Egypt* (cruellest of Men):  
And inly filled with a zealous flame,  
Thus, thus he greets him, in th' Almightyes name;  
Great **NILVS** Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hosts,  
Let go my People out of all the Coasts,  
Mine **ISRAEL** (**PHARAO**) forth-with release,  
Let them depart to **HOREB**'s Wildernesse;

That

That vnto me, without offence or fear,  
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.  
Base Fugitive, proud slaue (that art return'd  
Not to be whipt, but rather hang'd, or burn'd)  
What Lord, said **PHARAO**? ha! what Sovereign?  
O seaven-horn'd *Nile*! O hundred-pointed Plain!  
O City of the Sun! O *Thebes*! and Thou  
Renowned *Pharos*, do ye all nor bow  
To vs alone? Are ye not onely Ours?  
Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powrs  
Owes your great **PHARAO** homage or respect?  
Or by what Lord to be controul'd and check?  
I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once  
Too idly pamper'd, plot Rebellions:  
Sloth marris the slaves, and vnder fair pretence  
Of new Religion (Traytours to their Prince)  
They Would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are we  
To think by Favours and by Clemency,  
To keep men in their duty! To be milde,  
Makes them be mad, proud, insolent and wilde:  
Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth dis-grace,  
And smooths the path to Treason's plots a-pace.  
The dull Ass, numbers with his stripes his steps:  
Th' Ox, over-fat, too-strong, and resty, leaps  
About the Lands, casteth his yoke and strikes;  
And waxen wilde, even at his Keeper kicks.  
Well: to enjoy a People, through their skin  
With scourges flyg't, must their bare bones be seen:  
We must still keep them short, and clip their wings,  
Pare neer their nails, and pull out all their stings;  
Loade them with Tribute, and new Towle, and Tax,  
And Subsidies, vntill we break their backs;  
Tire them with trauel, slay them, pole them, pil them,  
Suck bloud and fat, then eat their flesh, and kil them.  
'Tis good for Princes to haue all things far,  
Except their Subiects: but, beware of that.  
Ha, Miscreants! ha, rascal excrements,  
That list your heel against your gracious Prince;  
Hence-forth, you get of wood or straw no more,  
To burn your Bricks as you haue had before:  
Your selues shall seek it out, yet shall you still  
The number of your wanted task fulfill.  
I haue Commission from the King of Kings,  
Maker, Preseruer, Ruler, of all things,  
Replies the *Hebrew* that (to knowe the Lord)  
Thou feel his hand, vnless thou fear his word.  
In th' instant, **AARON** on the slippery sand  
Casts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:

*Pharao proud  
answers.*

*The true Anas  
my 9/ a Tyrant.*

*Moses reply.*

*Aaron casteth  
down his Rod:*

So



which immedi-  
ately turne out  
a Serpent.

So shall thy golden Scepter down be cast,  
So shall the Iudgements of the Lord at last  
(Now deemed dead) revivē, to daunt thy powr:  
So I S R A E L shall Egypt's wealth devour,  
If thou confessest not God to be the Lord:  
If thou attend not, nor observe his Word:  
And if his People thou do not release,  
To goe and serve him in the Wildernesse.

Before that A A R O N this Discourse had done,  
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,  
It glistered bright: and in a fashion strange,  
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;  
Crawling before the King, and all along  
Spetting and hissing with his forked tongue.

The Magicians  
of Egypt coun-  
terfeited that en-  
chantment, and be-  
came like the King.

The Memphian Sages then, and subtile Priests,  
T' uphold the Kingdom of their O S T R I S,  
Vpbraided them thus: Alas! is this the most  
Your God can do, of whom so much you boast?  
Are these his Wonders? Go, base *Monie-banks*,  
Go shew else where your sleights and juggling pranks.  
Such tricks may blear some vulgar innocents,  
But cannot blinde the Councell of a Prince;  
Who, by the gods instructed, doth contain  
All Arts perfection in his sacred brain.  
And, as they spake, out of their ensted hands  
They all let-fall their strange-inchanted Wands;  
Which instantly turn into Serpents too,  
Hissing and spetting, crawling to and fro.  
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:  
The place with Aspicks, Snakes and Serpents, swarms;  
Creeping about: as an ill-Huswife sees  
The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheese.

Amule.

You, you are Jugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd:  
You change not Nature, but the bare out-side;  
And your Enchantments onely doo transform  
The face of things, not the essentiall form.  
You, Sorcerers, so mock the Princes ey,  
And his Imagination damnisie,  
That common Sense to his externall, brings  
(By re-percussion) a false shape of things.  
My Rod's indeed a Serpent, not in shewe,  
As hee in sight your selves by proof shall knowe.  
Immediately his *Dragon* rear'd his head,  
Rowl'd on his brest; his body wriggell'd  
Sometimes aloft in length; sometimes it sunk  
Into it self, and altogether shrunk:  
It slides, it slips the air, it hisses fell;  
In stead of eyes two sparkling Rubies swell:

And

Moses rod-Ser-  
pent devour'd  
the Serpents of  
the Egyptians.

Pharao and his  
people harden'd:  
Therefore God  
plagued Egypt.

1. By turning  
their staves  
into blood.

2. Covering their  
Land with  
Frogs.

The Magicians  
counterfeited the  
same, but their  
divines art van

And all his deadly baens, intrenched strong  
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,  
Call for the Combat: and (as greedy) set  
With sodain rage vpon those Counterfet,  
Those seeming-Serpents, and them all devour:  
Even as a *Sturgeon*, or a *Pike*, doth scout  
The Creeks and Pills in Rivers where they lie,  
Of smaller Fishes and their feeble Fry.

But, at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,  
And deafe to his owne good, is more inclin'd  
To Sarans tools: the people, like the Prince,  
Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.  
Wherefore the Lord, such proud contempts to pay,  
Ten sundry plagues vpon their Land doth lay:  
Redoubling so his dread-full strokes, that there,  
Who would not love him milde, him rough should fear.

Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wand'ed wood,  
A A R O N converts the Nile to blood;  
So that the stream, from fruitfull M E R O E,  
Runs red and bitter even vnto the Sea.  
The Court re-courst to Lakes, to Springs, and Brooks;  
Brooks, Springs, and Lakes had the like taste and looks:  
Then to the Ditches; but, even to the brink  
There flow'd (alas!) instead of Water, Ink:  
Then, to the likeliest of such weeping ground  
Where, with the Rush, pipe-opening Fern is found:  
And there they dig for Water: but (alas!)  
The wounded soyl spets blood into their face.  
O iust-iust Iudgement! Those proud Tyrants fell,  
Those bloody Foes of mourning I S R A E L;  
Those that delighted, and had made their game  
In shedding blood, are forc't to drink the same:  
And those, that ruth-les had made Nile the slaughter  
Of th' *Hebrew* Babes, now die for want of Water.

Anon, their Fields, Streets, Halls and Courts he loads  
With foul great Frogs, and vgly croking Toads;  
Which to the tops of highest Towers do clamber  
Even to the Presence, yea the privy Chamber;  
As starry Lezards in the Sommer time  
Vpon the walls of broken houses clime.  
Yea; even the King meets them in every dish  
Of Privy-diet, be it Flesh or Fish:  
As at his Boord, so on his royall Bed;  
With stinking Frogs the silken quilts be spred.

The Priests of P H A R A O seem to do the same:  
A A R O N alone in the Almightyes Name,  
By Faith almighty: They for instruments  
Vse the black Legions of the *Stygian* Prince:

And



He by his Wonders labours to make known  
The true Gods glory; onely they their owne;  
He seeks to teach; they to seduce awry;  
He studies to build vp; they to destroy;  
He, striking Strangers, doth His people spare;  
They spoile their own, but cannot hurt a hair  
Of the least *Mehrew*: they can onely wound;  
He hurts, and heals: He breaks, and maketh sound:  
And so, when *Pharaoh* doth him humbly pray,  
Re-cleers the Floods, and sends the Frogs away.

The King cast  
off his punishment  
at a new heart-  
sick.

But (as in *Herau* there did no Iustice reign)  
The Kings repentance endeth with his pain.  
He is re-hardned: like a stubborn Boy  
That plies his Lesson (Hypocritely-coy)  
While in his hand his Master shakes the Rod;  
But, if he turn his back, doth frowne and nod.  
Therefore the Lord this Day, with loathsome *Lice*  
Plagues poor and rich, the nassie and the nice,  
Both Man and beast; For, *Ahab* with his wand  
Turns into *Lice* the dust of all the Land.  
The morrow after, with huge swarms of *Flies*,  
*Hornets* and *Wasps*, he hunts their Families  
From place to place, through Meadows, Fens and Floods,  
Hills, Dales, and Desarts, hollow Caves and Woods.

therefore  
the *Angels*  
plagued with  
Lice.

4. *swab Flies*  
8c.

Tremble therefore (O Tyrants) tremble ay,  
Poor worms of Earth, proud Ashes, Dust and Clay:  
For, how (alas!) how will you make defence  
Gainst the tri-pointed wrathfull violence  
Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand,  
Shall pass to powder all that him withstand?  
And 'gainst the rage of flames eternal-frying,  
Where damned soules ly ever-neuer-dying:  
Sith the least *Flies*, and *Lice* and *Vermine* too  
Our-braue your braues, and triumph ouer you.

Man (Gentle) bids  
from from the  
land of God,  
and would be  
renewed.

Gallop to *Anian*, sail to *Iucatan*,  
Visit *Botongas*, diue beyond the *Dane*.  
Well may you fly, but not escape him there:  
Wretches, your halts still, about, you bear.  
Th' Almighty hand is long, and busie still;  
Hauing escap't his Rod, his Sword you feel:  
He seems sometimes to sleep and suffer all;  
But calls at last for Vse and Principall:  
With hundred sorts of Shafes his Quiver's full,  
Som passing keen, som som-what sharp, som dull,  
Som killing dead, som wounding deep, som light;  
But all of them do alwaies hit the White,  
Each after other. Now th' Omnipotence  
At *Egypt* shoots his shafts of Pestilence:

T

Th' Ox falls-down in his yoke, Lambs bleating dy,  
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they fly.  
Anon he couers Man and Beast with cores  
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores;  
Whole vicerous venoms, all inflaming, spread  
O're all the body from the foot to head.

5. *with the*  
Plague of Pestilence.

6. *with Plagues*  
and grievous  
Scabs or Mar-  
rows.

7. *with the*  
Plague of  
Fire from Hea-  
uen.

Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among  
Spoyl all their fields: their Cattell great with young  
Allbrain'd with hail-stones: Trees with tempest cleft,  
Robd of their boughs, their boughes of leaues bereft.  
And from Heav'ns rage, all, to seek shelter, glad;  
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-sad:  
The *Son* Virgins tear their Beauties honour;  
Not for the waste, so much, as for the manner.

Egyptians a-  
mour'd at this  
extraordinary  
scurge.

For, in that Country neuer see they Clowd,  
With waight of Snowes their trees are neuer bow'd,  
They know no Ice: and though they haue (as we)  
The Yeare intire, their Seasons are but three:  
They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect,  
Which from else-where *Sol's* thirsty rayes erect:  
Rain-less, their soyl is wet, and Clowd-less, fat;  
Itself's moist bosom brings in this and that:  
For, while else-where the River's roaring pride  
Is dryed-up; and while that far and wide  
The *Palestine* seeks (for his thirsty Flock)  
*Jordan* in *Jordan*, *Tabboe* in *Tabboe*;

The naturall  
fertilitye of  
prosperity of E-  
gypt, in this  
marvellous.

Their flood o'reflowes, and parched *Misraim*  
A season seems in a rich Sea to swim,  
*Niles* billows beat on the high-dangling Date;  
And Boats do slide, where Ploughs did slice of late.  
Steep snowy Mounts, bright Stars *Etesian* gales,  
You cause it not: no, these are Dreams and Tales:  
Th' Eternall-Trine who made all compassly,  
Makes th' vnder waues, the vppers want supply;  
And, *Egypt's* Womb to fill with fruits and Flowrs,  
Gives swelling *Nile* th' office of heauenly Showrs.

Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a sable Clowd  
Of horned *Locusts* doth the Sun be-clowd,  
And swarmeth down on the rebellious Coast  
The *Grass-hoppers* lean, dam-deuouring Host,  
Which gleans what *Hail* had left, and (greedy) crops  
Both night and Day the Husband's whole-year's hopes.  
Then, gross thick *Darkness* over all he dight,  
And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night:  
With Ink-like Rheum the dull Mists drouzy vapours  
Quench their home Fires, and Temple-sacred Tapers.  
If hunger drive the Pagans from their dens,  
Ones 'gainst a scittle breaketh both his shins;

8. They are  
ed with  
hoppers.

9. *with*  
darkness.

Another



Another, groping vp and down for bread,  
Falls down the steyrs, and there he lies for dead.  
But, though these works surmount all Natures might,  
Though his owne Sages them of guile acquight,  
Though they are not casuall (sith the holy-man  
Fore-tels perfectly What, and Where and When)  
And though that (living in the midst of His)  
The *Israelites* be free from all of This,  
Th' incens'd Tyrant (strangely obstinate)  
Retracts the Leave he granted them of late.

For, th' *Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand  
Would bring his people to the plentious Land  
Of *Palestine*: Who providently-grear,  
Before the eyes of all the World would set  
A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates  
Might see a Mirror of their owne estates:  
And, who (most-just) must haue meet Arguments,  
To shewe the height of his Omnipotence;  
Hardens the King, and blinding him (selfe-blinde)  
Leaves him to Lulls of his owne vicious minde.  
For, God doth neuer (euer purely bent)  
Cause sin as sin; but, as Sin's Punishment.

10. Therefore all  
the best hope of  
Egypt are slain  
in one night by  
the Angell.

For, the last Charge, an Angell in one night,  
All the first born through all the Land doth smite;  
So that from *Sues* Port to *Birdene* Plain,  
There's not a House, but hath som body slain,  
Save th' *Israelites*, whose doors were mark before,  
With sacred *Pas-Lamb's* sacramentall gore.  
And therefore euer-since on that same day,  
Yeerly, the *Jewes* a Yearling Lamb must slay;  
A token of that *Passage*, and a Type  
Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which should (in season ripe)  
By powring forth the pure and plentious Flood  
Of his most precious Water-mixed Blood,  
Preserue his People from the drad *Destroyer*,  
That fries the wicked in eternall fier.

After so many  
 grievous plagues  
 the Egyptians  
 cry out vpon  
 their King to let  
 the Israelites  
 goe.

Through all the Land, all in one instant cry,  
All for one cause, though yet all know not why.  
Night heapes their horrors: and the morning shewes  
Their priat griefs, and makes them publike woos.  
Scarce did the glorious Gouvernour of Day  
O're *Memphis* yet his golden tress display,  
When from all parts, the Maydens and the Mothers,  
Wiues, Husbands, Sons, and Sires, Sisters, and Brothers,  
Flock to the Court, where with one common voice  
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noyse:  
O shibborn stomach! (cause of all our sadness)  
Dull Constancy! or rather, desperat Madnes!

A Flood of Mischiefs all the Land doth fill:  
The Heav'ns still thunder; th' Air doth threaten still:  
Death, ghastly death, triumpheth every-where,  
In every house; and yet, without all fear,  
Without all feeling, we despise the Rod,  
And scorn the Iudgements of the mighty God.  
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings  
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of kings;  
And in his sight, the Greatest of you all  
Are but as Moats that in the Sun doo fall:  
Yeeld, yeeld (alas!) stoop to his powerfull threat;  
He's warn'd enough that hath been ten-times beat.

Go, get you gon: hence, hence, vn-lucky Race;  
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this Place,  
Your breath this air: Why haste you not away?  
*Hebrews*, what lets you? wherefore do you stay?  
Step to our houses (if that ought you lack)  
Choose what you like, and what you like go take,  
Gould, Plate, or Jewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,  
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches,  
Best them vnto your gods, not in the sands  
Where the Heav'n-kissing Cloud-brow'd *Sina* stands;  
But much, much farther; and so far, that heere  
We never more your odious news may hear:  
Go, *Hebrews*, go, in God's Name thrive again;  
By losing you, we shall sufficient gain.

they haile and  
reproche them  
to be gon.

With the Kings leave, then th' *Hebrews* Prince collects  
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs.  
Scarce were they gon, when *Pharaoh* doth retract,  
And arms all *Egypt* to go fetch them back;  
And, camping neer them, execrably-rude,  
Threatens them Death, or end-less Servitude.  
Even as a Duck, that nigh som cry stall brook  
Hath twice or thrice by the same Hawk been strook,  
Hearing aloft her ginsling silver bells,  
Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing else  
But when the Falcon (stooping thunder-like)  
With sudden soule her to the ground shall strike;  
And with the stroak, make on the sense-less ground  
The got-less Quar, once, twice, or thrice, rebound:  
So *Israel*, fearing again to feel  
*Pharaoh's* fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,

After their de-  
parture *Pharaoh*  
immediately  
pursues them.

quale,

Quivers and shivers for despair and dead;  
And spears his gall against his godly Head.  
O base ambition! This false Politick,  
Plotting to Great himself, our deaths doth seek:  
He mocks vs all, and makes vs (fortune-less)  
Change a rich Soil for a dry Wildernesse;

the Israelites  
fear, and weep  
over *Pharaoh's*  
Moses.

Allur'd

K k



Allur'd with lustre of Religious showes,  
 Poor soules, He sels vs to our hatefull Foes :  
 For, O ! what strength ? alas ! what stratagem ?  
 Or how (good God) shall we encounter them ?  
 Or who is it ? or what is it shall save vs  
 From their fell hands that seek to slay, or slave vs ?  
 Shall we, disarmed, with an Army fight ?  
 Can we (like Birds) with still-steep-rising flight  
 Surmount these Mountains ? have we Ships at hand  
 To pass the Sea (this half a Sea, half sand) ?  
 Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable ;  
 Who knows these Waters to be navigable ?  
 Alas ! som of vs shall with Scithes be slasht ;  
 Som, with their Horse-feet all to peeces pasht ;  
 Som, thrill'd with Swords, or Shafts, through hundred holes  
 Shall ghastly gasp-out our vntimely soules.  
 Sith die we must, then die we voluntary :  
 Let's run, our selves, where others would vs carry ;  
 Com, *Israelites*, com, let vs dy together,  
 Both men and women : so we shall (in either)  
 Prevent their rage, content their avarice,  
 And yeeld (perhaps) to *Moses*, even his Wish.  
 Why, brethren ? knowe ye not (their Ruler saith)  
 That in his hand God holdeth life and death ?  
 That he turns Hills to Dales, and Seas to Sands ?  
 That he hath (prest) a thousand winged Bands  
 To assist his Children, and his Foests' assail ?  
 And that he helps not, but when all helps fail ?  
 See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp,  
 Which dareth Heav'n, and seems the Earth to damp ;  
 And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours,  
 As thick, or thicker then the Welkin pours  
 His candi'd drops vpon the ears of Corn,  
 Before that *Ceres* yellow locks be shorn ?  
 It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew  
 (Which thinks already to have swallow'd you)  
 Of all this Army, that (in Armour bright)  
 Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light ;  
 There shall to-morrow not a man remain :  
 Therefore be still ; God shall your side sustain.  
 Then (zealous) calling on th' immortal God,  
 He smote the Sea with his dead-living Rod :  
 The Sea obey'd, as bay'd : the Waves, controul'd,  
 Each vpon other vp to Heav'n do fould :  
 Between both sides a broad deep Trench is cast,  
 Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast :  
 Or rather, 't is a Valley paved (else)  
 With golden sands, with Pearl, and Nacre-shells,

*Moses instructs  
 them, with assur-  
 ed confidence  
 in God.*

*Simile.*

*Calling vpon God  
 he parts the Red  
 Sea, so that the  
 people passe che-  
 rously on dry  
 land.*

*And*

And on each side is flanked all along  
 With walls of crySTALL, beautifull and strong.  
 This flood-less Foord the Faithfull Legions pass,  
 And all the way their shoo scarce moisted was.  
 Dream we, said they ? or is it true we try ?  
 The Sea start at a stick ? The Water dry ?  
 The Deep a Path ? Th' Ocean in th' Air suspending ?  
 Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending ?  
 Two Walls of Glas, built with a word alone ?  
*Afrik* and *Asia* to conioyn in one ?  
 Th' all-seeing Sun new bottoms to behold ?  
 Children to run where Tunnies lately roul'd ?  
 Th' *Egyptian* Troops pursue them by the track ;  
 Yet waits the patient Sea, and still stands back ;  
 Till all the Hoast be marching in their ranks  
 Within the lane between his crySTALL banks.  
 But, as a wall, weakned with mining-vnder,  
 The Piles consum'd fall suddenly asunder,  
 O'r-whelmeth all that stand too neer the breach,  
 And with his Ruines fills-vp all the ditch :  
 Even so God's finger, which these Waters bay'd,  
 Beeing with-drawn, the Ocean swell'd and sway'd ;  
 And, re-conioyning his congealed Flood,  
 Swallows in th' instant all those Tyrants wood.  
 Heer, one by swimming thinks himself to save :  
 But, with his scarf tangled about a Nave,  
 He's strangled straight ; and, to the bottom sinking,  
 Dies ; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking ;  
 While that (in vain) another with lowd lashes  
 Scours his prowd Coursers through the scarlet Washes :  
 The streams (whereon more Deaths then Waves do swim)  
 Bury his Chariot ; and his Chariot, him :  
 Another, swallowed in a Whirl-Whales womb,  
 Is laid a-live within a living Toomb :  
 Another, seeing his Twin-brother drowning,  
 Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing,  
 With both his hands grasping that hand, his Twin  
 Voto the bottom hales him head-long in ;  
 And instantly the water covers either :  
 Right Twins indeed ; born, bred and dead, together.  
 Nile's stubborn Monarch, starely drawn vpon  
 A curious Chariot, 'chaç't with pearl and stone,  
 By two proud Coursers, passing snowe for colour ;  
 For strength, the Elephants ; Lions, for valour ;  
 Curseth the Heav'ns, the Air, the Windes and Waves ;  
 And, marching vp-ward, still blasphemous and braves :  
 Heer, a huge Billow on his Targe doth split ;  
 Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet.

*K k 2*

To

*The Egyptians  
 following them  
 are swallowed  
 in the Sea.*

*Simile.*

*Pharao pro-  
 vokes the Sea,  
 by boasting his  
 chariot and  
 horses, and  
 is swallowed  
 with the rest.*



To second those: The Sea growes ghastly great;  
Yet stoutly still he thus doth dare and threat:  
Base roaging Iuggler, think'st thou with thy Charms  
Thou shalt prevail against our puissant arms?  
Think'st thou, poor shifter, with thy Hel-spels thus  
To cross our Counsels, and discomfit Vs?  
And, O proud Sea! false, traiterous Sea, dar'st thou,  
Dar'st thou conspire 'gainst thine own Neptune now?  
Dar'st thou presume 'gainst Vs to rise and roar?  
I charge thee cease: be still, I say: no more:  
Or, I shall clip thine arms in Marble stocks,  
And yoke thy shoulders with a Bridge of Rocks;  
Or banish thee from *Etham* far, for ay,  
Through some new Chanell to go seek thy way.

Heer-at the Ocean, more than ever, frets,  
All topsie-turvy vp-side-down it sets;  
And a black billow, that aloft doth float  
With salt and sand, stops his blasphemous throat.  
What now betides the Tyrant? Waters now  
Have rest his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes and brow,  
His front, his fore-top: now ther's nothing seen  
But his proud arm, shaking his Fauchin keen:  
Wherewith he seems, in spite of Heav'n and Hell,  
To fight with Death, and menace *Israel*.  
At last he sinks all vnder water quite,  
Spurning the sand: again he springs vp-right;  
But, from so deep a bottom to the top,  
So clogg'd with arms, can cleave no passage vp:  
As the poor Partridge, cover'd with the net,  
In vain doth strive, struggle, and bate, and beat;  
For, the close meshes, and the Fowler's craft,  
Suffer the same no more to whurre aloft.

I to your selves leave to conceive the ioy  
Of *Iacob's* heirs thus rescu'd from annoy;  
Seeing the Sea to take their cause in hand,  
And their dead Foes shuffled vpon the sand;  
Their shields, and staves, and chariots (all-to-tore)  
Floating about, and slung vpon the shoar:  
When thus th' Almighty (glorious God most high)  
For them without them, got the Victory,  
They skip and dance; and, marrying all their voices  
To Timbrels, Hawboys, and loud Cornets noises,  
Make all the shoars rebound, and all the coasts,  
With the shrill Praises of the Lord of Hosts.

Eternall issue of eternall Sire,  
Deep Wisdom of the Father, now inspire  
And shew the sequell that from hence befell,  
And how he dealt with his dear *Israel*,

2. Part of this  
Trall: where in  
the course of the  
state of the pro-  
phet *Israel* in  
the wilderness,  
round the death  
of *Moses*.

Amid the Desert, in their Pilgrimage  
Towards the *Promis'd* plentiful Heritage:  
Tell, for (I knowe) thou know'st: for, compast ay -  
With Fire by Night, and with a Cloud by Day,  
Thou (my soule's hope) wert their sole Guide and Guard,  
Their Meat and Drink in all their Journey hard.  
Marching amid the Desert, nought they lack:  
Heav'n still distils an Ocean (for their sake)  
Of end-less good: and every Morn doth send  
Sufficient food for all the day to spend.  
When the Sun riseth, and doth haste his Race  
(Half ours, half theirs that vnderneath vs pafe)  
To re-behold the beauty, number, order,  
And prudent Rule (preventing all mis-order)  
Of th' awfull Host lodg'd in the Wilderness,  
So favour'd by the Sun of Righteousnes;  
Each comes but forth his Tent, and at his dore  
Finds his bread ready (without seeking more):  
A pleasant bread, which from his plentiful clowd,  
Like little Hail, Heav'n's wakefull Steward strow'd.  
The yellow sands of *Elim's* ample Plain  
Were heaped all with a white sugred grain,  
Sweet Corianders; Iunkets, not to feed  
This Host alone, but even a World (for need).  
Each hath his part, and every one is fed  
With the sweet morsels of an vn-bought bread.  
It never rains for a whole yeer at-once,  
But daily for a day's provisions:  
To th' end, so great an Host, so curbed straight,  
Still on the Lord's wide open hand should wait,  
And every Dawning have due cause to call  
On him their Founder, and the Fount of all:  
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer*-full;  
The sur-plus rots, mould, knead it how they will:  
The Holy-One (iust Arbitrer of wrong)  
Allows no less vnto the weak, than strong:  
On *Sabbath's* Eve, he lets sufficient fall  
To serve for that day, and the next withall;  
That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,  
Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.  
Thou, that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread hast,  
Thou, for whom Harvest all the yeer doth last,  
That in poor Deserts rich abundance heap'st,  
That sweat-less ear'st, and without sowing reap'st,  
That hast the Air for farm, and Heav'n for field  
(Which, sugred Mel, or melled sugar yeeld)  
That, for taste-changing doost not change thy cheer,  
God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer:

God gives them  
Manna.

It is given from  
day to day.



It is a lively picture of Christ  
the true bread of life.

The same demon  
is used by particular  
consequence

The people ask  
for signs.

God feeds them  
Quails.

O Israel! see in this Table-pore,  
In this fair glass, thy Saviour's portraiture,  
The Son of God, MESSIAS promised,  
The sacred seed, to bruize the Serpents head:  
The glorious Prince, whose Scepter ever shines,  
Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heav'ns confines;  
And, when He shall (to light thy sin-full load)  
Put Man-hood on, dis-knowe him not for God.  
This Grain is small, but full of substance though:  
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in shewe.  
Manna is sweet: CHRIST as the Hony-Comb.  
Manna from high: and CHRIST from Heav'n doth come.  
With that, there falls a pleasant pearly dew:  
CHRIST coming down doth all the Earth be-strew  
With spiritual gifts. That, unto great and small,  
Tastes to their tastes: and CHRIST is all to all:  
(Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,  
Joy to th' afflicted, to the sickly health,  
Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,  
Life's favour to the Meek, Death's to the Prowdy,  
That's common good: and Christ communicate.  
That's purely white: and Christ immaculate.  
That gluts the wanton Hebrews (at the last):  
Christ and his Word the World doth soon distaste.  
Of that, they eat no less that have one measure,  
Than who have hundred: and in Christ his treasure  
Of Divine Grace, the faith-full Proselyte  
Hath no less part, than Doctors (deep of sight).  
That's round: Christ simple, and sincerely round.  
That in the Ark: Christ in his Church is found.  
That doth (with certain) stinking worms becom:  
Christ (th' Ever-Word) is scandall unto som.  
That raineth not, but on the sacred Race:  
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.  
That's broken every Grain: Christ (Lamb of God)  
Vpon his Cross-press is so torn and trod,  
That of his Blood the pretious Flood hath purld  
Down from Mount Zion over all the World.  
Yet glutted now with this ambrosiall Food,  
This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good,  
Th' Hebrews do lust for flesh: a fresh South-winde  
Brings shoals of Fowls to satish their minde;  
A cloud of Quails on all the Camp is sent,  
And every one may take to his content:  
For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by,  
For a day's-iourney, Cubit-thick they ly.  
But, though their Commons be thus delicate,  
Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat,

Although

They long for the  
Garlick & onions  
of Egypt.  
Stimle.

They murmur  
for want of wa-  
ter, with grie-  
vous imputation  
to their good  
Grants.

Although their Bellies strout with too-much meat,  
Though (Epicures) they vomit as they eat,  
Yet still they howl for hunger; and they long  
For Memphis hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlick strong:  
As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miss  
Their Terms appointed for their florishes)  
Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far,  
Red-Herrings, Rashers, and (som) sops in Tar;  
Yea, coals, and clowts, sticks, stalks, and dirt, before  
Quail, Pheasant, Partridge, and a hundred more:  
So, their fantastick wearisom disease  
Distastes their tastes, and makes them strange to please.  
But, when the Bull, that lately tost his horn  
In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn  
For lack of Water, and the Souldier bleak  
Growes (without Arms) for his own waight too-weak:  
When fiery Thirst through all their veins so fierce  
Consumes their blood, into their bones doth pearce,  
Supps up their vitall humour, and doth dye  
Their whilom-beauties to Anatomy;  
They weep and wail, and but their voice (alas!)  
Is choakt already that it cannot pass  
Through the rough Straights of their dry throats: they would  
Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them should.  
O Duke! (no Hebrew, but an Ebnick rather)  
Is this (alas!) the guerdon that we gather  
For all the service thou hast had of vs?  
What have we don, that thou betray'st vs thus?  
For our obedience, shall we evermore  
With Fear and Want be hanted at our door?  
O windy words! O periur'd promises!  
O gloze, to gull our honest simpleness!  
Escap't from Hunger, Thirst doth cut our throat:  
Past the Red-Sea, heer vp and down we float  
On firm-lesse sands of this vast Desert heer,  
Where, to and fro we wander many a yeer:  
Looking for Liberty, we finde not Life:  
No, neither Death (the welcom end of strife).  
Envy not vs, dear Babes: we envy you,  
You happy ones, whom Egypt's Tyrant slue;  
Your Birth and Death can hand in hand together,  
Your end was quick, nay 't was an Entry rather  
To end-lesse Life: We wretches, with our age  
Increase our Woes in this long Pilgrimage:  
We hope no Harbour where we may take breath:  
And Life to vs is a continuall Death.  
You blessed live, and see th' Almighty's face:  
Our Daies begin in tears, in toils they pass,

And



Moses represents  
them, or sinners  
the Rock from  
whence issues  
plenty of water.

And end in dolours (this is all we doo):  
But Death concludes tears, toils, and dolours too.  
Stiff-necked People, stubborn Generation,  
*Egypt* doth witness (in a wondrous fashion)  
God's goodness (to thee): all the Elements  
Expound unto thee his Omnipotence:  
And dost thou murmur still? and dar'st thou yet  
Blasphem his promise, and discredit it?  
Said *Moses* then; and gave a sudden knock  
With his dear Scepter on a mighty Rock:  
From top to toe it shakes, and splits with-all,  
And wel-nigh half unto the ground doth fall,  
As smit with Lightning: then, with rapid rush,  
Out of the stone a plentiful stream doth gush,  
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his glass,  
Gliding so swift, so soon re-yongs the grass;  
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,  
And through new paths to brave a course to run.

Simile.

Who hath not seen (far vp within the Land)  
A shoal of Geese on the dry-Sommer sand  
In their hoarse language (sometimes lowly-lowd)  
Suing for succour to some moist-full clowd;  
How, when the Rain descends, their wings they beat,  
(With the first drops to cool their swelting heat)  
Bib with their Bill, bouz with their throats, and suck,  
And twenty-times unto the bottom duck?  
Such th' *Hebrews* glee: one, stooping down, doth sup  
The clear quick stream; another takes it vp  
In his bare hand; another in his hat;  
This, in his buskin; in a bucket, that  
(Well fresht himself) bears some unto his Flock;  
This fills his pitcher-full; and that, his Crock:  
And other-some (whose Thirst is more extream)  
Like Frogs ly paddling in the crysall stream.

They march to-  
ward Mount  
Sina, where god  
delivered them  
his Law.

From *Raphidim*, along the Desert Coast,  
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Host;  
Where, th' everlasting *God*, in glorious wonder,  
With dreadfull voice his fearfull *Law* doth thunder;  
To shewe, that His rev'rend, Divine Decrees  
(Wherto all hearts should bow, and bend all knees)  
Proceed not from a Politick Pretence,  
A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince  
(Nymph-prompted *Nympha*, or the *Spartans* Lord,  
Or him that did *Cecropian* strifes accord)  
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;  
But from that King, who at his pleasure can  
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Air, and all therein:  
That *ISRAEL* shall finde him (if they sin)

A

As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,  
As dreadfull now in giving the *COMMAND*:  
And, that the Text of that drad *Testament*,  
Grav'n in two Tables for vs impotent,  
Hath in the same a sadder load compriz'd,  
And heavier yoke, then is the yoke of *Christ*.  
That, that doth shewe vs Sin, threats, wounds and kils:  
This offers Grace, Balm in our sores distills.  
Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrews* eyes;  
Cloud-sund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and Skies,  
Louder and louder in careers and cracks,  
And stately *Sina*'s massie centre shakes,  
And turneth round, and on his sacred top  
A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap:  
Vnder his rocky ribs, in Coombs belowe,  
Rough-blust'ring *Boreas*, nurst with *Euphrates* snowe,  
And blub-checkt *Austen*, puffed with fumes before,  
Met in the midst, iustling for room, do roar:  
A cloak of clouds, all thorough-lin'd with Thunder,  
Muffles the Mountain both aloft and vnder:  
On *Pharan* now no shining *Pharv's* shewes.  
A Heav'nly Trump, a shrill *Tantara* blowes,  
The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble flash,  
The smoaking storms, the whirl-fire's crackling clash,  
And deafning Thunders, with the same do sing  
(O wondrous comfort!) th' everlasting King  
His glorious Wisdom, who doth give the *Law*  
To th' Heav'nly Troops, and keeps them all in aw.  
But, as in Battell we can hear no more  
Small Pistol-shot, when once the Canons roar:  
And as a Cornet soundeth cleer and rise  
Above the warbling of an *Alman* Fife;  
A dradder voice (yet a distincter voice)  
Whose sound doth drown all th' other former noise,  
Roars in the Vale, and on the sacred Hill,  
Which thrills the ears, but more the heart doth thrill  
Of trembling *Jacob*: who, all pale for fear,  
From God's own mouth these sacred words doth hear:  
Hark, *Israel*: O *Jacob*, hear my *Law*:  
Hear it, to keep it (and thy self in aw).  
I am *IEHOVA*, I (with mighty hand)  
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt* Land:  
ADORE ME ONLY for thy God and Lord,  
With all thy heart, in every Deed and Word.  
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any sort)  
To thy own Works My Glory to transport.  
NEVER NOT MY NAME without respect and fear,  
Never Blasphem, neither thy self for-swear.

With what  
dreadfull Maie-  
sty it was deli-  
vered.

Simile.

Simile.

The Deed.

Sis



SIX DAYS WORK for thy food : but then (as I)  
REST ON THE SEAVENTH, and to my Temple hy.  
TO THOSE that gave thee life, due REVERENCE give,  
If thou desire long in the Land to live.  
IMERVE thou NOT THY HAND IN HYMANE BLOOD.  
STAIN NOT anothers BED. STEAL NO MANS GOOD.  
BEAR NO FALSE VVITNES. COVET NOT to have  
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Ass, his Slave,  
His House, his Land, his Cattell, or his Coin,  
His Place, his Grace, or ought that is not Thine.

The necessity of  
the Law of  
God.

Eternall Tutor, O Rule truly right  
Of our frail life ! our foot-steps Lanthorn bright :  
O Soule's sweet Rest ! O biting curb of Sin !  
Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in :  
Reverend E D I C T s vpon Mount S I N A given,  
How much fould sense is in few words contriven !  
How wonder-full, and how exceeding far !  
How plain, how sacred, how profound you are !  
All Nations else, a thousand times (for cause)  
Have writ, and rag'd, and chopt, and chang'd their Lawes ;  
Except the Jews : but they, although their State  
With every Moon almost did innovate  
(As sometimes having Kings, and sometimes none)  
In all their changes kept their Law still One.

The necessity  
and variety of  
Humane Lawes.

What resteth at this day of Salaminian,  
Lacanian L A V V s, or of the Carthaginian ?  
Yea Rome, that made even all the World one City,  
So strong in Arms, and in States-Art so witty ;  
Hath, in the Ruines of her Prides rich Babels,  
Left but a Relique of her Twice-Six-Tables.  
But, since in Horeb the High-Thundring O N E  
Pronounc'd This Law, three-thousand times the Sun  
Hath gallopt round Heav'ns golden Bandeleer,  
Imboss'd with Beasts, studded with stars so cleer :  
And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft ;  
Although the People vnto whom 'twas left,  
Be now no People, but (expulst from home)  
Through all the corners of the World do roam :  
And though their State, through euerie Age almost,  
On a rough Sea of Mischiefs hath been tost.  
A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine  
All other Lawes : Megarian Discipline  
Hath nought of th' Attick : nor the Coroman  
Of Theban Rites : nor Thebes of Cadmean :  
But, this set L A V V, given I A C O B s Generations,  
Is the true Law of Nature and of Nations,  
Which (sacred) sounds where-ever (to descry)  
Th' all-searching Sun doth cast his flaming ey.

Stability and  
authority of the  
Law of God.

The

The Turks imbrace, the Christians honour it,  
And Jews with Fear do euen adore it yet.  
I only, I (Great G O D) thy L A V V s do spurn  
With my foul feet, I do thy Statutes scorn :  
Pufft in my Soule with extream Pride, before,  
Nay in thy stead, I do my self Adore.  
I serue no wooden gods, nor Kneel to Stones ;  
But Couetous, I worship Golden ones.  
I Name thee not, but in vain Blasphemy,  
Or (A C H A B-like) in sad Hypocrisie.  
I Rest the Sabbath : yet I break thy L A V V,  
Seruing (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.  
I Reuerence Superiors, but in showe ;  
Not out of Loue, but as compelled so.  
I Murder none : yet doth my Tongue too-rife  
Vvound others Fame, and my Hearts-hate their life.  
I Civilize, lest that I seem Obscene :  
But Lord (Thou know'st) I am Vnchast, vnclean.  
I seem no Thief : yet tempted with my Want,  
I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.  
I speak not much : yet in my little Talk,  
Much Vanity, and many Lies do walk.  
I Wish too-earnest, and too-oft (in fine)  
For others Fortunes, male-content with mine.  
Heer lie I naked : lo th' Anatomie  
Of my foul Heart. O Humane-Deity !  
O Christ ! th' Almighty's like All-mighty Word,  
O put-me-on Thy Robe ! as whilom (Lord)  
Thou putt-on Mine : me in Thy Blood be-lave ;  
And in my Soule thy sacred Lawes ingraue.  
While with the Duke, th' Eternall did deuise,  
And to his inward sight did modulize  
His Tabernacle's admirable Form,  
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform  
In a new Rubrick of the Rytes Diuine,  
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd Palestine  
After their fancy should not worship him,  
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,  
Into his sacred T E M P L E introduce  
The Sacrifices that the Heathen vse ;  
But, by their Rytes to guide their spirituall eye  
To Christ, the Rock on whom their hopes should lie ;  
Beholde (alas ! ) frail Aaron, Deputied  
During his absence, all the Flock to guide,  
Dumb coward Curr, barks not against their ill ;  
But giuing way to the mad Peoples will,  
Casteth a Goulden Calf, and sets it vp,  
For them to worship, and vnto it stoop :

Now all men  
transgresse the  
same euery  
part.

Remedy for all  
our sinnes.

In Moses ab-  
sence Aaron  
casteth a gol-  
den Calf.

Gold,



Gold, Rings and Jewels, which the Lord of Heav'n  
Had (as Love-tokens) lately to them given,  
Are cast into a Mould; and (which is worse)  
*Jacob*, to wed a *Calf*, doth *God* divorce.

Those Feet, that dry-shod past the *Crimsin Gulf*,  
Now dance (alas!) before a Molten *Calf*:  
That Voice, which late on *ETHAM* sands had rung  
Th' Almighty's glory, now to Satan sung.

The zealous Prophet, with iust fury moov'd,  
Fore all the Host, his Brother sharp reproov'd:  
And pulveriz'd their Idol; and eft-soons,  
Flankt by olde *LEVIE*'s most religious Sons,  
Throng through the Camp, and each wher strowes his way  
With blood and slaughter, horror and dismay:

As half a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,  
With cheerfull ey choosing a plot of Wheat,  
Reap it at pleasure, and of *Ceres* locks  
Make hand-fulls sheaves, and of their sheaves makes shocks;  
And through the Field from end to end do run,  
Working a-vie, till all be down and don.

Or, as so many Canons shot at-once  
A-front a Camp; th' Earth with the Thunder grones,  
Heer flees a broken arm, and breaks another;  
There stands th' one half of a halv'd body, th' other  
Falls down a furlong thence: heer flees a shield;  
And deep-wide windows make they in the field.

All these sure signes of God's dear estimate  
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magistrate  
In his Authority: even *AARON* spites-it,  
And *MIRIAM* (his Sister) too back-bites-it.  
But suddainly, on her in his Defence,  
Foul Leprosie did punish this Offence.

His Nephews, scorning his Command, aspire  
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire:  
But on them soon a heav'nly Flame down-falling  
(As in the Sommer som hot-dry *Exhaling*,  
Or *Blazing-Star* with suddain flash doth fall  
At *Palmer*'s feet, and him affrighte with-all:)  
Fires instantly their beards and oyled hair,  
And all the sacred vestiments they wear;  
Exhales their blood, their Bodies burns to ashes,  
Their *Censers* mingles with heat of Lightning flashes,  
Their coals are quenched all, and sacred Flame  
Th' unhallow'd fire devour'd and over-came.

His Kins-man *CORÉ* then (with *DATHAN* ioyn'd,  
And with *ABIRAM*) murmur'd and repin'd:  
O see, saith he, how many a subtil gin  
The Tyrant sets to snare our Freedoms!

Moses barely  
answers: As  
rough as the  
Iron, and as  
sharp as the  
Sword.

Smile.

Smile.

Aaron & Ma-  
riam (his Sister)  
are more angry  
than Moses.

Nadab and A-  
bihu (his Nephews)  
offer forrain Fire,  
and are killed by fire  
from Heaven.

Coré, Dathan  
and Abiram  
are conspirators.

How

How we, abus'd with *Oracles* most vain,  
(Which *MOSES* and his brother *AARON* fain)  
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,  
Do simply lose our sweetest Liberties!

See, how they do ingross between them two,  
Into one House, *SCHEPHER* and *EPHOD* too:  
See, how they dally, and with much delay  
Prolong their Jorney to prolong their *Sway*:

And (to conclude) see how fly Coursethey take,  
To build their Greatness on our grievous wrack:  
Heer'st thou me (*MOSES*) if thou chiefly ioy  
To see thy Brethren's torments and annoy,

Twer good to walk vs yet for ten years more  
About these Mountains in these Defarts poor:  
Keep vs still Exiles; Let vs (our Desire)  
Languish, wax-olde, and in these Sands expire,

Where cruell Serpents haunt vs still at hand,  
A Fruit-less, Flood-less, yea a Land-less Land.  
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine Ambition  
Cannot com down to priuat mens condition,

Be Captain, Duke and King: for, God approves-thee,  
Thy Vertues guard, the Peopie fears and loves-thee.  
But as for *AARON*, What is his desert:  
What High exploit, what Excellence, what Art

Gain'd him th' *High-Priesthood*? O good God, what shame!  
Alas! hath he for any thing got fame  
But *HORRORS* Horn-God: for despising thee,  
And thy Commands; and for Conspiracie:

The morrow next, before the *Sacred Tent*  
This Mutiner with sacred Censer went  
Adorn'd, selfe-gazing, with a lofty ey,  
His faction present; *AARON* also by.

Lord shield thy Cause, approve thee veritable,  
Lernot thy Name be to the Lewd a Fable:

Oint thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,  
Shewe whom thou hast selected for thine *Oracle*,  
Said *MOSES* then; and even as yet he spake,  
The groaning Earth began to reel and shake,

A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,  
And in her bosom vp and down it tumbles,  
Tearing her Rocks, Vntill she *Turn* a way  
To let it out, and to let-in the Day:

Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n;  
And Divels dazled with the glistring leav'n  
Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would diue;  
But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they strue.

*CORÉ*, round compact with his Rebel friends,  
Offers to *BELZEBUB* and to the Fiends:

L I

His

Their dreadful  
punishment.







Thy Field shall be of steel, thy Heav'n of brass,  
 Thy Fountains dry: and God displeas'd (alas!)  
 In stead of holson showers, shall send down flashes  
 Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and ashes:  
 Thou shalt reap little where thou much hast shed,  
 And with that little shall thy Foe be fed;  
 He shall the farrest of thy Heard devour  
 Before thy face, and yet thou must not lower:  
 Thou shalt build fair, another have thy Place:  
 Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face  
 Shall lose her *Bride-belt*: God with rage shall smite  
 Thy stubborn heart, with blindness and affright;  
 So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,  
 Yea, the least creak shall make thee turn thy back:  
 Thou never shalt thine adverse Hoast surway,  
 But to be beaten, or to run away.  
 A People stout, for strength and number ample,  
 Which th' *Eagle* hath for *Ensigne* and Example,  
 With a new Wall thine ancient Wall shall dam,  
 And make thee (Famillit) thy voyd bowels cram  
 With thine owne bowels, and for want of meat  
 Thine owne deer Children's trembling flesh to eat.  
 And then, thy Remnant (far dispers'd from home)  
 O'r all the Corners of the Earth shall roam:  
 To shew their Curse, they shall no Countrey owne,  
 And (which is worse) they shall not be their Owne.  
 AMEN, said all the Hoast. Then (like the Swan)  
 This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

THE SONG  
 OF MOSES.

Sith I *ISRAEL* (O wil-full!) will not hear,  
 Hearken O Heavens, and O thou Earth glue ear  
 Vnto my voyce, and Witnes (on my part)  
 Before the Lord, my zeal and their hard hart.

O Heav'n and Earth attend vnto my Song,  
 Hear my discourse, which sweetly slides along;  
 As silver shows on the dry Meads do trill,  
 And hony dewes, on tender gra's distill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts my Verse  
 (As water on the withered Lawns) may pearce:  
 And that the hony dropping from my tongue  
 May serue the olde for rain, for dew the young.

I sing th' Eternall: O let Heav'n and Earth  
 Com praise him with me, sound his glory forth,  
 Exoll his powr, his perfect Works record,  
 Truth, Goodnes, Greames, Iustice of the Lord.

But, though for ever He haue shoven him such,  
 His children yet (no Children, rather much  
 A Bastard Race) full of malicious sin,  
 All kinde of vice haue foully wallowed in.

O foolish People! doost thou thus require  
 His Father-care, who fenc't thee day and night,  
 As with a Shield? Who chose thee as his heir?  
 Who made thee, of so foul a mass, so fair?

Vn-winde the bottom of olde Times again,  
 Of Ages past vn-reel the snarled skain:  
 Ask of thy Parents, and they shall declare;  
 Thine Elders, and they'll tell thee Wonders rare.

They'll tell thee, how, when first the Lord had spred  
 Men on the Earth, and iustly levelled  
 His strait long Measure, th' All-Ball to divide,  
 He did for thee a plentious Land provide:

For his deer *IA COB*, whom his fauour then  
 Seem'd t' haue sequestred from the rest of men,  
 To th' end his *Blessed Seed* (in future age)  
 Should be his care, Loue, Lot and Heritage.

They'll tell thee too, how through the sandy horror  
 Of a vast *Desart*. Den of ghastly Terror,  
 Of Thirst and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,  
 He by the hand conducted *ISRAEL*:

Yea (of his goodnes) to direct him still,  
 By Word and Writ show'd him his sacred Will;  
 Vnder his wings shade hid him tenderly,  
 And held him deer, as apple of his ey.

As is the royall *Eagle's* sacred wont,  
 When she would teach her tender Birds to mount,  
 To flie and cry about her Nest, to cheer them,  
 And when they faint, on her wingd back to bear them:

God (without aid of other Gods or Graces)  
 Safe guide, hath made him mount the highest Places,  
 Such Oyl and Hony from the Rocks distilling,  
 In plentious Land with pleasant Fruits him filling.

He gaue him Milk and Butter for his meat,  
 Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, with the flowr of Wheat;  
 And for his Drink, a most delicious Wine  
 The sprightfull blood of the broad-spreading Vine.



But, waxen fat, he lifts his wanton heel  
Against his God (to whom his soule should kneele)  
Forakes his Maker, and contemns the Same  
That saved him from danger, death, and shame.

Then, he inflam'd the fury of the Lord,  
With profane bowing to false Gods abhord:  
With serving *Idols*, and with Sacrificing  
To Fiends, and Phantries of his own devising.

For vain false gods, gods vn-renown'd, and new,  
Gods that his Fathers nor he never knew,  
He hath forgot the true eternall *Beast*,  
The God of whom he holdes his blis and being.

God saw it well, and Jealously a-fire,  
Against his Children thus he threats his ire:  
No; I will hide the brightness of my face,  
I'll take from them the treasures of my grace.

Then let vs see what will of them becom:  
But, what but mischief can unto them com,  
That so perverse with every puff let fly  
Their Faith, sole constant in inconstancy?

Th' have made me ieloux of a god, no god:  
I'll make them ieloux, I will Wed (abroad)  
A People (yet) no People: And their brest  
Shall split, for spight, to see the *Nation* blest.

Devouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,  
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath consume  
The deep of Deps, the middle Downs, and Fields,  
And strong foundations of the steepest Hills.

I'll spend on them my store of punishments,  
And all mine Arrows; Famine, Pestilence,  
Wilde Beasts, and Worms that basely crawling are,  
Without remorse shall make them end-les War.

Abroad, the Sword their strong men shall devour,  
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,  
The fresh young Youth, the sucking Children (small)  
And hoary head, dead to the ground shall fall.

Yea, even already would I quite deface  
And clean destroy them, I would *La* *e* *o* *a* *race*,  
Raze his memoriall from the Earth for ay,  
But that I fear the *Heaven* thus would say:

We have prevail'd, we by our strength alone  
Have quell'd this People, and them over-thrown:  
'Twas not their God that did it for their Sins:  
No, He himselfe is vanquish't with his Friends.

Ha! sottish blocks, void of all sense and sight:  
Could one man put a thousand men to flight;  
And two, ten thousand, if the God of Arms  
Had not even fould their Troops and bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their gods surpass:  
They knowe it well: but, their Wine Springs (alas!)  
From *Sodom*'s Vine, and grew in *Gomorrah*'s fields,  
Which Gall for Grapes, for Rayns Poyson yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,  
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;  
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the same that coms  
From the fell *Asps*'s foul infecting gums.

Do not I know it? keep not I account  
(In mine Exchequer) how their sins do mount?  
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay  
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their Ruin posseth: then, th' Omnipotent  
Shall ludge for *Iacob*: then will I repent  
To quite destroy mine owne beloved People,  
Seeing their strength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'Twill then be said, Where are their gods becom  
(Their deaf, dull Idols, sent-les, sight-les, dumb)  
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, and eyes,  
And (as their Guards) so oft did sacrifice?

Now let those trim Protectors them protect;  
Let them rise quickly and defend their Sect,  
Their *Fires* and *Altars*; and com stand before,  
To shield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' *Immortal* am:  
There's none like *Me*, in or above this *Frame*:  
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Grave,  
And from my hands none can the Sinner save.

I'll lift my hand toward th' arched Heav'ns on high,  
And swear with-all by mine Eternity  
(Which only *Being*, gives to all to *Be*)  
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:



If once (I say) as soverain King alone,  
I sit me down on my high *Justice* Throne,  
I'll venge me roughly on mine Enemies,  
And guerdon iustly their iniquities:

My heart-thrill Darts I will make drunk with blood,  
I'll glut my sword with slaughter; all the brood  
Of rebell Nations I will race (in fine)  
To recompense the blood and death of Mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praise and fear,  
Sith to the Lord it is so choisely deer:  
Sith hee'l avenge his Cause; and, beating down  
His enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.

THE



THE CAPTAINES.

# THE III. PART OF OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Just-Duked IOSSAH cheers the Abramides  
To CANAAN'S Conquest: Iordan self-divides:  
Re-Circumcision, what, and where, and why:  
Sacks Iericho: Hai won (so Achan die):  
Gabaonites guide: strange Hail: the Sun stands still:  
Nature repines. Jews (Guide-les) prone to ill.  
Adoni-Bezec. Sangai, DEBORA,  
Barac and Iahel conquer SIBARA.  
Samuel succeeds: Jews craue a KING: a vie  
of People-Sway, States-Rule: and MONARCHY.

**H**ail holy IORDAN, and you blessed Torrents  
Of the pure Waters, of whose crySTALL Currents  
So many *Saints* have sipt: O Walls, that rest  
Fair Monuments of many a famous Guest:  
O Hills, O Dales, O Fields so flowry sweet,  
Where *Angels* oft have set their sacred feet:  
And thou O sacred Place, which wert the Cradle  
Of thy only MAJ-ty-God, and his happy Swaddle:  
And thou O Soil, (which drank't the crimson Show'r  
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:  
And you fat Bullocks (which I take as given  
For a firme pledge of the full ioyes of Heav'n)  
Where milk and Hony flowe, I see you all,  
Vnder the conduct of my Generall,  
My valiant Son: and vnder GIDEON'S Sway,  
SANGAI, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Canaan  
saluted.

For,



*Argument of  
the Poem.*

*Tullius his self  
excellency, over  
the Poets of  
Husell.*

*Similar.*

*His first Oration  
to his People.*

For, heere (braue *Heroes*) your high Feats I sing;  
Thrice sacred Spirit, thy speedie succour bring:  
O Spirit, which wert their Guide, Guard, strength and stay,  
Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.

IOSEPH, by Favour nor by Bribes, obtains  
A higher Rank then Royall Sovereains  
(Who buies in gross, he by retail must sell):  
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):  
He gets it not by Fortune (she is fight-les):  
Neither by Force (for, who so enters (Right-les)  
By Force, is forced to go out with shame):  
Nor sodain climbs he (raw) vnto the same  
(For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step,  
He comes not down, but head-long down doth leap):

But, even as that grave-gracefull Magistrate,  
Which now) with Conscience, Law doth Moderate,  
Was first a Student (under others aw)  
Then Barister, then Counsellor at Law,  
Then Queens Solicitor, then Rodes-Arbitrer,  
And then Lord-keeper, now LORD CHANCELLER;  
He comes to't by degrees: and having first  
Show'n himselfe wise in spying Canaan yerst,  
Faith-full to MOSES in his Ministrings,  
And Stout in Fight against the Heathen Kings,  
God makes him CAPTAIN and the sacred Priests  
Pronounce him so, the People pleased is.

But in his State yet he be stall'd (almost)  
Set in the midst of God's beloved Hoast,  
He thus dilates: O happy Legions deere,  
Which sacred Arms vnder Heav'n's Ensignes beare,  
Fear not that I, yet forty years again  
Your wandring Troops in these vast sands should traint  
Twixt Hope and Fear: th'vn-hallowed Offerings,  
The proud revolts, blasphemous Murmurings  
Of your stiff Fathers, have with-holden rather  
Then whole with-draw'n th'aid of your heauenly Father:  
God renders it in time, and (pacifi'd)  
Nills the set Term without effect should slide.  
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word,  
And now to Canaan march with one accord,  
And bravely shewe that th'Hoast of ISRAEL,  
In Valour, far doth his drad Panie excell.

Courageous IACOB, ARAO's stoutest hearts  
And strongest Holdes have prov'd thy Pikes and Darts,  
The Madianites have thine Armes thunder known,  
Th'half sized BAZAN, ranlacke HAZABAN,  
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Defarts vast)  
Cross the Red-Sea, and Heav'n-prop SNAPE post,

And sent to Hell thy draddest Foes: Lo, now  
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.

Then turning him to RUBEN and to GAD,  
And to MANASSE, who their Portion had  
By MOSES grant on Jordan's Eastern verge;  
Woe-loquent, he thus proceeds to vige:  
Can you (my Harts) finde in your hearts to leaue  
Your Ranks, and vs thus of your aids becaue?  
Will you lie wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,  
While in colde Trenches your poor Brethren keep?  
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be don)  
In sweet Rose-water, while that ORION  
His cloudy store in storm-full fury pours,  
And drowns your Brethren with continuall shows?  
Will you go dance and dally to and fro,  
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?  
Will you expect a part with them in gain,  
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?  
God shield, you should dishonour so your Blood:  
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Flood  
Your Wives and Children, and (visit for Battell)  
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)  
Com arm your selues, t'advance our Victories,  
And share with vs in Perill, as in Prize.

O noble Prince (then all the Hoast reply'd)  
March on a Gods name; and good Hap betide:  
Were Canaan turn'd another Wilderness,  
Were there before vs yet more crimson Seas,  
Were Ezebel, Carmel, and Mount Seir set  
Each vpon other (vp to Heav'n to get)  
We'll follow thee through all; and only th'end  
Of our owne liues shall our brave Iourney end.  
After the ARK, then march they in aray  
Down to JORDAN, praising all the way  
That living God, whose march-les mighty hand  
Parted the Sea, that they might pass by Land.

Hoar-headed JORDAN neatly lodged was  
In a large Caue, built all of beaten Glass;  
Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,  
The Nymphs (his Daughters) rarely had imboist  
With Pearls and Rubies, and in lay'd the rest  
With Naure checks, and Corall of the best;  
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,  
With tribute silver to his service run:  
There, ISSACHAR, AVERTER, and Clowds blewly black  
Continually their liquor leaue and take:  
There, th' aged Flood lay'd on his mossie bed,  
And penfue leaning his flag-shaggie head

*He vrgeth par-  
ticularly Ru-  
ben, Gad, &  
Manasses, to  
take part with  
their Brethren,  
in prosecuting  
the conquest  
of Canaan.*

*The general and  
resfull answer  
of the people.*

*A poetical and  
pleasant descrip-  
tion of the River  
Jordan.*

Vpon



Vpon a Tuff, where th' eating waues inroach,  
Did gladly wait for I S R A E L's approach:  
Each haire he hath is a quick-flowing stream,  
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,  
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds  
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:  
His weak gray eyes are alwaies seen to weep,  
About his loyns a rush-Belt wears he deep,  
A Willow Wreath about his wrinkled brows;  
His Father N E B U Z Z A R's complexion shewes.

So soon as He their welcom rumour heard  
His frosty head above the Waues he rear'd,  
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears  
The waving Tresses of his weeping hairs:  
And then perceiving I A C O B's Army stay'd  
By his proud streams, he chid them thus, and said:  
Presumptuous Brook, dar'st thou (ingratefull Torrent)  
Lift-up thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current  
Against the Lord, and over-flowe thy bound  
To stop his passage? Shall the Floods profound  
Of the proud Ocean to his Hoast give-way?  
Shall Egypt's honour, shall that Gulf (I say)  
That long large Sea, which with his plentiful waves  
A third or fourth part of the World be-laves,  
Shall That yeeld humbly at his Seruant's beck?  
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)  
Resist him selfe (his glorious selfe) that Inns  
Heer in his Ark, between the Cherubins?  
And saying so, he on his shoulder slung  
His deep wide Crock, that on his hip had hung,  
And down his back pours back-ward all his course:  
The stream returns towards his double source;  
And, leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,  
The seafull waves in heaped Hills were fixt,  
To give God place, and passage to his hoast,  
Towards their *Premis'd* and appointed coast.

So, dry they pass (after the sacred Oracle)  
And leaue Memorials of that famous Miracle  
Vpon Mount Gilgal: and their flesh anon  
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.  
For, the All-guiding God, th' Almighty Prince,  
To giue to His son speciall difference,  
Will'd that all Males of Abram's Progenies  
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*;  
And ever-more, that *Isaac's* blessed Race  
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace:  
But, why (sayst thou) should ancient I S R A E L,  
In such a secret place Record and Seal

Presumptuous

The flood  
pass dry land  
through Iacobs

Circumcise

A secret place  
secretly in war

T

Th' *Ark* of the Covenant: and with bloody smart  
Ingrave their glory in a shamefull part?  
Who blushes at it, is a grace-less Beast:

Who shames to see the *Signe* of Grace imprest  
In shamefull part, he is asham'd of C H R I S T  
Born of that Race, and selfy *Circumcis'd*.

A hundred subtile Reasons from the Writs  
Of *Rabbins* could I bring: but, sober Wits  
Kest finished, conceiving that th' incision  
Of *Isaac's* obsecene *Fore-skin*, signifies th' abscission,  
Of sacred cutting-off of foul Affects,  
Releeming those whom God for His elects:  
That God the Fruits of Flesh and Blood doth hate:

And that through C H R I S T we must regenerate.  
Now, th' *Hebrews* kept their *Pass-over*; and go  
By Heav'n's address) to mighty *Jericho*,  
Besieging so the City round about,  
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.

Souldiers (said then th' vndaunted Generall)  
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,  
To mine, or scale, or batter-down these Tow's:  
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs  
Will fight himself alone: and then he bod  
That first himself had been inform'd by God)  
That daily once they all should march the Round  
About the City with horn-Trumpets sound;  
Beating about, for only Banneret,  
The light-full *Ark*, G O D's sacred Cabinet:  
Their swords vn-drawn, not making any noise,  
Th' *Ark* less their brows, and without braves their voice,  
No shaft to shoot, no signe of War, no glance,  
And even their March doth rather seem a Dance.

What Childre-spell: what May-game have we heer?  
What dare you (Gallants) dare you com no neer?  
Is this your brave Assault? is this your Fight?  
Wern you with Scar-crowes vs (like birds) to flight?  
(And the besieged) get you som where else  
(I say so) to shewe your Bug-bears and your spels:  
Cease your hoarse musick, leave the stage alone:  
Fools, draw the Curtin, now your Play is done.

Six dayes together had the *Hebrews* thus't  
About the Town, seaven-times the Seventh they must:  
When sacred *Levites* sound more lowd and high  
Their horny Trumps: then all the people cry,  
Com, com (great God) com, batter, batter down  
Their odious walls, this Idol-wedded Town.  
In cracks in th' instant, the foundation shinks,  
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks,

appointed in  
such a place.A sharp and so-  
ber answer.The right appli-  
cation and use  
thereof.

The Passover.

The siege of Je-  
richo after a  
strange manner.The Church de-  
cides it.Six dayes  
their walls  
about the towne  
down

Each

M m



Each stone is loose, and all the wall doth quiver,  
And all at once vnto the ground doth shiuer  
With hideous noyse; and th' *Heathen* Guarison  
Is but immur'd with Clowds of dust alone:  
So shall you see a Clowd-crown'd Hill sometime,  
Torn from a greater by the waste of Time,  
Dreadly to shake, and botindling down to hop;  
And roaring, heere it rouses tall Cedars vp,  
There aged Oaks; it turns, it spurns, it hales  
The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales,  
There sadly sinks, or suddain stops the way  
Of som swift Torrent hastning to the Sea.

Boast you, O Bombards, that you Thunder drowne;  
And vaunt you, Mines, that you turn vp side-down  
Rampires and Towns, and Walls the massie-moat:  
Yet, your exploits require both time and cost;  
You make but a small breach, but a rough way,  
And (by mischance) oft your own side betray.  
But, th' *Hebrews* with a suddain shout and cry,  
A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly,  
And (vnrifisted) entring every-where,  
They exercise all hostile vengeance there.  
And, as a sort of lusty Bil-men, set  
In Wood-sale time to sell a Cops, by great;  
Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain,  
They turn an Oak-groue to a field of grain:  
So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, without remorse or pittie,  
Through all sad corners of the open City,  
Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in blood, and toyl  
To lay all leuell with the trampled soyl:  
The Idol's Temples, and the delicate  
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat:  
The Fire lowd-crackling with the Clowds doth meet,  
A bloody Torrent runs through euery street,  
Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor small;  
Neither the Childe that on his hands doth crawl,  
Nor him that wears snowe on his shaking head,  
Ice in his heart; not the least Beast they bred.  
A deed (indeed) more worthy th' *Hefeline*,  
Than th' holy *Hebrews*; had the voice Divine  
Not charg'd them so, and choicely armed them  
Gainst *Jericho*, with his owne \* *Anathem*;  
Reseruing only for his Sacred Place,  
The Gold and Silver, w<sup>th</sup> Iron and the Brasse.  
Yet sacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord  
Som precious Pillage: which incens'd the Lord  
Against the Camp, so that he let them fly  
(For this Offence) before their Enemy.

Sinde

Sinde

*Jericho* sackt  
and consumed  
with fire, and all  
her substance  
was so the sword  
without respect  
of State, Sex or  
Age.

\* Curse.

*Achan's* Sa-  
credge.

For

For, when three thousand chosen *Israelites*  
Were sent to *Hai* t' assault the *Canaanites*,  
The Town all armes: their Prince the forwardest  
(No less-brave Souldier then proud *Archeist*)  
Arms the broad Mountain of his hairy breast,  
With horrid scales of *Nilus* greedy beast;  
His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin  
Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin*:  
He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head,  
Wher-on for Plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread;  
Not much vnlike a Birch-tree bare belowe,  
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth growe,  
Waving with euery winde, and made to kiss  
Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this:  
In Quyyer made of *Lezard's* skins he wears  
His poysoned Arrows; and the Bowe he bears,  
Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable,  
His Shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able  
To pearce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant.  
Thus furnished, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:  
Sirs, shall we suffer this ignoble Race,  
Thus shamefully vs from our Owne to chase?  
Shall they be Victors yer they overcom?  
Shall our Possessions and our Plenty com  
Among these Mongrels? Tush: let Children quake  
At dreams of *ABRAM*: let faint Women shake  
At their drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;  
I know no Gods, aboue my glittering Sword.  
This sayd, he sallies and assaults the Foe  
With furious skirmish; and doth charge them so,  
As stormy billows rush against a Rock:  
As boystrous windes (that haue their prison broak)  
Roar on a Forrest: as Heav'ns sulph'ry Flash  
Against proud Mountains surly brows doth dash.  
The sacred Troops (to conquer alwayes wont)  
Could not sustain his first tempestuous brunt,  
But turn their backs; and, as they fly amain,  
Foure less than fourty of their band were slain.  
The son of *NUN* then (with th' *Isarian* Peers)  
Before the *Ark* in prostrate wise appeares.  
Sack on his back, dust on his head, his eyes  
Even great with teares, thus to the Lord he cries:  
O! what alas: what haue we don, O Lord?  
The People, destin'd to thy Peoples sword,  
Conquers thy people; and the *Canaanites*  
(Against thy Promise) chase the *Israelites*.  
O Lord, why did not *Jordans* rapid Tyde  
Still stay our Hoast vpon the other side?

*Hai* summoned,  
the Townes men  
Jolly & put the  
*Israelites* to  
flight.

The warlike armor  
of the King,  
His insolent and  
blasphemous  
Oration.

3. Spoule.

*Iofiah* and the  
Princes of *Israel*  
knumbled before  
the Lord in  
Prayer.

M m 2

Sich



Sith heer, in hope to get the *Promis'd* more,  
We hazard all that we had won before.  
Regard and guard vs; nay, regard thy Name:  
O! suffer not the seed of *Abraham*  
(Almighty Father, O thou God most high!)  
To be expos'd to *Heathen's* Tyranny!  
Much less thy sacred *Ark*, for them to burn:  
And least of all, thy glorious Self, to scorn.

*Iosuah* (sayd God) let th' Hoast be sanctifi'd,  
And let the Church-thief die, that dar'd to hide  
Th'vn-lawfull Pillage of that curst Town  
(The *Mayden* Conquest, prime of thy Renown):  
Then shalt thou vanquish, and the lofty Towers  
Of *Hai* shal fall vnder thy war-like powrs.

Achan exco-

The morrow next, after the great *Asise*,  
*Achan* (convicted, not by bare surmize,  
But by God's Spirit, which vndermines our mindes,  
And cleerly sees our secretest designs;  
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,  
To whom the Die vncertain rouleth not)  
Is brought without the Hoast, with all hee hath,  
And sacrific'd vnto th' Almighty's wrath.

Now, between *Bethel* and *Hai's* western wall,  
There lies a valley close inuiron'd all  
Between the forking of a Hill so high,  
That it is hidden from all passers-by:  
Whose horned cliffs, below are hollowed,  
And with two Forrests arbour'd ouer-head:  
'Tis long and narrow, and a rapid Torrent,  
Bounding from Rock to Rock with roaring Current,  
Deafens the Shepheards: so that it should seem  
Nature fore-cast it for som stratagem.

An ambly.

Thither the Duke (soon after mid-night) guides  
His choycest Bands, and them there war'ly hides:  
Ech keeps his place, none speaks, none spets, none coughs;  
But all as still, as if they march on moss:  
So fallow Wolues, when they intend to set  
On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do bleat,  
Through silent dardness secret ways do group;  
Their feet are feathered with the wings of hope,  
They hold their breath, and so still vn-discr'd,  
They pass hard by the watchfull Mastie's side.

Small.

Mean-while the howrs opened the doors of Day,  
To let out *Titan* that must needs away:  
Whose radiant tresses, but with trailing on,  
Began to gild the top of *Libanon*;  
When, with the rest of all his Hoast, the \* *GRAVE*  
Marcheth amain to giue the Town a braue,

\* *Grave* is the  
in *Liban* char

They

here it is re-  
ped for the chief  
Captain Iosuah  
smile.

They straight re-charge him: as in season warm  
The hoony-makers busie-buzzing swarm,  
With humming threats throngs from the little gates  
Of their round Tower, and with their little hates  
Fiercely assayl, and wound the naked skins  
Of such as come to rob their curious Inns.

Why (Cowards) dare you com again for blowes?  
Or, do you long your wretched lines to lose?  
Com, we are for you; wee'l dispatch you soon:  
And for the many wrongs that you haue don  
Vnto our selues, our Neighbours, and our Friends,  
This day our swords shall make vs full amends  
(Cryth' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then  
Flies, as affraid, and with him all his men  
Disorderly retire, still faining so,  
Till (politik) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe  
Right to his Ambush: then the Souldiers there,  
Hid in the Vale hearing their noise so neer,  
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held  
By threatening gestures of Commanding Eld:  
Such as I seen on *Lamborn's* pleasant Downs,  
When yelping Begles or som deeper Hounds  
Hau' start a Hare, how milk-white Minks and Lun  
(Gray-bitches both, the best that euer run)  
Held in one leash, haue leapt and strain'd, and whin'd  
To be restrain'd, till (to their masters minde)  
They might be slipt, to purpose; that (for sport)  
Wart might haue law neither too-long nor short.

A stratagem.

smile.

But, when the *Heathen* had the ambush past,  
The Duke thus cheers his sacred Troops as fast,  
Soft, my Hearts; turn, turn again vpon-them,  
They are your own; now charge, and cheerly ou-them.  
His ready Souldiers at a beck obay,  
And on their Foes courageous load they lay:  
They shoot, they shock, they strike, they stab, they kill  
Th'vnhallowed Currs, that yet resisted still;  
Vntill behind them a new storm arose  
With horrid noise, which daunts not only those,  
But with the fury of it's force doth make  
The Hills and Forrests, and euen Hell to quake.

Hail, conquered.

*Pagans*, what will you do? If heer you fly,  
You fall on *Caleb*, where y'are sure to dy:  
If there, on *Iosuah*: O vnforgotten!  
Your help-less gods in vain you invoke.  
Yare (O forlorn!) like Rabbits round beset  
With wily Hunters, Dogs, and deadly Net:  
With shrill *Sa-haw*, *beer-beer-ho*, *beer-again*,  
The Warren rings; th' amazed Game amain

smile.

M m 3

Runs



Runs heer and there : but, if they scape away  
From Hounds, staves kill them ; if from staves, the Hay.  
Yeeld, yeeld, and dy then, strive not to retire :  
For, even in death behould your Town a-fire.

Then *Gabaon*, a mighty City neer,  
That these Exploits of Heav'n's drad hand did hear,  
Sent subtilly, to League with *Israel*.  
No : y' are deceiv'd (said then th' *Arch-Colonel*)  
The *Cananites* are destin'd long ago  
To Fire, and Sword, and vnter Over-throwe ;  
From Heav'n's high Iudge the Sentence doth proceed :  
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.

The Gabaonites  
cunning policy,  
to make league  
with Israel.

Alas ! my Lord (reply'd th' *Embassadors*)  
You may perceive, we are no Borderers  
Vpon these Countries : For, our suits, our slops,  
Our hose and shoos, were new out of the shops  
When we set forth from home ; and even that day  
This Bread was baked when we came away ;  
But the long Iourney, we have gon, hath wore  
Our cloaths to rags, and turn'd our victuals hoar.  
W'adiure you therefore in the sacred Name  
Of that drad G O D to whom your vows you frame,  
By the sweet air of this delightfull Coast,  
By the good Angell that conducts your Hoast,  
By dear Embraces of your dearer Wives,  
And by your Babes (even) dearer then your lives ;  
By each of these, and all of these together,  
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawn vs hither,  
T' have pity on vs, and to swear vnto-vs,  
To save our lives, and not so to vndo-vs,  
As these neer Nations. *Israel* accords,  
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words.

A sacred appli-  
cation of every  
private example

So, I (good Lord) perceiving all the Seed  
Of *sin-full Adam* vnto Death decreed,  
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Fury fell,  
And damn'd for ever to the deepest Hell ;  
Would fain be free : but, if I should (alas !)  
Come, as I am, before thy glorious face,  
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away ;  
For, Flesh and Blood possesse not Heav'n, for ay ;  
And, the strict Rigour of thy Justice pure  
Cannot (O Lord) the least of sins endure.  
Oh then ! what shall I doo ? I'll simlize  
These *Gabaonites* : I will my self disguise  
To gull thee, Lord (for, even a holy Guile  
Findes with thee grace and fauour often-while) :  
I'll put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*  
(For, that was it wherby our Grand-fires di'd ;

And

And *Lucifer*, with his associates, fell  
From Ioyes of Heav'n, into the Pains of Hell ;  
But th' humble *Fleece* of that sweet sacred *Lamb*  
Which (for our sakes) vpon the *Cross* becam  
So torn and tatter'd ; which the most refuse :  
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandal of the *Jewes*.  
And, as a piece of Silver, Tin, or Lead,  
By cunning hands with Gold is covered ;  
I, that am all but Lead (or dross, more base)  
In fervent Crucible of thy free Grace,  
I'll gild me all with his pure Beautie's Gould ;  
Born a new man (by Faith) I'll kill mine ould :  
In Spirit and Life, *Christ* shall be mine example,  
His Spirit shall be my spirit, and I his Temple.

Smile.

I being thus in *Christ*, and *Christ* in me,  
O ! wilt thou, canst thou, drive vs far from thee ?  
Deprive, from promis'd new-*Ierusalem*,  
*Christ* thine owne *Likenes* ; and me, like to him ?  
Banish from Heav'n (whose *Bliss* shall never vade)  
Thy *Christ*, by whom ; and me, for whom 't was made ?  
But, O Presumption ! O too rash Designe !  
Alas ! no Will it onely, is not mine :  
And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)  
My spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.

O ! therefore thou, thou that canst all alone ;  
All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son,  
Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform  
Into thy Self, me sin-full silly worm ;  
That so, I may be welcom to my God,  
And live in Peace, not where the *Jewes* abode,  
But in Heav'n-*Sion* : and that thou maist be  
Th' vnting glew between my God and me.  
Now, *Eglon's*, *Hebron's*, *Jarmuth's*, *Salem's* Lords,  
And *Zachis* Kingling (after these Accords)  
Wroth, that their Neighbours had betrayed so  
Their common Country to their common Foe,  
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand  
Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land ;  
Set-vpon *Gabaon* : but th' *Isaacian* Prince,  
As int as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence ;  
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,  
He straight bids *Bartell* to their enemies.

The Battle of  
the five Kings.

The Fight growes fierce ; and winged *Victory*,  
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly  
In to the midst ; she goes, and comes, and goes,  
And now she leans to these, and now to those.  
After the while from neighbour Mountains arms  
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms

With



Extraordinary  
Falls of Hail-  
stones from Heav'n  
upon the Infi-  
dels.

Smile.

With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely-fell  
In the steam visage of the Infidel:  
The roaring Tempest violently retorts  
Vpon themselves the *Pagans* whirling darts,  
And in their owne breasts, their owne Launces bore,  
Wherewith they threatned th' Hoast of God before:  
And (even) as if it enuied the Renown  
Of valiant *Iosuah* (now by *Ganges* known)  
With furious shock, the foremost Ranks it whirr'd  
Vpon the next, the second on the third:  
Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe  
Doth in an evening on a Carpet build,  
When som Wag by, vpon his Work doth blowe;  
If one Arch fall, the rest fall all arowe  
Each vpon other, and the Childe he cries  
For his lost labour, and again he tries.

If any, resting on his knotty Spear,  
'Gainst Arms and storms, yet stand out stily there,  
Th' Hail, which the Winde full in his face doth yerk,  
Smarter than Racquets in a Court re-ierk  
Beats 'gainst the Walls of the black-boorded house,  
Beats out his eyes, batters his nose, and brows.  
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:  
For, instantly the stony storm of Hail  
Which flew direct a-front, direct now falls  
Plumb on their heads, and cleaves their skulls and cauls:  
And euer, as they waver to and fro,  
Over their Hoast the Hail Clowd doth go:  
And neuer hits one *Hebrue*, though between,  
But a word's length (or not so much) be seen:  
A buckler one, another a bright helme  
Over his th' earned or sick head doth whelm;  
But, the shield broken, and helme beaten in,  
Th' Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloody green.

Those, that escape, betake them to their heels;  
*Iosuah* pursues: and though his sweat distills  
From every part, he wounds, he kills, he cleaves.  
Neither the Fight imperfect so he leaves:  
But, full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,  
Thus (O strange language!) thus aloud he saith:

As the command  
of *Iosuah* the  
Sun stands still.

Beam of th' Eternall, daies bright Champion,  
Spiall of Nature, O all-seeing Sun,  
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in *Gabon*;  
And thou, O Moon, i' th' vale of *Asalon*,  
That th' *Amorites* now by their hare-like flight  
Scape not my hands vnder all-hiding Night.  
As a Caroché, draw'n by four lusty steeds,  
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,

Stops

Stops suddainly, if 't slip into a slough,  
Or if it cross som Log or massie bough;  
The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,  
Which now began, towards his West to run,  
Stops instantly, and giues the *Hebrewes* space  
To rid the *Pagans* that they haue in chase.  
*Nature*, amaz'd, for very anger shakes:  
And to th' Almighty her complaint she makes:  
Seemly the marches with a measur'd pace,  
Choler puts colour in her lovely face,  
From either nipple of her bosom-Twins  
A liuely Spring of pleasant milke there spins,  
Vpon her shoulders (*Atlas*-like) she bears  
The frame of All, down by her side shee wears  
A golden Key, where-with shee letteth forth,  
And locketh vp the Treasures of the Earth:  
A sumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,  
Where-in the *Heauens*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is showen;  
The *Sea* in *Siluer* woven, the *Earth* in *Green*,  
The *Heav'n* in *Azure*, with gold threds between:  
All-quickning *Love*, fresh *Beauty*, smiling *Youth*,  
And *Fruitfulness*, each for her fauour su'th:  
Grace still attends ready to do her honour,  
*Riches* and *Plenty* alwaies waite vpon her.

Accoutred thus, and thus accompani'd,  
With thousand sighs thus to the Lord she cri'd:  
Shall it be sayd, a Man doth Heav'n command?  
Wilt thou permit a brauing Souldiers hand  
To wrong thine eldest Daughter? Ah! shall I  
Haue the bare Name, and He th' authority  
To govern all, and all controul (O Lord)  
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?  
Shall I (the World's Law) then, receiue the Law  
At others hands? of others stand in aw?  
If: be thy pleasure, or thou think it fit,  
To haue it so, or so to suffer it,  
(Pardon me, Father, that I am so free)  
I heer surrender thy Lieutenancy:  
Bestow 't on him, put all into his hand:  
Who Heav'n commands, He well may Earth command.  
Why (daughter) know'st thou not (God answers her)  
That many times my Mercy doth transfer  
Into my Children mine owne power, wher-by  
They work (not seldom) mine owne Wonders high?  
That th' are my sacred Vice-Royes: and that Hee,  
Who (stript of Flesh) by *Faith* is ioyn'd to me,  
May remove Mountains, may dry vp the Seas,  
May make an Ocean of a Wildernis:

Description of  
Nature, who af-  
fected thereat,  
makes her com-  
plaint to God.

Protopopoeia

The power of a  
steadfast Faith.

Th' haist



IOSVAB  
his victory.

Th' hast seen it, Daughter: therefore, but thou pine  
In Iclousie of this drad arm of mine,  
Grudge not at theirs: for they can nothing do,  
But what my Spirit inables them vnto.  
O happy Prince; I wonder not at all,  
If at thy feet the stout *Anachian* fall,  
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Cananite*,  
The *Pherejite*, *Hebrite*, and *Iebusite*,  
And huge *Basian*, by thy daunt-lesse Hoast  
Were over-throwne: and if as swift (almost)  
As my slowe *Muse* thy sacred Conquest sings,  
Thou *Cam' B*, saw'st, Conquer'dst more then thirty Kings;  
Subduing *Syria*, and dividing it  
Vnto twelue Kindreds in twelue portions fit,  
Sith O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord,  
With onely summons of thy mighty Word,  
Thou makest Riuer the moit deasly-deep  
To lobsterize (back to their source to creep);  
Walls giue thee way: after thy Trumpets charge,  
Rock-rushing Tempests do retreat, or charge:  
*Sol's* at thy seruice: and the starry *Pole*  
Is proud to pass vnder thy Muster-Roule.  
As a blind man, forsaken of his Guide  
In some thick Forest, sad and self-beside,  
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path,  
His groaping hand his (late) eyes office hath,  
Heer at a stub he stumbles, there the bushes  
Rake-off his Cloak, heer on a Tree he rushes,  
Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,  
And at the last falls in a Pit, and dies:  
Euen so (alas!) hauing their Captain lost,  
So blindely wanders *Iacob's* wilfull Hoast,  
Contemns the Fountain of God's sacred Law,  
From Idoll-Puddles poysoning drink to draw;  
Forsakes th' old true God, and new false-gods fains,  
And with the *Heathen* friendship entertains.  
Th' Almighty saw it (for, what sees he not?)  
And sodainly his fury waxed hot;  
And on their neck, for his sweet yoke, he layd  
The Strangers yoke that hard and heauie waigh'd.  
But, as an Infant which the Nurse lets go  
To go alone, waves weakly to and fro,  
Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)  
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:  
So *Iacob*, iustly made afflictions thrall,  
Is neuer ready in the Pit to fall  
Of pale Despair, but (if he cry, and craue him)  
God still extends his gracious hand to saue him;

After his death  
Heard himsing  
his guide falls  
from his God.God therefore  
forsakes him.

Somer.

Raising

Upon his Respi-  
rance God again  
receives him to  
fauour.The Tyrant A-  
doni-Berrec sa-  
ken & over-  
taken as he had hand-  
led others.

His complaint.

His Confession.

His care at all  
Tyrants and cru-  
ell men had men.Heard again &  
his relaps.

Again his care

Raising some *Worthy* that may break in sunder  
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours vnder.  
So then, assisted by th' immortal hand,  
Brave *ISRAEL* brings vnder his Command  
*IERUSALEM*, *LYS*, *BETHEL*, *ACCARON*,  
*SERAI*, and *THOLMAI*, *GAZA*, and *ASCALON*,  
And *BEEC* too: whose bloody Tyrant, fled,  
Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:  
To self-raught Torture he himself is put,  
His sacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut.  
Whereby, more inly prickt, then outly payn'd,  
God's Vengeance iust he thus confest, and playn'd;  
O hand, late Scepter-graft! O hand, that late  
*EGYPT* did dread, and *EDOM* tremble at!  
O hand, that (armed) durst cuen *MAR*s defie,  
And could'st haue pull'd proud *IVETER* from high!  
Now, where-to serv'st thou, but t'augment my moan?  
Thou canst not now buckle mine Armour on;  
Nor wield my mighty Lance with brazen head:  
Ah! no (alas!) thou canst not cut my bread.  
O feet (late) winged to pursue the flight  
Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight,  
Now you haue lost your office, now (alas!)  
You cannot march, but limp about this place.  
But, 'tis the iust God, the iust hand of Heav'n  
In mine owne Coin hath me my painment giuen:  
For, seventy Kings, thus maim'd of Toes and Thumbs,  
Limolent, haue made to lick the crums  
Vnder my boord (like Dogs) and drawen perforce  
To serue for blocks when I should mount my horse.  
Therefore (O Kings!) by mine example learn  
To bound your rage, limit your fury stean:  
O Conquerers! be warned all by me;  
Be to your Thralls, as God to you shall be:  
Men, pitty Man, wretched and over-thrown;  
And think his case may one-day be your owne;  
For, chance doth change: and none aloue can say,  
He happy is, vntill his dying day:  
The Foe that after Victorie survives,  
Not for himself but for your glorie liues:  
Th' Olive's about the Palm: and th' happiest King  
His greatest Triumph, is Self-triumphing.  
But *Israel*, wallowing in his myre again,  
Soon lost the glory former Arms did gain;  
And goods and bodies easie booties bin  
To *Aram*, *Moab*, and the *Philistin*.  
What help (O *Jacob*)? th' hast nor arms nor head:  
Thy Fields with bones of thine owne bands be spread,

And



And th' onely name of thy profaner Foe  
Congeals thy bloud, and chills thy heart for Wo.

Flee, flee, and hy thee quickly to recover  
The all-proof Target of thine ancient Lover,  
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer,  
Terror of terrors, *Heaven's* dreadfull hammer.

*Again & again  
repeated.*

Ah! see already how he rescues thee  
From th' odious yoke of *Pagan* Tyranny;  
Breaking the Fetters of thy bondage fel,  
By *Ahod, Barac, and Othaniel.*

*Singer a plain  
man, a famous  
Champion of the  
race.*

And Goad-man *SANGAR*, whose industrious hand  
With Ox-teem tills his tributary Land,  
When *Philistims*, with Sword and fiery Fury,  
Slaughter the *Jews*, and over-run all *Jury*,  
Deflower the Virgins, and with lust-full spight  
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands sight,  
He leaves his Plough, he calls upon his God;  
And, onely armed with his slender Goad,  
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp.  
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp;  
What means this Fool (saith he)? go, silly Clown,  
Get thee to Plough, go home, and till thy ground;  
Go prick thy Bullocks; leave the Works of *MARS*  
To my long-train'd, still-conquering souldiers.

First learn thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)  
To knowe my strength (rather th' *Almighties* might);  
And on his head he laies him on such load  
With two quick vennis of his knotty Goad,  
And with the third thrusts him between the eies,  
That down he falls, shaking his heels, and dies.

Then steps another forth more stout and grim,  
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets flee at him:  
But *SANGAR* shuns the blowe, and, with his stroak,  
The *Pagan* leg short-off in sunder broak;  
On th' other yet, a while he stands and fights:  
But th' *Hebrew* Champion such a back-blowe smites,  
That flat he layes him; then, with fury born,  
Forward he leaps; and, in a Martiall scorn,  
Vpon his panch sets his victorious foot,  
And treads, and tramples, and so stamps into 't,  
That blood and bowels (mingled with the bruise)  
Half at his mouth, half at his sides, he spews:  
As on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed),  
Make with sweet *Nectar* every wound to bleed,  
Each grape to weep, and crimson streams to spin  
Into the Vate, set to receive them in.

*simile.*

Thence thirty steps, a chief Commander prest,  
And proudly wags his feather-clouded Crest,

And

And cries, Com hither (Cow-heard) come thou hither,  
Com, let vs cope, but I and thou together;  
I'll teach thee (peasant) and that quickly too,  
Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,  
That on Mount *Carmel's* stormy top do feed.  
No, heer (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.

*SANGAR* runs at him: and he runs so fierce,  
That on his staf, him six steps back he beares;  
Beares down another with him, and another,  
That but with gesture stood directing other:  
As, when 'tis dark, when 't rains, and blusters rough,  
A thund'ring tempest with a sulphury puff  
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,  
And that a third, each opposite to other:  
Smoke, dust, and door-falls, with storms roaring din,  
Dismay the stoutest that command within;  
The common sort (beside their little wits)  
Scar'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets;  
But, in their shirts over the walls they run,  
And so their Town, yer it be ta'en, is wun;  
The suddain Storm so inly-deep dismaies them,  
That fear of Taking to despair betrays them.

*simile.*

Amid their Hoast, then brauely rushes *SANGAR*,  
His sinewy arm answers his sacred Anger:  
Who flies, or follows, he alike besteads:  
On scattered heape of slaughtered Foes he treads.  
This with his elbow heer he over-turns,  
That with his brow; this, with his foot he spurns;  
Heer, with his staff he makes in shivers fly  
Both cask and scull, and there he breaks a thigh,  
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek;  
And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beates so thick  
None from a Tree, as *SANGAR* Foes beats down:  
With swords, and shields, and shafts, the Field is sown:  
Alone he foils a Camp: and on the Plain  
Twere ly six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.

*Comparison.*

*Almightie* God, how thou to thine art good!  
Thy peoples Foes are not alone subdu'd  
By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, before  
Nothing but spades, coulter and bills had bore:  
But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand  
Thou for a time committest the Command  
Of *ISRAEL*: for, of no other Head,  
Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,  
But prudent: *DEBORA*: vnto whose Throne  
By those whose heads with age are hoary grown,  
And those great Rabbies that do grauely sit,  
Involving volumes of the highest Writ,

*DEBORA*

Non

And



And He that in the Tabernacle serves,  
Her sacred voyce as Oracles obserues:  
None from her presence ever comes confus'd,  
And gotten skill, gives place to skill infus'd.

O IACOB'S Lambs-horn Load-star pure, which lights  
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*  
(Said then the People) what shall vs befall?  
IABIN'S fell yoke our weary necks doth gall:  
We are the Burts vnto all Pagan darts,  
And colde Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).

ISRAEL, faith thee, be of good cheer; for now  
God wars vpon your Foes, and leagues with you:  
Therefore to Field now let your youth aduance,  
And in their rests couch the revenging Lance:

Bac.

His shield grace  
by Deborah.

This said, on BARAC she a Shield bestowes,  
Indented on the brims, which plain fore-showes  
In curious Bos's-work (that doth nearly swell)  
The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,

Gedeon.

As an abridgement, where to life appear  
The noblest Acts of eight or nine score year.

Lo, heer an army, slooping by the side  
Of a deep River (with their Thirst half dry'd)  
Sups, licks, and laps the Stream; of all which rout,  
The Captain chooses but three hundred out;  
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,  
About a mighty Pagan Host doth march,  
Making the same, through their drad sodain sound,  
With their owne Arms themselves to inter-wound:  
A hellish rage of mutuall fury swells

Iephthe.

The bloody hearts of barbarous Infidels,  
So that the friends that in one Couch did sleep,  
Each others blade in eithers brest do steep:  
And all the Camp with head-less dead is sown,  
Cut-off by Cozen-swords, kill'd by their owne.

Lo there, another valiant Champion,  
Who having late triumphant Laurels won;  
His heed-less Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,  
His onely Daughter doth vnkindly kill:  
The frantic Mother, all vnbra't (alas!)  
With silver locks vnkemb'd about her face;  
Arming her rage with nails, with teeth, and tongue,  
Runs in, and rushes through the thickest throng:  
And, she will saue, and she will haue (she sayes)  
Her Deet, her Daughter, and then hold she layes  
Vpon the Maid: and tearing-off her Coat,  
Away she runs, thinking she her had got.

The Priest dissolues in tears, the Offering is chearfull;  
The Murdred's valiant, and the Murderer fearfull;

The Father leads with slowe and feeble pace,  
The Daughter seems to run to death a-pace;  
As if the Chaplet that her temples ties,  
Were *Hymen's* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice:  
Her grace and beauties still augment; (in fine)  
Whoso beholds her sweet, loue-darting Eyn,  
Her Cheeks, Lips, Brow's; fresh Lillies, Coral, let;  
He sees (or seems to see) a Sun to set.  
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,  
Have given such life to th' Iron, Brass, and Gold,  
That heer wants nothing but the Mothers screech,  
The Father's sigh, and the sweet Daughter's speech.

Loe heer, another shakes his vnshav'n tresses,  
Triumphing on a Lion torn in peeces:  
O match-less Champion! Pearl of men-at-arms,  
That emptiest not an Arcenal of Arms,  
Nor needest shops of *Lemnian* Armourers,  
To furnish weapons for thy glorious Wars:  
An Ass's jaw-bone is the Club wher-with  
Thy mighty arm, brains, beats, and battereth  
Th' vncircumcised Camp: all quickly scud;  
And th' Host that flew in dust, now flowes in blood.  
Heer, th' Iron Gates, whose hugeness wont to shake  
The massie Towers of *Gaza*, thou dost take  
On thy broad shoulders: there (in seeming iest)  
Crushing their Palace-pillars (at a feast)  
Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall  
The *Philistims* blaspheming Princes all.  
Heer, from ones head, which two huge coins do crush,  
(As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush:  
Heer lies another in a deadly swoone;  
Nail'd with a broken raster to the ground:  
Another, heer pass: with a paine of wall,  
Hath lost his soule, and bodies shape withall:  
Another, heer o're-taken as he fled,  
Lies (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:  
Another, covered with a heap of lome,  
Seems with his mooving to re-moue his Toomb:  
Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,  
In velvet Robes vnder the Earth doth roule,  
Refusing light, and little ay: receives,  
And hunting worms her mooving hillockes heaves:  
Lo, lower heer, a beastly Multitude  
On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude;  
Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact)  
Into twelues Peeces her dead Body hackt;  
And, to twelve Parts of *ISRAEL* them transfers,  
As twelue quick tinders of intestine Wars.

Samson.

Saul.

The Loues  
wifes

N n 2

And



The Ark taken  
by the Phil-  
istines.

The Battle be-  
tween the Isra-  
elites and Assy-  
rians with their  
iron Chariots.

Debora con-  
firms and en-  
courages the  
Israelites.

Simile.

God's enemies  
overthrown by  
their own En-  
gines.

And lower yet behold (with barefull scorn)  
The Ark of God to DAGON's Temple born;  
But, th' Idol yeelds to God, and DAGON falls  
Before the Ark, which *Heathens* pride appalls.

BARAC thus arm'd, th' ASSORIANS sets vpon,  
That bright in brasse, steel gold, and silver shone:  
But, his young Soldiers were much daunted tho,  
To see the fearfull Engines of the Foe;  
Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light,  
Whose glittering irons dazle even their sight;  
Whose barbed Steeds bear in their heads a Blade  
Of the right temper of DAMASCUS made  
(As proud of it as Unicorns are wont  
Of their rich Weapon that adorns their Front)  
Amidst their Petral stands another Pike:  
On either side, long grapples (Sickle-like)  
The like at either Nave: so that (in Wars)  
'Tis present death t' approach these broaching Cars.

But DEBORA, her Troops encouraging,  
Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing:  
Courage (sayth she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,  
Strike, and strike home, lay on with all your mights:  
Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith)  
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.  
Doubtless, they are your owne: their armed Chariots  
They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits.  
No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engines glorious,  
But 'tis the heart that makes a Camp victorious:  
Or rather, 'tis God's Thunder-throwing hand,  
Which onely doth all War's success command:  
And, VICTORIE's his Daughter whom he now  
(For his owne sake) frankly bestowes on you.

Even as a sort of Shepheards, having spi'd  
A Wolf com stealing down a Mountains side,  
Cry shrill, *Now-now*, vp-hill, a Wolf, a Wolfe;  
*Now, now* (sayes Echo) vp-hill, a Wolf, a Wolfe;  
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,  
That th' hungry Thief thence without hunting flies:  
So th' Hebrews, heartned with her brave Discourse,  
Gave such a shout, that th' armed Carrs and Horse  
Turn suddain back, their Drivers Art deceiue;  
And, changing side, through their owne Army cleave.

Som, with the blades in every Coursers brow,  
Were (as with Launces) bored through and through:  
Som torn in peeces with the whirling wheels:  
Som trod to death vnder the Horses heels:  
As (in som Countries) when in Season hot,  
Vnder Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)

They

They vse to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corn,  
The grain spurts-out, the straw is bruised and rorn.  
Som (not direct before the Horse, nor vnder)  
Were with the Scithes mow'n in the midst a-sunder:  
As in a Mead the Grass, yet in the flowr,  
Falls at the foot of the wide-straddling Mower,  
That with a stooping back, and stretched arm,  
Cuts-croes the swathes to winter-feed his Farm.

If there rest any resolute, and loth  
To lose so soon their Arms and honors both  
At first assault, but rather brauely bent  
To see so fierce and bloody Fight's event,  
Both DEBORA and BARAC thither plid:  
But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE,  
And NUN's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like man,  
Who did transplant the Tribes to CANAAN)  
She (in the zeale of her religious spirit)  
Lifts-up her hands to pray, and he to fight.  
He charges fierce, he wounds, he slaughters all  
But SIBAKA, their Captain generall;  
Who flies to LAHEL, and by her is slain  
Driving a nail into his sleeping brain.

At last, the Helm of head-strong ISRAEL  
Coms to the hand of famous SAMUEL;  
One rarely-wife, who weds his Policy,  
To divine gifts of sacred Prophecie:  
But, his two greedy Sons, digressing quite  
From his good steps, dis-taste the ISRAELITE  
Of th' ancient RULERS of th' Heav'nly Potentate:  
So that all seek a suddaine Change of STATE.

Assembled then in sacred PARLIAMENT,  
Vpstarts a Fellow of a mean Descent  
(But of great spirit, well-spoken, full of wit,  
And courage too, aspiring high to sit)  
And having gain'd attention, thus he sayes:  
Divine Defense! O Purpose worthy-prayse,  
To now, *Reform* the STATE, and soundly heal  
With hollosom Lawes th' hurts of the Common weal:  
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed or never;  
Change not an Ague for a burning Fever;  
In shaking-off confused Anarchie,  
To be inag't t' embrace a Monarchie,  
Admir'd of Fools, ador'd of Flatterers,  
Of Softlings, Wantons Braves, and Loyterers:  
The Freedom and Defence of the base Rabble;  
But, to brave mindes a Yoak intolerable.

For, who can brook, millions of men to measure  
Breath, Life, and Mooving, all at One man's pleasure?

N n 3

One,

Simile.

Simile.

Debora prays  
while Barac  
fights.

The Infidels  
terribly over-  
thrown, and  
Sibaka their  
Captain slain  
by Israel.

Samuel, Judge.

Israel asks a  
KING.

A Declama-  
tion of a Piche-  
an or Demo-  
cratick or People  
Swag.



One, to keep all in aw: One at a beck  
A whole great Kingdom to controule and check:  
Is't not a goodly sight, to see a Prince,  
Void of all Vertue, full of insolence,  
To play with Noble States, as with a straw:  
A Fool, to give so many Wise the Law:  
A Beast, to govern Men: An infant, Eld:  
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the Field:

The corruption  
or dissimulation  
of most Princes  
Courts.

Who is't but knowes, that such a Court as this,  
Is th' open Shop of selling Offices:  
Th' harbour of Riot, stews of Ribaldry,  
Th' haunt of Profusion, th' Hell of Tyranny:  
That no-where shines the R oyal Diadem,  
But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extreme:  
That not a King among ten thousand Kings,  
But to his Lust his Law in bondage brings:  
But (shame-les) triumphs in the shame of Wives:  
But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives:  
But gildeth those that glorifie his Folly;  
That sooth and smooth, and call his Hell-nes holy:  
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes  
(Pour'd every-where) his meanest Subiects vexes;  
As an ill-stated Body doth distill

simile.

On's feeblest parts his cold-raw humors stil.  
That Form of R oyal is a right Common-weal,  
Where all the People haue an Enter-deal:  
Where (with-out aw or law) the Tyrants sword  
Is not made drunk with blood, for a Mifs-word:  
Where, Each (by turn) doth Bid and doth Obey;  
Where, still the Commons (hauing Soverain-sway)  
Share equally both Rigour and Reward  
To each-man's merit: giving no regard  
To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments  
From great-great-Grand-fires scutcheon'd in Descents:  
Where, Learned men, vn-soule-clogd (as it were)  
With seruire giues of Kings imperious Fear,  
Fly euen to Heav'n; and by their Pens inspire  
Posterity with Vertue's glorious Fire:  
Where, Honour's honest Combat never ceases,  
Nor Vertue languishes, nor Valour lees  
His sprightfull nerves, through th' Envy of a P rince,  
That cannot brook another's excellence;  
Or, Pride of those, who (from great Elders sprung)  
Haue nothing but Their glory on their tongue;  
And deeming Others Worth, enough for them,  
Vertue and Valour, and all Arts contemn:  
Or, base Despair, in those of meaner Calling,  
Who on the ground still (woorm-like) basely crawling,

Dare

Dare not attempt (nor scarcely think, precise)  
Any great Act or glorious Enterprife;  
Because Ambition, Custom, and the Law,  
From high Estate hath bounded them with aw:  
Where, He that neuer rightly learn'd t'obay  
Commandeth not, with heavy Sword of Sway:  
Where, each i'th' Publik hauing equall part,  
All to save all, will hazard life and hart:  
Where, Liberty (as deer as life and breath)  
Born with vs first, conforsts vs to our death.

Shall savage Beasts like-better Nuts and Mast  
In a free Forrest, than our choise Repast  
In iron Cages: and shall we (poor Sots)  
Whom Nature Masters of our selues allots,  
And Lords of All besides; shall we go draw  
On our owne necks an ease-les Yoak of Aw:  
Rather (O I acob) chuse we all to die,  
Than to betray our Native Libertie;  
Than to becom the sporting Tennis-ball  
Of a proud Monarch; or to yeeld vs thrall  
To serue or honor any other King

simile.

Than that drad L aw which did from S in a ring.  
Another then, whom Age made venerable,  
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honorable,  
Stands vp, and speaks (maiestically-milde)  
On other Piles the C ommon-W eal to build.

2 Another, of  
reuerend Sena-  
tor for Aristo-  
cracy or the  
rule of a chosen  
Synode of the  
best men.

Doubt-les (said he) with waste of Time and Soap,  
Y have labour'd long to wash an Ethiope:  
Y have drawn vs heer a goodly form of S tate  
(And well we haue had proof of it of late):  
Shall we again the Sword of I ustice put  
In mad mens hands, soon their owne throats to cut:  
What Tiger is more fierce: what Bear mor fel:  
What Chaff more light: What Sea more apt to swel  
Than is th' vnbridled Vulgar, passion-tols't;  
In calms elated, in foul-weather lost:  
What boot deep Proiects, if to th' eyes of all  
They must be publiht in the common Hall:  
Sith known Designes are dangerous to act:  
And, th' vn-close Chief did never noble fact.

Comparison.

D emocracy is as a tossed Ship,  
Void both of P ole and P ilot in the deep:  
A Senate fram'd of thousand Kinglings slight;  
Where, voices pass by number, not by waight;  
Where, wise men do propound, and Fools dispose:  
A Fair, where all things they to sale expose:  
A Sink of Filth, where ay th' infamousest,  
Most bold and busie, are esteemed best:

simile.

simile.

A



A Park of savage Beasts, that each-man dreads:  
A Head-les Monster with a thousand heads.

What shall we then do? shall we by and by  
In Tyrants paws delect vs servilely?  
Nay, rather, shunning the extremities,  
Let vs make choise of men vpriht and wise;  
Of such whose Vertue doth the Land adorn,  
Of such whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,  
Of such as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch  
Of th' object Vulgar; and to th' hands of such  
(Such as for Wisdom, Wealth, and Birth excell)  
Let vs commit the Reins of ISRAEL;  
And ever from the sacred Helm exclude  
The turbulent, base, moody *Multitude*.

Take away Choice, and where is Vertue's grace?  
What? shall not Chance vnto Desert give place?  
And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blind be led  
By those whose eyes are perfect in their head?  
Chiefly, amid such baulks, and blocks and Pits,  
As in best *State*-paths the best *States*-man meets?  
Who may be better trusted with the key  
Of a great Chest of Gold and gems than they  
That got the same? And who more firm and fit  
At careful Stern of POLICIE to sit,  
Than such as in the Ship most venture bear:  
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack fear:  
Such as, Content, and hating Much to lose,  
Even Death it selfe, rather than Change, would choose?

While he discours'd thus on a Theme so grave,  
Vp-rose a Gallant, noble young, and brave,  
Fo to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)  
One-day to attain a Scepters governance,  
And thus he speaks: Your RYLE is yet too Free.  
Y have prom'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publik-Tree*:  
Y have qualifide, but not yet cur'd our Grief:  
Y have in our Field still left the tares of Strife,  
Of Leagues, and Factions. For, plurality  
Of Heads and Hands to sway an *Empire*,  
Is for the most part like untamed Bulls:  
One, this way hales: another, that way pulls:  
All every-way: hurried with Passion's windes  
Whither their Lust-storms do transport their mindes:  
At length the strongest bears the weakest down,  
And to himself wholly vsurps the Crown:  
And so (in fine) your *Aristocracie*  
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.  
In brief, the Scepter *Aristocratikes*  
And *People-way*, have \* *Symptomes* both alike:

*The Oration  
of a Noble young  
Prince for Mo-  
narchy or the  
sole Inheritance  
of a KING.*

*Smile.*

*A passion full  
of many such  
words.*

And

And neither of them can be permanent  
For want of *Union*; which of Government  
Is both the Life-bloud, and Preservative,  
Whereby a *STATE* yong, strong, and long doth thrive.  
But, *MONARCHY* is a goodly Station,  
Built skilfully, vpon a sure Foundation:  
A quiet House, wherein (as principall)  
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:  
A well-rig'd Ship, where (when the danger's neer)  
A many Masters itive not who shall steer.  
The world hath but One God: Heav'n but One Sun:  
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-birds but One  
One Master-Bee: and Nature (natively)  
Graves in our hearts the Rule of *MONARCHY*.  
At sound of whose Edicts, all ioynt-proceed:  
Vnder whose Sway, Seditions never breed:  
Who, while consulting with Colleagues he stands,  
Lest nor the Victory escape his hands:  
And that same *Majesty*, which (as the Base  
And Pedestal) supports the waight and grace,  
Greatnes and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,  
Is not extinguish't nor extenuate,  
By being parcelliz'd to a plurality  
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:  
Like as a goodly River, deep and large,  
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,  
Is through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided,  
Be in a hundred little brooks divided;  
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more waighs the same:  
But soon it loses both his trade and name.  
And (to conclude) a wise and worthy *Prince*,  
A *KING*, compleat in Royall excellence,  
Is even the Peoples prop, their powerfull nerves,  
And lively Law, that all intire preserves:  
His Countreys life, and soule, sight and fore-sight;  
And even th' Almighty's sacred Picture right.  
While yet he spake, the People loudly cri'd,  
A *KING*, a *KING*; wee'll have a *KING* for Guide,  
He shall command: He shall conduct our Hosts,  
And make vs Lords of th' *IDUMEAN* Coasts.  
Imitate, said *SAMUEL* will you then reject  
Th' Almighty's Scepter? do you more affect  
New *POLICIE*, than his olde *PROVIDENCE*?  
And change th' Immortall for a mortall Prince?  
Well (Rebels) well, you shall, you shall have one:  
But do ye knowe what follows there-vpon:  
He from your Ploughs shall take your Horses out,  
To serve his Pomp, and draw his Train about

*Smile.*

A *KINGS*  
*Perogative.*

In



In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort  
Of Popiniayes and Peacocks of the Court):  
He shall your choicest Sons and Daughters take  
To be his Seruants (nay, his slaves to make):  
You shall plant Vineyards, he the Wine shall sup:  
You shall sowe Fields, and he shall reap the Crop:  
You shall keep Flocks, and he shall take the Fleece:  
And PHARAO'S Yock shall seem but light to his.

*Saul anointed  
King of Israel.*

But, ISRAEL doth wilfull perieure,  
And SAMUEL (prest and importun'd euer)  
Anointeth SAUL (the son of CIS) a Man  
Whose cursed end marr'd what he well began.

*A cheer in Ju-  
de, sedition  
Malcontents in  
any State.*

You, too-too-light, busie, ambitious wits,  
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:  
Fantastik Franciks, that would innovate,  
And every moment change your form of STATE:  
That weening high to fly, fall lower still:  
That though you change your bed change not your Ill:  
See, See how much th' Almighty (the most High)  
Heer-in abhors your fond inconstancy.

*The authority of  
every kind of  
Government is  
from God.*

The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY,  
And sacred KINGDOM, took authority  
A-like from Heav'n: and these three Scepter-forms  
Flourish a-vie, as well in Arts and Arms,  
As prudent Laws. Therefore, you stout *Helvetians*,  
*Grisons*, *Genevains*, *Raguzins*, *Venetians*,  
Maintain your Liberties, and change not now  
Your sacred Laws rooted so deep with you.  
On th' other side, we that are borne and bred  
Vnder KINGS Aw, vnder one *Supreme Head*,  
Let vs still honour their dread *Majesties*,  
Obey their Laws, and pay them Subsidies.  
Let's read, let's hear no more these factious Teachers,  
These shame-les Tribunes, these sedition Preachers,  
That in all places alwaies belch and bark  
Aloud abroad, or whisper in the dark,  
Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)  
The true Lieutenants of Almighty God.  
And let not vs, before a KING, prefer  
A Senate-sway, nor Scepter Popular.

*Therefore every  
People to perside  
in the State of a  
Kingdome.*

'Tis better bear the *Tooth-slips* of a KING,  
Th' *Law* som fault, th' *State* som blemishing,  
Than to fill all with Blood-flouds of Debate:  
While, to Reform, you would Deform a STATE.  
One cannot (with-out danger) stir a stone  
In a great Building's olde foundation:  
And, a good Leach feels rather to support,  
With ordered dyet, in a gentle sort,

A

A feeble Body (though in sickly plight)  
Than with strong Med'cines to destroy it quight.  
And therefore, Cursed, ever Cursed be

Our Hell-spurr'd PERCIE'S fel Conspiracy;  
And every head, and every hand and hart,

That did Conceive or but Consent his part:  
Pore-prompted Atheists, fanning Superstition,  
To cover Cruelty, and cloak Ambition:

To cover Devils, Enemies of Man,  
To Murthering Vipers, Monsters in-humane,  
Dis-natur'd NERO'S, impious EROSTRATES,  
That with one Puff would blowe-up all Estates;  
Prince's and Peer's and Peoples Government  
(For of all Three consists our PARLIAMENT)  
Religion, Order, Honesty, and all,  
And more then all that Fear can fear to fall.

And therefore, Blessed, ever Blessed be  
Our glorious GOD'S immortall Majesty;  
ENGLAND'S Great Watch-man, he that Israel keeps,  
Who neuer slumbers and who neuer sleeps:  
Our gracious Father, whose still-firm affection  
Defends vs still with wings of his Protection:  
Our loving Saviour, that thus Saues vs still  
(vs so unworthy, vs so prone to ill):

Our sacred Comforte: (the Spirit of Light)  
Who steers vs still in the True FAITH aright)  
The TRINITY, th' Eternal THREE IN ONE,  
Whose Pow'r and Providence alone,  
Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery Zeal

Preserv'd our PRINCE, our PEERS, our PVBLIKE-WEAL.

Therefore, O PRINCE (our nostrils dearest breath)  
Thou true Defender of true Christian FAITH,  
O! let the Zeal of GOD'S House eat thee up:

Fill BABEL'S her measure in her Cup:  
Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezeck:  
Putte not Agag: spare not Amalech:

Hunt those Foxes that would under-mine  
Thy Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine:

O! spare them not. To spare Them, is to spoil  
Thy Self, thy Seed, thy Subjects, and thy Soil.

Therefore, O PEERS, Prince-loyall Paladines,  
True noble Nobles, lay-by-by-Designes:

And to GOD'S quarrel and your Countries bring  
Counsaill and Courage to assist your KING

To mine er-mine against the Mines of ROME;  
To conquer Hydra, and to over-come

And cleane cut off his Horns, and Heads, and all  
Whose hearts do Vow, or knees do Bow to Babel:

*\* A full Eke-  
creation of the  
Popish Powder-  
Plot on the 5th  
of November,  
1605.*

Be



Be Zealous for the LORD, and Faith-full now,  
And honor Him, and He will honour you.

FATHERS, and Brethren, Ministers of CHRIST,  
Cease civill Warrs: war all on Anti-Christ;  
Whose subtle Agents, while you strive for shels,  
Payson the kernel with Erronious Spels:  
Whose Envious Seed-men, while you Silent Sleep,  
Some Tares of Treason, which take root too deep.  
Watch; watch your Fold: Feed, feed your Lambs at home:  
Muzzle these Sheep-clad bloody Wolves of ROME.

Therefore, O PEOPLE, let vs Praise and Pray  
Th' Almighty-moſt (whose Mercy lasts for ay)  
To give vs grace, to ever-keep in minde  
This MIRACLE of his Protection kinde:  
To true-Repent vs of our hainous Sin  
(Pride, Lust, and Looseness) we have wallowed in:  
To stand still constant in the pure Profession  
Of true RELIGION (with a due discretion  
To try the Spirits, and by peculiar choice  
To knowe our Shepherds from th' Hyanna's voice):  
And ever loyall to our PRINCE, expose  
Goods, Lands, and Lives, against his hate full Foes:  
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine be found,  
Convert them quickly; and the rest Confound.  
And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, and PEOPLE too,  
Praise all at once, and selfly each of you,  
His Holy Hand, that (like as long-agoe,  
His Sidrach, Misach and Abednego)  
From the hot Furnace of POPE-Powder'd Zeal  
Hath sav'd our PRINCE, our PEERS, our PVBLIK-weal.

The end of the THIRD DAIE  
of the  
SECOND VVEEK.



# DAVID.

## THE FOVRTH DAY

### OF

## THE SECOND WEEK.

### CONTAINING

- |      |                   |   |
|------|-------------------|---|
| I.   | THE TROPHEIS,     | } |
| II.  | THE MAGNIFICENCE, |   |
| III. | THE SCHISM,       |   |
| IV.  | THE DECAY.        |   |

Translated,  
&  
Dedicated

To Prince HENRY his Highness.



Acceptam refero.





TO PRINCE HENRY  
HIS HIGHNES.

A SONNET.

**H**aving new-mustred th' HOAST of all this ALE,  
Your Royall Father in our Fore-ward stands,  
Where (Adam-like) Himself alone Commands  
A WORLD of Creatures, ready at his Call.

Our Middle-ward doth not vnwisely fall  
To famous Chiefs, whose graue-braine heads & hands  
In Counsaile Courage so Conduēt our Bands,  
As (at a brant) affront the force of Baal.  
Our Reare-Ward (Sir) shalbe your Princely Charge,  
Though last, not least (such it most Honour brings)  
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:  
For, Your Command is of a Camp of KINGS,  
Som good, som bad: Your Glory shall be, heer  
To Chuse and Vse the good, the bad Cashier.

A STANZA.

**E**wel of NATURE, Ioy of ALBION,  
To whose perfection Heav'n and Earth conspire:  
That in Times fulnes, Thou mayst blest this Throne  
(Succeeding in the Vertues of thy Sire)  
As happily thou hast begun goe-on;  
That, as thy Youth, we may thine Age admire;  
Aking our Hopes (which shall reuive our hearts)  
Patron and Patron both of Arms and Arts.

Iosuah Syluester.





## THE TROPHEIS.

THE I. BOOK OF  
THE FOVRTH DAY OF

the Second Week, of BARTAS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Saul's fall from Fauiour, into Gods Disgrace.  
David design'd Successor in his Place:  
Brauing Goliath, and the Philistins  
Hebrauely soyles: He flies his furious Prince.  
Seem-Samuel rais'd: Saul routed: Selfely slain:  
King Davids TROPHETS, and triumphant Raign:  
His beauenly Harp-skill (in King IAMES renew'd):  
His humane frailty, beauly pursu'd.  
Berfabe bathing: Nathan bold-reproving:  
David repenting (Our REBENTANCE mooning).

Saul king of Israel  
was a fortunate  
warrior, and  
valiant, and  
courageous,  
and David  
was a  
valiant,  
and  
courageous,  
and  
David  
was a  
valiant,  
and  
courageous,

**M**ERIT force, and Prince-fit forme withall,  
Honor the Scepter of courageous Saul;  
Successe confirms it: for the power Diuine  
Tames by his hand th' outrageous Philistine,  
Edom, and Moab, and the Ammonite,

And th' euer-wicked, curst Amalekite:  
O too-too-happy! if his arrogance  
Had not transgressed Heavens sacred Ordinance:  
But therefore, God in 's secret Counsell (iust)  
Him euen alreadie from his Throne hath thrust.  
Degraded of his gifts, and in his steed  
(Though priuily) anointed Jesse's Seed,  
Th' honour of Jacob, yea of th' Vniuersel,  
Heav'ns darling DAVID, Subject of my Verse.  
Lord, sith I cannot (nor I may not once)  
Aspire to DAVID's Diadems and Thrones;

Not

Nor lead behind my bright Triumphal-Car  
So many Nations Conquered in War:  
Nor (DAVID-like) my trembling Aspes adorn  
With bloody TROPHEIS of my Foes forlorn:  
Vouchsafe me yet his Verse: and (Lord) I craue  
Let me his Harp-strings, not his Bowe-strings haue;  
His Lute, and not his Lance, so worthy-sing  
Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.  
For, none but DAVID can sing DAVID's worth:  
Angels in Heav'n thy glory sound; in Earth,  
DAVID alone; whom (with Heav'ns loue surpriz'd)  
To praise thee there, thou now hast Angeliz'd.  
Gue me the Laurel, not of War, but Peace;  
Or rather giue me (if thy grace so please)  
The Cinik Garland of green Oaken boughes,  
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious browes,  
To euer-wimes to our after-frends  
How I haue rescu'd my con-Citizens,  
Whom profane Fumes-Thirst day and night did moue  
To be beslau'd to th' yoke of wanton Loue:  
For (not to me, but to thee, Lord, be praise)  
Now, by th' example of my Sacred Layes,  
To Sacred Loues our noblest spirits are bent,  
And thy rich Name's their only Argument.

HEE, WHOM in priuat wals, with priuy signe,  
The great King-maker did for King assigne,  
Begins to show himself. A fire so great  
Could not live flame-less long: nor would God let  
So noble a spirits nimble edge to rust  
In Sheapheards idle and ignoble dust.

My Son, how certain we that saying proue,  
That doubtfull Fear still wayts on tender Loue:  
DAVID (saith Jesse) I am full of fears  
For thy deer Brethren: Each Assault, salt tears  
Draws from mine eyes; mee thinks each point doth stab  
Mine Eliah, Samna, and Aminadab.

Therefore goe visite them, and with this Food  
Beare them my blessing; say I wish them good;  
Beseeching God to shield and them sustain,  
And send them (soon) victorious home again.

Gladly goes DAVID, and anon doth spie  
Two steep high Hills where the two Armies lie,  
A Vale diuides them; where, in raging mood  
(Calestus-like) an armed Giant stood:

His long black locks hung shagged (flouen-like)  
A-down his sides: his bull-beard floated thick;  
His hand and arms, and bosom bristled were  
(Most Hedge-hog-like) with wyer instead of haire.

O o 3

His

Jesse for 1000  
send his David  
to see how he  
in the Camp.

Dejection of  
Goliath.



Simile.

His foul blasphemous mouth, a Caves mouth is;  
 His eyes two Brands, his belly an Abyſſe:  
 His legs two Pillars; and to ſee him go,  
 He ſeem'd ſom ſteeple reeling to and fro.  
 A Cypreſſe-Tree, of fifteen Summers old,  
 Pyramid-wiſe waues on his Helm of gold.  
 Whoſe glistening brightnes doth (with rayes direct)  
 Againſt the Sun, the Sun it ſelf reflect;  
 Much like a Comer blazing bloodie-bright  
 Ouer ſom City, with new threatfull light,  
 Preſaging down-fall or ſom diſmal fate,  
 Too-neer approoching to ſom ancient State.  
 His Lance a Loom-beam, or a Maſt (as big)  
 Which yet he ſhaketh as an Oſier twig;  
 Whoſe harmfull point is headed ſtiſly-ſtraight  
 With burniſht Braſſe about an Anuils waight:  
 Vpon whoſe top (in ſtead of Bannaret)  
 A hisſing Serpent ſeems his foes to threat:  
 His brazen Cuiraffe, nor a Squire can carrie;  
 For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie:  
 His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* ſlaies,  
 Where *Chus* his ſon, Heav'n-climbing Towrs doth raiſe;  
 Where th' *Ark* of God, to the *Heathen* captiuat,  
 To *Dagon's* Houſe is led with ſcorne and hate)  
 Is like a Curtain made of double planks  
 To ſaue from ſhot ſome hard-befieged Ranks.  
 His threatfull voice is like the ſtormiefull Thunder  
 When hot-cold Fumes teare ſulphury clouds aſunder.

The brauing De-  
 fiance is the  
 Hoſt of Iſrael.

O Fugitiues! this is the forti'th day  
 (Thus barks the Dog) that I haue ſtalked aye  
 About your fearefull Hoſt: that I alone  
 Againſt your beſt and choiſeſt Champion,  
 In ſingle Combat might our Cauſe conclude,  
 To ſhun the ſlaughter of the multitude.  
 Come then, who dares; and to be ſlaine by mee,  
 It ſhall thine honour and high Fortune bee.  
 Why am I not leſſe ſtrong: my common ſtrength  
 Might find ſome Braue to cope with at the length.  
 But, phy for ſhame, when ſhal we ceaſe this geare:  
 I to deſie, and you to fly for feare?  
 If your hearts ſerue not to defend your Lot,  
 Why are you arm'd? why rather yeeld you not?  
 Why rather doe you (ſith you dare not fight)  
 Not proue my mildneſſe, than prouoke my might?  
 What needeſt Coats of braſſe and Caps of ſteele  
 For ſuch as (Hare-like) muſt bur to their heele?  
 But, ſith I ſee not one of you (alas!)  
 Alone dares meet, nor looke me in the face,

Come

Simile.

Saul ſtirreth up  
 his ſouldiers,  
 and proſecuteth  
 amyle *Romard*  
 to him that ſhall  
 undertake the  
 Philistine.

Come tennē, come twenty, nay come all of you,  
 And in your ayde let your great God come too:  
 Let him rake Hell, and ſhake the Earth in ſunder,  
 Let him be arm'd with Lightning and with Thunder:  
 Let him come and buckle with me heer:  
 Come, let him come, leſſe then your ſelues, I feare.  
 Your goodly God, leſſe then your ſelues, I feare.

Thus hauing ſpew'd, the dreadfull *Cyclop* ſtirr'd  
 His monſtrous Limbes; beneath his feet he reard  
 A Clowd of duſt: and, whereſoe'er he wend,  
 Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghastly ſteps attend.

Even as a payr of buſie chattering Pies,  
 Seeing ſome hardie Tercell from the ſkies  
 To ſcoop with rav'nous ſerres, feele a chill feare,  
 From buſh to buſh, wag-tayling here and there;  
 So that no noyſe, nor ſtone, nor ſtick can make  
 The timorous Birds their Couert to forſake:  
 So th' *Hebrew* Troopes this brauing Monster ſhun;  
 And from his ſight, ſom here, ſom there, do run.  
 In vain the King commands, intreats and threats;  
 And hardly three or foure together gets.

What ſhame (ſaith he) that our Victorious Hoſt  
 Should all be daunted with one Pagans boſt?  
 Braue *Jonathan*, how is thy courage quaild?  
 Which, yeſt at *Boſes*, all alone aſſaild

Th' whole *Heathen* Hoſt. O Worthy *Abner* too,  
 What chance hath cut thy Nerues of Valour now?  
 And thou thy ſelfe (O *Saul*) whoſe Conquering hand  
 Had yeſt with *Tropheis* filled all the Land,  
 As far as *Tigris*, from the *Iaphean* Sea:

Where is thy heart? how is it fall'n away?

*Saul* is not *Saul*: O! then, what *Iſraelite*  
 Shall venge God's honor and Our ſhame acquire?  
 Who, ſpur'd with anger, but more ſtir'd with zeale,  
 Shall ſoile this Pagan, and free *Iſrael*?

O! who ſhall bring me this Wolf's howling head,  
 That Heav'n and Earth hath ſo vn-hallowed?

What e're he be, that (lauiſh of his ſoule)  
 Shall with his blood waſh-out this blot ſo ſoule,  
 I will innober him, and all his Houſe;  
 He ſhall inioy my Daughter for his Spouſe:  
 And euer ſhall a Deed ſo memorable  
 Betwixt the Saints) ſacred and honorable.

Yet for the *Duel* no man dares appeer:  
 All with the Prize; but none will win 't ſo deer:  
 Big-looking Minions, braue in vaunts and vows,  
 Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:  
 But, euen the blaſt that cools their courage ſo,  
 That makes my *D A V D's* valiant rage to glowe.

My



## THE TROPHIES.

My Lord (saith He) behold, this hand shall bring  
Th' Heav'n-scorned head vnto my Lord the King.

Alas, my Lad, sweet Shepheard (answers *Saul*)  
Thy heart is great; although thy lims be small:  
High flieth thy thoughts; but we haue need of more,  
More stronger Toyls to take so wilde a Boare:

To tame *Goliath*, needs som Demi-god,  
Som *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad

Of slender growth, vpon whose tender Chin  
The budding down doth scarcely yet begin.

Keep therefore thine owne Rank, and draw not thus  
Death on thy self, dis-honour vpon vs,

With shame and sorrow on all *Israel*,  
Through end-les Thralldom to a Fo so fel.

His assurance.

The faintest Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,  
To Eagles Doues, Vanquish't to Vanquishers:

God, by a Womans feeble hand subdews  
*Jabins* Lieutenant, and a Iudge of *sems*.

God is my strength: therefore (O King) forbear,  
For *Israel*, for thee, or mee, to fear:

No self-presumption makes me rashly braue;  
Assured pledge of his proud head I haue.

Seest thou these arms, my Lord? These very arms  
(Steeld with the strength of the great God of Arms)

Haue bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions blood:  
These very arms, beside a shady wood,

Haue slain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)  
Had torn and born my fattest sheep away.

My God is still the same: this sauage Beast,  
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feast,

All-ready feels his fury and my force;  
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:

With his own sword his cursed length I lop,  
His head already on the ground doth hop.

The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute  
To see a mind so yong, so resolute:

Then son (saith he) sith so confirm'd thou art,  
Go, and Gods blessing on thy valiant hart;

God guide thy hand, and speed thy weapon so,  
That thou return triumphant of thy Fo.

Hold, take my Corslet, and my Helm, and Launce,  
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes aduance.

The faithfull Champion, being furnish't thus,  
Is like the Knight, which twice *Eridanus*

And th' heav'nly *Star-Skip*, marching brauely-bright  
(Hauing his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight

With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)  
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.

Turns Winters night into a Summers day.

## THE TROPHEIS.

Sims.

But, yer that he had half a furlong gon,  
The massie Launce and Armour hee had on

Did load him so, he could not freely mooue  
His legs and arms, as might him best behooue.

Euen so an *Irish* Hobby, light and quick  
(Which on the spur ouer the bogs they prick

In highest speed) If on his back he feel  
Too-sad a Saddle, plated all with steel,

Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behind,  
Crooper and Trappings him too-close to binde;

He seems as lame, he stings and will not go;  
Or, if he stir, it is but stiff and slowe.

*DAVID* therefore lays-by his heavy load;  
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*

(Who by the weakest can the strongest stoop)  
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,

No Arrows seeks, nor other Arcenall;  
But, from the Brooke that runnes amid the Vale,

Hee takes five Pebbles and his Sling, and so,  
Courageously in counters with his Foe.

What Combat 's this? On the one side, I see  
A moouing Rocke, whose looks do terrifie

Euen his owne Hoast; whose march doth seem to make  
The Mountaine tops of *Sinath* euen to shake:

On th' other side, a slender tender Boy  
Where grace and beautie for the prize doo play:

Shau'e but the down that on his Chin doth peer,  
And one would take him for *Anchises* Pheer:

Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,  
And one would think that it were *Cupids* self.

Gold on his head, scarlet in either Cheek,  
Grace in each part and in each gest, alike;

In all so lovely, both to Foe and Friend,  
That very Enuy cannot but commend

His match-les beauties: and though ardent zeale  
Flush in his face against the Infidel,

Although his Fury fume, though vp and down  
He nimblely trauesse, though he fiercely frown,

Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,  
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat;

His Storme is Calm, and from his modest eyes  
Euen gracious seems the grimmeest flash that flies:

Am I a Dog, thou Dwarf, thou Dandiprat,  
To be with stones repell'd and palted at?

Or art thou weary of thy life so soon?  
(O foolish boy! fantastical Baboone!

What never saw'st but sheep in all thy life;  
Poore sottie, 'tis heer another kind of life:

We



We wrastle not (after your Shepheards guise)  
 For painted Sheep-hooks, or such pettie Prize,  
 Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheefe:  
 The Vanquish'd Head must be the Victors Fees.  
 Where is thy sweate dust? thy sun-burnt scars  
 (The glorious marks of Soldiers train'd in Wars)  
 That make thee dare so much? O Lady-Cow,  
 Thou shake no more be-star thy wanton brow  
 With thine eyes rayes: Thy Mistresse shall no more  
 Curl the quaint Tresses of thy Golden ore:  
 I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes  
 Shall peck the pride of those sweet smiling eyes:  
 Yet, no (my girle-boy) no, I will not file  
 My feared hands with blood so faintly-vile:  
 Go seek thy match, thou shalt not dy by me,  
 Thine honor shall not my dishonor be:  
 No (filly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods,  
 I would not fight at so vn-knightly ods.

Com barking Curie (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)  
 That hast blasphem'd the God of Gods, and vs;  
 The ods is mine (villain, I scorne thy Boasts)  
 I haue for Aide th'almighty Lord of Hosts.

Th' *Ethiok's* a-fire, and from his goggle eyes  
 All drunk with rage and blood, the Lightning flies:  
 Out of his beuer like a Boare he comes:  
 A hellish fury in his bosom roames:  
 As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull pace,  
 Death and destruction muster in his face:  
 He would a-fresh blasphem the Lord of Lords  
 With new despights; but in the steed of words  
 He can but gnash his teeth. Then, as an Oxe  
 Straid twixt the hollow of steep Hills and Rocks,  
 Through craggie Coombs, through dark and ragged turnings,  
 Lowes hideously his solitary Moornings:  
 The Tyrant so from his close helmer blunders  
 With horrid noise, and this harsh voyce he thunders:

Thy God reigns in his Ark, and I on Earth:  
 I Challenge Him, Him (if he dare come forth)  
 Not Thee, base *Pigme*. Villain (sayes the *Jew*)  
 That blasphemy thou instantly shalt rue.

If e'r you saw (at Sea) in Summer weather,  
 A Galley and a Caraque cope together  
 (How th' one steers quick, and th' other veers as slowe  
 Lar-boord and star-boord from the poop to prow:  
 This, on the winde; that on her Owres relies:  
 This daunteth most; and that most damnifies)  
 You may conceiue this Fight: th' huge *Polypheme*  
 Stands, stiffly shaking his steel-pointed beam:

simile.

simile.

David

*David* doth trauesse (round about him) light,  
 Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right,  
 Steps in and out; now stoops, anon he stretchies;  
 Then herecoyls, on cyther hand he reaches;  
 And stoutly-actiue, watching th' aduerse blowes,  
 In euery posture dooth himself dispose.

As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks doo fight,  
 (Bristling their plumes, and (red with rage) do finite  
 With spurs and beak, bounding at euery blowe,  
 With fresh assaults freshing their fury so,  
 That, desperate in their vn-yeelding wrath,  
 Nothing can end their deadly feud but death)  
 The Lords about, that on both sides do bet,  
 Look partially when th' one the Field shall get,  
 And, trampling on his gaudy plumed pride,  
 His prostrate Fo with bloody spurs bestride,  
 With clanging Trumpet and with clapping wing,  
 Triumphantly his Victory to sing:

So th' *Hebrew* Host, and so the *Heathen* stranger  
 (Not free from fear, but from the present danger)  
 Behold with passion these two Knights, on whom  
 They both haue wagerd both their Fortunes summe:  
 And cyther side, with voice and gesture too,  
 Hartens and cheers their Champion well to doo;  
 So earnest all, that almost euery one  
 Seems even an Actor, not a looker-on.  
 All feel the skirmish twixt their Hope and Fear:  
 All cast their eyes on this sad Theater:  
 All on these two depend, as very Founders  
 Of their good Fortune, or their Fates Confounders.

O Lord, said *DAVID* (as he whirld his Sling)  
 Bewoe and Bowe-man of this shaft I sing.  
 With sudden Beck the fatal hemp lets go  
 The humming Flint, which with a deadly blowe  
 Peares instantly the *Pagans* gantly Front,  
 As deep as Pistol-shot in boord is wont.

The villain's sped (cries all the *Hebrew* band)  
 The Dog, the Atheist feels Gods heavy hand.  
 Th' *Isaiah* Knight, seeing the blowe, stands still.  
 Froth Tyrants wound his ruddy soule doth trill;  
 As from a crack in any pipe of Lead

(That conuoyes Water from som Fountains head)  
 Hissing in th' Aire, the captiue Stream doth spin  
 In siluer threds her crySTALL humour thin.

The Giant, wiping with his hand his wound,  
 Cries Tush, 't is nothing: but efsouones the ground  
 Surk vnder him, his face grew pale and wan,  
 And all his limbs to faint and fall began:

simile.

Goliah ouer-  
throwne.

small.

Thrice



Simile.

Thrice heaves he vp his head; it hangs as fast,  
And all a-long lies *Isaac's* dread at last,  
Covering a rood of Land; and in his Fall,  
Resembles right a lofty Tower or Wall,  
Which to lay leuel with the humble soil  
A hundred Miners day and night doo toil;  
Till at the length rushing with thundrous roar,  
It ope a breach to th'hardy Conquerour.

Then, two lowd cries, a glad and sad, were heard:  
Wherwith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant stir'd,  
Resummoning vnder his weak Controule  
The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule;  
And (to be once more buckling yer he dies,  
With blowe for blowe) he strives in vain to rise.  
Such as in life, such in his death he seems;  
For euen in death he curses and blasphemers:  
And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the finger,  
Flies at the stone and biteth that for anger;  
*Goliath* bites the ground, and his owne hands  
As Traytors, false to his fel hearts commands.  
Then th' *Hebrew* Champion 'heads the Infidel  
With his own sword, and sends his soule to Hell.

Simile.

*Pagans* disperse; and the *Philistian* swarms  
Haue Armes for burthen, and haue slight for Armes;  
Danger behinde, and shame before their face;  
Rowting themselves, although none giue them chase.

Darius Thanks  
giving for the  
victory.

Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God,  
O let thy Praise fill all the Earth abroad;  
Let *Israel* (through Thee, victorious now)  
Incessant songs vnto thy glory vow:  
And let me Lord (said *DAVID*) euer chuse  
Thee sole, for Subiect of my sacred Muse.  
O wondrous spectacle! vnheard-of Sight!  
The Monster's beaten down, before the Fight:  
A Dwarf, a Shepheard, conquers (euen vnarm'd)  
A Giant fell, a famous Captain, arm'd.  
From a frail Sling this Battery neuer came,  
But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-raizing Ram:  
This was no cast of an vncertain Slinger,  
Twas Crosse-bow-shot: rather it was the finger  
Of the Al-mightie (not this hand of mine)  
That wrought this work so wondrous in our eyne:  
This hath He done, and by a woman weak  
Can likewise stone the stout *Abimelech*:  
Therefore, for euer, singing sacred Layes,  
I will record his glorious Power and Praise.

Then, *Jacobi's* Prince him ioyfully imbraces,  
Prefers to honours, and with fauours graces,

Implies

Implies him farre and nigh; and farre and neere,  
From all sad cares he doth his Soueraine cleere.  
In camp he curbs the *Pagans* arrogance:  
In Court he cures the Melancholy Transe  
That toys his soule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,  
Expels th' ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.  
For, with her sheath, the soule commerce frequents,  
And acts her office by his instruments;  
After his pipe she dances: and (again)  
The body shares her pleasure and her paine;  
And by exchange, reciprocally borrowes  
Som measure of her solace and her sorrowes.  
Th' Eare (doore of knowledge) with sweet warbles pleas'd,  
Sends them estfoons vnto the Soule diseas'd,  
With dark black rage, our spirits pacifies,  
And calmly cools our inward flame that fries.

Effects of Mus-  
ick.Examples of the  
same.

So, O *Tyréus*, changing Harmonie,  
Thy Rowt thou changeest into Victorie.  
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pelleas*,  
Holding thy hart's reanes in his Tune-full hand,  
Thy *Timothie* with his Melodious skill  
Armes and dis-arms thy Worlds-drad arme (at will),  
And with his *Phrygian* Musicke, makes the same  
As Lion fierce; with *Dorick*, milde as Lambe.  
So, while in *Argos* the chaste Violon  
For 'sabsent Soueraine doth graue-sweetly groan,  
Queen *Clytemnestra* doth resist th' alarmes  
Of lewd *Egyphus*, and his lustfull Charmes.  
So, at the sound of the sweet-warbling brasse,  
The Prophet rapt in his soule's soule a space,  
Refines himself, and in his phantasie  
Graues deep the seal of sacred Prophecie.  
For, if our Soule be Number (som so thought)  
It must with number be refreshed oft;  
Or, made by Number (so I yeeld to sing)  
We must the same with som sweet Numbers bring  
To som good Tune: euen as a voice (somtime)  
That in its Part sings out of tune and time,  
Is by another voice (whose measur'd strain  
Custom and Art confirms) brought in again.  
It may be too, that *DAVID's* sacred Ditty  
Quickned with *Holy Writ*, and couched witty,  
Exorcist-like, chag't *Natures* cruell Foe,  
Who the Kings soule did tofs and torture so.  
How e'r it were, He is (in every thing)  
A profitable seruant to the King:  
Who enuious yet of his high Feats and Fame,  
His Faith, and Fortitude, distrusts the same:

Sonnet.

P p

And



And, the diuine Torch of his Vertues bright  
Brings him but sooner to his latest Night;  
Saue that the Lord still shields him from on hy,  
And turns to Tryumph all his Tragedy.

Sauls Envy  
David.

O bitter sweet! I burst (thus raues the King)  
To hear them all, in Camp and Court to sing,  
SAUL he hath slaine a thousand, DAVID ten,  
Ten thousand DAVID. O faint scorn of men!  
Lo how, with Lustre of his glorious parts,  
He steals away the giddy peoples hearts;  
Makes lying Prophets sooth him at a beck;  
Thou art but King in name, He in effect:  
Yet thou indurst it; haste thee, haste thee (Sor)  
Choak in the Cradle his aspiring Plor;  
Preuent his hopes, and wisely valiant  
Off with his head that would thy foot supplant.  
Nay, but beware; his death (beloy'd so wel)  
Will draw thee hatred of all Israel.  
Sith then so high his heady valour flies,  
Sith common glory cannot him suffice,  
Sith Danger vpon Danger he pursues,  
And Victorie on Victorie renews;  
Let's put him to 't: Let's make him Generall,  
Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:  
So shall his owne Ambitious Courage bring  
For Crown a Coffin to our Iunior King:  
Yea, had he *Sargars* strength, and *Samsons* too,  
He should not scape the taske I'll put him to.

But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieues,  
And more and more his grace and glory thrives:  
The more he doos, the more he dares aduenture,  
His rest-les Valour seeks still new Aduenture.  
For, feeling him armd with th' Almighty's Spirit,  
He reckes no danger (at the least to fear it).  
Then, what doos Saul? When as he saw no speed  
By sword of Foes so great a Foe to rid,  
He tries his owne: and one while throwes his dart,  
At vn-awares to thrill him to the heart:  
Or treacherously he layes som subtile train,  
At board, or bed, to haue him (harm-les) slain:  
On nothing else dreams the disloyall wretch,  
But *Dauids* death; how *David* to dispatch,  
Which had bin don, but for his Son the Prince  
(Who deerly tenders *Dauids* Innocence,  
And neerly marks and harkes the Kings Designes,  
And warns the *Iessean* by suspect-les signes)  
But for the kinde Courageous *Jonathan*,  
Who (but attended onely with his man)

Jonathan's  
love to David.

Neer

Neer *Senean* Rocks discomfited, alone,  
The *Philistines* victorious Garrison.  
About his cares a Shower of Shafts doth fall;  
His Shield's too narrow to receiue them all:  
His sword is duld with slaughter of his Foes,  
Wherefore the dead he at the liuing throwes:  
Head-lined helmes, heawn from their trunks he takes,  
And those his vollies of swift shot he makes.  
The Heathen Hoast dares him no more affront,  
Late number-les; but, easie now to count.

*David* therefore, flying his Princes Furie,  
From end to end flies all the Land of *Iurie*:  
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, anon  
To Desert *Zif*, to *Keilah*, *Maon*,  
Hauing for roof heav'ns arches starry-seeld;  
And, for repast, what wauing woods doe yeeld.  
The Tyrant (so) frustrate of his intent,  
Wreakes his fell rage vpon the innocent;  
Many winke, as willing t' haue not seen him,  
Or if (vnweeting what's the oddes between him  
And th' angry King) if any had but hid him:  
He dies for it (if any haue but spid him):  
Yea the High-Priest, that in Gods presence stands,  
Escapeth not his paricidiall hands;  
Nor doth he spare in his vnbounded rage,  
Cattel, nor Curre, nor state, nor sexe, nor age.

Contrariwise, *David* doth good for ill,  
He Hates the haters of his Soueraine still.  
And though he oft incounter *Saul* lesse strong  
Then his owne side; forgetting all his wrong,  
He shewes him, aye, loyall in deed and word  
Vnto his Liege, th' Anointed of the Lord;  
Respects and honors him, and mindes no more  
The Kings vnkindnes that had past before.

One day as *Saul* (to ease him) went aside  
Into a Cave, where *David* wont to hide,  
*David* (vn-seen) seeing his Foe so neer  
And all alone, was strook with suddain fear,  
As much amaz'd and musing there-vpon;  
When whispering thus his Consorts egge him on:  
Who sought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;  
Doo'st thou not see the Tyrant in thy Trap?  
Now therefore pull this Thorne out of thy foot:  
Now is the Time if euer thou wilt doo 't:  
Now by his death establish thine estate:  
Now hugge thy Fortune yer it be too late:  
For, he (my Lord) that will not, when he may,  
Perhaps he shall not, when he would (they say).

Pp 2

Why



*And his Disciples  
Authors of Saul  
sons of our Pow-  
der-mine.*

Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?  
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy self and vs?

Wonne with their words, to kill him he resolves:  
But, by the way thus with himself revolves:  
He is a Tyrant. True: But now long since,  
And still, he bears the mark of lawfull Prince:  
And th' Ever-King (to whom all Kings doe bow)  
On no pretext, did euer yet allow  
That any Subject should his hand distain  
In sacred blood of his owne Souerain.

He hunts me cause-less. True: but yet, Gods word  
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.  
I am anointed King; but (at Gods pleasure)  
Not publikely: therefore I waite thy leasure.  
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then  
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.

Thus hauing sayd, he stalkes with noise-less foot  
Behind the King, and softly off doth cut  
A skirt or lap of his then-pper clothing;  
Then quick auoydes: and, *Saul*, suspecting nothing,  
Comes forth anon: and *Dauid* afterward  
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)  
Cries to the King (vpon his humble knee)  
Come neer (my Liege) come neer and fear not me,  
Fear not thy seruant *Dauid*. Well I knowe,  
Thy Flatterers, that misinform thee so,  
With thousand slanders daily thee incense  
Against thy Seruants spot-less innocence:  
Those smooth-fly Aspicks, with their poisony sting  
Murder mine honor, me in hatred bring  
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)  
As if Convicted of the Highest Treason:  
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)  
The venom of their Viperous tongues shall stop;  
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,  
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.  
Behold, my Lord, (Truth needeth no excuse)  
What better witness can my soule produce  
Of faithfull Loue, and Loyall Vassalage,  
To thee, my Liege, than this most certain gage?  
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,  
Could I not then as well haue cut thy throat?  
But rather (Souerain) throw all my veins  
Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains)  
Benum my hand, then it shall lift a sword  
Against my Liege, th'anointed of the Lord;  
Or violate, with any insolence,  
Gods sacred Image in my Souerain Prince.

And

And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still;  
Like silly Kid, I hop from hill to hill;  
Like hared Wolues, I and my Souldiers starge:  
Like hared thy self, if I thy wrath deserue.

But, Iudge thy self, if I thy wrath deserue.  
No (my Sonne *Dauid*) I haue don thee wrong:  
Good God requite thy good: there doth belong  
A great Reward vnto so gracious deed.  
Ah, well I see it is about decreed  
That thou shalt sit vpon my Seat supream,  
And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem:  
Then, O thou sacred and most noble Head  
Remember mee and mine (when I am dead):  
Be gracious to my Blood, and raze not fell  
My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.

Thus sayd the King; and tears out-went his words:  
A pale despair his heavy hart still-girds:  
His feeble spirit praesaging his Mil-fortune,  
Doth euery-kinde of Oracles importune;  
Suspicious, seeks how *Cleobs*'s Clew doth swell;  
And, cast of Heav'n, wil needs consult with Hell.

In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those daies,  
Deepe-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex always  
Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magik* Tricks,  
As pronest Agents, for the Prince of *Styx*:  
Whether, because their soft, moist supple brain,  
Doth easie print of euery seal retain:  
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames defaite,  
Those Wyzards ween to winn it by *Black-Art*.)  
This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies* fury fell,  
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,  
This sad *Erinny*s, *Milcom*'s Favourite,  
*Chemo*'s his Ioye, and *Belzebubs* delight,  
Delights alonely for her exercise  
In secret Murders, sodain Tragedies;  
Her drink, the blood of Babes; her dainty Feast  
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).  
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) she lights debates;  
And quiet Loue much more then Death she hates:  
Or if the reack of Love, 'tis but to trap  
Some severe *Cato* in incestuous Lap.  
Sometimes (they say) she dims the Heav'nly Lamps  
She haunts the Graues, she talks with Ghosts, she stamps  
And Cals-vp Spirits, and with a wink controules  
Th' internall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.  
Arts admiration, *Israel*'s Ornament,  
That (as a Queen) Command'th each Element,  
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise,  
(Th' unfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)

*The Woman  
Witch of Endor*

PP3

On



On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,  
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,  
And fildy hasten *Amphitrites* Flood,  
Or stay her Eb (as to thy self seems good):  
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,  
Make the Sphears moue, and the Sun still to stand:  
Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,  
That for a fount in a deep Swoun she seems:  
O thou all-knowing Spirit! daign with thy spell  
To raise vp heer renowned *Samuel*,  
To satisfie my doubtfull soule, in sum,  
The issue of my Fortunes yet to com.

Importun'd twice or thrice, she that before  
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)  
Which she was wont with her vn-hollom breach  
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,  
Grows now more gally, and more Ghost-like grim,  
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim.  
The place about darker then Night she darkes,  
Shee yelles, she roars, she howles, she brayes, she barks,  
And, in vn-heard, horrid, Barbarian tearms,  
She mutters strange and execrable Charms;  
Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,  
These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:

Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,  
Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obsequies,  
*Demons*, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper  
Be of mine owne Sons fat; if heer, for paper,  
I write (detested) on the tender skins  
Of time-less Infants, and abortiue Twins  
(Tom from the wombe) these Figures figure-less:  
If this black Sprinkle, tust with Virgins tress,  
Dipt, at your Altar, in my kinsmans blood;  
If well I smell of humane flesh (my food):  
Haste, haste, you Fiends: you subterranean Powr's:  
If impiously (as fits these Rites of yours)  
I haue inuok't your grizly Maiesties,  
Harken (O Furies) to my Blasphemies,  
Regard my Charms and mine inchanting Spell,  
Reward my Sins, and send vp *Samuel*  
From dismall darknes of your deep Abyss,  
To answer me in what my pleasure is:  
Dispatch, I say, (black Princes) quick, why when?

Haue I not Art for one, to send you ten?  
When? stubborn Ghost! The Paltraies of the Sun  
Doo fear my Spells; and, when I spur, they run:  
The Planets bow, the Planis giue ear to me,  
The Forrests stoop, and even the strongest Tree,

At diuery sound of my sad whisperings,  
Doth Prophecie, foretelling future things:  
Yea (maugre *Soue*) by mine almighty Charms,  
Through Heav'n I thunder with imperious Arms:  
And comst not thou? O, so: I see the Sage,  
I see th' ascent of som great man: his age,  
His sacred habite, and sweet graue aspect  
Som God-like raies about him round reflect:  
Hee's ready now to speak, and plyant too  
To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.  
*Saul* flat adores; and wickedly-denout,  
The fained *Prophets* least word leaues not out.

What dost thou *Saul*? O *Israels* Sovereign,  
Witches, of late, seard only thy disdain:  
Nowt are thy stay. O wretch doost thou not knowe  
One cannot vseth ayde of the Powers belowe  
Withour som Pact of Counter-Seruices,  
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?  
And that this Art (meer Diabolicall)  
Is hurtfull all, but th' Author most of all:  
And also, that the impius Atheist,  
The Infidel, and damned Exorcist,  
Differ not much. Th' one, Godhead quite denies:  
Th' other, for God, foul Satan magnifies:  
The other, Satan (by Inchantment strange)  
Into an Angell of the Light doth change.  
When as God would, his voice thou wouldst not hear;  
Now he forbids thee, thou consult'st elf-where:  
Whom (lying Prophet) thou neglect'st, abhor'st,  
Him (dead) thou seek'st, and his dead Trunk ador'st:  
And yet, not him nor his; for th' ongly Fiend  
Hath no such power vpon a Saint extend,  
Who fears no force of the blasphemous Charms  
Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:  
From all the Poysons that those powers contriue,  
Charm-charming Faith's a full Preseruatiue.  
In Soule and Body both, He cannot come;  
For they re-ioyne not till the day of doom:  
His Soule alone cannot appeer; for why,  
Soules are invisible to mortall eye:  
His Body only, neither can it be;  
For (dust to dust) that soon corrupts (we see).  
Besides all this, if 'twere true *Samuel*,  
Should nor (alas) thine eyes-sight serue as well  
To see and knowe him, as this Sorceresse,  
This heffull Hag, this old Enehameresse,  
This Diuell incarnate, whose drad Spell commands  
The rebell-Fury of th' Infernall Bands?

Against those  
that resort to  
Witches.

Against the illu-  
sion of Satans  
false Apparitions  
and Wal-  
king Spirits.

Hath



Some.

Some.

Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to faine  
 A Body fitting for his turn and train?  
 And (as the rigor of long Cold congeals  
 To harsh hard Wooll the running Water-Rills)  
 Cannot he thicken thinnest parts of Air,  
 Commixing Vapours? glew-them? hue them fair?  
 Even as the Rain-Bowe, by the Suns reflexion  
 Is painted faire in manifold complexion:  
 A Body, which we see all-ready form'd;  
 But yet perceiue not how it is perform'd:  
 A Body, perfect in apparant shewe  
 But in effect and substance nothing so:  
 A Body, hartless, lung-less, tongue-less too,  
 Where Satan lurks, not to giue life ther to;  
 But to the end that from this Counter-mure,  
 More couertly he may discharge more sure  
 A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts  
 Against the Bulwarks of the bravest hearts:  
 That, in the Sugar (even) of sacred Writ,  
 He may em-pill vs with som bane full bit:  
 And, that his counterfait and fained lips,  
 Laying before vs all our hainous slips,  
 And Gods drad Iudgements and iust Indignation,  
 May vnder-mine our surest Faiths Foundation.  
 But, let vs hear now what he saith. O *Saul*,  
 What frantick fury art thou moov'd with-all,  
 To now re-knit my broken thrid of life?  
 To interrupt my rest? And 'mid the strife  
 Of struggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs  
 (By power-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?  
 Inquir'st thou what's to-come? O wretched Prince!  
 Too much, too-soon (what I fore-told long since):  
 Death's at thy door: to-morrow Thou and Thine  
 Even all shall fall before the Philistine:  
 And great-good *David* shall possesse thy Throne,  
 As God hath sayd, to be gain-sayd by none.  
 Th' Author of Lies (against his guise) tels true:  
 Not that at-once he Selfly all fore-knew,  
 Or had revolv'd the Leanes of Destiny  
 (The Childe alonly of Eternity):  
 But rather through his busie obseruation  
 Of circumstance, and often iteration  
 Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,  
 In the close Book of cleare Coniecturals,  
 With a far-seeing Spirit; hits often right:  
 Not much vnlike a skilfull Galenite,  
 Who (when the *Crisis* comes) dares even foretell  
 Whether the Patient shal do ill or well.

How *Lucifer*  
 comes to tell  
 things to come.

Or

Or, as the Star-wise somtimes calculates  
 (By an Eclipse) the death of Potentates;  
 And (by the stern aspects of greatest Stars)  
 Prognosticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.  
 As he foretold (in brief) so fell it out:  
 Brave *Jonathan* and his two Brethren stout  
 Are slain in fight; and *Saul* himselfe forlorn,  
 Left (Captiue) he be made the Pagans scorn,  
 He kills him-Self; and, of his Fortune froward,  
 To seem not conquer'd, shewes him Self a Coward.  
 For, 'tis not Courage (whatsoe'r men say)  
 But Cowardize, to make ones Self away.  
 'Tis even to turne our back at Fears alarms:  
 'Tis (basely-faint) to yeeld vp all our Arms.  
 O extreame Rage! O barbarous Cruelty,  
 All at one Blowe, to offend Gods Maiesty,  
 The State, the Magistrate, Thy selfe (in fine):  
 Th' one, in destroying the deer work divine  
 Of his almightie Hands; the next, in reauing  
 Thy needfull Seruice, it should be receiuing;  
 The third, in rash-vsurping his Commission;  
 And last, Thy Self, in thine owne Selfs-Perdition,  
 When (by two Deaths) one voluntarie Wound  
 Doth both thy body and thy soule confound.  
 But *Isosbuth* (his deer Son) yet retains  
 His Place a space, and *David* only Reigns  
 In happy *Juda*. Yet, yer long (discreet)  
 Hemakes th' whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to meet:  
 And so He rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)  
 His Peoples Ioy, the Pagans only Terror.  
 If ever standing on the sandy shoar,  
 I haue thought to count the rowling waues that roar  
 Each after other on the *British* Coast,  
 When *Aeolus* sends forth his Northern Poast;  
 Wave vpon Wave, Surge vpon Surge doth fold,  
 Sea swallowes Sea, so thickly-quickly rould,  
 That (number-less) their number so doth mount,  
 That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt:  
 So *David's* Vertues when I think to number,  
 Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber;  
 That Ocean swallowes me: and mazed so,  
 In the vast Forest where his Prayses growe,  
 I knowe not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree,  
 (Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie  
 My *Muse* may chuse (*Amphion*-like) to build  
 With curious touch of Fingers Quaguer-skild  
 (Durst she presume to take so much vpon-her)  
 A Temple sacred vnto *David's* honour.

Sauls death.

Against self-killing.

Comparison.

Others.



## THE TROPHEIS.

Others shall sing his minde true Constancie,  
In oft long exiles try'd so thorowly:  
His life compos'd after the life and likeness  
Of sacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknes  
Towards railing *Shimei*, and the \* Churlish Gull:  
His lovely Eyes and Face so bewtifull.  
Som other shall his equity record,  
And how the edge of his impartiall sword  
Is ever ready for the Reprobate,  
To hewe them down; and help the Desolate:  
How He no Law, but Gods drad Law enacts:  
How He respects not persons, but their Facts:  
How braue a Triumph of Selfis-wrath he shoves,  
Killing the Killers of his deadly Foes.  
Som other shall vnto th' Emphyreal Pole  
The holy fervour of his zeal extoll:  
How for the wandring Ark he doth provide  
A certain place for euer to abide:  
And how for euer euer his designe  
Is ordered all by th' Oracle Diuine.

Vpon the wings of mine (elf-tasked) Rime,  
Through the cleer Welkin of our Western clime,  
I'll only bear his *Musike* and his *Mars*  
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):  
Lo there the sacred mark wherat I aim;  
And yet this Theam I shall but mince and main,  
So many Yarnes I still am faine to strike  
Into this Web of mine intended WEEB.

The *Twelve* stout *Labours* of th' *Amphitrionide*  
(Strongest of Men) are iustly magnifi'd:  
Yet, what were They but a rude Massacre  
Of Birds and Beasts, and Monsters here and there:  
Not Hoasts of Men and Armies ouerthrow'n;  
But idle Conquests; Combats One to One:  
Where boist'rous Limbs, and Sinnews strongly knit,  
Did much auail with little ayde of Wit.  
Bears, Lions, Giants, foild in single fight,  
Are but th' Essayes of our redoubted Knight:  
Vnder his Armes sick *Aram* deadly droops:  
Vnto his power the strength of *Edom* stoops:  
Stout *Amalek* even trembles at his name:  
Prowd *Ammon* scom he doth return with shame:  
Subdueth *Soba*: foys the *Moabite*:  
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Iebusite*:  
And (still victorious) every month almost  
Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast:  
So that, *Aleides* massie Club scarce taught  
So many blowes, as *David* Battails fought.

## THE TROPHEIS.

Th' expert Great \* Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild,  
Won in strange Wars; in ciuill Fights he faild:  
But, *David* thrives in all: and fortunate,  
Triumphs no lesse of *Sauls* intestine hate,  
Of *Ishbels* and *Absalon*'s designs,  
Then of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.  
Good-Fortune alwaies blowes not in the Poop  
Of valiant *Cesar*, she defeats his Troop,  
Slaves his Lieutenants; and (among his Friends)  
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life she ends:  
But *David* alwaies feels Heav'n's gracious hand;  
Whether in person He himself command  
His royall Hoast: or whether (in his sted)  
By valiant *Joab* his braue Troops be led:  
And Happinesse, closing his aged eye,  
Even to his Toomb consorts him constantly.  
Fair Victory, with Him (even from the first)  
Did pitch her Tent: his Infancy she nursd  
With noble Hopes, his stronger years she fed  
With stately *Tropheis*, and his hoary head  
She Crowns and Comforts with (her cheerfull Balms)  
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palms*.  
The Mountains stoop to make him easie way;  
And *Euphrates*, before Him, dryes away:  
To Him great *Jordan* a small leap doth seem;  
Without assault, strong Cities yeeld to Him:  
Th' Engine alone of His far-fear'd Renown  
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, and Bulwarks down:  
Gads goodly Vales, in a gore Pond he drenches:  
*Philistian* Fires, with their owne Bloud he quenches;  
And then, in *Gob* (pursewing still his Foes)  
His wrath's iust Tempest on fell Giants throwes.  
O strong great *Worthies* will som one-day say,  
When your huge Bones they plough vp in the Clay)  
But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHIE He,  
Whose Heav'n-lent Force and Fortune made you be  
(Maugre your might, your massy Spears and Shields)  
The fat'ning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.  
His Enemies, scarcely so soon he threats  
As overthrowes, and vterly defeats.  
On *David*'s head, God doth not spin good-hap;  
But pours it down abundant in his Lap:  
And He (good subiect) with his Kingdom, ever  
T'increase th' Immortall Kingdom doth endeavour.  
His swelling Standards neuer stir abroad,  
Till he haue Cald vpon th' Almighty God:  
He neuer Conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)  
He yeelds the Honor where it right belongs:



His Poise.

And evermore th'Eternals sacred Prayse  
 (With Harp and Voice) to the bright Stars doth raise.  
 Scarce was he born, when in his Cradle prest  
 The Nightingale to build her tender nest:  
 The Bee within his sacred mouth seeks room  
 To arch the Chambers of her Hony-comb:  
 And th'Heav'nly *Muse*, vnder his roof descending  
 (As in the Summer, with a train down-bending,  
 We see from *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair  
 With twinkling rayes, glide through the crystill Aier,  
 And soudainly, after long-seeming Flight,  
 To seem amid the new-thay'n Fields to light)  
 Him softly in her Tuory arms she folds,  
 His smiling Face she smilingly beholds:  
 She kisses him, and with her *Nectar* kisses  
 Into his Soule she breathes a Heav'n of Bliss;  
 Then layes him in her lap: and while she brings  
 Her Babe a-sleep, this *Lullaby* she sings.

PRINCE'S  
Lullaby.

Live, live (sweet-Babe) the Miracle of Mine,  
 Live euer Saint, and growe thou all Divine:  
 With this Celestiall Winde, where-with I fill  
 Thy blessed Boosom, all the World full-fill:  
 May thy sweet Voice, in Peace, resound as far  
 And speed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:  
 Bottom nor bank, thy Fames-Sea never bound:  
 With double Laurels be thy Temples Crownd.  
 See (Heav'n-sprung spirit) see how th'allured North,  
 Of thy Childs-Cry (thrill-sweetly warbling forth)  
 Al-ready tastes the learned, dainty pleasures.  
 See, see (yong Father of all sacred Measures)  
 See how, to hear thy sweet harmonious sound,  
 About thy Cradle here are thronging (round)  
 Woods, but with ears: Floods, but their fury stopping:  
 Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwaies hopping:  
 See how the Heav'ns, rapt with so sweet a tongue,  
 To list to thine, leaue their owne Dance and Song.  
 O Idior's shame, and Envy of the Learned!  
 O Verse right-worthy to be ay eterned!  
 O richest Arras, artificiall wrought  
 With liveliest Colours of Concept-full Thought:  
 O royall Garden of the rarest Flowers  
 Sprung from an Aprill of spirituall Showers!  
 O Miracle! whose stat-bright beaming Head  
 When I behold, even mine owne Crown I dread.  
 Never elf-where did plentiful Eloquence,  
 In euery part with such magnificence  
 Set-forth her Beauties, in so sundry Fashions  
 Of Robes and Jewels (suting sundry Passions)

Excellency of  
the Psalmes of  
David.

A

As in thy Songs: Now like a Queen (for Cost)  
 In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imboft  
 With Pretious Stones: neat, City-like, anon,  
 Fine Cloth, or Silk, or Chamlet puts she on:  
 Anon, more like som handfom Shepheardesse,  
 In courser Cloaths she doth her cleanly dresse:  
 What-e're she wear, Wool, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,  
 Or Course or Fine; still like her Self she seems;  
 Fair, Modest, cheerfull, fitting time and place,  
 Illustring all even with a heav'n-like grace.  
 Like prowd loud *Tigris* (ever swiftly rould)  
 Now, through the Plains thou pow'rt a Flood of gold:  
 Now, like thy *Jordan*, (or *Meander*-like)  
 Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek,  
 Thou runn'st to meet thy self's pure streams behind thee.  
 Mazing the Meads where thou dost turn and winde-thee.  
 Anon, like *Cedron*, through a straighter Quill,  
 Thou straineft out a little Brook or Rill,  
 But yet, so sweet, that it shall ever be  
 Th'immorall *Nectar* to Posterity:  
 So cleer, that *Poesie* (whose pleasure is  
 To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Mysteries)  
 Her chastest feathers in the same shall dip,  
 And deaw with-all her choicest workmanship:  
 And so deuout, that with no other Water  
 Denouest Soules shall quench their thirst heer-after.  
 Of sacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount:  
 Of faith-full Spirits th'Interpreter profound:  
 Of contrie Hearts the cleer Anatomy:  
 Of euery Sore the Shop for remedy:  
 Zeal's Tinder-box: a Learned Table, giuing  
 To spirituall eyes, not painted *Christ*, but living.  
 O diuine Volume, *Sion's* cleer deer Voice,  
 Saints rich Exchequer, full of comforts choice:  
 O, sooner shall sad *Boreas* take his wing  
 At *Nilus* head, and boist'rous *Auster* spring  
 From th'icic floods of *Iceland*, than thy Fame  
 Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name:  
 Thou shalt suruiue through-out all Generations,  
 And (plyant) learn the Language of all Nations:  
 Nought but thine Aiers through air and Seas shall sound,  
 In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,  
 Thy sacred Verse shall cleer Gods cloudy face,  
 And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shall trace.  
 Grosse Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely-vile,  
 So holy things presume not to defile,  
 Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings:  
 This Kingly Harp is only meet for Kings.

Qq

And



And so behold, towards the farthest North,  
Ah see, I see vpon the Banks of FORTH  
( Whose force-full stream runs smoothly serpentine )  
A valiant, learned, and religious King,  
Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent  
This rarely-sweet celestial Instrument :  
And *Dauid's* Truchman, rightly doth resound  
( At the Worlds end ) his eloquence renown'd.  
*Dombertans* *Clyde* stands still to hear his voice :  
Stone-rowling *Tay* seemes thereat to reioyce :  
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lummond-Lake*,  
After his sound their lusty gambols shake :  
The ( Trees-brood ) Bar-geese, mid th' *Hebridian* wave,  
Vnto his Tune their far-flow'n wings doo wave :  
And I my Self in my pyde \* *Pleid* a-slope,  
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doo hop.

\* A kind of light  
mantle made of  
a thin blacked  
cloth, worn by  
the *Highlanders*  
in Scotland: and  
now much used  
wherever the *Sabbath*  
is kept.

Thus, full of God, th' Heav'n *Sirene* ( Prophet-wife )  
Powres-forth a Torrent of *mel-Melodies*,  
In *DAVID's* praise. But *DAVID's* foule defect  
Was yet vn-seen, vn-censur'd, vn-suspect.  
Oft in fair Flowers the bane-full Serpent sleeps :  
Somtimes ( we see ) the brauest Courser trips :  
And som-times *Dauid's* Deaf vnto the Word  
Of the Worlds Ruler, th' everlasting Lord :  
His Songs sweet feruor flakes, his Soules pure Fire  
Is damp'd and dimm'd with smoak of foul desire :  
His Harp is layd a-side, he leaues his Layes,  
And after his fair Neighbors Wife he neighs.  
Fair *Ber-Jabe's* his Flame, euen *Ber-Jabe*,  
In whose Chaste bosom ( to that very day )  
Honour and Loue had happy dwelt together,  
In quiet life, without offence of either :  
But, her proud Bewty now, and her Eyes force,  
Began to draw the Bill of their Diuorce :  
Honour giues place to Loue : and by degrees  
Fear from her hart, Shame from her forehead flees.  
The Prefence-chamber, the High street, the Temple  
These Theaters are not sufficient ample  
To shew her Bewties, if but Silke them hide :  
Shee must haue windowes each-where open wide  
About her Garden-Baths, the while therein  
She basks and bathes her smooth Snowe-whiter skin ;  
And one-while set in a black Ier-like Chair,  
Perfumes, and combs, and curls her golden hair :  
Another-while vnder the Crystall brinks,  
Her Alabastrine well-shap'd Limbs she shrinks  
Like to a Lilly sunk into a glasse :  
Like soft loose *Venus* ( as they paint the Lasse )

*Ber-Jabe's* be-  
lieve.

Born in the Seas, when with her eyes sweet-flames,  
Tonnies and *Triton*, she at-once inflames :  
Or like an Iuory Image of a *Grace*,  
Or like an inclos'd in a thin Crystall Case :  
Nearly inclos'd in a thin Crystall Case :  
Another-while, vnto the bottom diues,  
And wantonly with th' vnder-Fishes strives :  
For, in the bottom of this liquid Ice,  
Made of *Musick* work, with quaint device  
The cunning work-man had contrived trim  
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins seeming even to swim.

*Ish's* great son, too-idly, walking hie  
Vpon a Tarras, this bright star doth spy ;  
And sudden dazled with the splendor bright,  
Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light  
From a *Cymmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,  
Feels his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.  
But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, he sees ( alas )  
Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.  
Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star :  
Her lips two snips of crimson Sattin are :  
Her Teeth as white as burnisht silver seem  
( Or *Orient* Pearls, the rarest in esteem ) :  
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her flesh like Snowes  
Sweet intermixed with Vermillion Rose,  
And all her sundry Treasures selfly swell,  
Proud, so to see their naked selues excell.

What living Rance, what rapturing Ivory  
Swims in these streams ? O what new Victory  
Triumphs of all my TROPHIES ? O cleer Therms,  
If so your Waves be cold ; what is it warms,  
Nay, burns my hart ? If hot ( I pray ) whence comes  
This shivering winter that my soule benums,  
Freezes my Senses, and dis-fells me so  
With drouse Poppey, not my self to knowe :  
O peer-less Bewty, meere Bewtfull ;  
( Vnknow'n ) to me th' art most vn-mercifull :  
Alas ! I dy, I dy ( O dismall lot ! )  
Both for I see thee, and I see thee not  
But a far-off, and vnder water too :  
O feeble Power, and O ( what shall I doe ? )  
Weak Kingly-Stare ! sith that a silly Woman  
Stooping my Crown, can my soule's Homage summon.  
But, O Imperiall power ! Imperiall Stare !  
Could ( happy ) I giue Bewties Check the Mate.  
Thus spake the King : and, like a sparkle small  
That by mischance doth into powder fall,  
Her' all a-fire ; and penfue, studies nought,  
But how t'accomplish his lasciuious thought :

*Dauid's* gazing.

*simile.*

Q q =

Which



Simile.

The Prophet  
Nathan's Pe-  
rable reproving  
David.

Which soon he compass, sinks himself therein;  
Forgetteth *David*; addeth Sin to Sin:  
And lustfull, plaies like a young lusty Rider  
(A wilfull Gallant, not a skilfull guider)  
Who, proud of his horse pride, still puts him to't:  
With wand and spur, layes on (with hand and foot)  
The too-free Beast; which, but too-fast before  
Ran to his Ruine, stumbling euermore  
At every stone, till at the last he break  
Against som Rock his and his Riders neck.  
For, fearing, not Adulteries fact, but fame:  
A jealous Husbands Fury for the same:  
And lessening of a Pleasure shar'd to twain:

He (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouse be slain.  
The Lord is moov'd: and, iust, begins to stretch  
His Wraths keen dart at this disloyall wretch:  
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal and Faith)  
Comes to the King, and modest-boldly sayth:

Vouchsafe my Liege (that our chief Iustice art)  
To list a-while to a most hainous part.

First to the fault giue ear: then giue Consent  
To giue the Faulty his due punishment.  
Of late, a Subiect of thine owne, whose flocks  
Pow'd all Mount *Liban*'s pleasant plentious locks;  
And to whose Heards could hardly full suffice  
The flowry Verge that longst all *Jordan* lies;  
Making a feast vnto a stranger-Guest,  
None of his owne abundant Fatlings drest;  
But (priuy Thief) from a poor neighbour by  
(His faithfull Friend) Hee takes feloniously  
A goodly Lamb; although he had no more  
But euen that one: wherby he set such store,  
That every day of his owne hand it fed,  
And every night it coucht vpon his Bed,  
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,  
And euen the moisture from his lips it lickt.  
Nay, more, my Lord. No more (replies the King)  
Deeply incens'd) 'Tis more then time this thing  
Where seen into; and so outrageous Crimes,  
So insolent, had need be curbd betimes:  
What, ever Wretch hath done this Villany  
Shall Die the Death; and not alone Die,  
But let the horror of so foul a Fact  
A more then common punishment exact.

O painted Toomb (then answerd sacred *Nathan*)  
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan:  
Thou blam'st in other thine owne Fault denounc't,  
And vn-awares hast gainst thy self pronounc't

Sentence

Sentence of Death, O King, no King (as then)  
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:  
Yea, Thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft  
Hast iust *Friah*'s only Lamb bereft:  
And him, O horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)  
Him with the sword of *Ammon* hast Thou murther'd.  
Bright Beauties Eye, like to a glorious Sun,  
Hurts the fore eye that looks too-much ther-on:  
Thy wanton Eye, gazing vpon that Eye,  
Hath given an entrance too-too-foolishly  
Vnto that Dwarf, that Diuell (is it not?)  
Which out of Sloath, within vs is begot;  
Who entering first but Guest-wise in a room,  
Doth shortly Master of the house become;  
And makes a Saint (a sweet, mylde minded Man)  
Thar'gainst his Life's Foe would not lift his hand,  
To plot the death of his deer faithfull Friend,  
Thar' for his Loue a thousand liues would spend.

Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble  
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)  
At Gods drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize  
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?  
No, thou shalt knowe the waight of Gods right hand;  
Thou, for example t'other Kings shalt stand.  
Death, speedy Death, of that adulterous Fruit,  
Which euen al-ready makes his Mother rue'r,  
Shall vex thy soule, and make thee feel (indeed)  
Forbidden Pleasure doth Repentance breed.

Ah shame-lesse beast! Sith thy brute Lust (forlorn)  
Hath not the Wife of thy best Friend forborn,  
Thy Sons (dis-natur'd) shall defile thy bed  
Incestuously; thy fair Wiues (rauished)  
Shall doublely thy lust-full seed receaue:  
Thy Concubines (which thou behinde shalt leaue)  
The wanton Rapes of thine owne Race shall be:  
It shall befall that in thy Family,  
With an vn-kinf-mans kisse (vn-louing Louer)  
The Brother shal his Sisters shame discouer:  
Thou shalt be both Father and Father-in-law  
To thine owne Blood. Thy Children (past all aw  
Of God or Man) shall by their insolence  
Euen iustifie thy bloody foul offence.  
Thou sinn'st in secret: but *Sol*'s blushing Eye  
Shall be eye-witness of their villany:  
All *Israel* shall see the same: and then,  
The Heav'n-sunk Cities in *Asphaltis* Fen,  
Out of the stinking Lake their heads shall showe,  
Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-sinned so.

Q 9 3

Thou



Thou, thou (inhumane) didst the Death conspire  
Of good *Uriah* (worthy better Hire) :  
Thou cruell didst it : therefore, Homicide,  
Cowardly treason, cursed Paricide,  
Vn-kinde Rebellion, euer shall remain  
Thy house-hold Guests, thy house with blood to stain.  
Thine owne against thine owne shall thril their darts :  
Thy Son from thee shall steal thy peoples harts :  
Against thy Self he shal thy Subiects arm,  
And giue thine age many a fierce Alarm,  
Till hanged by the hair 'twixt Earth and sky  
(His Gallows pride, shame of the Worlds bright Eye)  
Thine owne Lieutenant, at a crimson spout,  
His guilty Soule shall with his Lance let-out.  
And (if I fail not) O what Tempest fel  
Beats on the head of harm-les *Israel* !  
Alas I how many a guiltless *Abramides*  
Dies in Three dayes, through thy too-curious Pride !  
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and sloathful) breeds  
No slowe Disease, both yong and old it speeds ;  
All are indifferent : For through all the Land  
It spreads, almost in turning of a hand :  
To the so-sick, hard seem the softest plumes ;  
Flames from his eyes, from 's mouth come lakes-like fumes :  
His head, his neck ; his bulk, his legs doth tire ;  
Outward, all water ; inward, all a-fire :  
With a deep Cough his spungy Lungs he wastes :  
Black Blood and Choler both at once he casts :  
His voices passage is with Biles be-layd,  
His Soule's Interpreter, rough, foul, and slayd :  
Thought of the Grief it's rigor oft augments :  
Twixt Hope and Fear it hath no long suspence :  
With the Disease Death iointly trauerseth :  
Th' Infections stroak is euen the stroak of Death.  
Art yeelds to th' anguish : Reason stoops to rage :  
Physicians skill, himselfe doth ill engage.  
The streets too still : the Town all out of Town :  
All Dead, or Fled : vnto the hallowed ground  
The howling Widdow (though she lov'd him deer)  
Yet dares not follow her dead Husbands Beer.  
Each mourne his Losse, each his owne Case complains,  
Pel-mel the living with the dead remains.  
As a good-natur'd and wel-nurtur'd Chyld,  
Found in a fault (by's Master sharply-myld)  
Blushing and bleaking, betwixt shame and fear,  
With down-cast eyes laden with many a tear,  
More with sad gesture, than with words, doth craue  
An humble Pardon of his Censor graue :

The Plague of  
Pestilence.

Simile.

So

So *David*, hearing th' holy Prophets Threat,  
He apprehends Gods Iudgements dradly-great ;  
And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his sole defence  
To pearly Tears, Mournings, and sad Laments :  
Off-goes his Gold ; his glory treads he down,  
His Sword, his Scepter, and his pretious Crown :  
He falls, he prays, he weeps, he grieues, he grones,  
His hainous Sins he bitterly bemoines :  
And in a Caue hard-by, he roareth out  
A sigh-full Song, so dolefully deuour,  
That even the Stone doth groan, and pearc't withall,  
Lets it's salt tears with his sad tears to fall.  
Ay-gracious Lord (thus Sings he night and day)  
Wash, wash my Soule in thy deep Mercies sea :  
O Mercy, Mercy Lord, alowd he Cries ;  
(And Mercy, Mercy, still the Rock replies).  
O God, my God, sith for our grieuous Sin  
(Which will-full we so long haue weltred in)  
Thou pow'r'st the Torrents of thy Vengeance down  
On th' *azure* Field with *Goulden Lillies* sow'n :  
Sith every moment thy iust Anger drad  
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head :  
Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloody hand)  
Doo all at once make havock of this Land :  
Make vs make vse of all these Rods aright ;  
That we may quench with our Tears-water quite  
Thine ire-full Fire : our former Vices spurn ;  
And, true-reform'd, Iustice to Mercy turn.  
And so, O Father, (fountain of all Good,  
Ocean of Iustice, Mercies bound-les Flood)  
Since, for Our Sins, exceeding all the rest,  
As most ingrate-full, though most rarely blest  
(After so long Long-Sufferance of Thine :  
So many Warnings of thy Word diuine :  
So many Threatnings of thy dread-full Hand :  
So many Blessings in so good a King :  
So many Blossoms of that fruit ful Spring :  
So many Foes abroad ; and False at home :  
So many Rescues from the rage of Rome :  
So many Shields against so many Shot :  
So many Mercies in that Powder-Plot  
(So long regarded and so soon forgot).  
Since, for Our Sins, so many and so great,  
Thou now at last (as a iust ielouse God)  
Steeke'st vs thy Self with thine immediate Rod,  
Thy Rod of PESTILENCE : whose rage-full smart,  
With deadly pangs pearcing the strongest heart,

Dauids Repen-  
tance.

Psal. 51

Application to  
France.

The like to Eng-  
land, now for  
many yeares so-  
griuously  
afflicted with  
the Plague.

Tokens



Tokens of Terror leaves vs where it lights:  
 And so infects vs (or at least affrights)  
 That Neighbour Neighbour, Brother Brother shuns;  
 The tenderest Mother dares not see her Sons;  
 The neerest Friend his dearest Friend doth flye;  
 Yea, scarce the Wife dares close her Husbands eye.  
 For, through th' Example of our Vicious life,  
 As Sin breeds Sin; and Husband marr's the Wife,  
 Sister prouides Sister, Brother hardens Brother,  
 And one Companion doth corrupt another:  
 So, through Contagion of this dire Discafe,  
 It (iustly) doth thy heav'nly Iustice please,  
 To cause vs thus each other to infect:  
 Though This we fly, and That too nigh affect.

Since, for our Sins, which hang so fast upon vs,  
 So dreadfully thy Fury frowneth on vs;  
 Sith still thou Strikest, and still Threat'nest more,  
 More grievous Wounds then we have felt before:  
 O gracious Father, give vs grace (in fine)  
 To make our Profit of these Rods of thine;  
 That, true-Converted by thy milde Correction,  
 We may abandon every foul Affection:  
 That Humblenes may slaine Pride dis-plume:  
 That Temperance may Surtaining consume:  
 That Chastity may chase our wanton Lust:  
 That Diligence may wear-off Slothfull rust:  
 That Loue may live, in Wrath and Enuies place:  
 That Bounties hand may Avarice deface:  
 That Truth may put Lying and Fraud to flight:  
 That Faith and Zeal may keep thy Sabbaths right:  
 That Reverence of thy drad Name may banish  
 Blasphemous Oathes, and all Profanencels vanish.

Since, for our Sins (as well in Court as Cottage)  
 Of all Degrees, all Sexes Youth and Dotage,  
 Of Clerks and Clownes; Rich, Poore; and Great and Small,  
 Thy fearfull Vengeance, hangeth ouer all;  
 O Touch vs all with Horror of our Crimes:  
 O Teach vs all to turn to thee betimes:  
 O Turn vs (Lord) and we shall turned be:  
 Give what thou bidst, and bid what pleaseth thee:  
 Give vs R E P E N T A N C E; that thou mayst repent  
 Our present P L A G U E, and future Punishment.

FINIS.



THE MAGNIFICENCE.

THE II. BOOK OF  
THE FOVRTH DAY OF

the Second Week, of BARTAS.

THE ARGVMENT.

Death-summon'd DAVID, in his sacred throne  
 Instals (instructs) his yong Son SALOMON:  
 His (pleas-God) Choice of W I S E D O M, wins him Honor,  
 And Health and Wealth (at once) to wait upon her:  
 His wondrous Doom, quick Babe's Claim to decide:  
 Mis-Matches taxt, in His with PHARAONIDE:  
 Their pompous Nuptials: Seav'n Heav'n-Masquers there,  
 The glorious T E M P L E, Builded richly-rare.  
 Salem's Renown drawes Saba to his Court:  
 King I A M E S, to His, brings B A R T A S, in like sort.

**H**appy are You (O You delicious Wits)  
 That stint your Studies, as your Fury fits:  
 That in long Labours (full of pleasing pain)  
 Exhaust not wholly all your learned brain:  
 That, changing Note, now light and grave anon,  
 Handle the Theam that first you light upon:  
 That, heerein Sonnets, there in Epigrams,  
 Evaporate your sweet Soule-boyl'ing Flames.  
 But my deer Honor, and my sacred Vows,  
 And Heav'n's decree (made in that Higher-House)  
 Hold mee fast fetter'd (like a Gally-flave)  
 To this hard Task. No other care I haue,  
 Nought else I dream of; neither (night nor day)  
 Aim at ought else, or look I other-way:  
 But (alwayes busie) like a Mil-stone seem  
 Still turned round with the same rapid stream.

Thence



Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollon's* grace)  
I humme so harsh; and in my Works inchafe  
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,  
Which (more or lesse) the whirling *Poles* inspire:  
And also mingle (Linsie-woollie-wise)  
This gold-ground Tissue with too-mean supplies.

You, all the year long, doo not spend your wing:  
But during only your delightfull Spring  
(Like *Nightingales*) from bush to bush you play,  
From Tune to Tune, from Myrtle spray to spray:  
But, I too-bold, and like the Swallow right,  
Not finding where to rest me, at one flight  
A bound-lesse ground-lesse Sea of Times I passe,  
With *Auster* now, anon with *Boreas*.

Your quick Career is pleasant, short, and eath;  
At each Lands-end you sit you down and breathe  
On som green bank; or, to refresh you, finde  
Som Rosie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:  
But, end-lesse is my Course: for, now I glyde  
On Ice; then (dazled) head-long down I slyde:  
Now y<sup>e</sup> I climbe: then through the Woods I crawl,  
I stray, I stumble, sometimes down I fall.

And, as base Morter serveth to write  
Red, white, gray Marble, Jasper, Galactite:  
So, to connex my queint Discourse, sometimes  
I mix loose, limping, and ill-polisht Rimes.

Yet will I not this Work of mine glue o're.  
The Labour's great; my Courage yet is more;  
My hart's not yet all voyd of sacred heat:  
Ther's nothing Glorious but is hard to get.  
Hills were not seen but for the Vales betwixt:  
The deep indentings artificiall mixt  
Amid *Musicks* (for more ornament)  
Have prizes, sizes, and dies different.  
And O! God grant, the greatest spot you spie  
In all my Frame, may be but as the Fly,  
Which on her Ruff (whiter than whitest snowes)  
To whiten white, the fairest Virgin sowes:

(Or like the *Velvet* on her brow: or like  
The darker Mole on Venus daintie Cheeke:  
And, that a few faulcs may but lustre bring  
To my high furies where I sweetest sing.

DAVID waxt old and cold, and 's virall Lamp,  
Lacking it's oyl of Nature moist, grew damp  
(But by degrees); when with a dying voice  
(But lively vigor of Discretion choise)  
He thus instructs his yong Son SALOMON,  
And (as Heav'n calls) installs him in his Throne.

Whom

David's instructs  
him to his Son  
Salomon.

Whom, with-out Force, Vproar, or Ryualing,  
Nature, and Law, and Fortune make a King;  
Even He (my Son) must be both *Iust* and *Wise*,  
If long he look to *Rule* and *Royalize*:  
But he, whom only Fortunes Favour rears  
Vnto a Kingdom, by som new-found stairs;  
He must appeare more than a man; and cast  
By rarest Worth to make his Crown sit fast.

My SALOMON, thou know'st thou art my Yongest:  
Thou know'st, besides, out of what Bed thou sprunkest:  
Thou seest what loue all *Israel* bears thy Brother:  
To honor Thee, what wrong I doo to other;  
Yea even to Nature and our Native Law:  
Tis thy part therefore, in all points to draw  
To full Perfection; and with rare effect  
Of Noblest Vertues hide thy Births defect.

Thou, *Israel's* King, serue the great King of All,  
And only on his Conducts pedestall  
Found thine Affaires: vpon his *Sacred Lore*  
Thine eyes and minde be fixed euermore:  
The barking rage of bold Blasphemers hate:  
Thy Souerain's Manners (Vice-Roy) imitate.  
Nor think, the thicknes of thy Palace Walls,  
Thine iron Gates, and high gold-seeled Halls,  
Can let his Eye to spie (in euery part)  
The darkest Closets of thy Mazie Heart.

If birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince  
Of *Idumeans* or of *Philistines*,  
If *Pharaoh's* Title had befall'n to thee,  
If the *Medes* Myter bowed at thy knee,  
Wert thou a *Sophy*, yet with Vertues luster  
Thou oughtst (at least) thy Greatnes to illustre:  
But, to Command the Seed of *Abraham*,  
The *Holy Nation* to Controule and tame,  
To bear a *Iosuahs* or a *Samsons* load,  
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a *Demi-God*.

Before old Seruants giue not new the start  
(Kings-Art consists in Action more then Art)  
Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)  
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree  
In his faire Orchards midst, whose fruitfull store  
Hath graced his Table twenty yeeres and more;  
To plant a Graft, yet e'r he taste the same,  
Same with the reeth of a (perhaps) false Fame.

These Parasites are euen the Pearls and Rings  
(Pearls, said I: Perils) in the eares of Kings:  
For O, what Mischief but their Wiles can work:  
Sith euen within vs (to their aid) doth lurk

Alme (first of  
all) ought to be  
Religious.

Falseness.

Impartial in be-  
flowing Prefer-  
ments.

Sowle.

Impudent of  
Parasites and  
Flatterers.

A



A smother Soother, euen our owne *Self-love*  
(A malady that nothing can remoue)  
Which, with these strangers, secretly Combin'd  
In League offensive (to the firmest Minde)  
Perswades the Coward, he is *Wise*-meek:  
The drunkard, *Stout*: the periure, *Politick*:  
The cruell Tyrant, a *just* Prince they call;  
*Sober*, the Sot; the Lawless, *Liberal*:  
And, quick nos'd Beagles, senting right his lore  
(Trans-form'd into him) euen his Faults adore.

To banish A-  
cheits and all  
notoriously wic-  
ked persons fro  
his presence.

Fly then those Monsters: and giue no access  
To men infamous for their wickednesse:  
Endure no Atheist, brook no Sorcerer  
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:  
Left the contagion of their banefull breath  
Poyson the publike fountain, and to death  
Infect Thy manners (more of force then Law)  
The spring, whence Subiects good or bad will draw.

To over-Rule  
his owne Passi-  
ons & Affec-  
tions.

Rule thine Affects, thy fury and thy fear:  
Hee's no true King, who no self's sway doth beare:  
Not what thou could'st, but what thou shouldst, effect:  
And to thy Lawes, first thine owne self subiect.  
For, ay the Subiect will (fear set a-side)

To be milde and  
gracious.

Through thick and thin, hauing his King for guide.  
Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;  
And be not (proud) to those gay godlings like,  
But once a year from their gilt Boxes tane,  
To impetrate the Heav'ns long wish-for raine.

To be faithfull of  
his promise.

To fail his Word, a King doth ill befeem:  
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,  
Deceit's deceiv'd: Injustice meets vniust:  
Disloyall Prince armes subiects with distrust;  
And neighbour States will in their Leagues commend  
A Lion, rather then a Fox, for Friend.

To be ready in  
Reward then  
Punish.

Be prodigall of Vertues iust reward:  
Of punishments be sparing (with regard).  
Arm thou thy brest with rarest Fortitude;  
Things Eminent are euer most pursu'd:  
On highest Places, most disgraces threat:  
The roughest windes on widest gates do beat.

Not to be Quar-  
relous, yet quick  
or courageous  
in a iust Cause.

Toil not the World with Wars ambitious spite:  
But if thine Honour must maintain thy Right,  
Then shew thee Daring Son; and wisely-bold  
Follow 't as hot, as thou beginst it cold:  
Watch, Work, Deuise, and with vn-weary limb,  
Wade thorough Foords, and ouer Channells swim.

Not to re-  
sist in  
warre.

Let tufted Planes for pleasant shades suffice,  
In heat; in Cold, thy Fire be exercise:

A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed:  
Let not thy Mouth be over-dainty fed:  
Let labour be thy sauce, thy Caske thy Cup;  
Whence for thy *Nectar* som ditch-water sup:  
Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shrill Fifes and Flutes  
Serue thee for Citterns, Virginals and Lutes:  
Trot vp a Hill; Run a whole Field for Race;  
Leap a large Dike; Toss a long Pike, a space:  
Perfume thy head with dust and sweat: appear  
Captain and Souldier. Souldiers are on fire,  
Having their King (before them Marching forth)  
Fellow in fortune, witness of their Worth.

I should inflame thy heart with learnings loue;  
Saue that I knowe what diuine habits moue  
Thy profound Spirit: only, let th' ornament  
Of Letters wait on th' Art of *Regiment*:  
And take good heed, lest as excess of humor  
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes consumer;  
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,  
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spirituall parts,  
Make thee too-pensieue, over-dull thy Senses,  
And draw thy Minde from Publike cares of Princes.  
With a swift-winged soule, the Course suruay  
Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of Day:  
Sound round the Cels of th' Ocean dradly-deep:  
Measure the Mountains snowie tops and steep:  
Ferrer all Corners of this neather Ball;  
But to admire the Makers Art in all,  
His Power and Prudence: and, resemble not  
Som simple Courtier, or the silly Sot  
That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,  
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,  
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and antique Bosses,  
Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses;  
Amaz'd and musing vpon every piece  
Of th' vniforme, fair stately Frontispiece;  
Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humoring)  
Losing himselfe, while others finde the King.

In place not to  
be over studious  
yet, to under-  
stand the Prin-  
ciples of all  
Princke-fit Sci-  
ences.

Simile.

Holde-even the balance, with clean hands, clos'd eyes:  
Revenge seuerely Publike Iniuries;  
Remit thine Owne. Heare the Cries, see the Tears  
Of all distressed poor Petitioners.  
So (oft) thy selfe in Open Audience:  
Who would not be a Iudge, should be no Prince.  
For, *Iustice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword  
Ought neuer seuer, by the Sacred Word.  
Spare not the Great; neither despise the Small:  
Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,

The principal &  
particular effe-  
ct of a King.

Simile.

Where

R r



Where little Flyes are caught and kild; but great  
Passe at their pleasure, and pull-down the Net.

Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface;  
Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place;  
Such as feare God, such as will Iudge vprightly;  
Men by the seruants iudge the Master lightly.  
Giue to the vertuous; but thy Crown-demain  
Diminish not: giue still to giue again:  
For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigalitie;  
And to dry-up the Springs of Liberalitie.

Hic labor, hoc  
Opus.

But about all (for Gods sake) Son, beware,  
Be not intrapt in Womens wylie snare.  
I feare, alas (good Lord, supremely sage,  
Avert from Mine th' effect of this Praefage)  
Alas! I feare that this sweet Poyson will  
My House here-after with all Idols fill.  
But, if that neither Vertue's sacred loue,  
Nor fear of Shame thy wanton Minde can moue  
To watch in Arms against the Charms of Those;  
At least, be warned by thy Fathers Woes.

Fare-well my Son: th' Almighty calls me hence:  
I passe, by Death, to Lifes most excellence:  
Add, to go Raig in Heav'n (from World-cares free)  
The Crown of *Israel* I resigne to thee.

O thou that often (for a Princes Sin)  
Transport'st the Scepter, even from Kin to Kin;  
From Land to Land; Let it remaine with Mine:  
And, of my Sons Sons (in successeue Ligne)  
Let that All-Powerfull deer-drad Prince descend,  
Whose glorious Kingdom never shall haue end;  
Whose iron Rod shall Satans Rule vn-doo:  
Whom *Jacob* trusts in; Whom I thirst for too.

Innum Regni  
Salomon.

*DAVID* deceast: His Son (him tracking right)  
With heart and voyce worships the God of Might;  
Enters his Kingdom by the Gate of Pietie;  
Makes Hymns and Psalms in Laud of the true Deitie;  
Offers in *Gabeon*; where, in Spirit he sees  
(While his Sense sleeps) the God of Maiesties,  
The Lord of Hosts; who, Crown'd with radiant flames,  
Offers him choice of these foure lovely Dames.

His vision.

Description of  
Glory.

First, Glory, shaking in her hand a Pike  
(Not Maid-like Marching, but braue Souldier-like)  
Among the Stars her stately head she beares,  
A silver Trumpet shrill a-slope she weares,  
Whose Winde is Praise, and whose *Stentorian* sound  
Doth far and wide o'r all the world redound.  
Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,  
All Story-wrought with bloody Victories,

To

Triumphs and Tropaeis, Arches, Crowns and Rings;  
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.

Of Riches.

Not far from her, coms *Wealth*, all rich-bedight  
In *Rheas*, *Theris*, *Pluto's* Treasures bright:  
The glittering stuff which doth about her fold  
Is rough with Rubies, stiff with beateen Gold.  
With either hand from hollow steanes she powrs  
*Pactolan* surges and *Argolian* shows.  
Fortune, and Thrift, and Wakefulness and Care,  
And Diligence, her daily Seruants are.

Of Health.

Then cheertfull *Health*: whose brow no wrinkle bears,  
Whose cheek no paleness, in whose eye no tears;  
But like a childe, she's pleasant, quiek, and plump,  
Shee seems to fly, to skip to daunce, and iump:  
And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth shine:  
Th' *Arabian* birds rare plumage (platted fine)  
Serues her for Sur-coat: and her seemly train,  
Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain.

Of Wisdom.

Last, *Wisdom* coms, with sober countenance:  
Toth' ever-Bowrs her oft a-lost t' advance,  
The light Mamuques wing-less wings she has:  
Her gesture cool, as comly-graue her pase:  
Where'er she go, she never goes with-out  
Compasse and Rule, Measure and waights about:  
And by her side (at a rich Belt of hers)  
The Glasse of Nature and her-Selfe she wears.

Having beheld their Bew-ies bright, the Prince  
Seems rap: all-ready even to Heav'n from hence;  
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine:  
And, mid so many Benefits Diuine,  
Doubts which to chuse. At length he thus begun:  
O Lord (saith he, what hath thy Seruant don,  
That so great blessings I should rake or touch,  
Or thou shouldst daign to honour me so much:  
Thoudoost prevent my Merit; or (dear Father)  
Delight'st to Conquer even my Malice rather.

Fair *Victorie's* a noble Gift: and nought  
Is more desired, or is sweeter thought,  
Than even to quench our *Furie's* thirst with blood,  
In iust Revenge on those that wrong our Good:  
But oft (alas) foul *Insolence* comes after;  
And, the long Custom of inhumane Slaughter,  
Transformes in time the myldest Conquerors  
To Tigers, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars.

Happy seems He, whose count-less Heards for Pasture  
Dis-coab (alone) mount *Carmels* moathy Vesture:  
For whom alone a whole rich Countrey, torn  
With timely Tools, brings forth both Wine and Corn:

R 1 2

That



That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoyle, the Gems  
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,  
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* Fruits,  
The *Saban* Odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.  
But yet we see, where Plenty chiefly swayes,  
There Pride increaseth, Industry decays:  
Rich-men adore their Gold: whoso aspires  
To lift lo Heav'n his sight and Soules Desires,  
He must be Poor (at least-wise like the Poor)  
Riches and Fear are fellows ever-more.

I would live long, and I would gladly see  
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progenie:  
But the long Cares I fear, and Cumbers rise,  
Which commonly accompany Long-Life.  
Who well lives, long lives: for this Age of ours  
Should not be numbred by years, dayes and howrs:  
But by our brave Exploits: and this Mortality  
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.

But, in respect of Lady *Wisdomes* grace  
(Even at their best) the rest are all but base.  
*Honour* is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;  
*Wealth* but a with; *Health* but a sence of paper:  
A glistering *Scepter* but a Maple twig;  
*Gold*, *Drosse*; *Pearls*, *Dust*, how-ever bright and big.  
Shee's Gods owne Mirror, shee's a Light, whose glance  
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:  
Shee's mildest Heav'n's most sacred influence:  
Never decays her Beauties excellence;  
Aye like her-Self: and shee doth alwaies trace  
Not only the same path, but the same pace.  
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would proue  
Three Poysons to me. *Wisdom* (from above)  
Is th' only *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,  
Organ and honour of all Gifts beside.

Her, her I like, her only (Lord I craue,  
Her Company for-ever let me haue:  
Let me for-ever from her sacred lip,  
Th' *Ambrosiall* Nard, and rosiall *Nectar* sip:  
In every Cause, let me consult with her:  
And, when I Iudge, be shee my Counsaile.  
Let, with her staffe, my yet-Youth govern well  
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Israel*,  
A compt-les Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)  
As of a Shepherd sent from Heav'n had need.  
Lord, give her mee: alas! I pine, I die;  
Or if I live, I live her \* *Flame-bred* *Flie*:  
And (new *Fayfalla*) in her radiant shine,  
Too-bold, I burn these tender wings of mine.

Salomons  
choice.

\* *Pyrausta*.

Hol.

Hold, take her to thee, said the Lord: and fith  
No Beauty else thy soule enamoreth;  
For ready hand-maids to attend vpon her,  
I'll give thee also *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honor*:  
(For 'tis not meet, so High-descended Queen,  
So great a Lady, should alone be seen)  
The rather, that my Bounty may invite  
Thee, serving Her, to serve Me day and night.

King *SALOMON*, awaked, plainly knew  
That this divine strange *Vision* never grew  
From the sweet Temper of his sound Complexion;  
But that it was som Peece of more Perfection,  
Some sacred Picture admirably draw'n  
With Heav'nly pencill, by an Angels hand.  
For (happy) He had (without Art) the Arts,  
And Learning (without learning) in all parts:  
A more then humane Knowledge beautifies  
His princely actions: vnto Heav'n he flies,  
He dyues to Hell, hee sounds the Deep, he enters  
To th' inmost Cels of the Worlds lowest Centers.

The secret Riddles of the sacred Writ  
Are plain to him: and his deep-pearcing Wit,  
Vpon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted stile,  
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.  
He clearely sees the Sun's Eclipse, *and* terror:  
He knowes the Planets never erring Error;  
And whether Nature, or some Angel moue  
Their Spheres, at once with triple Dance about:  
Whether the Sun self-shine; his Sister, not:  
Whether, Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,  
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting vapor  
Kindles the Comets, and the long-tail'd Taper:  
What boystrous Lungs the roaring Whirlers blow'n:  
What burning Wings the Lightning rides vpon:  
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:  
What power Night's Princeesse powrs vpon the Deep:  
Whether the Heav'n's sweet-sweating Kisse appear  
To be Pearls parent, and the Oyster's Pheer;  
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;  
Clear, breeds the cleer; and stormy brings the pale,  
Whether, from Sea the Amber-greece be sent;  
Or be som Fishes pleasant excrement:  
He knowes, why th' Earth's immoueable and round,  
The Ices of Nature, Center of the Mound:  
He knowes her measure. And he knowes beside,  
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)  
With-in the darkness of the Conduit-Pipes,  
Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,

This excellent  
wisdom and  
understanding  
in all things.

Can

Rr 3



Can to discretely the *White humour* take;  
*Rhenubarb*, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:  
 And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,  
 By drawing 't to them; or by driving 't out.  
 In brief, from th' *Hyfop* to the *Cedar-Tree*,  
 He knowes the Vertues of all Plants that be.  
 He knowes the Reason why the *Woolfs* fell tooth  
 Gives a *Horse* swiftnes; and his footing, sloth:  
 Why the *Sex-changing*, fierce *Hyena's* eye  
 Puts curstest Curs to silence suddenly:  
 Why th' irefull *Elephant* becommeth tame  
 At the approaching of the fleecy *Lamb*:  
 Why th' eye-bold *Eagle* never fears the flash  
 Or force of *Lightning*, nor the *Thunder-clash*:  
 Why the wilde *Fen-Goose* (which keeps warm her eggs  
 With her broad feet vnder her heatfull legs,  
 And, tongue-less, cries) as wing-lym'd, cannot flie,  
 Except she (glad) Seas brynie glasse descrie.  
 He knoweth also, whether that our stone  
 Be caked Earth, or Exhalation:  
 Whether the *Metalls* (that we daily see)  
 Be made of *Sulphur* and of *Mercurie*;  
 Or, of som *Liquour* by long *Cold* condens't,  
 And by the *Heat* well purified and cleans'd;  
 Or, of a certain sharp and cindrous humor;  
 Or whether He that made the *Waving Tumor*;  
 The motly *Earth*; and th' *Heav'nly Sphears* refin'd,  
 All-mighty, made them such as now we finde.  
 He comprehends from whence it is proceeding,  
 That spotted *Jasper-stones* can staunch our bleeding:  
*Saphires*, cure eyes, the *Topaz* to resist  
 The rage of *Lust*; of drinke the *Amethyst*:  
 And also, why the clearest *Diamant*  
 (*Jealous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.  
 Tunes, Measures, Numbers, and Proportions  
 Of Bodies with their Shadows, als' he kons;  
 And (fild with *Nectar-Deaws*, which *Heau'n* drips)  
 The *Bees* haue made *Hony* within his lips.  
 But he imbraceth much more earnestly  
 The gain-full *Practice*, than cold *Theory*:  
 Nor reaks he so of a *Sophistick* pride  
 Of prattling *Knowledge* (too-self-magnifi'd)  
 As of that goodly *Art* to govern well  
 The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,  
 And happily to entertain in either,  
 A harmony of *Great* and *Small* together.  
 Especially Hee's a good *Iusticer*,  
 And to the Lawes dooth *Life* and strength confer.

And

Sunle.

And, as the highest of *Bigaurian Hills*  
 Ay bears his head vp-right, and never yeelds  
 To either side, scorns *Winde* and *Rain* and *Snowe*,  
 Abides all weathers, with a cheerfull brow;  
 Laughs at a *Storme*, and brauely tramples vnder  
 His steddly *Knees*, the prowd, lowd, rowling *Thunder*:  
 So hee's a *Iudge* inflexibly vpiight.  
 No *Loue*, nor *Harred*, of the *Guilty* wight  
 (What e'r he wear for *Calling*, small or great)  
 His *Venging* blade can either blunt or whet;  
 He spurneth *Fauours*, and he scorneth *Fears*,  
 And vnder foot he treadeth private *Tears*:  
 Gold's radiant *Lustre* never blears his *Eye*:  
 Nor is he led through *Ignorance* a-wry.  
 His voyce is held an *Oracle* of all:  
 The soule of *Lawes* hee wisely can exhale:  
 In doubtfull *Cases* he can subtilize,  
 And wyllest *pleaders* hearts anatomize.  
 Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (since his *Birth*)  
 With her gilt *Tresses* glorifi'd the *Earth*;  
 When he decides, by happy *Wisdoms* means,  
 The famous quarrell of two crafty *Queans*.  
 Is't possible, O *Earth* (thus cries the first)  
 But that (alas) thou should'st for anger burst,  
 And swallow quick this execrable *Quean*!  
 Is't possible (O gracious *Soverain*)  
 That comming new from dooing such a deed  
 So horrible, the shame-less dares proceed  
 T'approch thy sight, thy sacred *Throne* t'abuse,  
 Not begging pardon, but even bent t'accuse:  
 Last night, with surfet and with sleep sur-cloyd,  
 This care-less step-dam her owne *Childe* o'r-layd:  
 And softly then (finding it cold and dead)  
 Lays it by me, and takes mine in the stead.  
 Heer, old, bold strumper, take thy bastard brat,  
 Hence with thy *Carion*, and restore me that,  
 Restore me mine, my louely living *Boy*,  
 My hope, my hap, my *Loue*, my *Life*, my *Ioy*.  
 O cruell *Chance*! O sacrilegious!  
 Shall thy foul lips my little *Angel* baffe?  
 At thy fond prattling, shall hee prettly smile?  
 And eug, and touze thy greasie locks the while:  
 And all his *Child-hood* fill thy soule with glee:  
 And, grow'n a man, sustaine thine age and thee?  
 While wretched I haue only, for my share,  
 His Births hard *Travail*, and my burthen's *Care*,  
 His rest-less rocking, wipping, washing, wringing;  
 And to appease his wayward *Cries* with singing:

O

The Controversie  
 between the 2.  
 Harlots for the  
 true Childe.



O most unhappy of all Woman-kinde!  
 O Child-les mother! O! why is my Minde  
 More passion-stirred, than my hand is strong?  
 But, rather than I'l pocket vp this wrong;  
 To be reveng'd, I'l venter two for one,  
 I'l haue thy Life, although it cost mine owne.  
 O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (sayes th'other tho)  
 O! who would think, that Wine could mad one so?  
 O impudent! though God thou fear'st not, fear  
 The Kings cleer iudgement, who Gods place doth bear.  
 Art not content t' haue call'd (or rather cry'd)  
 Me Whore, and Thief, Drunkard and Paricide:  
 But thou wilt also haue my Childe, my deer  
 (Whom with so strong a knot Love links so neer)  
 My Babe, my Blisse? Yea marry (Minks) and shall:  
 Who takes my Childe, shall take my life with-all,  
 Iust *Drevids* iust Son; for thy Father's sake,  
 For his deer lone, for all that he did make  
 Of thee a Childe, when he (re-childing) sought  
 With childish sport to still thy cries, and taught  
 (Or 'gan to teach) with language soft and weak,  
 Thy tender tongue som easie tearme to speak:  
 Or, when (all bloody, breath-les, hot he came  
 Laden with spoils of Kings he overcame,  
 He ran t' embrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe,  
 And when thou cry'dst, vpon his shoulder large  
 Did set thee vp, while thou his beard didst tug,  
 Play'dst with his nose, about his neck didst hug,  
 Gap'tst on his glittering Helm, and smil'dst to see  
 Another *SALOMON* there smile on thee:  
 And vnderneath his dancing Plume didst play  
 Like Bird in bush; sporting from spray to spray;  
 I doe aduise thee to attend my Plea:  
 By the sweet name of thy deer *Bersabe*,  
 Who in the night, shivering for cold, so oft  
 Hath bow'd her selfe over thy Cradle soft,  
 Who both the bottles of her *Nectar* white  
 Hath spent vpon thee, hundred times a night;  
 Who on thy head hath set her pearly Crown,  
 And in Thy life liv'd more than in her Owne:  
 I doe aduise thee (O great King) by all  
 That in the World we sacred count or call,  
 To doe me Right: and if, too-mylde, alas,  
 Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence passe  
 Of iust revenge for my receiued wrong;  
 Yet, reauce me not what doth to me belong,  
 What liberall Nature hath bestow'd on me,  
 What I am scis'd-of (without thank to thee);

For pierce doo not my heart blood deprive,  
 Make me not Childless, having Childe a-live.  
 While both, at once, thus to the King they Crie,  
 Tamine, 'Tis mine: thou ly'st; and thou doost lie:  
 The partiall People diuers Verdict spend;  
 Some fauour th' one, others the other friend:  
 As when two Gamesters hazard (in a trice)  
 Fields, Vine-yards, Castles, on the Chance of Dice,  
 The standers-by, diuersly stirr with-in,  
 With, some that This, and some that That may win:  
 Waver twixt Hope and Fear: and every-one's  
 Moov'd, with the mooving of the guilefull Bones.  
 Only, the King demurs: his prudent ears  
 Ende like, both reasons, both complaints, both tears:  
 The Infants face could not discipher whether  
 Of both should be the very Mother: neither  
 Could calculation of their ages, cleer  
 The Iudges doubt, nor any proof appear.  
 Then, thus He waighs (but as in dreaming wife);  
 Th' indefinious Iudge, when all proofs fail him, flies  
 Vnto Coniectures drawn (the probablest;  
 Out of the book of Nature's learned brest;  
 Onto the Rack: Now, Mothers loue (thinks hee)  
 Is Nature's owne vchangeable Decree:  
 And there's no Torture that exceeds the pains  
 Which a kinde Mother in her Childe sustains.  
 Then (as awake) Come, come, no more a-doo,  
*Dauid* (sith hee) Cleave the quick Childe in two,  
 That the Sword be sharp; in such a case,  
 Needs must our Pietie giue our Iustice place:  
*Dauid* (yee see) can iudge him whole to neither:  
 Double him therefore, and giue half to either.  
*Dauid* (sith) but thus the King descries  
 Their hearts deep secrets: all discovered lyes,  
 Their tongues off; their Tongues, sincerely prest  
 With true instinct, their very Thoughts exprest:  
 Hee's (said the stepdam) so, sith 't must be so:  
 Divide him iustly from the top to toe.  
 No (said the other) rather, I renounce  
 My right in him, take thou him all at once,  
 Enjoy him all; I'l rather haue him Thine  
 Whole, and whole, than dead and mangled Mine.  
 Then (quoth the King) hee's Thine by Birth (I see)  
 Thine by thy Loue, and thine by my Decree.  
 Now, as with Gold growes in the self-same Mine  
 Much *Chryscolle*, and also Silver fine:  
 So becom *Honor*, and *Wealth* (marcht by none)  
 Second the *Wisdom* of great *SALOMON*.

Smile.

The Doubt ad-  
mirably decleed

Smile.

The wonder as  
Proposuit of  
Salomon and  
his People.

He



He far and neer commands by Land and Seas;  
 A hundred Crowns doo homage vnto His:  
 His neereſt Bounds, Nile's Sea and Sidon ſeem,  
 And Euphrates bows his moiſt horns to him:  
 Peru, they ſay (ſuppoſing Ophir ſo)  
 By yeerly Fleets into his Fiſh doth flowe:  
 In *Sion* Gold's as common as the Sand;  
 As Pebles, Pearls: Through-out all *Iury-Land*,  
 There ſeems an Ocean of all happineſſe  
 To over-flowe; and all doo all poſſeſſe:  
 Each vnder his owne Vine and his owne Tree,  
 His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.  
 Thus he abounds in Bliffe; not ſo to change-ill  
 Man into Beaſt, but make of Man an Angel,  
 To praiſeth' Immortall, who to him hath given  
 Even heer a Taſte of the delights of Heaven.  
 This great, wiſe, wealthy, and well-ſpoken King  
 His ſweet renown o'r all the World doth ring:  
 The *Tyrian*, for Confederate deſires him:  
*Pharao* for Son: th' Alien no leſſe admires-him:  
 Than his owne Subiect: and his eyes ſweet flames,  
 As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.

*Mif-Matches  
 ſuſtained.*

O *SALOMON*, ſee'ſt thou nor (O miſ-hap!)  
 This Mariage is no Mariage, but a Trap?  
 That ſuch a mongrell Match of differing Creed,  
 Of mortall quarels is th' immortall ſeed:  
 That Ox and Aſſe can never well be broak  
 To drawe one Plough together in one yoaik:  
 Who-euer weds a Miſerant, forth-with  
 Divorceth God: our Faith ſtill wavereth;  
 It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,  
 Not th' inſtrument of th' old Deceiver ſlie,  
 Nor deadly poyſon in our Coach to couch,  
 Sleep in our boſome, and our breſt to touch,  
 And breathe into vs (in a kinde of kiſſing)  
 An Ir-religion, of the Serpents hiſſing.  
 Shee that from *Egypt* comes (O King) is none  
 Fleſh of thy Fleſh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone:  
 But a ſtrange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece  
 Impoyſoned all with *Memphian* Leproſies.

But, thou wilt ſay, thy Loue hath ſtrip't yer-while  
 Her ſpotted ſuite of Idol-ſerving Nile:  
 And clad her all, in Innocence, in white;  
 Becom'n by Faith a true-born *Abramite*.  
 It might be ſo: and to that ſide I take,  
 The rather, for that ſacred Beauties ſake,  
 Where-of ſhe is a figure. Yet, I fear  
 Her Train will ſtain thy Kingdom every-where,

*Cor.*

Corrupt thy Court: and God will be offended  
 To haue his People with ſtrange People blended;  
 The mighty Lord, who hath preciſely ſaid,  
 You ſhall not theirs, nor they your daughters wed.  
 Vnder the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*,  
 Faire amorous Nature waters freshly-fine  
 A little *Groue* clad in eternall green,  
 Where all the yeer long luſty *May* is ſeen,  
 Saiting the Lawns in all her pomp and pride  
 Of lively Colours, louely varified:  
 There ſmiles the ground, the ſtarry-Flowers each one  
 There mount the more, the more th' are trod vpon:  
 There all growes toyl-leſſe; or, if tild it were,  
 Sweet *Zephyrus* is th' onely Husband there.  
 There *Auſter* never roars, nor Hail diſ-leaues  
 Th' immortall *Groue*, nor any branch bereaues.  
 There the ſtraight Palm-Tree ſtoopeth in the Calm  
 To kiſſe his Spouſe, his loyall Female Palm:  
 There with ſoft whiſpers whiſtling all the yeer  
 The broad-leav'd Plane-Tree Courts the Plane his Pheer,  
 The Poplar wooes the Poplar, and the Vine  
 About the Elme her ſlender armes doth twine:  
 Th' Iyie about the Oak: there all doth proue,  
 That thereall ſprings, all growes, all liues in *Loue*.  
 Opinion's Porter, and the Gate ſhe bars  
 Gainſt *Couetiſe*, cold *Age*, and ſullen *Cares*,  
 Except they leaue-off and lay-down before  
 Their troublous load of *Reason* at the doore;  
 But opens wide, to let-in Baſhful-Boldneſſe,  
 Dumb-ſpeaking Signes, Chill-Heat, and Kindled-Coldneſſe,  
 Smooth ſoothing Vowes, deep ſorrows ſoon appeas'd,  
 Tears ſudden dry'd, fell Angers quickly pleas'd,  
 Smiles, Wylie-Guiles, queint witty-pretty Toyes,  
 Soft *Idleneſſe*, and ground-leſſe bound-leſſe Ioyes,  
 Sweet *Pleasure* plunged over head and ears  
 In ſugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears,  
 Hoarſe Waaks, late Walks, Pain-pleaſing kindly cruell,  
 Aſpiring *Hope* (*Deſire's* immortall fuel)  
 Licentious Loofneſſe, Prodigall Expence  
 Inchanting Songs, deep Sighs, and ſweet Laments.  
 Theſe ſwollike *Louelings* fraughted Neſts doe make  
 The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;  
 Dewy layes, *Fancy* ſits, th' inflamed heat  
 Of *Loue* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-heat:  
 Som are but kindled yet, ſom quick appear,  
 Som on their backs carry their Cradles deer,  
 Som downy-clad, ſom (ſledger) take a twig  
 To perch-vpon, ſom hop, from ſprig to ſprig:

One

*A pleaſant De-  
 ſcription of  
 Loue's fruit-  
 full Groue.*



One, in the fresh shade of an Apple-Tree  
 Lets hang its Quiver, while soft-pantingly  
 'T exhales hot Vapour: one, against a Sparrow  
 Tries his stiff Bowe and Giant-swooping Arrow:  
 Another fly sets lime-twigs for the Wren,  
 Finch, Linot, Tit-mouse, Wag-Tail (Cock and Hen):  
 See, see how some their idle wings forsake,  
 And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take  
 A Thrush, another on a Parrat rides,  
 This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan bestrides,  
 That manageth a phaisant: this doth make  
 The Ring-Doue turn: that brings the Culver back:  
 See how a number of this wanton Fry  
 Doo fondly chase the the gawdie Butter-fly,  
 Some with their flowrie Hat, some with their hands  
 Some with sweet Rose-boughs, some with Myrtle wands:  
 But, th' horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles  
 And scapes the snares of all these Loues a-whiles.  
 Leau' Wags (Cries *Venus*) leau' this wanton Play:  
 For so, in steed of Butter-Flyes, you may,  
 You may (my Chicks) a Childe of *Venus* strike:  
 For, some of mine haue Horns and all alike.

This said: eftsoons two twins whose gold-head darts  
 Are never steeped but in Royall hearts;  
 Come, Brother deer (said either) come let's to't,  
 Let's each a shaft at yon two bosoms shoot.

Their winged words th' effect ensues as wight,  
 Two or three steps they make to take their flight,  
 And quick-thick shaking on their sinnewie side  
 Their long strong farcels, richly triple-died  
 Gold-Azure-Crimsin; th' one aloft doth soar  
 To *Palesine*, th' other to *Nilus* shoare.

PHARON-  
DA.

*Pharo's* faire daughter (wonder of her Time)  
 Then in the blooming of her beauties Prime,  
 Was queintly dressing of her Tressfull head  
 Which round about her to the ground did spread:  
 And, in a rich gold-seeled Cabinet,  
 Three Noble Mayds attend her in the feat.  
 One with a peece of double dented Box  
 Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:  
 Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price:  
 Th' other with bodkin or with fingers nice,  
 Frizzles and Furls in Curls and Rings a part;  
 The rest, loose dangling without seeming Art,  
 Waue to and froe, with cunning negligence  
 Gracing the more her Beauties excellence:  
 When, armd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,  
 Swift Swallow-like, one of these Twins comes in;

And

Loves first Fea-  
ver.

And, with his left wing hiding still his Bowe,  
 Into her bosom shot, I wot not how.  
 My side! my heart (the Royall Maid cries out)  
 O! I am slaine: But, searching all about,  
 When shee perceiu'd no blood, nor bruise; alas,  
 It is no wound; but, sleeping on the grasse,  
 Some snake (saith shee) hath crept into me quick,  
 It gnawes my heart: ah, help me, I am sick,  
 Haue mee to bed: eigh me, a friezing-frying,  
 A burning cold torments me living-dying.  
 O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle gall  
 Thy baenfull shaft mingles thy Mell withall!  
 The Royall Maid, which with her Mates was wont  
 Smile, skip and dance on Fields inammeld front,  
 Loves solennesse, sadnes, and Self-privacy;  
 Sighes, sobs and throbs, and yet she knowes not why:  
 The sumptuous pride of massie *Piramides*  
 Presents her eyes with Towrs of *Iebusides*;  
 In *Niles* cleer Crystall shee doth *Jordan* see;  
 In *Memphis*, *Salem*; and vn-warily  
 Her hand (vnbidden) in her Sampler sets  
 The King of *Juda's* Name and Counterfets:  
 Who, med'iting the Sacred *TEMPLE's* Plor,  
 By th' other Twin at the same time is shot:  
 The shaft sticks fast, the wound's within his veins:  
 Sleep cannot bring a-sleep his pleasing pains;  
*PHARONIDA's* his heart, *PHARONIDA*  
 Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day:  
 With-in his soule a civill War hee feeds:  
 Th'all-seeing Sun now early backs his Steeds,  
 Now mounts his Mid-day, and then setteth soon:  
 But still his Loue stands at the hot high Noon.  
 He Rides not his braue Coursers (as hee wont)  
 Nor Reads, nor Writes, nor in his Throne doth mount  
 To hear the Widow's Cause; neglects his Court,  
 Neglects his Rule; Love rules him in such sort.  
 You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,  
 Of Rings and Tablets you may spare the Carriage:  
 For, witty Loue hath with his lovely shaft  
 In others heart grav'n others lively Draught:  
 Each Lives in other, and they haue (O strange!)  
 Made of their burning hearts a happy Change.  
 Better abroad, then home, their hearts delight;  
 Yet long their bodies to their hoasts t' vnite.  
 Which soon ensues: the Virgin's shortly had  
 From Mothers armes embracing gladly-fad:  
 And th' aged Father, weeping as hee spake,  
 Thus thus Adieu when shee her leau' doth take;  
 S f

Sweet



Sweet Daughter dear, *Osiris* be thy guide,  
And loving *Isis* bleſſe thee and thy Bride  
With golden Fruit; and daily without ceaſe  
Your mutuall Loves may as your yeers increaſe.

Wives, Maids and Children, yong andould, each-where,  
With looks and vows from Turrets follow her:  
Calm *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,  
Her Ships haue merry windes, the Seas haue none:  
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-freſh:  
Her ſight re-flowres th' *Arabian* Wildernes:

*Iury* reioyces, and in all the way  
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes and Timbrels play:  
The Flower-crown'd People, ſwarming on the Green,  
Cry ſtill, *God ſave, God ſave, God ſave the Queen*;  
May ſhee bee like a ſcion, pale and ſick  
Through th' over-ſhading of a Sire too thick:  
Which being Tranſplanted, free, ſweet air doth ſup,  
To th' ſweating Clouds her grovy top ſends vp,  
And proſpers ſo in the ſtrange ſoil, that (tild)  
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.

No ſtreets are ſeen in rich *IERUSALEM*:  
For, vnder-foot fine ſcarlet payeth them,  
Silks hang the ſides, and over-head they hold  
Arche Canopies of gliſtring Cloth of gold.  
They throng, they thruſt, an ebbing-flowing Tide  
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:  
The ioyfull Ladies from their windows ſhed  
Sweet ſhowrs of flowrs vpon her radiant head;  
Yet ielous, leſt (dy'd in their native grain)  
Her Roſie Cheeks ſhould Natur's Roles ſtain.

But lo, at laſt, th' honor of Maieſty,  
Glory of Kings, King *SALOMON* draws ny:  
Lo, now both Lovers enter-glamm'ing ſweet  
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet  
In the mid-month) with amorous raies reflexion  
Send mutuall Welcomes from their deep affection:  
Both a-like yong, like beautifull, like brave,  
Both grac't a-like; ſo like, that whoſo have  
Not neer obſerv'd their heads vnlikenesses,  
Think them two *Adons*, or two *Venuſſes*.

Theſe nouice Lovers at their firſt arrive  
Are baſhfull both; their paſſions ſtrangely ſtrive:  
The ſoules ſweet Fire his ruby flames doth ſuſh  
Into their Faces in a modeſt bluſh:  
Their tongues are ty'd, their ſtar-bright eyes ſeem vail'd  
With ſhame-fac't Cipres; all their ſenſes fail'd.

But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?  
Am not I (heathen) vnderth' happy Vault

Where

Salomons  
Nuptials.

Where all the gods, with glorious mirth enhanc't,  
At *Thetis* Nuptials are, and drank, and danç't?  
Heer, th' *Idumeans* mighty *Ioue* treads, vnder  
His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder.  
A-while hee laies his Maieſty aſide,  
To Court, and ſport, and revell with his Bride;  
King, plaies the Courtier; Sovereign, Suter 'coms;  
And ſeems but equal with his Chamber-Grooms:  
But yet, what e'r hee doo, or can deviſe,  
Diſguiſed Glory ſhineth in his eies.  
Heer, many a *Phœbus*, and heer many a *Muſe*  
On Heav'nly Layes ſo rarely-ſweet doo vſe  
Their golden bowes, that with the rapt'ing ſound  
Th' Arches and Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.  
Heer, many a *Iuno*, many a *Pallas* heer,  
Heer, many a *Venus*, and *Diana* cleer  
Catch many a gallant Lord, according as  
Wealth, Beauty, Honour, their affection drawes.  
Heer, many a *Hebe* ſair, heer more then one  
Quick-ſerving *Chiron* neatly waits vpon  
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about  
The bowls of *Nectar* quickly turned out;  
And th' over-burdned Tables bend with waight  
Of their *Ambroſiall* over-filled fraight.  
Heer, many a *Mars* vn-bloody Combats fights,  
Heer, many a *Hermes* findes out new delights,  
Heer, many a horned *Satyr*, many a *Pan*,  
Heer, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs*, many a *Faery Fawn*  
With loſty frisks and lively bounds bring-in  
Th' *Antike*, *Moriſko*, and the *Mattachine*:  
For, even God's Servants (God knowes how) have ſupt  
The ſugred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.  
But, with ſo many lively Types, at will  
His rich rare Arras ſhall ſom other fill:  
Of all the ſports, I'll onely chuſe one *Meaſure*,  
One ſtarely *Maſk* compos'd of ſage-ſweet pleaſure;  
A Dance ſo chaſte, ſo ſacred, and ſo grave  
(And yet ſo gracefull, and ſo loſty-brave)  
As may beſeem (except I mee abuſe)  
Great *SALOMON*, and my celeſtiall *Maſe*.  
The Tables voided of their various Cates,  
They riſe at once; and, ſuiting their Eſtates,  
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they com  
Into a ſtarely, rich, round-arched Room,  
So large and lightſom, that it (right) they call  
The *Univerſall*, or the *Worlds great Hall*.  
O what delight, to ſee ſo rich a ſhowe  
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a rowe

Sf 2

All



All in a Round, reaching so far and wide  
O'r all the Hall to foot-it side by side!  
Their eyes sweet splendor seems a *Pharos* bright,  
With clinquant Raies their Body's clothed light:  
'Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth sliding,  
All moove alike, after the Musicks guiding:  
Their Tune-skill'd feet in so true Time doo fall,  
That one would swear one Spirit doth bear them all:  
They posse vn-mooving; and, though swift they passe,  
'Tis not perceiv'd: of hundred thousand paise,  
One single back they: Round on Round they dance:  
And, as they traverse, cast a fruitfull glance.

The Mass of  
Plants.

Iust in the middle of the Hall, a *sloop*  
(Even from the floor vnto the very top)  
A broad rich *Baldrick* there extendeth round,  
In-laid with gold vpon an azure ground;  
Where (cover'd all with Flames) in wondrous art  
Five *Lords*, two *Ladies* dance; but each a-part.

Sagitt.

Heer trips an old-man in a Mantle dy'd  
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd  
With a Snake-girdle biting off her tail.  
Within his Robes stuff (in a winding trail)  
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue and Hellebore;  
With lively figures of the Bear and Boar,  
Camell, and Asse (about to bray well-ny):  
There the *Strimian* Fowl seems even to cry;  
The Peacock, even to prank. For Tablet fine,  
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,  
Where som rare Artist (curiousing vpon 't)  
Hath deeply cut Times triple-formed Front:  
His pale is heavy, and his face severe;  
His Body heer; but yet his Minde else-where.

Jupiter.

There the Lord *Zedee* him more spritely bears,  
Milde, fair and pleasant; on his back hee wears  
Tin-colour'd Tissue, figur'd all with Oaks,  
Ears, Violets, Lillies, Olives, Apricocks;  
Bordred with Phaisants, Eagles winged-black,  
And Elephants with Turrets on their back;  
Pointed with Diamonds, powdred and imboss  
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Coss.

Mars.

The third leads quicker on the self-same Arch  
His *Pyrrhic* Galiard, like a star-like March:  
His face is fiery: Many an Amethyst,  
And many a Iasper of the perfectest  
Doth brightly glister in the double gilt  
Of the rich Pommell and the pretious Hilt  
Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel:  
His boistrous body shines in burnisht Steel:

His Shield flames bright with gold, imboss'd hie  
With Wolves and Horse seem-running swiftly by,  
And streng'd about with sprigs of Scammony,  
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.

Venus.

But, O fair Faery, who art thou, whose eyes  
Inflame the Seas, the Air, the Earth, and Skies?  
Tell vs, what art thou, O thou fairest Fair,  
That trimm'st the Trammels of thy golden hair  
With Myrtle, Thyme and Roses; and thy Brest  
Gird' with a rich and odoriferous *Cest*,  
Where all the wanton brood of sweetest Loves  
Doo nestle close; on whom the Turtle-Doves,  
Pigeons, and Sparrowes day and night attend,  
Cooing and wooing wherefoe'r thou wend:  
Whose Robe's imbrodered with Pomgranat boughs,  
Butto'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryl rows:  
Whole capering foot, about the stary floor,  
The Dance-guide Prince now follows, now 's before:  
Art thou not Shiee, that with a chaste-sweet flame  
Didst both our Brides hearts into one heart frame?

A Sponse-belt

Mercury.

And, was not Hee, that with so curious steps,  
Next after thee, so nimbly turns and leaps,  
Say, was not Hee the witty Messenger,  
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?  
How strange a suite! His meddly Mantle seems  
Scarlet, Wave-laced with Quick-silver streams;  
And th' end of every Lace, for tuft hath on  
A pretious Porphyre, or an Agate stone:  
A Cry of Hounds have heer a Deer in Chase:  
There a false Fox, heer a swift Kid they trace:  
There Larks and Linots, and sweet Nightingals  
(Fain'd vpon fained Trees) with wings and tails  
Loose hanging, seem to swell their little throats,  
And with their warblings, shame the Cornets notes.  
Light Fumitory, Partly, Burners blade,  
And winding leaf his crispy Locks beshade:  
Hee's light and lively, all in Turns and Tricks;  
In his great Round, hee many small doth mix:  
His giddy course seems wandring in disorder;  
And yet there 's found, in this disorder, order.  
Avoid base Vulgar, back Profane, stand-by;  
These sacred Revels are not for your ey:

Com, gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits, draw neer,  
Preace through the Preace, com take your places heer,  
To see at full the Bride-groom and the Bride,  
A lovely Pair, exactly bewtifi'd  
With rare perfections, passing all the rest,  
Sole-happy Causes of this sumptuous Feast.

S 3

Lo



Lo where they com : O what a splendor bright !  
 Mine eyes doo dazle. O thou primer Light !  
 Sun of the Sun, thy Raies keen point rebate,  
 Thy dread-spread Fire a little temperate :  
 O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouse a-space  
 Thine eyes pure light, the lustre of thy Face :  
 For, I no longer can endure it, I  
 Am burnt to ashes : O, I faint, I dy.

But, blessed Couple, fith (alas) I may-not  
 Behould you both vnmasked (nay, I can-not)  
 Yet in these Verses let mee tell (I pray)  
 Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich Array.

The Queen 's adorn'd down to her very heels  
 In her fair hair (whence still sweet dew distills)  
 Half hanging down ; the rest in rings and curls,  
 Platted with strings of great, round, orient Pearls :  
 Her gown is Damask of a Silver-ground,  
 With Silver Seas all deeply-frenged round ;  
 With Gourds and Moon-wort branched richly-fair,  
 Flourisht with beasts that onely eat the Air.

But why, my *Muse*, with Pencil so precise  
 Seek'st thou to paint all her rich Rarities ?  
 Of all the Bewties, Graces, Honors, Riches,  
 Wherewith rich Heav'n these Maskers all enriches,  
 Shee 's even the Mother : and then, as a Glasse,  
 On the Behoulders their effects shee casts.

A Garland, braided with the Flowry foulds  
 Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-goulds,  
 Befet with Bal'nites, Rubies, Chrysolites,  
 The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights :  
 His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat  
 With burning Carbuncles, and every set  
 Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n vpon)  
 Of Laurell, Cedar, Balm and Cinnamon :  
 On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan so white  
 Seems to his honour som new Song t' indite.  
 The Phoenix there builds both her nest and tomb :  
 The Crocodile out of the waves doth com :  
 Th' amazed Reaper down his sickle flings ;  
 And sudden Fear grafts to his Ankles wings.  
 There the fierce Lion, from his furious ey,  
 His mouth and nostrils, fiery Flames lets-fly,  
 Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet ;  
 And, wrath-full ramping, ready even to set  
 Vpon a Heard of fragrant Leopards :  
 When lo, the Cock (that light his rage regards)  
 A purple Plume timbers his stately Crest,  
 On his high Gorget and broad hardy Brest

A rich Coat-Armour (Or and *Azure*) shines,  
 A fringe of ravel'd gold about his Loins,  
 In lieu of Bases. Beard as red as blood ;  
 A short Beak bending like the Eagles brood :  
 Green-yellow eyes, where Terrours Tent is pight ;  
 A Marriall gait, and spurred as a Knight :  
 Into two arches his proud Train divides,  
 With painted wings hee claps his cheerfull sides,  
 Sounds his shrill Trumpet, and seems with his sight  
 The Lions courage to have danted quight.

These happy Lovers, with a practiz'd pafe,  
 Forward and backward and a-side doo trace ;  
 They seem to dance the *Spanish Parvane* right :  
 And yet their Dance, so quick and lively-light,  
 Doth never pass the Baldricks bounds (at all)  
 Which grav'n with Star-Beasts over-thwarts the Hall.

When the brave Bride-groom towards Mount *Silo* traces,  
 A thousand Flowrs spring in his spritefull pases :  
 When towards Mount *Olivet* hee slides, there growes  
 Vnder his feet a thousand Frosty Snowes :  
 For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures ever,  
 Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.

This lovely Couple now kisse, now recoil,  
 Now with a lowring ey, now with a smile :  
 Now Face to Face they Dance, now side by side,  
 With Course vn-equall : and the tender Bride  
 Receives strange Changes in her Countenance,  
 After her Lovers divers-seeming glance.  
 If vnawares som Envious com between  
 Her and her Love, then is shee sad be-seen,  
 Shee shuts her ey, shee seems even to depart :  
 Such force hath true Love in a noble heart.  
 But all that's nothing to their Musick choice :  
 Tuning the warbles of their Angell-Voice  
 To Foot and Viol, and Care-charming Lute,  
 In amorous Ditty thus doo they dispute ;

O "Bright-ey'd Virgin ! O how fair thou art !  
 "O how I love thee, My Snowe-winged Dove !  
 "O how I love thee ! Thou hast rapt my heart :  
 "For thee I Dy : For thee I Live, my Love.

"How fair art thou, my Dear ! How deart to mee !  
 "Dear Soule (awake) I faint, I sink, I swoon  
 "At thy dear Sight : and, when I sleep, for Thee  
 "Within my brest still wakes my sharp-sweet Wound.

"My Loue, what Odours thy sweet Tresse it yields !  
 "What Amber-greece, what Incense breath'st thou out

The Epithalamy

From



" From purple fillers ! and what Myrrhe distils  
" Still from thy Fingers, ringd with Gold about !

" Sweet-Heart, how sweet is th' Odour of thy Prayse !  
" O what sweet airs doth thy sweet air deliver  
" Vnto my burning Soule ! What hony Layes  
" Flowe from thy throat ! thy throat a golden River.

" Among the Flowrs, my Flowr's a Rose, a Lilly :  
" A Rose, a Lilly ; this a Bud, that blow'n :  
" This fragrant Flowr first of all gather will-I,  
" Smell to it, kisse it, wear it as mine owne.

" Among the Trees, my Love's an Apple-Tree,  
" Thy fruitfull Stem bears Flowr and Fruit together :  
" I'll smell thy Flowr, thy Fruit shall nourish mee,  
" And in thy Shadow will I rest for ever.

While *Hesperus* in azure Waggon brought  
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault,  
These gorgeous Revels to sweet Rest give place,  
And the Earth's *Venus* doth Heav'n's *Venus* trace.

These Spoufals past, the King doth nothing minde  
But *The Lords House* ; there is his care confin'd :  
His Checker's open, hee no cost respects ;  
But sets a-work the wittiest Architects.

The building of  
the TEMPLE.

Millions of hands bee busie labouring ;  
Through all the Woods, wedges and beetles ring :  
The tufted tops of sacred *Libanon*,  
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the stream are gon :  
Forrests are saw'd in Transoms, Beams and Soiners ;  
Great Rocks made little, what with Sawes and Hammers :  
The stardy Quar-man with steel-headed Cones  
And massie Sledges slenteth out the stones,  
Digs through the bowels of th' Earth baked stiff,  
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff  
Of ruddy Porphyre, or white Alabaster,  
And masters Marble, which no Time can master.  
One melts the White-stone with the force of Fire :  
Another, level by the *Lesbian* Squire,  
Deep vnder ground (for the Foundation) joins  
Well-polisht Marble, in long massie Coins ;  
Such, both for stuff, and for rare artifice,  
As might beseech som royall Frontispice.  
This heaws a Chapter, that a Frize doth frame ;  
This carves a Cornich, that prepares a Iambe ;  
This forms a Plynth, that fits an Architrave ;  
This planes a Plank : and that the same doth grave,

Gives

Gives life to Cedars dead, and cunningly  
Makes Wood to move, to sigh and speak well-ny :  
And others, rearing high the sacred Wall,  
By their bould Labours Heav'n it self appall :  
Cheerly they work, and ply it in such sort  
As if they thought long Summer-daies too-short.

As in Grape-Harvest, with vnweary pains,  
A willing Troop of merry-singing Swains  
With crooked hooks the throuting Clusters cut,  
In Feils and Flaskets them as quickly pur,  
Run bow'd with burdens to the fragrant Fat,  
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat  
Up to the Waste ; and, dancing in the Must,  
To th' vnder-Tub a flowry showr dooth thrust :  
They work a-vic, to th' ey their Work doth growe,  
Who saw't i'th Morning, scarce at Night can knowe  
Is for the same : and God himself doth seem  
To have taen to task this Work, and work for them  
While in the Night sweet Sleep restores with rest  
The weary limbs of Work-men over-prest.

Great King, whence cam this Courage (*Titan*-like)  
So many Hills to heap vpon a rick :  
What mighty Rowlers, and what massie Cars  
Could bring so far so many monstrous Quars :  
And, what huge strength of hanging Vaults embow'd  
Bears such a waight above the winged Clowd ?

If on the out-side I doo cast mine ey,  
The Stones are ioynd so artificially,  
That if the Mason had not checker'd fine  
\* *Syr's* Alabaster with hard Serpentine,  
And hundred Marbles no less fair then firm ;  
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.  
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out :  
Surpassing Riches shineth all about :  
Floor, Sides and Seeling cover'd triple-fould,  
Stone lin'd with Cedar, Cedar linn'd with Gould :  
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim  
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.

\* *Syrion*.

Over-passe the sacred Implements,  
In worth far passing all these Ornaments :  
Th' Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th' vse.  
O perfect Artist ! thou for Mould didst chuse  
The Worlds *Idea* : For, as first the same  
Was sever'd in a Three-fould divers Frame,  
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain  
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene ;  
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,  
With Flowrs, and Fruits, and Beasts, and Birds, the other :

And



And plaid the Painter, when hee did so gild  
The turning globes, blew'd seas, and green'd the field,  
Gave precious stones so many coloured luster,  
Enameld Flowrs, made Metals beam and glister:  
The Carver, when hee cut in leaves and stems  
Of Plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems:  
The Founder, when hee cast so many Forms  
Of winged Fowls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms:  
Thou doost diuide this *Sacred House* in Three;

Th' *HOLY OF HOLIES*, wherein none may bee  
But God, the Cherubins, and (once a year)  
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection dear,  
Of God's eternal Son (Sins sin-les check)  
The everlasting true *MELCHISEDEC*:  
The fair *mid-TEMPLE*, which is ope alone  
To Sun-bright *Levites*, who on *Israel* shone  
With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well  
On the *Laves* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell:  
And th' utter *PORCH*, the Peoples residence,  
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements:  
And various Artist honour't all the Parts  
With *Myron's*, *Phidias*, and *Apelles* Arts.

This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th' hast fram'd by it  
Th' eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:  
Thy pithy Book of *Proverbs*, richly-graue,  
Vnto the *PORCH* may right relation have;  
For that it gives vs Oeconomike Lawes,  
Rules politike, and private ciuill Sawes;  
And (for the most) those Lessons generall  
At Humane matters aim the most of all.

*Ecclesiastes* the *Mid-TEMPLE* seems:  
It treadeth down what-euer Flesh esteems  
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good or great;  
Drawes vs from earth, and vs in Heav'n doth seat;  
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,  
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.

*SANCTVM-SANCTORVM* is thy *Song of Songs*,  
Where, in *Mysterious Verie* (as meet belongs)  
Thou maricst *Jacob* to Heav'n's glorious King:  
Where, thou (devoted) doost diuinely sing

*CHRIST's* and his *CHURCHES Epithalamy*:  
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)  
The faithfull Soule talks with her God immense,  
Hears his sweet Voice, herself doth quintessence  
In the pure flames of his sweet-peering eyes  
(The Cabinets where Grace and Glory lies)  
Enioyes her Ioy, in her chaste bed doth kisse  
His holy lips (the Love of Loves) her Blisse.

When

Dedication of  
the Temple.

When hee had finisht and had furnisht full  
The *House of God*, so rich, so beautifull;  
O God, said *Salomon*, great *Onely-Trine*!  
Which of this *Mystike* sacred House of Thine  
Hast made mee Builder; build mee in the same  
A living Stone. For thy dear *DAVID's* name,  
On *DAVID's* branches *DAVID's* blisse revive;  
That on his Throne his Issue still may thrive.  
O All-comprising, None-comprised Prince,  
Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,  
In Hell by Iustice, each-where by thy Powrs,  
Dwell heer, dear Father, by thy grace (to Ours).  
If, in a doubtfull Case, one needs must swear,  
Loose thou the Knot, and punish thou severe  
Th' audacious Perjure; that hence-forth none chance  
Tax thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.

Four dis-flowered Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,  
Our empty Ears, our light and blasted Corn,  
Pestige vs Famine; If, with ten-fold chain,  
Thy hand hath lockt thy Water-gates of Rain;  
And, towards this House wee humbled cast our ey,  
Hear vs, O Lord, hear our complaint and cry.  
If Captives wee in a strange Land bewail,  
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail;  
And, towards this House wee humbled cast our ey,  
Hear vs, O Lord, hear our complaint and cry.  
If Strangers, moov'd with rumour of thy Miracles,  
Come heer to Offer, to consult thine Oracles,  
And in this House to kneel religiously,  
Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and cry:  
Hear them from Heav'n; and by thy Favours prest,  
Draw to Thy *TEMPLE*, North, South, East and West.

The passe-Man *Wisdom* of th' *Isacian* Prince,  
A Light so bright, set in such eminence  
(Vn-lideable by enuious Arrogance,  
Vnder the Bushell of black Ignorance)  
Shines every where, illustres every place:  
Among the rest it Lightens in the Face  
Of the fair Princessse, that with prudent hand  
The soft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,  
The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring  
Red Cinnamon, Incense and Myrrhe doth bring;  
Where private men doo Prince-like Treasures hould,  
Where Ports bee Silver, Bedsteds beaten Gould,  
Where Walls are rough-cast with the richest Stones,  
Call in Devices, Emblems, Scutthions.  
Yet, leaving all this Greatnes of her owne,  
Shee comes to view the State of *SALOMON's*

To

The Queen of  
Saba.



*A full exposure  
of all obstinate  
Recalcants.*

To hear his Wisdom, and to see his City,  
Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pity.  
You that doo shut your eyes against the raies  
Of glorious Light, which shineth in our dayes;  
Whose spirits, self-obstin'd in old musty Error,  
Repulse the Truth (th' Almighty's sacred Mirror)  
Which day and night at your deaf Doors doth knock;  
Whose stubbornnesse will not at all vn-lock  
The sacred Bible, nor so much as look,  
To talk with God, into his holy Book:  
O, fear you not, that this great Princess shall  
Of thank-les Sloath one day condemne you all:  
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)  
Ease, Pleasures, Treasures, doth despise and scorn;  
To passe with great pains, and with great expence,  
Long weary Iourneys full of diffidence;  
And nobly trauels to another Land  
To hear the words but of a (mortal) Man:  
Her Time's not lost: there (rapt) shee doth contemplate  
The sumptuous beauties of a stately TEMPLE,  
The lofty Towrs of hundred Towns in one,  
A pompous Palace, and a Peer-les Throne,  
Wals rich without; furnisht in richer sort:  
Number of Seruants doth adorne the Court,  
But more their Order. There, no noise is heard,  
Each his owne Office onely doth regard:  
And (in one instant) as the quaverings  
Of a quick Thumbe move all the diuers strings  
Of a sweet Guiterne; and, its skill to grace,  
Causeth a Treble sound, a Mean, a Base:  
So SALOMON, discreetly with a beck,  
A wink, a word, doth all the Troops direct:  
Each of his Seruants hath his proper Lesson,  
And (after his Degree) each hath his fashion.  
This Queen, yet parting from her fragrant Iles,  
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wiles,  
T' appose the King; and shee resolves shee will  
With curious Questions list and sound his Skill.  
But lo what Oedipus! The Law-learn'd Sage,  
Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,  
Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide,  
Where Statutes, Customs, and Book-Cases guide,  
As hee dissolues her Gordian-knots, and sees  
Through all her nights, and even at pleasure frees  
Such doubts, as doubt-les might haue taskt (t' vntwist)  
The Brachman, Druide, and Gymnosophist:  
And knowing, Good becoms more Good, the more  
It is en-common'd, hee applies therefore

T' instruct her in the Faith; and (envious-idle)  
His brains rich Talent buries not in Idle.  
Alas, I pitie you: alas (quoth He)  
Poor Soules besotted in Idolatrie,  
Who worship Gold and Siluer, Stocks and Stones,  
Mens workmanship, and Fiends Illusions;  
And, who (by your sage Magers Lore mis-led)  
So many Godlings haue imagined:  
Madame, there is but one sole God, most-High,  
Th' Eternall King; nay, self-Eternitie.  
Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,  
Of Ends the End, of Firsts Originall,  
Of Lights the Light, Essence surpassing Essence,  
Of Powers pure Act, of Acts the very Puissance,  
Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,  
The Life of Life, and of all Bewty Flood:  
None-seen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,  
The Vni-forme, which giues all forms their Being.  
God, and One, is all One; who so the Vnitie  
Denies, he (Atheist) disannuls Diuinitie:  
Th' Vnitie dwels in God, ith' Fiend the Twine:  
The greater World hath but one Sun to shine,  
The lesser but one Soule, both but one God,  
In Essence One, in Person Trinely-odde.  
Of this great Frame, the Parts so due-devis'd,  
This Bodie, tun'd so, measur'd, sympathiz'd,  
This TEMPLE, where such Wealth and Order meet,  
This Art in every part cannot proceed  
From one Pattern; and that but from one  
Author of all, who all preserues alone.  
Else should we see in set Batalions  
A hundred thousand furious Partizans,  
The World would nource ciuill intestine Wars,  
And wrack it selfe in it selfe factious Iars.  
Besides, God is an infinite Divinity:  
And who can think of more than one Infinity?  
Seeing the one restrains the others might,  
Or rather reauces its name and being quite.  
Therefore (O Pagans) why doe you confine  
The Infinite in narrow Walls of lime?  
Why shut you Him in a base Trunk or Tree?  
Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can see?  
Why offer you your carnall seruices  
Vnto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?  
Why then do you (sayd she) by our example,  
Enclose th' Immortall in this earthly TEMPLE?  
Lock him within an Arke? and, worse than we,  
Feed him with Fumes, and bloody Butchery:  
T

This



This *Sacred House* so fair (reply'd he then)  
Is not to contain God, but godly men  
Which worship him: and, we doe not suppose  
That He, whose Arms doo Heav'n and Earth inclose,  
Is closed in a *Chest*; but th' ancient Pact,  
The solemne Couenant, and the sure Contract,  
Which leagues vs with our God, and each with other,  
And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together.  
As for our *Incense, Washings, Sacrifices*,  
They are not (as is thought) Our vain Devices;  
But, God's their Author, and himsele Ordains  
These Elements, whereby he entertaines  
And feeds our vnderstanding in the hope  
Of his deer Son (of all these Things the Scope);  
Setting before vs th' Only Sacrifice,  
Which in *CHRIST'S* Blood shall wash-out all our vice.  
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,  
Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs-Officer:  
Come, come thou thrice Great Refuge of our State;  
Come, thou our Ransome, Iudge and Advocate:  
Milde Lamb, Salue-Serpent, Lion generous,  
Vn-chalendg'd Vmpire betwixt Heav'n and Vs,  
Come thou the Truth, the Substance and the End  
Of all our Offerings (whither, all doo tend):  
Come O *MESSIAS*, and doo now begin  
To Raign in *Sion*, to triumph of Sin;  
And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore  
Vpon the Earth the Golden Age of yore:  
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes  
The deer First-Fruits: take on thee our Offences,  
That, stript of *Adam's* sinfull sure, in fine  
With sacred Angels we in Heav'n may shine.

The Queen, nigh sunk in an Amazefull Swoun,  
Bespake him thus: My Lord, prattling renown  
Is wont in flying to increase so far,  
That she proclaims things greater then they are:  
And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right,  
Whereof the rarest seem more exquisite,  
Far-off, then neer: but, so far as thy Fame  
Excels all Kings, thy vertues passe the same:  
Thy peer-less Praise stoops to thy Learned tongue,  
And envious bruit hath done thy Wisdom wrong.

So may I say, even so (O *SCOTTISH* King)  
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,  
From th' edge of *Spain* hath made me ventrously  
To crosse the Seas, thy *Brittain's* end to see:  
Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?  
O King (Heav'n-chosen, for som speciall Plot)

Sweeth.

Application to  
the King Ma.  
1578.

World.

World's Miracle, O Oracle of Princes?  
I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.  
A gray-beards Wisdom in an amber-bush,  
A *Maid-like* Courage in a *Maid-like* blush,  
A settled Iudgement with a supple Wit,  
A quiet Discourse, profound and pleasing yet,  
A *Pygmalion* and *Tully*, in one spirit infus'd,  
And all Heav'n's Gifts into one Head diffus'd.  
Perfit, O King, glory on glory mount:  
And as thy Vertues thine owne fame surmount,  
So let thy future passe thy former more,  
And go before those that have gone before:  
Excel thy self: and, brave, grave, godly Prince,  
Confirm my Songs eternall Evidence.

FINIS.

THE







## THE SCHISME.

THE THIRD BOOK OF  
THE FOURTH DAY OF  
THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Rejecting Olde, Young-Counsaill'd rash ROBOAM  
Loseth Ten Tribes; which fall to IEROBOAM.  
He, Godding Calves, makes Israel to Sin:  
His Scepter therefore shortly fails his Kin.  
BAAZ', ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB (worst of all)  
With IZABELL. Elias conquers Baal;  
Commandeth Clouds; rapt-up to Heav'n, alive.  
Elisha's Works: his bones the dead revive.  
SAMARIN's tragick Siege. A Storm at Sea,  
For Ionas sake: repentant NINIVE.*

*The miserie of a  
State distracted  
by factionous  
Civil Wars.*

*Application.*

*Deprecation.*

**H**eer sing I SAAc's civill Brauls and Broils;  
Jacobs Revolt; their Cities sack, their Spoils:  
Their cursed Wrack, their Godded Calves; the rem  
Of th' Hebrew Tribes from th' Isheams Regiment.

Ah! see we not, som seek the like in France?  
With rage-full swords of civill Variance,  
To share the sacred Gaulian Diadem?  
To strip the Lillies from their native stem?  
And (as it were) to Cantonize the State  
Whose Law did aw Imperiall Rhine (of late)  
Tiber and Iber too; and vnder whom  
Even silver Jordan's captiue floods did foam.  
But, let not vs, good Lord, O let not vs  
Serue servilely a hundred Kinglings thus,  
In stead of one great Monarch: never let  
The lawfull Heir from his owne Throne be beat;

This

This Scepter yearly to be new posselt;  
Nor every Town to be a Tyrants nest:  
Keep all intire, re-stablish prudent Raign,  
Restore the Sword to Justice hand again;  
That, blest with Peace, thy blessed Praise (O Lord)  
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.  
THE GENERAL States of Israel, gathered all,  
By thousands now, within strong Sichem's Wall;  
All joyndly name ROBOAM for their King,  
But (strictly stout) his Powr thus limiting:  
Command (say they) and Rule in Abram's Fold,  
Not as a Wolf, but as a Shepherd should:  
Slacken the reins of our late Servitude:  
Lighten our gall'd backs of those Burthens rude,  
Those heavy Imposts of thy Father (fierce):  
Repress the rapin of thine Officers:  
So, we will serve thee, life and goods at-once:  
If other-wise; thy service we renounce.

Heer-wich amaz'd, thee moody Prince, in post  
Sends for those Ancients which had sway'd most  
His Fathers Counsaills: and he seems to crave  
Their sage Advices, in a case so grave.

God hath not made, say they (rumping together)  
Subiects for Kings, but Kings for Subiects rather:  
Then, let not thine (already in distress)  
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy Self much less.  
What boots a Head, with-out the hand and foot?  
What is a Scepter, and no Subiects to't?  
The greater Milt, the Bodie pines the more:  
The Checker's fasting makes the people poor:  
A Princes Wealth in Subiects Wealth is set:  
The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beger:  
Where the good Prince comes never but at need:  
For, hee is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)  
Whose Flock is fat and fair, with frolik bounds  
Frisking and skipping vp and down the Douns.  
Among the Beasts fullest of furious gall,  
The Vulgar's fiercest, wildest, worst of all;  
Hydra with thousand heads, an hundred stings,  
Yet soon agreed to war against their Kings.  
If then you wish, their barking rage to cease  
Cast them a bone; by an abatement, cease  
Their wringing Yoak, thy pay let them proue:  
And ground thy Greatness on thy Peoples loue.  
Or, if thou (fell) wilt needs feed on their ice,  
Yee vie no threats, nor giue them flat Denies:  
To establish thy yet-new estate,  
Give them hope, and let them feed on that:

THE

And

*A Parliament  
or Assembly of  
the Estates of  
Israel.*

*The People capi-  
tulate with their  
new King.*

*The Counsaill of  
the ancient  
Nobles.*



Roboam, leaning  
on his sword  
rather than  
young men  
of his house  
to govern.

And (wisely) minde thy Fathers saying sage,  
That *A soft answer* (soon) appeaseth rage.

ROBOAM, scorning these old Senators,  
Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers  
(Birds of of a feather) that with one accord  
Cry-out, importune, and perswade their Lord,  
Not fillily to be by such disturb'd,  
Nor let him selfe so simply to be curb'd;  
But, to repress, press, and oppress the more  
These Mal-contents, but too-well vs'd before:  
With iron teeth to bruise their idle bones,  
To suck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)  
Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)  
And lock their Furie in the stocks of Fear,  
And to shake-off (on th' other side) and shun  
Those Gray-beards old and cold direction,  
Their sawcy censures, snibbing his Minority;  
Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,  
Vsurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)  
Would teach a wiser then themselves his part:  
To knowe that hee's a King; and that hee took  
Even in the womb, as th' outward limbs and look,  
So th' inward graces, the Discretion  
And deep Fore-sight of prudent SALOMON;  
And, in the shop of Nature, learn'd (long since)  
The Art of State, the Office of a Prince.

Wisdom (fond King) her sacred Seat erects  
In hoarie brains: and Day the Day directs:  
Th' old-man-fore-sees a-far; by *past* events  
He (prudent) ponders *future* accidents:  
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)  
This wily World, but as a passenger;  
And, more with courage then with Counsaile's guide,  
Barely beholds things on the outer side.  
Yet, to the last thou lean'st; and, frowning fell,  
Checkst thus the Sons, of noble Israel:

Ah! rebell Slaues! you, you will Rule your King:  
You'l be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:  
You'l hold the sacred helme, Controule the Crown:  
You'l rate his State, and turn all vp-side-down.  
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?  
My little finger over-balanceth  
My Father's loins: he did but rub you light,  
I'll stay your backs, he bow'd, I'll break yee quight.  
He threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)  
But I will haue your carrion shoulders goar'd  
With scourges tangd with rowels: and my Name  
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the same.

The King's rash  
and unadvised  
speech.

As

smile.

As rapid streams, incounting in their way  
With close-driv'n piles of som new bank or bay,  
Or steady pillars of a Bridge built new,  
Which last-past Sommer never saw, nor knew;  
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer then they wont,  
And with their foam defile the Welkins front:  
So yerst griev'd *Isaac*, now grown desperate,  
With loud proud tearims doth thus expostulate:  
Why? what haue we to do (what part? what place?)  
With *Boo-zian* *Isaac's* avaricious race?

Go, Reign (proud *Juda*) where thou wilt; for we  
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny:  
Go vsc else-where thy cruell threats and braves;  
We are thy Brethren, we, and not thy Slaves.

Thus cry the People, and th' ill-counsaile'd King  
Vnkingly yeelds to their rude mutining:  
And flies eft-soons with som few *Beniamites*,  
The zealous *Leuites* and the *Judaites*:  
Therest revolt, and chuse for Sovereain  
A lame-les, faith-les, bold and busie-brain,  
An *Ephraimite*, who (double-false) doth fall  
Both from his King and from his God withall.

For, he fore-sees, that if th' *Isacians* still  
(As Law inioyn'd) should mount on *Sion* Hill,  
To sacrifice; with beantie of that Temple,  
Their Princes sight, the Doctrine and Example  
Of sacred *Leuites*, they would soon be taken,  
And drawn aboard the Bark they had forsaken.  
To rent the Charch therefore he doth devise,  
And God's true Spouse doth Harlot-like disguise:  
Will haue them hence-forth worship God the Lord  
Vnder the Form of Hay-fed Calues (abhor'd)  
In *Dan* and *Bethel*: brings vp Service new!  
Profane, vsurping sacred *Aaron's* Dew.

But, how (ingrate) requit'st thou God, in this?  
He, of a Servant, made thee King of His:  
Thou, of a God, mak'st him a horned Steer;  
Set'st Altar against Altar; and, the deer,  
Cleer Star of Truth beclouding with the vail  
Of thine Ambition, mak'st all *Israel* fail,  
And fall with-all into the Gulfe of Death,  
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, vn-eath  
Could th' operation of so many Miracles,  
In their hard hearts reprint the Sacred Oracles.

One-day, the while this Priest-King sacrific'd)  
To's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (self-deviz'd)  
A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,  
Who boldly thus his brutish rage doth blamre:

The People of  
the 10. Tribes.

Israhel.

O



O odious House, O execrable Cell,  
O Satans Forge, O impious Shop of Hell;  
Accursed Altar, that so braves and boasts  
Against the Altar of the Lord of Hosts!  
Behold, from *David* shall a King return  
That on thy stones thine owne Priests bones shall burn,  
Thus saith the Lord: and this shall be the Signe  
(Prodigiously to seal his Word in mine)  
Thou now in th' instant shalt in sunder shatter,  
And in the Air shall thy vile cinders scatter.

Take, take the Sor, said then th' vngodly Prince,  
And (as he spake in rage-full vehemence)  
Reacht-out his arm: but, instantly the same  
So strangely withered and so num became,  
And God so rustied every ioynt, that there  
(But as the Body stird) it could not stir:  
Th' vnsacred Altar sudden flent in twain;  
And th' ashes, flying through th' vn-hallowed Fane,  
Blinde the blinde Priests; as in the Sommer (oft)  
The light, white Dust (driv'n by the Winde aloft)  
Whirling about, offends the tendrest eye,  
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cause) to cry.

O holy Prophet (prayer the Tyrant then)  
Deer man of God, restore my hand again:  
His hand is heal'd. But (obstinate in ill)  
In His Calf-service He perseveres still,  
Still runs his Race, still every day impairs,  
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs,

The King of *Juda* little better proves,  
His Fathers by-paths so *Abijam* loves;  
The People, pliant to their Princes guise,  
Forget their God, and his drad Law despise.

God, notwithstanding (of his speciall grace)  
Entails the Scepter to the sacred race  
Of his deer *David*: and he bindes with boughs  
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows:  
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave)  
Som form of Church in *Sion* he will have.

*Aza*, *Abijam's* Son; *Jehosaphat*  
The son of *Aza* (rightly zealous) hate  
All Idol-gods: and, warring with success,  
Dung *Isaac's* Fields with fottain carcasses.

In *Aza's* ayd fights th' arm armipotent  
(Which shakes the Heav'ns, takes Hills, and Rocks doth rent)  
Against black *Zerah's* over-daring boast,  
That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoast  
O'r-flaw'd all *Juda*; and, all sacking (fell)  
Transported *Afrik* into *Israel*:

Simile.

Aza.

He

He fights for His; who, seeing th' *Ammonite*,  
The *Idumean*, and proud *Moabite*,  
In Battail 'ray, caus'd all his Hoast to sing  
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging:  
Sa, sa (my hearts) let's cheerly to the charge;  
Having for Captain, for Defence, and Targe,  
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea  
Hath heretofore, in foming pride, giv'n way:  
Who, with a sigh (or with a whistle, rather)  
Can call the North, South, East, and West together:  
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands  
Millions of millions of bright-winged-bands:  
Who, with a breath, brings (in an instant) vnder  
The proudest Powers: whose arrows are the Thunder.

While yet they sang, fell *Discord* reaching-far,  
Hies to the *Heathen* that encamped are:  
Clean through her mantle (rattled all in flakes)  
Appears her brest all-ouer gnaw'n with Snakes,  
Her skin is scarr'd, her teeth (for rage) doo gnash,  
The Basilisk with-in her eyes doth flash;  
And, one by one, she plucks-off (in despight)  
Her hairs (no hairs, but hissing Serpents right)  
And, one by one, she severally bestowes-'em  
Through all the Camp, in every Captains bosom,  
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,  
Burns every Souldier with the thirst of blood:  
And, with the same blade that she died once  
In valiant *Gedeon's* (Brother-slaughtered) Sons,  
Shee sets the Brother to assail the Brother,  
The Son the Sier, and deereft friends each-other.

The swords, new draw'n against their Enemies,  
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:  
And *Mars* so mads them in their mutuall Iar,  
That strange, turns civill; civill, household War:  
Proud *Edom* heaws *Moab* and th' *Ammonite*;  
*Ammon* hunts *Edom* and the *Moabite*;  
*Moab* assaults *Ammon* and *Edom* too;  
And each of them wars first with th' other two,  
Then with themselves: then *Ammon* *Ammon* thrills,  
*Moab* wounds *Moab*, *Edom* *Edom* kills.

From Hoast to Hoast, blind-fold Despair, in each,  
Disports her selfe; those that are one in speech,  
Vnder one Colours, of one very coat,  
Combat each other, cut each others throat.  
Rage-full confusion every-where commands,  
Against his Captain the Lieutenant stands,  
The Corporall vpon his Seriant flies,  
And basest Boyes against their Masters rise.

Description of  
Discord.Mordant  
laughter of the  
Heathen by their  
mutual swords,  
dun'd among  
themselves.The confusion of  
such a campe  
is together by  
the cars.

Nay,



Nay, dead *Bellona* passeth fiercely further,  
 Th' owne Vncle doth his owne deer Nephew murther,  
 The Nephew th' Vncle with the like repayes,  
 Cosen thrills Cosen, Kins-man Kins-man slayes:  
 Yea, even the Father kills his Son most cruell,  
 And from one Belly springs a bloody Duell;  
 Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth other,  
 And drawes the life-blood of his half-selſe Brother,  
 Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place  
 Both fall; as like in fury as in face:  
 But, strength at length (not stomach) fails in either;  
 And, as together born, they die together.

The faithfull Hoast drawes neer, and gladly goes  
 Viewing the bodies of their breath-leſs Foes.

Men, Camels, Horſe (ſom ſaddled, ſom with-out)  
 Pikes, Quiyers, Darts, lie mingled all about  
 The bloody Field; and from the Mountains nigh  
 The Ravens begin with their pork-porking cry:  
 Heer ſeems an Arm, a Giant late did owe,  
 As if it would to a Dwarf's ſhoulder growe:  
 A Princes hand there (known by precious ſignes)  
 Vnto the arm of a baſe Porter ioynes;  
 An olde-Man's head heerto a Stripling's neck;  
 And there lean buttocks to a brawny back:  
 Heer of a bodie iuſtly cloven in two,  
 The bloody tripes are trailing to and fro;  
 There, five red fingers of a hand cut-off  
 Gripe ſtill the truncheon of a ſteeked ſtaff;  
 And, there (at-once, all broached on one Lance)  
 Lie three braue Horſe-men in a deadly Tranſe.

Chariots, vn furniſht and vn harneſt, ſlood,  
 Over the ſpoaks, vp to the naves in blood:  
 Th' *Engaddian* Snowes melt in vermilion ſtreams,  
 And (now no marvell) *Iarvel* warmly ſtreams,  
 Stopt with dead bodies; ſo, that never-more  
 It ſhould haue ſeen the Ocean (as before)  
 Nor payd the Tribute that his Dutie craves,  
 Saue that the crimſin holp the cryſtall waves.

Praiſed be God (ſayd *Juda*) praiſed be  
 The Lord of Hoasts, the King of Maieſty,  
 That moaues his Foes; that doth his owne protect,  
 That holds ſo deer the blood of his Elect;  
 That fights for vs, and teacheth vs to fight,  
 Conquer, and triumph of the *Pagan's* might;  
 And (ſinally) doth puniſh Tyrants fell,  
 With their owne ſwords, to ſaue his *Iſrael*.

But, notwithstanding *Ierobaim's* Plot,  
 His third Succeſſor yet ſucceeds him not;

which gener-  
 ally of the war-  
 re.

A barbarous Furie raigneth in his Race,  
 His bloody Scepter ſhifteth hands apace:  
*Nadab* his ſon, and all his ſeed beſide,  
 Feels curſed *Baſha's* cruell Patricide;  
 And *Baſha's* iſſue is by *Zimri* ſlain,  
*Zimri* by *Zimri*: then doth *Omri* raign;  
*Omri*, accuſed for his owne tranſgreſſion,  
 But more accuſed for the ſoule ſucceſſion  
 Of ſuch a Son as *Ahab* (ſold to Sin)  
 That boldly brings *Sidonian* Idols in,  
 Builds vnto *Baal*; and, of all Kings the worſt,  
 Weds *Iezabel*, adds Drunkennels to Thirſt.

Blind Superſtition's like a drop of Oyl  
 Still ſpreading, till it all a Garment ſpoyle:  
 Or, like a ſpark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,  
 Which ſoon inflameth all the Chamber; that,  
 Fires the whole Houſe; the Houſe, the Town about;  
 Conſuming all, and never going-out,  
 Till Goods, and Bodies, Towns and Temples high,  
 All in a Toomb of their owne aſhes lie:  
 When one begins (how little be't) to ſtray  
 From the diuine Law's little-beaten way,  
 We curſed fall into the black Abyſſe  
 Of all ſoul Errors: every Sin that is  
 Donns ſacred Mask; and, monſters moſt abhord,  
 Killing the Saints we think to pleaſe the Lord,  
 As *Ahab* did; who vanquiſht with the ſpel,  
 Speech, grace, and face of painted *Iezabel*,  
 Preſumes to lay his ſacrilegious hand  
 On th' oyled Priests that in Gods preſence ſtand,  
 Of honeſt Men his Towns depopulates,  
 Leſſens the Number of his Noble States,  
 T' augment his Lands; and, with the blood of His,  
 Writes th' Instruments of his new Purchaſes.  
 But ſlain (at laſt) by th' Hoast of *Benhadad*,  
 His Son \* ſucceeds him, (and almoſt as bad)  
 He breakes his neck, and leaues his ſatall place,  
 To's brother *Ioram*, laſt of *Ahab's* race;  
 An odious race, th' alliance of whoſe blood  
 Corrupts the Heirs of *Iofaphat* the good,  
 Cauſing his Son (charm'd with *Athalia's* wile)  
 In's Brother's blood his armed arms to file,  
 And *Athalia's* giddy brain t' infect  
 With the damn'd Error of *Samaritan* Sect.

But though theſe Kings did openly oppugn  
 And ſtubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;  
 Though *Abrahams* iſſue (now degenerate)  
 Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;

Though



Though over all, a *Chaos* of confusion,  
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Delusion,  
A Sea of Sins (contempt of God and Good)  
Cover'd these Kingdoms (as another Flood):  
God left not yet that Age without his Oracles:  
A hundred Prophets, strong in word and miracles,  
Resist their rage, and from sad drowning keep  
The wracked planks on th' Idol-Ocean deep.  
Clear Sommer Noons need not a candle-light;  
Nor sound, Physician; but clean opposite:  
So, in our Soules, the more Sin's Floods do flowe,  
The more God makes his Mercie's Gulfe to growe.

Similar

Elijah the Pro-  
phet.

For his Embassage in sad *Achab's* dayes,  
Ther bite *Elijah* did th' Almighty rayse;  
Who, burning-bold in spirit and speech, cries-out,  
In *Achab's* ears, and all his Court about:  
O impious *Achab*, fear'st thou not (quoth he)  
The sulphury flames and Thunder-bolts that be  
Already roaring in the dreadfull list  
Of God the Lord, that doth the proud resist,  
Revengeth wrongs, th' outrageous *Heathens* Hammer,  
Terror of Terrors, and all Tyrants Tamer:  
Doo'st thou not knowe, He threats to *Israel*  
A Heav'n of Brasse, if they his grace repel,  
Reiect his loue, and get them other Loues,  
Whoring about with forrain Gods, in Groves:  
God cannot lie: his dreadfull Threatnings ever  
Draw dreadfull Iudgements (if our Sin persevere):  
As the Lord lives, this Thirstie yawning Plain  
In seav'n six month's drinks not a drop of Rain.

Description of  
the extreme  
Drought in U-  
rall for three  
yeares.

No sooner spoken, but in present view,  
The Heav'ns begin to change their wonted hew;  
Th' Ayre deadly thick, doth quickly vanish quight;  
To a sad Day succeeds a sadder Night:  
A bloody vapour and a burning cloud,  
By day, begirt the Sun (all coaly-browd);  
By night, the Moon denies to fading Flowrs  
Her silver sweat, and pearly-purled showrs:  
The Welkin's studded with new Blazing-Stars,  
Flame-darting Lances, fiery Crowns and Cars,  
Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,  
Dreadfull to see: and *Phabus* (as it seems)  
Wearie of travail in so hot a time,  
Rests all the while in boyling *Cancer's* clime.  
Hills, lately hid with snowe, now burn amain:  
May hath no Dew, nor February Rain:  
Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter's* Star  
Have like effect as the *Canicular*:

Zephyre

*Zephyre* is mute, and nor a breath is felt,  
But hectik *Auster's*, which doth all things swelt,  
And (panting-short) puffs every-where vpon  
The withered Plains of wicked *Shameran*,  
Th' insavory breath of Serpents crawling o're  
The *Lybians* pest-full and vn-blest-full shoar.  
Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began;  
Mirdles and Bayes for want of moyst grew wan:  
With open mouth the Earth the ayd dorth crave  
Of black-blew Clouds: clear *Kishon's* rapid wave  
Was now no more with Bridges arched round;  
*Sareck*, for shame, now hides him vnder ground:  
*Makmor*, whose murmur troubled with the noise  
The sleeping Shepherds, hath nor stream, nor voice:  
*Cedron's* not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron's* bed,  
And *Jordan's* Current is as dry, as dead.  
The beam-brow'd Stag, and strong-neckt Bull do ly  
On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (also dry)  
But, neither, sup, nor see the Crystall Wave,  
Over the which so often swom they have:  
The lusty Courser, that late scorn'd the ground,  
Now lank and lean, with crest and courage downad,  
With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,  
With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,  
Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,  
Would sweat for faintness, but he wanteth humour:  
The Towr-backt Camel, that best brooketh Thirst,  
And on his bunch could have transported yerst  
Neer a whole Household, now is able scant  
To bear himself, he is so feebly-faint.

The miserable  
effects thereof.

Both yong and olde, both of the base and best,  
Feele a fell *Atna* in their thirstie brest:  
To temper which, they breath, but to their wo:  
For, for pure air, they sup into them, so,  
A putride, thick, and pestilentiall fume,  
Which stuffs their Lights, and doth their lives consume.  
Ther's not a Puddle (though it strangely stink)  
Nor dry they draw 't, Sea-Water's daintie Drink:  
And fusty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea (South)  
Bring *Nile* to *Samer*, for the Kings owne mouth.  
For, though the Lord th' whole Land of *Syria* smites,  
Th' heat of his Anger on *Samarita* lights  
With greatest force; whose furious Prince implies  
The prophet Cause of all these miseries.  
Therefore, he fearing *Achab's* ragefull hate,  
Down to Brook *Cherith's* hollow banks he gate;  
Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters, tho  
From the foure windes the winged people go.

Vv

Thence



Thence, to *Sarepta*; where he craves the ayd  
Of a poor Widow: who thus mildly said,  
Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my store  
Is but of bread for one meal, and no more:  
Yet, give me (saith he) giue me som (I pray);  
Who soweth sparing, sparing reapeth ay:  
Sure, a good turn shall never guerdon want;  
A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:  
T's a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:  
A fruitfull Field which thousand yeelds for one.

While thus he said, and staid; the Widow glad,  
Gives to him frankly all the bread she had:  
She lost not by 't: for, all the *Famine* while,  
That rag'd in *Tyre*, her little Flowr and Oyl  
Decreased not, yet had she plenty still,  
For her and hers to feed in time their fill.  
At length befell fel Death to take away  
Her onely Son, and with her Son her Ioy:  
Shee prays her Guest, and he implores his God,  
And stretching him vpon the breath-less Lad,  
Thus cries aloud: Vouchsafe me, Lord, this boon,  
Restore this child's soule, which (it seems) too-soon  
Thou hast bereft: O! let it not be said,  
That hee for nought I haue so oft been fed:  
Let not my presence be each-where abhor'd;  
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.

As a small seedling of that fruitfull Worm,  
Which (of it selfe) fine shining Sleaves doth form;  
By the warm comfort of a Virgin brest,  
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the rest)  
Re-spins a-fresh, and, in her witty loom,  
Makes of her corps her corps a pretious Toomb:  
This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Module now)  
With death in' bosom, horror on the brow,  
The bait of Worms, the Booty of the Beer,  
At sacred words begins his eye to rear;  
Swimming in Death, his powrs do re-assemble,  
His spirits (rewarm'd) with-in his arters tremble;  
He fetcht a sigh; then lively rising too,  
Talks, walks, and eats, as he was wont to doo.

Fain would the Mother haue besought the Seer  
Th'ave past the rest of his colde Olde-age heer:  
But th' holy Spirit him sodain hence doth bring  
Vnto *Samaris* to th' incensed King;  
Who rates him thus: O Basilisk! O Bane!  
Art not thou He that sow'st th' *Isaacian* Plain  
With Trouble-Tares? Seditious, hast not thou  
Profan'd the Laws of our Fore-fathers now?

The like In-  
surrection, in our  
dayes, the blind  
Fanaticks and  
persecutors.

Broken

lingers have to  
upon the G...  
and the Prea-  
chers thereof.

Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd  
Of th' holy Gods, Protectors of our Land:  
Since thy fond Preaching did heer first begin,  
More and more heavie hath Heav'n's anger bin  
Vpon vs all; and *Baal*, blasphem'd by thee,  
Hath since that season never left vs free  
From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell we feel,  
Our Heav'n is Brais, our Earth is all of Steel.  
No, no, O King (if I the Truth shall tell)  
Thou, thou art hee that troublest *Israel*.  
Thou (give me leave) thou and thy Grand-fires, mad  
After strange Gods in every Groue to gad,  
Have left the true, wise, wondrous (all-abroad)  
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:  
Such shall you proue him, if you dare oppose  
All your *Baal*-Prophets against me, but one.

Content, quoth *Achab*. Then to *Carmel*'s top  
The Schismatic Priests were quickly called vp:  
Vnto their *Baal* an Altar build they there;  
To God, the Prophet doth another rear:  
Both have their Beasts; and by their prayer must proue  
Whose God is God, by Fire from Heav'n above.  
The People's eyes, and ears, and mindes are bent  
Vpon these Maruails, to observe th' event  
(Maruails, which might well cleer the difference  
Thae had so long depended in suspense  
Twixt *Israel* and *Juda*; and direct  
Th' Earth how to serve Heav'n's sacred Architect)  
As when two Bulls, inflamed fiercely-fell,  
Met front to front, their forked arms do well,  
The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze,  
Twixt hope and fear, vnfeeding, stand at gaze,  
To see the Fight, and censure which doe proue  
The valiantest, that he may be their Loue.

*Baal*'s baalling Priests call and cry out for life,  
They gash their flesh, with Lancee and with knife,  
They cruell make their blood to spin about  
(As Claret wine from a pearc't Peece doth spout)  
And, madly shaking heads, legges, sides and arms,  
They howling chant these *Dithyrambick* charms;  
Help, Help, O *Baal*, O *Baal* attend our cries,  
*Baal* heare vs *Baal*, O *Baal*, bowe downe thine eyes;  
O *Iranian*, *Clarian*, *Eleutherian* Powrs,  
*Panathenian* God, approve vs thine, thine ours:  
O *Epicarpian*! O *Epistatirian*,  
*Phrygian*, *Peretrian*, O *Exacastrian*,  
*Armenian*, *Assyrian*, O *Lelradean* *Baal*,  
O *Assyrian*, *Baal*-*Samen*, heare our Call.

VV2

Elijah,

Smile.

Baal's Priests.



*Elijah*, that their bloody Rites abhor,  
And knowes aright the seruice of the Lord,  
T appease his wrath he doth not scarre his skin;  
Nor with self-wounds presume his grace to win;  
Nor makes himsele vnfitting for his function,  
By selfly stripes (as causing more cumpunction)  
Nor, thild with bodkins, raues in frantik-wise,  
And in a furie seems to prophesize;  
But offers God his heart, in steed of blood;  
His speech is sober, and as milde his mood.

*irrid.*

Cry loud, quoth he: your God is yet perchance  
In a deep sleep, or doth in Arms aduance  
Against his Foes (th' *Egyptian* Deities)  
Or is consulting how to keep the Flies  
From off his Altar. But, O *Israel*!  
Alas! why yoakst thou God with *Baal* (or *Bel*)?  
Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt twist either,  
And fondly mix Darnel and Wheat together  
In thy Faith's Field: If *Baal* be God indeed,  
Then boldly serue him, seek him sole at need:  
But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,  
Th' all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,  
Be but the least Works of th' Almighty hand  
Of *Jacob's* God: If Heav'n, Air, Sea, and Land,  
And all in all, and all in every one,  
By his owne finger be sustain'd alone:  
If he haue cast those cursed Nations out,  
Which yerst defil'd this fair, fat Land about;  
To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,  
Why him alone doost thou not ay imbrace,  
And serue him onely in thy Soule and Heart,  
Who in his Love brooks none to share a part?  
The cord vn-twisted weakens: and who serues  
Two Lords at-once, to lose them both deserues.  
*Baal* dead (thou seest) hears not his Servants call,  
Much less can grant them their Desires at all:  
But, *Jacob's* God, I E N O V A, E L O H I M,  
Never deceives their hope that trust in him.

Hear me therefore, O Lord, and from aboue  
With Sacred Fire (thy Soverain powr to prove)  
Consume this Bullock, and shewe by the same  
That thou art G O D, and I thy Servant am:  
And to thy Fold (thy Churches Lap) repeal  
Thy wandering Flock, thy chosen *Israel*.  
As falls a Meteor in a Sommer Even,  
A sodain Flash comes flaming down from Heav'n,  
Licks dry the Dikes, and instantly, at-once,  
Burns all to Ashes, both the Altar-stones,

And

And th' Offered Bullock: and the People fall  
In zealous fury on the Priests of *Baal*;  
And, by *Elijah's* prayer, soone obtaine  
Rain, which so often they had askt in vain.

For, what is it *Elijah* cannot do?  
If he be hungry, Fowls, and Angels too,  
Becom his Stewards. Fears he th' armed Bands  
Of a sel Tyrant: from their bloody hands  
To rescue him, Heav'n (his confederate)  
Consumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.  
Or, would he pass a Brook that brooks no Bay,  
Nor bridge, nor Bank: The Water giues him way.  
Or, asks him Earth: To Heav'n alive he hies,  
And (sauiug *Enoch*) onely He not dies.

This Man of God, discoursing with his heir  
Of th' vpper Kingdom, and of Gods Affair,  
A sodain whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,  
And flaming Chariot rapt him vp intire,  
Burns not, but 'sines; and doth (in fashion strange)  
By death-less Death, mortall immortall change.  
A long-tail'd Squib, a flaming ridge, for rut  
Seems seen a while, where the bright Coach hath cut.

This sacred Rape, nigh rapt *Elijah* too:  
Who, taking vp his Tutors Mantle, tho,  
Follows as far as well he could with ey  
The fire-snort Palfreys, through the sparkling Sky;  
Crying, My father, father mine fare-well,  
The Chariots and the Horse of *Israel*.

The *Thibian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,  
Amid the Meteors to be tossed there,  
As Mists and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,  
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:  
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules;  
And not the Saints, the happy, heav'nly Soules.  
Nor is he nailed to some shining Wheel,  
Zion-like continually to reel;

For *CHRIST* his flesh, transfigur'd, and diuine,  
Mounted aboue the Arches *CrySTALLINE*:  
And where *CHRIST* is, from pain and passion free,  
There (after death) shall all his Chosen bee.

*Elijah* therefore climbs th' *Empyrean* Pole;  
Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,  
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,  
And doth him firm to the *TRINE-ONE* vnite.

But how, or why should He this vantage haue  
Yet *CHRIST* (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the Grave)?  
O happy passage! O sweet, sacred Flight!  
O blessed Rape! thou raptest so my spright

V v 3

In

*Elijah taken  
up alive into  
Heaven.*



In this Dispute, and mak'ill my weaker wit  
So many wayes to cast about for it,  
That (I confesse) the more I do contend,  
I more admire, and less I comprehend.

For lack of wings, then bidding heer belowe  
With his Successor, I proceed to shewe,  
How soon as he took up his Cloak (to beare it)  
Within *Elybathin's* d *Elyah's* Spirit;  
By powr whereof, immediately he cleaves  
An vn-couth way through *Jerusalem's* rapid waves;  
Past hope he gives to the *Samaritan* Wife  
A Son; and soone restores him dead to life:  
With sodain blindnes finites the *Syrian* Troup  
The which in *Dathan* did him round incoup:  
Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyl  
Fills all the Vessels in a town that while  
His hoary head (in *Belel*) laught to scorn,  
Is veng'd by Beas, on forty children torn:  
*Naaman's* cleas'd; and for foul *Sennacherib's*  
Goliath's punisht with his Leprosie:  
Mends bitter Broath, he maketh Iron swim  
As porie Cork, ypon the Water's brim.

Rich *Jericho's* (sometimes) *sal-peetery* soil,  
Through brinie Springs that did about it boile,  
Brought forth no fruit, and her vn-hollesome Brooks  
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:  
The Towns-men, therefore, thus besought the Sect;  
Thou seest our Cane's situation heer  
Is passing pleasant; but the ground is naught,  
The Water worse: we pray thee mend the fault,  
Sweeten our Rivers, make them pleasanter,  
Our Hills more green, our Plains more fertile.

The Prophet calls but for a Cruse of Salt  
(O strangest cure!) to cure the brinie fault  
Of all their Floods; and, casting that in, once  
Foul stinking Spring, heals all their streams anon:  
Not, for an houre, or for a day, or twain,  
But to this Day they sweet and sound remain.

Their Valley, walled with bald Hills before,  
But even a horror to behold, of yore;  
Is now an Eden, and th' All-circling Sun,  
For fraefull beary, sees no Paragon.  
There (labour-less) mounts the victorious Palm,  
There (and but there) grows the all-healing Balm,  
There ripen the rare cher-cheek Myrobolan,  
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can en-olden a Man.  
O skilfull Husbands, give your fatter Plains  
Two or six earthe, spare neither cost nor pain,

To water them, rid them of weeds and stones,  
With Muck and Marle batten and baste their bones;  
Unless God blest your Labour and your Land,  
You plough the Sea, and sowe ypon the sand.

This *furie* knowes; a Soil sometimes (at least)  
Sole Paradise of all the proudest East:  
But now the bruest and most barren place,  
The curse of God, and all the Worlds disgrace:  
And also *Greene*, on whom Heav'n's (yet so good)  
Knew nothing now but their drad *Furie's* Flood.  
The grace of God is a most sure Revenue,  
A Sea of Wealth, that ever shall continue,  
A never-failing Field, which needs not ay  
The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.

Wilt thou I say? This sacred Personage  
Not only profits to his proper Age;  
For after life, life in his bones he leaves,  
And dead, the dead he raiseth from their graues.  
Not is *Elyah* famous more for Miracles,  
Than for the Truth of his so often Oracles:  
He shewes the Palms and Foils of *Israel*,  
*Isaiah's* death, the Raige of *Hazael*:  
Beyond all hope, and passing all appearance,  
Ondred *Isaiah's* need relief he warants.

For now the *Syrian*, with insulting Powrs,  
Besiege the *Samaritan* Towns,  
Thou art all-ready in each nook agrifing,  
Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famine*, all-advising  
Howeildously: even the bare bones are sear  
(As sharp as knives) thorough the empty skin  
Of the best bred: and each-man seems (almost)  
No Man indeed but a pale gally Ghost.

Some search the bread from their own Babes, that pine  
For the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,  
Some do defile them with forbidden flesh,  
Some bite the grass their hunger to refresh;  
Some grid for Birds-dung (waight for waight) exchange;  
Some of their Boors make them a Banquet strange,  
Some fry the Hay-dust, and it famorie hode,  
Some Almond-shells and Nut-shells gladly grinde,  
Some mince their Fathers With, in parchment writ,  
And disfigure their Birtth-right a bit.

The King, when weary he would rest awhile,  
Of the Dainties he hath had yet while,  
Some swallows grinds back with his teeth and laws,  
For only winde his beguill'd bellie draws:  
And when awaking, of his owne spare Diet  
Hee his owne brest, to keep his Captains quiet.



*Mother eat  
her own Child.*

He is importun'd heer and there about ;  
 Above the rest, a Woman shrieketh out  
 In mournfull manner, with disheueled haire ;  
 Her face despight, her fashion shewes despaire.  
 O ! stay my Liege, hear, hear a grievous thing ;  
 Iustice, great *Ioram*, Iustice, gentle King.  
 O, no, not Iustice : (did I Iustice craue ?)  
 Fondling, in Iustice, thou canst nothing haue  
 But a iust death ; nay, but a Torture fell ;  
 Nay, but a Torment, like the pains of Hell.  
 Yet, even this Plea is worse then death to me :  
 Then grant me Iustice, Iustice let it be.  
 For (O ! ) what horror can restrain desire  
 Of iust Reuenge, when it is once afire ?  
 My Lord, I bargain'd, and ( to bind the Pact )  
 By solemn Oath I sealed the Contract ;  
 Contract, indeed cruell, yet could not be  
 Infring'd, or broken, without Crueltie.  
 ( Tell it O, Tongue : why stay'st thou so vpon it ?  
 Dar'st thou not say it, having dar'd and don it ?  
 Not hauing fear'd Heavens King, how canst thou fear  
 An earthly King ? ) Then, thus ( my Liege ) while-ye  
 I, and my Neighbour desperately agreed,  
 Jointly to eat, successiue, our seed ;  
 Our own deer Children : and ( O luck-les Lot ! )  
 Mine first of all, is destin'd to the Pot :  
 Forth-with I catch-him, and I snatch him to-me  
 Vp in mine arms : he straight begins to woo-me,  
 Stroaks, colls, and hugs me, with his arms and thighs :  
 And, smiling sweet, Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cries,  
 Then kisses me : and with a thousand toyes,  
 Thinks to delight me with his wonted ioyes.  
 I looke away, and, with my hand addrest,  
 Bury my knife within his tender brest :  
 And, as a Tigresse, or the Dam of Bears,  
 A Fawn or Kid in hundred gobbers tears,  
 I rear him quick, dress him, and on our Table  
 I set him : Oh ! ( 't is now no time to fable )  
 I taste him first, I first the feast begin,  
 His blood ( my blood ) runs round about my Chin,  
 My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb ;  
 And of my Flesh my Flesh is shamefull Tomb :  
 Soon cloyd ( alas ! ) but little could I eat,  
 And vp again that little strives to get.  
 But she, she layes it in, she greedy plyes it :  
 And all night long she sits to gourmandize it :  
 Not for her fill so much of such ( think I )  
 As to prolong the more my misery :

O God, said she ( and smiles in eating it )  
 What a sweet morsell ! what a dainty bit !  
 Blest be the brest that nurc't such meat for me ;  
 But more the Womb that bare it, so to be.  
 So ( to be brief ) my Son is eat : But hers  
 Alive and lusty in her arms she bears.  
 Why should her Pittie, rather her despite,  
 Do both her Faith, Me, and my Son, vn-right ?  
 Ah ! for her belly, rather then her Boy,  
 She playd this prank ( and robd me of my Ioy ).  
 She did it not, of tender hart to saue him ;  
 But greedy-gut, that she alone might haue him.  
 Therefore, O King, do Iustice in this case :  
 Nor craue I pardon of thy princely grace  
 For mine Offence ; ( such an Offence, I knowe,  
 As yet grim *Mines* n ever iudg'd belowe )  
 For if I should, how should I do, for meat ;  
 Not hauing now another Childe to eat ?  
 No : this is all I craue before I die,  
 That I may taste but of Her sonnes sweet thigh :  
 Or that ( at least ) mine eye, more iust then cruell,  
 May see him slain by her, my Horrors fuell.  
 But, if you waigh not mine vnfaired tears  
 ( Indeed vn-worthy ) : yet vouchsafe your ears  
 To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son ;  
 Who, with strange murmurs rumbling vp and down,  
 Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,  
 And to your Highnes, thus to make his moan ;  
 Sir, will you suffer, without all reuenge,  
 Mens curld malice boldly to infringe  
 Law, Faith, and Iustice, Vows, and Oaths, and all ;  
 As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall ?  
 Ah ! shall I then descend alone belowe ?  
 Dy vn-reueng'd : foster my cruell Foe ?  
 And then, cast forth in foulest Excrement,  
 Infect the Aire, offend the Element ;  
 The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horse  
 About the Hall shall ride, and prance, and course ;  
 And imitate mens actions ( as an Ape ),  
 Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, sit in Lap ?  
 No : let him die, let him ( as I ) be cut,  
 Let him ( as I ) be in two Bellics put :  
 Full-fill the Pact ; that so our wretched Mothers  
 Their Guilt and Grief, may eyther's match with others.  
 The King, les mov'd with pitty than with horror,  
 Thunders these words, raging in threat-full terror ;  
 Vengeance and mischief on mine owne head light,  
 If euer *Elisba* keep his head this night :

And



And, as he spake, forth in a rage he flings,  
To execute his bloody Threatenings.

Sir, said the Prophet, you have seen the scathe  
Deuouring Famine heere performed hath;  
But, by to-morrow this time (God hath said)  
Samarit's Gates shall euen abound with Bread.

Tush, said a Minion of the Court, hard by  
(Of surly speech, proud gait, and lofty ey)  
Though God should open all Heav'n's windows wide,  
It cannot be: Yes, Infidell (reply'd

The zealous Prophet) Thou thy Self (in sum)  
Shalt see it then: but shalt not taste a Crum.  
Thus said *Elisba*, and th' Almighty Pow'r  
Perform'd his Sayings in the very howr.

Her scarlet Robe *Aurora* had not don'd,  
Nor had she yet limn'd the *Euphratean* strond  
With trembling shine, neyther was *Phabus* yet  
Willing to wake out of a drouzie Fit.

*Description and  
effects of Fear.*

When pallid *Fear*, flies to the *Pagan* Hoast,  
Wilde-staring Hag, shiv'ring, and wavering most;  
She, that her voyce and visage shifts so oft:  
She that in Counsailes strives to lift aloft  
It's resolution, to be President

(Canker of Honor, curse of Government):  
She that euen trembles in her surest Arms,  
Starts at a leaf, frowns at report of harms:  
Beleevs all, sees all; and so swayeth all,  
That, if she say, the Firmament doth fall:

There be three Suns: This, or that Mountain sinks:  
Paul's Church doth reel, or the foundation shrinks:  
It is beleeu'd, 't is seen: and, scis'd by Her,  
The other Sense are as apt to err.

Clashing of Arms, Rattling of iron Cars,  
Murmur of Men (a World of Soldiers)  
Neighing of Horse, noise of a thousand Drums  
With dreadfull sound from the next Vale ther comes.

The *Syrian* Camp, conceiuing that the Troups  
Of *Nabathites*, *Hethites*, and *Ethyops*,  
Hyr'd by th' *Isacians*, came from euery side,  
To raise their Siege, and to repell their pride:  
Fly for their liues, disorder'd and dispers'd  
(Amid the Mountains) so well-ordered yerst.  
One, in his Cap-case leaues behinde his Treasure:  
To bridle's horse another hath not leasure;  
Another, hungry on the grass hath set  
His Break-fast out, but dares not stay to eat.  
One thinks him farre, that yet hath little gon:  
Another weens him in plain ground, anon

He

He breaks his neck into a Pit: another  
Hearing the Boughs that brush against each other,  
And doubting it to be the Conquerer,  
He wretched dies of th' only wound of *Fear*.

As, after tedious and continuall rain,  
The honey-Flies haste from their Hives again,  
Suck heere and there, and bear into their bowr  
The sweetest sap of euery fragrant flower:  
So from besieg'd *Samarit* each man hies,  
Vnto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies:  
Wherein, such store of corn and wine they pill,  
That in one day their hungry Town they fill:  
And in the Gate, the Croud, that issueth,  
Treads th' vnbeleeuing Courtier down to death;  
So that (at once) euen both effects agree  
Lost with *Elisba's* holy prophecie.

From this School comes the Prophet *Ametbite*,  
The twice-born Preacher to the *Nimuite*.  
*Jonas*, he gon: hie, hie thee (said th' Almighty)  
To *Ninive*, that great and wanton Citie:  
Cry day and night, cry out vnto them all;  
In forty dayes, and *Ninive* shall fall.

But, 'gainst th' Eternall, *Jonas* shuts his care,  
And ships himself to sail another-where:  
Wherefore, the Lord (incens'd) stretcht his arm,  
To wrack the wretch in suddain fearfull Storm.

Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waues  
All topsie-turmed by th' *Aolian* slaues,  
Do mount and roule: Heav'n Wars against the Waters,  
And angry *Thetis* Earth's green bulwarks batters:  
A fable ay so muffles vp the Sky,  
That the sad Saylers can no light discry:  
Or, if som beam break through their pitchy night,  
Tis but drad flashing of the Lightning's light.

Strike, strike our saile (the Master cries) amain,  
Vaile misne and sprit-sail: but he cries in vain;  
For, in his face the blasts so bluster ay,  
That his Sea-gibberish is straight born away.

Confused Cries of men dismay'd in minde,  
Seas angry noise, lowd bellowing of the winde,  
Heav'n's Thunder-claps, the tackles whisteling  
(As strange Musicians) dreadfull descant sing.

The Eastern winde drives on the roaring train  
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again  
With fresh Seas crosse the Sea, and she doth send  
(In counter-change) a rain with salt y-blend.  
Heav'n's (headlong) seem in *Thetis* lap to fall,  
Seas scale the skies, and God to arm this All

*The Ship-wreck  
of IONAS.*

*A lively Des-  
cription of the  
Storm at Sea.*

Against



Against one ship, that skips from stars to ground,  
From waue to waue (like *Balloons* windy bound)  
While the sad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,  
Thinks from the Pole to see Hells pit profound;  
And, then, cast down vnto the sandy shole,  
Seems from lowe Hell to see the lostie Pole:  
And, feeling foes within and eek without,  
As many waues, so many deaths doth doubt.

The billows, beating round about the ship,  
Vnchauk her keel, and all her seams vnrip;  
Whereby the waters, entring vncontroul'd,  
Ebbing abroad, yet flowe apace in hold:  
For euery Tun the plied Pump doth rid,  
A floud breaks in; the Master mastered  
With dread and danger (threatning euery-way)  
Doubts where to turn him, what to doo, or say,  
Which waue to meet, or which salt surge to flie;  
So yeelds his charge, in Sea to line or die.

As, many Cannons, gainst a Castle bent,  
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,  
And shake the wall, but yet the latest shock  
Of fire-wingd bullets batters down the Rock:  
So, many mounts, that muster 'gainst this Sail,  
With roaring rage do this poor ship assail;  
But yet the last (with foaming fury swoln,  
With boistrous blasts of angry tempests boln)  
Springs the main-mast: the mast with boystrous fall  
Breaks down the deck, and fore affrights them all.

Pale Idol-like, one stands with arms a-crofs:  
One moans himself: one mourns his childrens loss:  
One, more than Death, this form of Death affrights:  
Another calls on Heav'ns vn-viewed Lights:  
One, 'fore his eyes his Ladies looks beholds:  
Another, thus his deadly fear vnfolde:  
Curst thirst of gold! O how thou causest care!  
My bed of Down I change for hatches bare:  
Rather than rest, this stormy war I chose:  
T' enlarge my fields, both land and life I lose:  
Like peizlefs plume, born-vp by *Boreas* breath,  
With all these wings I soar, to seek my death,  
To Heav'n and Hell, by angry *Neptune* led,  
Where lest I scape it, all these sails I spread.  
Then thus another: sure no winde (quoth he)  
Could raise this Storm; som rarer Prodigy  
Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cause of all our grief)  
Som *Atheist* dog, som Altar-spoyling thief  
Lurks in this ship: com (Mates) by lot let's trie  
(To saue the rest) the man that ought to die.

T

Tis I, quoth *Jonas*, I indeed am cause  
Of this black night, and all the fearfull flaws  
Of this rough Winter; I must sole appease  
(By my iust death) these wrath-full wrack-full Seas.  
Then vp they heave him straight, and from the waste  
Him suddenly into the Sea they cast.

The King of Windes calls home his churlish train,  
And *Amphitrite* smooths her front again:  
Th' Air's cloudy Robe returns to crysall clear,  
And smiling Heav'ns bright Torches re-appear  
So soon as *Jonas* (to them all appease)  
O'er head and ears was soufled in the Seas.

Thrice coms hee vp, and thrice again goes down  
Vnder the waves (yer hee doo wholly drown):  
But then hee sinks; and, wretched, roul'd along  
The sands, and Oase, and rocks, and mud among,  
Thus, thus hee cries with lips of zealous faith;  
Mercy, my God, shew mercy, Lord (hee saith).  
Then God (who ever hears his childrens wish)  
Provided straight a great and mighty Fish,  
That swilling swallow'd *Jonas* in her womb;  
A living Corps laid in a living Toomb.

Like as a Roach, or Ruff, or Gudgeon, born  
By som swift stream into a weer (forlorn)  
Frisks to and fro, aloft and vnder dives,  
Fed with false hope to free their captive lyves:  
The Prophet so (amazed) walks about  
This wondrous Fish to finde an issue out,  
This mighty Fish, of Whale-like huginess,  
Or bigger-bellied, though in body less.

Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?  
In what new Hell doost thou correct my faults?  
Strange punishment! my body thou bereav'st  
Of mother-earth, which to the dead thou leav'st:  
Whither thy wrath drives mee, I doo not knowe.  
I am depriv'd of air, yet breathe and blowe:  
My sight is good, yet can I see no sky:  
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-shore am I:  
Resting, I run; for, mooving is my Cave:  
And, quick, I couch within a living Grave.

While thus hee plain'd, the third day, on the sand  
The friendly Fish did cast him safe a-land.  
And then, as if his weary limbs had been  
So long refresht, and rested at an Inn,  
Hee seems to sleepe; and com to *Ninive*,  
Your sins have reached vp to Heav'n (quoth hee):  
Wo and alas, wo, wo vnto you all:  
In forty daies, and *Ninive* shall fall.

X

Thus



Thus *Jonas* preacht: But, soon the Citizens,  
Sincerely toucht with sense of their foul sins,  
Dispatch (in haste) to Heav'n, *Repentance* sad,  
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Fasting* hairy-clad.

*Repentance* makes two Torrents of her eies,  
Her humble brow dares scant behold the skies:  
Her sobbing breast is beaten blew and black:  
Her tender flesh rent with rugged sack:  
Her head (all hoar'd with harty sorrows past)  
With dust and ashes is all over-cast.

*Praier's* head, and sides, and feet are set about  
With gawdy wings (like *Joves Arcadian Scout*):  
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes  
*Nard*, *Incense*, *Mummy*, and all rich Perfumes.

*Fasting* (though faint) her face with ioy shee cheers,  
Strong in her weaknes, yong in aged yeers;  
Quick health's preserver, curbing *Cupid's* fits,  
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining wits.

Then *Faith* (Grand Vsher of th' Emprerall Court)  
Vshers these Legats by a golden Port  
Into the *Presence*, and them face to face  
Before th' All-Monarch's glorious Throne doth place;  
Where (zealous) prostrate on her humble knee,  
Thus *Praier* speaks in name of all the Three:

God, slowe to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!  
Lord, sheath again thy vengeance-sword a space.  
If at thy beam of Iustice thou wilt waigh  
The works of men that wander every day:  
If thou their metall by that touch-stone try  
Which fearfull-sounding from thy mouth doth fly:  
If thou shalt summe their sins (which pass the sand)  
Before thee, Lord, who shall endure to stand?  
Not *Ninive* alone shall perish then;  
But all this All bee burnt to ashes clean:  
And even this day shall thy iust wrath prevent  
The dreadfull Day of thy last Dooms event.  
This world to *Chaos* shall again return;  
And on thine Altars none shall incense burn.

O therefore spare (Lord) spare the *Ninivites*,  
Forgive their sins; and, in their humbled sprites,  
From this time forth thy sacred Laws engrave:  
Destroy them not, but daign them Lord to save:  
Look not (alas!) what they have been before;  
But vs regard, or thine owne mercy more.

Then, God reacht out his hand, vnfolde his frowns,  
Disarms his arm of Thunder bruising Crowns,  
Bows graciously his glorious flaming Crest,  
And mildely grants, in th' instant, their request.

THE



## THE DECAY.

THE III. BOOK OF  
THE FOVRTH DAY OF  
THE II. WEEK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Ambitions bitter fruit, fell Achab's Stock,  
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)  
Extirpt by IEHV: IEHV's signe likewise  
Shallum supplants. King-killing Treacheries  
Succeed a-rove, with Wrack of ISRAEL.  
Time-suiting Batts: Athaliah Tigress fell.  
IOASH well-nurtur'd, natur'd ill, doth run  
After his kinde: hee kills his Tutors Son.  
ZENACHERIB: life-lengthned EZECHIAH:  
NABUCHADNEZAR: Captive ZEDECHIAH.*

**H**ere's puffed AMBITION, Tinder-box of WAR,  
Down-fall of Angels, *Adam's* murderer,  
Parent of Treasons, Reason's Contradiction,  
Earth's Enemy, and the Heav'ns Malediction,  
O! how much Blood hath thy respect-less age  
Shed in the World! showed on every Age!  
O Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's insatiate Thirst,  
How many Treasons hast thou hatched yeist!  
For, O! what is it that hee dares not doo,  
Whooth' Helm of Empire doth aspire vnto?  
Hee (to beguile the simple) makes no bone  
To swear by God (for, hee beleevs there's none);  
His Sword's his Title; and who seapes the same,  
Shall have a Pistoll, or a poysony Dram:  
Hee, fear'd of all, fears all: hee breaks at once  
The chains of Nature and of Nations:

XX2

Sick

*Ambition power  
trayed to the  
life.*



Sick of the Father, his kinde heart is woe  
The good Old-man travels to Heaven so slowe:  
His owne dear Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clouts)  
Haste but too fast; are at his heels, hee doubts:  
Hee passeth to his promis'd Happinesse  
Vpon a Bridge of his Friends Carcases;  
And mounts (in fine) the golden Throne by stairs  
Built of the Sculls of his owne Countries heirs.  
Yet thou permitt'st it, Lord; nay, with thy wings  
Coverest such Tyrants (even the shame of Kings).  
But, not for nothing doost thou them forbear;  
Their cruell scalps a cruell end shall tear:  
And, when the Measure of their Sin is full,  
Thy Hands are iron, though thy Feet bee wooll.  
The Throne of Tyrants tottersto and fro:  
The blood-gain'd Scepter lasts not long (wee knowe):  
Nail driveth Nail: by tragick deaths device,  
Ambitious hearts do play at \* *Levellee*;  
Proov'd but too plain in both the Houses Royall  
Of *Jacobs* issue, but too-too disloyall:  
As, if thou further with thy grace divine  
My Verse and Vows, shall heer appear in time.

\* A kinde of  
Christmas play:  
wherein each  
honorith other  
from his Seat.  
The name seems  
derived from  
the French  
Je-  
vez sus, in Eng-  
lish, arise up.

G O D N O W no longer could support th' excess  
Of *Achab's* House, whose cursed wickednes  
Was now top-full: and, Dogs already stood  
Fawning and yawning for their promis'd blood:  
Heav'ns haste their Work. Now, in tumultuous wife,  
'Gainst *Achab's* Son doo his owne Souldiers rise;  
*Jehu's* their Captain: who foresees, afar,  
How-much, dispatch advantageth in War;  
And, politick, doubles his Armies speed  
To get before; yea, before *Fame*, indeed.  
*Ioram*, surpriz'd in feeble Bulwarks then  
(Unfurnished of Victuals and of Men)  
And, chiefly, wanting royall fortitude,  
Un-kingly yeelds vnto the Multitude.

Bould *Nimshi's* Son, Sir *Jehu*, what's this Thing?  
What mean these Troops? what would you of the King?  
Where shall the bolt of this black Thunder fall?  
Say, bring'st thou Peace? or bring'st thou War, withall?  
Sayd *Ioram*, lowd: but, *Jehu* lowder saith,  
No (wretch) no Peace, but bloody Wars and death.  
Then fled the King: and (as a Ship at Sea,  
Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten every way,  
And Winter-Storms with absent Stars compact,  
With th' angry Waters to conspire her wrack,  
Strives not to ride it out, or shift abroad,  
But plies her Oars, and flees into the Road)

Smile.

Hee

Hee jerks his Iades, and makes them scour amain  
Through thick and thin, both over Hill and Plain.

Which, *Jehu* spying, and well eying too,  
As quick resolveth what hee hath to doo;  
Cries, Boy, my Bowe: then nocks an Arrow right,  
His left hand meets the head, his brest the right.  
As bends his Bowe, hee bends; lets go the string:  
Through the thin air, the winged shaft doth sing  
King *Ioram's* Dirge; and, to speed the more,  
Peepes behinde him, and peeps-out before.

The Prince now hurt (that had before no hurt)  
Falls present dead, and with his Courtly-Cart  
Bruiz'd in the Fall (as had the *Thibite* said)  
The Field of *Naboth* with his blood beraid:  
And *Salem's* King had also there his due,  
For joining hands with so profane a Crew.  
Then, the proud Victor leads his loyall Troops  
Towards the Court (that all in silence droops);  
And, more for Self-love, then for God's pure zeal,  
Means to dispatch, th' Earth's burden, *Iezabel*.

The Queen had iokling: instantly shee sped  
To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head:  
The Saphyr, Onyx, Garnet, Diamond,  
In various forms cut by a curious hand,  
Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles:  
Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles  
In Autumn on the Tree, when too and fro  
The Boughs are waved with the windes that blowe.

The upper garment of the stately Queen,  
Is rich gold Tissue, on a ground of green;  
Where th' art-full shuttle rarely did encheck  
The cangeant colour of a Mallards neck:  
Tis figur'd o'r with sundry Flowrs and Fruits,  
Birds, Beasts, and Insects, creeping Worms, and Neuts,  
Of Gold-Smiths Work: a fringe of Gold about,  
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out,  
Borders her Robe: and every part discries  
Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize.

Her neat, fit, startups of green Velvet bee,  
Flourisht with silver; and beneath the knee,  
Moon-like, indented; burn'd down the side  
With *Orient* Pearls as big as *Falberd's* pride.  
But, besides all her sumptuous equipage  
Much fitter for her State then for her age)  
Close in her Closet, with her best Complexions,  
Shee mends her Faces wrinkle-full defections,  
Her Cheek shee cherries, and her Ey shee cheets,  
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen years;

Smile.

Iezabel.

Her Pride.

\* Changeable.

Her Painting.

Whether



Whether thee thought to snare the Dukes affection;  
Or dazle, with her pompous Prides reflexion,  
His daring eyes (as Fowlers, with a Glas,  
Make mounting Larks com down to death apace):  
Or, were it, that in death thee would bee seen  
(As 't were) interr'd in *Tyrian* Pomp, a Queen.

*It is the truest  
of all those  
(Predominant)  
Court Qualities.*

Chaste Lady-Maids, heer must I speak to you,  
That with vile *Painting* spoil your native hue  
(Not to inflame yonglings with wanton thirst,  
But to keep fashion with these times accurst)  
When one new taen in your seem-Beauties snare,  
That day and night to *Hymen* makes his Praier,  
At length espies (as Who is it but spies?)  
Your painted breasts, your painted cheeks and eies,  
His Cake is dough; God dild you, hee will none;  
Hee leaves his sute, and thus hee saith anon:  
What should I doo with such a wanton Wife,  
Which night and day would cruciate my life  
With Ieloux pangs: fith every-way shee sets  
Her borrow'd snares (not her owne hairs) for Nets  
To catch her Cuckoos; with loose, light Attires,  
Opens the door vnto all lewd Desires;  
And, with vile Drugs adultering her Face,  
Closely allures th' Adulterers Imbrace.

But, iudge the best: suppose (saith hee) I finde  
My Lady Chaste in body and in minde  
(As sure I think): yet, will shee Mee respect,  
That dares disgrace th' eternall Architect:  
That (in her pride) presumes his Work to tax  
Of imperfection; to amend his tracts,  
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,  
With her frail fingers with foul dirt beraid:  
Shall I take her that will spend all I have,  
And all her time, in pranking proudly-brave:  
How did I doat! the Gold vpon her head,  
The Lillies of her breasts, the Rosier red  
In either Cheek, and all her other Riches,  
Wherewith shee bleareth sight, and sense bewitches;  
Is none of hers: it is but borrow'd stuff,  
Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfet in proof:  
My glorious Idol I did so adore,  
Is but a Visard, newly varnisht o'r  
With spauling Rheums, hot Fumes, and Ceruses:  
Fo, phy; such Poysons one would loath to kils:  
I wed (at least, I ween to wed) a Lase  
Yong, fresh and fair: but, in a yeer (alas!)  
Or two, at most; my lovely lively Bride  
Is turn'd a Hag, a Fury by my side;

With

With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps)  
With stinking breath, swart cheeks, and hanging chaps;  
With wrinkled neck; and stooping as shee goes,  
With driveling mouth, and with a shiveling nose.

The Queen, thus pranked, proudly gets her vp  
(But sadly though) to her gilt Palace top;  
And, spying *Jezebel*, from the window eride:  
Art thou there, *Zimri*, cursed Paricide?  
Fell master-killer, canst thou chuse but fear  
For like offence, like punishment severe?

Bitch, cries the Duke, art Thou there barking still?  
Thou, Strumpet, Thou art Cause of all this ill:  
Thou broughtst *Samaria* to Thine Idol-Sin:  
Painting and Poisning first Thou broughtest in  
To Court and Country, with a thousand mo  
Loose *Syrian* Vices, which I shame to shoue.  
Thou brought'st in Wrong, with Rapine and Oppression,  
By Perjury supplanting Mens possession  
And life withall: yea, Thou hast been the Baen  
Of Peers and Seers (at Thy proud pleasure slain):  
Thou life of Strife, Thou Horse-leach sent from Hell,  
Thou Drouth, Thou Dearth, Thou Plague of *Israel*,  
Now shalt Thou dy: Grooms (is there none for mee?)  
Quick, cast her down, down with her instantly.

O rickle Faith! O fickle Trust of Court!  
These Palace-mice, this basie-idle sort  
Of fawning Minions, full of sooths and smiles,  
These Carpet-Knights had vow'd and sworn yet-whiles,  
Promis'd, protested vnto *Jezebel*,  
Rav'd, brav'd and bann'd (like *Rodomont* in Hell)  
That in her cause they every Man would dy,  
And all the World, and Hell and Heav'n defie;  
Now, Icy Fear (shivering in all their bones)  
Makes them with Fortune turn their backs at once.  
They take their Queen between their traiterous hands,  
And hurl her headlong, as the Duke Commands;  
Whose Courser, shorting, stamps (in stately scorn)  
Vpon the Corps that whilom Kings had born:  
And, to fulfill from point to point the Word  
*Elisha* spake (as Legat of the Lord)  
The doggs about doo greedy feed vpon  
The rich-perfumed, royall Carrion:  
And Folk by thousands issing at the Gate,  
To see the sight, cry thus (as glad thereat)  
See, see, heer Dogs, heer Bitches, doo not spare  
This Bitch that gnaw'd her subiects bones so bare;  
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom  
Saints Torturers, and many a Prophets Tomb:

*The perfection of  
Court ship.*

This



This Whore of *Baal*, tear her so small, that well  
No man may say, Heer lieth *Iezabel*.  
*Iehu's* drad Vengeance doth yet farther slowe;  
Curst *Achab's* issue hee doth wholly mowe:  
Hee slaies (moreover) two and forty men  
Of *Ahaziah's* hap-les Bretheren:

*Baal's* idoll Clergy hee doth bring to nought,  
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught:  
Good proofs of zeal. But yet a Diadem,  
Desire of Raign, keeps from *Jerusalem*

His service due; content (at home) by halves  
To worship God vnder the form of Calves.

His Son and Nephews track too-neer his trace;  
And therefore *Shallum* doth vn-horse his race:  
The murtherer *Shallum* (after one Months Raign)  
By *Manahem* as murtherously is slain:

The traitor *Manahem's* wicked-walking Son  
By traiterous *Pekah* vnto death is don:  
And so on *Pekah*, for *Pekahiah's* death,  
*Hofneab's* treason, treason quittanceh;  
A proud, ingrate, perfidious, troublous King,  
That to Confusion did *Samaritah* bring.

Their Towns trans-villag'd, the Ten Tribes, transported  
To a far Clime (whence never they reverted)  
Soiourn in forrein soil, where *Chobab's* streams  
Serve them for *Jordan*; *Basan*, *Chison* seems:  
While *Assur's* scorn, and scum of *Euphrates*  
Dance vp and down th' *Isaacian* Palaces,  
Drink their best *Nectar*, anchor in their Ports,  
And lodge profanely in their strongest Forts.

But, changing air, these change not minde (in *Jury*).  
For, though fierce Lions homicidiall fury  
Make them retire vnder th' Almighty's wing,  
Their Country-gods with the true God they ming:  
They mix his Service, plow with As and Ox;  
Disguise his Church in suits of Flax and Flocks,  
Cast (in one wedge) Iron and Gold together:  
*Jew*, *Gentiles*, both at-once: but, both is neither.

Tale of the Bat.

There is a Tale, that once the Hoast of Birds,  
And all the Legions of Grove-haunting Heards,  
Before the Earth ambitiously did strive,  
And counter-plead for the Prerogative:  
Now, while the Iudge was giving audience,  
And either side in their seem-Rights defence  
Was hot and earnest at the noise-full Bar,  
The neuter Bat stood fluttering still afar:  
But shee no sooner hears the Sentence past  
On the Beasts side; but, shuffling her in haste

Tale

Into their Troop, shee them accompanieth,  
Shows her large forehead, her long ears, and teeth.

The Cause was (after) by Appeal remoov'd  
To *Nature's* Court; who by her Doom approov'd  
The others Plea: then flees the shame-les Bat  
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat  
Shee seems to sing; and, proud of wings, shee plaies  
With nimble turns, and flees a thousand waies.

Hence, beak-les Bird; hence, winged-Beast, they cride;  
Hence, plume-les wings (thus, scorn her, either side)  
Hence, Harlot, hence; this ever bee thy Dole;  
Be still Day's Prisoner in thy shamefull hole:  
May neuer Sun (vile Monster) shine on thee:  
But th' hate of all, for ever, may' st thou be.

Such is this People: for, in plentious showrs  
When God his blessings vpon *Isaak* powrs,  
Then are they *Isaak's* Sons: but, if with thunder  
Hee wrath-full tear the *Hebrue* Tree in sunder,  
These Traytors rake the boughs, and take the Fruit;  
And (*Pagans* then) the *Jews* they persecute.

And such are those, whose wily, waxen minde  
Takes every Seal, and sails with every Winde;  
Not out of Conscience, but of Carnall Motion,  
Of Fear, or Favour, Profit, or Poemotion:  
Those that, to ease their Purse, or please their Prince,  
Perme their Profession, their Religion mince;  
Prince-Protestants, Prince-Catholiks; Precise,  
With Such a Prince; with other, otherwise:  
Tea, old-fish Gangreens of blinde-burning Zeal  
(As the Kings Evil) a new KING can heal.

And those Scene-servers that so lowd have cride  
'Gainst Prelats (sweeping in their silken Pride,  
Their wilfull Dumbnels, forcing others dumb  
(To Sion's grievous Loss, and gain of Rome)  
Their Courting, Sporting, and Non-residence,  
Their Avarice, their Sloth and Negligence:  
Till sem fat Morfels in their mouthes doo fall;  
And then, as choakt, and sudden chang'd with all,  
Themselves exceed in all of these, much more  
Than the Right-Reverend whom they taxt before.

And those Chamaleons that con-fort their Crew;  
In Turkey, Turks: among the *Jews*, a Jew:  
In Spain, as Spain: as Luther, on the Rhine:  
With Calvin heer: and there with Bellarmine:  
Loose, with the Lewd: among the gracious, grave:  
With Saints, a Saint: and among Knaves, a Knave.  
But all such Neuters, neither hot nor cold,  
Such double Halters between GOD and GOLD,

Such

Application.



*Such* Luke-warm *Lovers* will the Bride-groom *spue*  
Out of his mouth: his mouth hath spoke it true.

O ISRAEL, I pity much thy case:  
This Sea of Mischief, which in every place  
So over-flows thee, and so domineers;  
It drowns my soule in griefs, mine eyes in tears:  
My heart 's through-thrilled with your miseries  
Already past; your Fathers Tragedies.  
But (O!) I dy; when in the sacred stem  
Of royall IVDA, in *Jerusalem*,  
I see fell Discord, from her loathsome Cage,  
To blowe her poison with ambitious rage;  
Sion to swim in blood; and *Achab's* Daughter  
Make *David's* House the Shambles of her Slaughter.

*Achab's*

Curled *Athaliah* (shee was called so)  
Knowing her Son, by *Nimshi's* Son, his fo  
(For *Joram's* sake) to bee dispatch; disloyall,  
On th' holy Mount vsurps the Sceptre Royall:  
And, fearing lest the Princes of the blood  
Would one-day rank her where of right shee should,  
Shee cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, destroyes them all,  
Not sparing any, either great or small;  
No, not the infant in the Cradle, lying  
Help-less (alas!) and lamentably crying  
(As if bewailing of his wrongs vn-knowne);  
No (O extream!) shee spareth not her owne.

*Simile,*

Like as a Lion, that hath tatter'd heer  
A goodly Heifer, there a lusty Steer,  
There a strong Bull (too-weak for him by half)  
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf;  
Strouts in his Rage, and wallows in his Prey,  
And proudly doth his Victory survey;  
The grass all goary, and the Heard-groom vp  
Shivering for fear vpon a Pine-Trees top:  
So swelleth shee, so growes her proud Despight;  
Nor Aw, nor Law, nor Faith shee reaks, nor Right.

Her Cities are so many Groves of Thieves:  
Her Court a Stew, where not a chaste-one lives:  
Her greatest Lords (given all, to all excess)  
In stead of Prophets, in their Palaces  
Have Lectures read of Lust and Surfeting,  
Of Murder, Magik, and Impositioning.

*Simile,*

While thus shee builds her tottering Throne vpon  
Her childrens bones, *Jehosheba* saves one,  
One Royall Imp, yong *Joash*, from the pile  
(As when a Fire hath fiercely rag'd awhile  
In som fair House, the avaricious Dame  
Saves som choice Casquet from the furious flame)

*Hides*

*Jehosada pre-  
sents Joash.*

Hides him, provides him: and, when as the Sun  
Six times about his larger Ring hath run,  
*Jehosada*, her husband, brings him forth  
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth;  
Saying: Behould, O Chiefs of *Juda*, see,  
See heer your Prince, great *David's* Progeny,  
Your rightfull King: if mee you credit light,  
Beleeve this Face, his Fathers Picture right;  
Beleeve these Priests, which saw him from the first,  
Brought to my House, there bred, and fed, and nurc't.  
In so iust Quarrell, holy Men-at-arms,  
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms:  
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall Bud:  
Venge *Obed's* blood on strangers guilty blood:  
Shake-off, with shouts, with Fire and Sword together,  
This Womans Yoak, this Furie's Bondage, rather.  
Then shout the People with a common cry,  
*Long live King Joash; long, and happily:*  
*God save the King: God save the noble seed*  
*Of our true King; and as may They succeed.*

*Joash,*

This news now bruited in the wanton Court,  
Quickly the Queen comes in a braving sort  
Towards the Troop; and spying there anon  
The sweet yong Prince set on a Royall Throne,  
With Peers attending him on either hand,  
And strongly guarded by a gallant Band;  
Ah! Treason, Treason, then shee cries aloud:  
False *Joyada*, disloyall Priest, and proud,  
Thou shalt abie it: O thou House profane!  
I'll lay thee leuell with the ground again:  
And thou, yong Princex, Puppet as thou art,  
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kingling's Part  
Vpon so rich a stage: but, quickly stript,  
With wyery Rods thou shalt to death bee whipt;  
And so, go see thy Brethren, which in Hell  
Will welcom thee, that badst not them Farwell.

But, suddenly the Guard laies hold on her,  
And drags her forth, as 't were a furious Cur,  
Out of the sacred Temple; and, with scorn,  
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.

Th' High-Priest, inspired with a holy zeal,  
In a new League authentickly doth seal  
Th' obedient People to their bountious Prince;  
And both, to God; by ioint Obedience.

*Simile,*

Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,  
Is in a while made gentle, meek and tame  
By witty vslage; but, if once it hap  
Hee get som Grove, or thorny Mountains top,

Then



Then plaies hee *Rex*; tears, kils, and all consumes,  
 And soon again his savage kinde assumes:  
 So *Ioash*, while good *Joyada* survives,  
 For Piety with holy *David* strives;  
 But hee once dead, walking his Fathers waies,  
 (Ingrately-false) his Tutors \* son hee slaies.  
 Him therefore shortly his owne servants slay:  
 His Son, soon after, doth them like repay:  
 His People, him again: then, *Amaziah*  
*Yeziah* follows, *Ioatham* *Yeziah*.  
 As one same ground indifferently doth breed  
 Both food-fit Wheat and dizzy Darnell seed;  
 Baen-baening \* Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too;  
 The fragrant Rose, and the strong-scenting Rue:  
 So, from the Noblest Houses oft there springs  
 Som monstrous Princes, and som vertuous Kings;  
 And all-fore-seeing God in the same Line  
 Doth oft the god-les with the godly twine,  
 The more to grace his Saints, and to disgrace  
 Tyrants the more, by their owne proper Race.  
*Ahaz*, betwixt his Son and *Ioathan*  
 (Hee bad, they good) seems a swart *Mauritan*  
 Betwixt two *Adams*: *Ezekiah*, plac't  
 Between his Father and his Son, is grac't  
 (Hee good, they bad) as 'twixt two Thorns, a Rose;  
 Whereby his Vertue the more vertuous showes.  
 For, in this Prince, great *DAVID*, the divine,  
 Devout, iust, valiant, seems again to shine.  
 And, as wee see from out the severall Scat  
 Of th' *ASTAN* Princes, self-surnamed *Great*  
 (As the *great Cham*, *great Turk*, *great Russian*,  
 And if less *Great*, more glorious *Persian*)  
*Araxis*, *Chefel*, *Volga*, and many moe  
 Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Floods, doo flowe,  
 Falling at once into the *Caspian Lake*,  
 With all their streams his streams so proud to make:  
 So, all the Vertues of the most and best  
 Of Patriarchs, meet in this Princes brest:  
 Pure in Religion, Wise in Counselling,  
 Stout in Exploiting, Iust in Governing;  
 Vn-pufft in Sun-shine, vn-appall'd in Storms  
 (Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)  
 And therefore bravely hee repels the rage  
 Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)  
 And (ay vn-danted) in his Gods behalf  
 Hazards at once his Scepter and himself.  
 For, though (for Neighbours) round about him raige  
 Idolaters (that would him gladly gain):

\* Zachariah.

Simile.

\* Arctonisa.

Ezekiah.

Simile.

The true pattern  
of an excellent  
Prince.

Though

Though Godlings, heer of wood, and there of stone,  
 A Brazen heer, and there a Golden one,  
 With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,  
 On every side would draw his minde astray:  
 Though *Assur's* Prince had with his Legions fell  
 Forrag'd *Samarra*, and in *Israel*  
 Quench't the small Faith that was; and vtterly \*  
 Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,  
 So far, that even the tallest Cedar-Tree  
 In *Libanon* they never since could see:  
 Yet, *EZECHIAH* serues not Time; nor Fears  
 The Tyrants fury: nether roars with Bears,  
 Nor howls with Wolves, nor ever turns away:  
 But godly-wise, well-knowing, that Delay  
 Gives leave to Ill; and Danger still doth wait  
 On lingering, in Matters of such waight;  
 He first of all sets-up th' Almighty's Throne:  
 And vnder that, then he erects his owne.  
 Th' establishing of Gods pure *Law* again,  
 Is as the Preface of his happy Raign:  
 The Temple purg'd, th' High-places down he passhes,  
 Fells th' hallowed Groves, burns th' Iol-gods to ashes,  
 Which his owne Farther serv'd, and, Zeal-full, brake  
 The Brazen Serpent, *Moses* yere did make.  
 For, though it were a very Type of *CHRIST*,  
 Though first it were by th' Holy-Ghost devis'd,  
 And not by Man (whose bold blinde Fancie's pride  
 Deforms God's Service, strays on either side,  
 Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,  
 Presumes to school the Sacred Spirit again,  
 Controules the Word, and (in a word) is hot  
 In his owne fashion to serue God, or not)  
 Though the Prescript of *Ancient use* defend it,  
 Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it  
 True Miracles, approved in conclusion,  
 Without all guile of Mens or Fiends illusion)  
 The King yet spares not to destroy the same,  
 When to occasion of Offence it came;  
 But, for th' Abuse of a fond Peoples will  
 Takes that away which was not selfy ill:  
 Much less permits he (thorough all his Land)  
 One rag, one relique, or one signe to stand  
 Of *Idolism*, or idle superstition  
 Blindely brought-in, without the Word's Commission.  
 This zealous Hate of all Abomination,  
 This royall Work of thorough-Reformation,  
 This worthy Action wants not Recompense:  
 God, who his grace by measure doth dispense,

His Constancy  
in the service of  
God, & zealous  
Reformation of  
all Abuses in  
the same.

Who



Who honours them that truly honour him,  
To *EZECHIAH* not so much doth seem  
His sure Defence, and his Confederat:  
His Quarrel's His, He hates whom him do hate,  
His Fame He bears about (both far and nigh)  
On the wide wings of Immortality:  
To *Gath* He guideth his victorious Troup,  
He makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,  
Strong *Ascalon* he razeth to the ground:  
And punishing a People wholly drownd  
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,  
Adds to his Land the Land of *Philistins*.  
Yea, furthermore, 'tis He that him withdraws  
From out the bloody and ambitious paws  
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend  
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past end;  
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every where,  
Made All to quake (even at his name) for feare.

Already were the *Cele-Syrian* Towrs  
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assyrian* Powrs:  
And, of all Cities where th' *Isacians* reign'd,  
Only the great *Jerusalem* remain'd;  
When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence,  
Thus braues the *Hebrewes* and vpbraids their Prince  
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full Threats to snib)  
Thus saith th' almighty, great *Zenachirib*:  
O *Salem's* Kingling, wherefore art thou shut  
In these weake walls? is thine affiance put  
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceitfull prop!  
O feeble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!  
*Egypt's* a staff of Reed; which, broken soon,  
Runs through the hand of him that leans ther-on.  
Perhaps thou trustest in the Lord thy God:  
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,  
Whom to his face thou daily hast defid,  
Depriv'd of Alms, robd on every side  
Of his High Places, hallowed Groves, and all  
(Where yest thy Fathers wont on him to call)  
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite  
From every place, and with profane despite  
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)  
Keepst him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark:  
Will He (can He) take *Sion's* part and Thine;  
And with his Foer will He vnjustly ioyne?  
No (wretched) knowe, I haue His Warrant too  
(Express Commission) what I haue to doo:  
I am the Scourge of God: 'tis vain to stand  
Against the powr of my victorious hand:

*Keyling Rabsakeh, in the name of his Majesty Zenachirib, brauing & blaspheming against God and good king Ezechiah.*

I execute the counsailes of the Lord:  
I prosecute his Vengeance on th' abhorr'd  
Profaners of his Temples: and, if He  
Have any Powr, 'tis all conferr'd to me.  
Yield therefore, *Ezechia*, yield; and waigh  
Who I am; who Thou art: and by delay  
Blow not the Fire which shall consume thee quite,  
And vnterly counfound the *Israelite*.  
Alas! poor People, I lament your hap:  
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you vp  
With addle hope, and idle confidence  
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence.  
Which of the Gods, against my Powr could stand,  
Or save their Citties from my mightier hand?  
Where's *Hamath's* God? Where's *Arpad's* God becom?  
Where *Sepheruim's* God? and where (in summe)  
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Iush* too?  
Haue I not Conquer'd all? So will I doo  
You and your God; and I will lead you all  
Into *Assyria*, in perpetuall Thrall:  
I'll haue your *Manna*, and your *Aron's* Rod,  
I'll haue the *Ark* of your Almighty God,  
All richly furnisht, and new furnisht o'r,  
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more:  
And your great God shall in the Roule be read  
Among the Gods that I haue Conquer'd:  
I'll haue it so, it must, it shall be thus,  
And worse then so, except you yeeld to vs.  
Scarce had he done, when *Ezechias* gor'd  
With blasphemies so spew'd against the Lord,  
Hus to the Temple, tears his purple weed,  
And sals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.  
O King of All, but Ours, especially;  
Ah! sleep'st thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey  
Peereeth to Hell, and even from Heaven beholds  
The dumbest Thoughtes in our hearts in-most folds,  
If thou perceiv'st not this proud Challenger  
Nor hearst the Barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?  
Not against vs so much his Threats are meant,  
As against Thee: his Blasphemies are bent  
Against Thy Greatnes; whom he (proudly-rude)  
Yokes with the Godlings which he hath subdew'd.  
True indeed hee is a mighty Prince,  
Whose numbring Arms, with furious insolence,  
Haue ouer-born as many as with-sword,  
Made many a Province even to swim in blood,  
Burnt many a Temple; and (insatiate still)  
Of neighbour Gods haue wholly had their will.

Y y 3

But

*Prayer,  
The Refuge of  
the Godly*



But, O ! What Gods are those ? Gods void of Being  
( Saue, by their hands that serue them ) Gods vn-seeing,  
New, vp-start Gods, of yester-dayes device ;  
To Men indebted, for their Deities :  
Gods made with hands, Gods without life, or breath ;  
Gods, which the Rust, Fire, Hammer conquereth.

But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone,  
Th' All-seeing God, the Everlasting One :  
And, who dares him 'gainst thy Pow'r oppose,  
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blowes,  
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,  
Or Clouds-prop *Athos* from his massie Root :  
Who but mis-speaks of thee, he spets at Heav'n,  
And his owne spetle in his face is driven.

Lord, shew thee such : take on thee the Defence  
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence :  
Cleer thine owne name, of blame : let him not thus  
Tryumph of Thee, in tryumphing of vs :  
But, letther ( Lord ) vnto thy Church appear  
Iust Cause of Ioy, and to thy Foes of fear.

Miraculous  
laughter of the  
Algyratus

God hears his Cry, and ( from th' Emphyreal Round )  
He wrathfull sends a winged Champion down ;  
Who, richly arm'd in more than humane Arms,  
Moawes in one night of Heathen men at Arms  
Thrice-three-score thousand, and five thousand more,  
Feld round about ; beside, behinde, before.

Smile.

Heer, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn,  
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn :  
Not much vnlike vnto a fire in stubble,  
Which, sodain spreading, still the flame doth double,  
And with quick succour of som Southren blasts  
Crick-crackling quickly all the Country wastes.

Smile.

Heer the stiff Storm, that from his mouth he blowes,  
Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes :  
Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Flood  
Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood ;  
Th' Yew over-turns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,  
The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Ash ore-whelm ;  
And from the top, down to the Vale belowe,  
The Mount's dis-mantled and even shamed, so.

Smile.

Heer, with a Sword ( such as that sacred blade  
For the bright Guard of *Eden's* entry made )  
He hacks, he heaws ; and sometimes with one blowe  
A Regiment hee all at once doth mowe :  
And, as a Cannon's thundrie roaring Ball,  
Battering one Turret shakes the next withall,  
And oft in Armies ( as by proof they finde )  
Kills oldest Souldiers with his very winde :

Th

The whiffing Flashes of this Sword so quick,  
Strikes dead a many, which it did not strike.

Heer, with his hands he strangles all at-once  
Legions of foes. O Arm that Kings dis-throans !  
O Army-shaving Sword ! Rock-razing Hands !  
World-rossing Tempest ! All-consuming Brands !  
O let som other ( with more sacred fire,  
Than I, inflam'd ) into my Muse inspire  
The wondrous manner of this Overthrowe,  
The which ( alas ! ) God knowes, I little knowe :  
I but admire it in confused sort ;  
Conceiue I cannot ; and, much less, report.

Come-on, *Zenacherib* : where's now thine Hoast ?  
Where are thy Champions ? Thou didst lately boast,  
Th' hadst in thy Camp as many Soldiers,  
As Sea hath Fishes, or the Heav'ns haue Stars :  
Now, th' art alone : and yet, not all alone ;  
Feare and Despaire, and Fury wait vpon  
Thy shame-full Flight : but, bloody Butcher, stay :  
Say, noy som Plague, fly not so fast away,  
Feare not Heav'ns Fauchin : that foul brest of thine  
Shall not be honor'd with such wounds diuine :  
Nor shalt thou yet in timely bed decease ;  
No : Tyrants vse not to Depart in Peace :  
As blood they thirsted, they are drown'd in blood ;  
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.

For ( O iust Iudgement ! ) lo, thy Sons ( yer-long )  
At *Asroch's* Shrine revenge the *Hebrews* wrong :  
Yea, thine owne Sons ( foul eggs of fouler Bird )  
Kill their owne Father, sheath their either sword  
In thine owne throat ; and, heirs of all thy vices,  
Mix thine owne blood among thy Sacrifices.

*Zenacherib*  
slain by his owne  
sonnes.

This Miracle is shortly seconded\*  
By one as famous and as strange, indeed.  
It pleas'd the Lord with heavy hand to smight  
King *Ezechiah* ; who in dolefull plight  
Vpon his bed lies vexed grievously,  
Sick of an Vicer past all remedy.  
Art failes the Leach, and issue faileth Art,  
Each of the Courtiers sadly wailes a-part  
His losse and Lord : Death, in a mourn full sort,  
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court ;  
And, in the City, seems in every Hall  
Th' aue light a Taper for his Funerall.

*Ezechiah's* sick-  
nesse.

Then *Amos*\* Son, his bed approaching, pours  
From plentiful lips these sweet and golden showrs ;  
But that I knowe, you knowe the Lawes Diuine,  
But that your Faith so every-where doth shine,

\* The Prophet  
Habbak.

Y y 3

But



A comfortable  
Vision of the  
Icke.

But that your Courage so confirm'd I see;  
I should, my Liege, I should not speake so free:  
I would not tell you, that incontinent  
You must prepare to make your Testament:  
That your Disease shall haue the vpper hand:  
And Death already at your Door doth stand.

What? fears my Lord? Knowe you not heer beneath  
We alwayes sayl towards the Port of Death;  
Where, who first anch'reth, first is glorified?  
That 't is Decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,  
That (of necessity) the fatall Cup,  
Once, all of vs must (in our turn) drink vp?  
That Death's no pain, but of all pains the end,  
The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to ascend?  
That Death's the death of all our storms and strife,  
And sweet beginning of immortall Life?  
For, by one death a thousand death's we slay:  
There-by, we rise from body-Toomb of Clay.  
There-by, our Soules feast with celestially food,  
There-by, we com to th' heav'nly Brother-hood,  
There-by, w're chang'd to Angels of the Light,  
And, face to face, behold Gods beauties bright.

The Prophet ceast: and soon th' *Isacian Prince*,  
Deep apprehending Death's drad form and sense,  
Vnto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes:  
And, sorow-torn, thus (to himself) he cries:

A Prayer for a  
sick person, con-  
taining many

Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)  
From thy iust *Justice* to thy *Mercy* milde:  
Why will thy strength destroy a silly-one,  
Weakned and wasted even to skin and bone;  
One that adores thee with sincere affection,  
The wrack of Idols, and the Saints protection?  
O! shall the Good thy servant had begun  
For *Sion*, rest now by his death vndon?  
O! shall a Pagan After-king restore  
The Groues and Idols I haue raz'd before?  
Shall I dye Childeless? Shall thine Heritage  
In vain expect that glorious golden Age  
Vnder thy *CHRIST*? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:  
O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord  
Som space of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice  
Of Infidels at my poor death reioyce.

The King's prayer  
heard, and his  
life prolonged  
14 years.

Then said the Seer, Be of good cheer, my Liege:  
Thy sighes and tears and prayers so besiege  
The throne of Pity, that as penit with all,  
Thy smiling Health God yieldeth to recall,  
Wills, to his Temple (three dayes hence) thou mount,  
Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count,

Makes

The Sunn goes  
backe.

Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeeres: as lo,  
This *Dial*'s shadow shal heer back-ward go.  
His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull Effect:  
For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct  
(Life's-guider, Daye's-divider, Sun's-Consorter,  
Shadow's dull shifter, and Time's dumb Reporter)  
Puts-up-again his passed Hours (perforce)  
And back-ward goes against his wonted course.  
Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple Morn  
Seems that long day to brandish and adorn:  
*Sol* goes, and coms; and, yer that in the Deep  
Of *Atlas* shade he lay him down to sleep,  
His bright, Light-winged, Gold-shod wheels do cut  
Three times together in the self-same rut.

Lord! what are We! or, what is our deseruing!  
That, to confirm our Faith (so prone to swarving)  
Thou daign'st to shake Heav'n's solid Orbs so bright;  
Th' Order of Nature to dis-order quight?  
To make the Sun's Teem with a swift slowe pace,  
Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?  
That, to dispell the Night so blindely-black,  
Which fiels our Soules, thou mak'st the shade go back  
On *Ahaz Dial*? And, as Self-vn-stable,  
Seem'st to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,  
Raze thine owne Dooms (toft in vn-steddy storm)  
And, to reforme vs, thine owne speech reform;  
To give thy Self the Ly: and (in a Word)  
As Self-blam'd, softly to put-up thy Sword?

Thrice-glorious God! thrice great! thrice-gratious!  
Heer-in (O Lord) thou seem'st to deal with vs,  
As a wise Father, who with tender hand  
Severely shaking the correcting Wand,  
With voice and gesture seems his Son to threat:  
Whom yet indeed he doth not mean to beat;  
But, by this curb of fained Rigor, aims  
To awe his Son: and so him oft reclaims.

This Prince no sooner home to Heav'n returns;  
But *Israel* back to his vomit turns;  
Him re-bemires: and, like a head-strong Colt,  
Runs headlong down into a strange Revolt.  
And, though *Iosias*, Heav'n-deer Prince (who yong  
Coms wisely-olde, to liue the older long)  
Had re-advanc't the sacred Lawes divine,  
Propt *Sion*'s Wall (all ready to decline)  
With his owne back; and, in his happy Raig,  
The Truth re-flow'r'n, as in her Prime again:  
Yet *Isac*'s Heirs strive to resemble still  
A Riff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,

Meets

Smile.

Smile.



Meets in the way som stub, for rub, that stops  
The speed a space; but instantly it hops,  
It ouer-iumps; and stayes not, though it stumble,  
Till to the bottom vp-side-down it tumble.

Nebuchadnezzar  
was besieged  
Jerusalem.

With puissant Host proud *Nebuchadnezzar*  
Now threatned *Juda* with the worst of War:  
His Camp comes marching to *Jerusalem*,  
And her olde Walls in a new Wall doth hem.  
The busie Builders of this newer Fold,  
In one hand, Swords, in th' other Trowels hold,  
Nor seldner strikes with blades than hammers there;  
With firmer foot the Sieged's flock to beare,  
Who seem a swarm of Hornets buzzing out  
Among their Foes, and humming round about  
To spet their spight against their Enemies,  
With poysonic Darts, in noses, brows and eyes.

Cold *Capricorn* hath pay'd all *Juda* twice  
With brittle plates of crystal-crusted Ice,  
Twice glased *Jordan*; and the Sappy-blood  
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwigd the Wood,  
Since the first Siege: What? sayd the yonger sort,  
Shall we growe old, about a feeble Fort?  
Shall we (not Martial, but more Maçon-skild)  
Shall we not batter Towrs, but rather build?  
And while the *Hebrew* in his sumptuous Chamber  
Disports himself, perfum'd with Naid and Amber,  
Shall We, swelting for Heat, shivering for Cold,  
Heer, far from home, lie in a stinking Hold?  
Shall time destroy vs? shall our proper sloath  
Annoy vs more than th' *Hebrews* valour doth?  
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour fault,  
Through length of Siege; but let vs to th' Assault.  
Let's win't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is  
Impossible to *Chaldean* courages.

Contented, said the King: braue Blouds away,  
Goe seek Renown, mid wounds and death, to-day.

Nabuzaradan

Now, in their breasts, braue *Honor's* Thirst began:  
Me thinks, I see stout *Nabuzaradan*  
Already trooping the most resolute  
Of every Band, this plot to prosecute.  
Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,  
Bears to the Wall his Way vpon his back:  
But, the braue Prince cleaves quicker then the rest  
His slender Firr-poles, as more prowes-full prest.

A scolden

Alike they mount, affronting Death together;  
But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:  
This Ladder, slippery plac't, doth slide from vnder:  
That, over-sloap, snaps in the midst afunder;

And

And soldiers, falling, one another kill  
(As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill,  
Torn with some Torrent, or Tempestuous windes,  
Shivers it self on stones it vnder-grindes):  
Som, rashly climb'd (not wont to climb so high)  
With giddy brains, swim headlong down the Sky:  
Som, over-whelmd vnder a Mill-stone-storm,  
Lose, with their life, their living bodies form.

Yet mounts the Captain, and his spacious Targe  
Bears off a Mountain and a Forest large  
Of Stones and Darts, that fly about his ears;  
His teeth do gnash, he threats, he sweats, and swears:  
As ready there, as on the ground, he goes;  
And there, though weary, he affronts his Foes,  
Alone, and halfy-hanging in the ayr,  
Against whole Squadrons standing firmly fair:  
Vpright he rears him, and his Helmet braue  
(Where, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)  
Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,  
Affrights th' whole Citty with the shade of it.  
Then as half Victor, and about to venter  
Over the Wall, and ready even to enter;  
With his bright Gantlet's scaly fingers bent  
Grasping the coping of the battlement,  
His hold doth fail, the stones, vn-fastned, fall  
Down in the Ditch, and (headlong) he with-all:  
Yet, he escapes, and gets again to shoar;  
Thanks to his strength: but, to his courage more.

Now heer (me thinks) I hear proud *Nergal* rage:  
In War (quoth he) Matter or Match to haue,  
By *Mars* I scorn; ye, *Mars* himself in Arms;  
And all the Gods, with all their brauing Storms.  
O wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder threat;  
Gods, do your worst; with all your batteries beat:  
I'll begin, in spight of all your powrs  
I'll scale your Walls, I'll take your Crystall Towrs.  
Thus spewd the Curr; and (as he spake withal  
Climbs vp the steepest of a dreadfull Wall,  
With his bare-feet on roughest places sprawling,  
With hook-crookt hands vpon the smoothest crawling,  
As a fell Serpent, which som Shepheard-lad  
On a steep Rock incounters gladly-sad,  
Turning and winding nimbly to and fro,  
With wriggling pafe doth still approach his Foe,  
And with a Hiss, a Frisk, and flashing ey,  
Makes sodainly his faint Assailer fly:  
Even so the Duke, with his fierce countenance,  
His thundring-voice, his helms bright radiance,

simle.

Nergal

simle.

Drives



Drives *Pashur* from the Walls and *Iucal too*  
(A jolly Prater, but a lade to doo;  
Brauer in Counsaile then in Combat, far)  
With *Sephtiah*, rinder of this War;  
And *Malchy*, he that doth in Prison keep  
Vnder the ground (a hundred cubits deep)  
Good *Jeremie*, an instrument, alone  
Inspir'd with breath of th' ever-living O & B.

Let's fly, cries *Pashur*: fly this Infidell,  
Rather this Fiend, the which no waight can fell.  
What force can front, or who incounter can  
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?

While *Nergal* speeds his Victory too-fast,  
His hooks dis-pointed disappoint his haste;  
Prevent him, not of praise, but of the Prize  
Which (out of doubt) he did his owne surmize.  
He swears end tears: (what should? what could he more):  
He cannot vp, nor will he down, therefore.  
Vnfortunate! and vainly-valiant!

He's fain to stand like the *Funambulant*  
Who seems to tread the air, and fall he must,  
Save his Self's waight him counter-poyseth iust;  
And saue the Lead, that in each hand he bears,  
Doth make him light: the gaping Vulgar fears,  
Amaz'd to see him; weening nothing stranger  
Than Art to master Nature, lucre danger.  
At last, though loath (full of despaynt and rage)  
He slideth down into a horrid hedge,  
Cursing and banning all the Gods; more mad  
For the disgrace, than for the hurt he had.

Els-where the while (as imitating right  
The Kinde-blinde Beast, in russet Velvet dight)  
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,  
*Sangarnebo* seeks vnder ground his way.  
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Designes,  
With-in the Town against him counter-mines  
Courageously, and still proceedeth on,  
Till (resolute) he bring both Works to one;  
Till one strict Berrie, till one winding Cave  
Becom the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.

As the selfe-swelling Badgerd, at the bay  
With boldest Hounds (inured to that Fray)  
First at the entry of his Burrow fights,  
Then in his Earth; and either other bites:  
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cries:  
The angry Beast to his best chamber flies,  
And (angled there) sits grimly inter-germing;  
And all the Earth rings with the Tenyes yearning:

Smile.

Mines &amp; Counter-mines.

Smile.

So

So fare these Miners; whom I pity must,  
That their bright Valour should so darkly ioust,  
While hotly thus they skirmish in the Vault,  
Quick *Ebedmelech* closely hither brought  
A Dry-Fat, sheath'd in latton plates with-out,  
With-in with Feathers fill'd, and round about  
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of brass)  
Save at one end, where nothing out should pass;  
Which (having first his *Jewish* Troops retir'd;  
Iust in the mouth of th' enter-Mine he fir'd:  
The smoak whereof with odious stink doth make  
The *Pagans* soon their hollow Fort forsake:  
As from the Berries in the Winter's night  
The Keeper draws his Ferret (flesht to bite).

Now *Rabshakeh* (as busie) other-where  
Arowling Towr against the Town doth rear,  
And on the top (or highest stage) of it  
A flying Bridge, to reach the Courtin fit,  
With pullies, poles; and planked Battlements  
On every story, for his Men's defence.  
On th' other side, the Towns-men are not slowe  
With counter-plots to counter-pull their Foe:  
Now, at the wooden side, then at the front,  
Then at the Engins of the *Persian* Mount,  
With Brakes and Slings, and \* *Phalariks* they play;  
To fire their Fortrels and their Men to slay:  
But yet, a Cord-Mat (stiffly stretcht about)  
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempests out.

While thus they deale, *Sephtiah*, desperat,  
Him secretly out of the City gar,  
And with a Pole of frozen weeping Fir,  
So furiously he doth himself beslit,  
That with the same the walking Fort he fires:  
The cruel flame so to the top aspires,  
That (maugre Blood, shed from about in slaughter,  
And, from belowe, continuall spouting Water)  
It parts the Fray: stage after stage it catches,  
And th' half-broyld Soldiers headlong down it fetches.  
The King (still constant against all extreames)  
To press them neerer yet, with mighty beams  
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall,  
And covers it, with three-fold shelter, all;  
The Timber (first) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,  
The Hides with Woll-sacks (which all Shot derides).  
And th' Aier exhaled by the fiery breath  
Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Hearth,  
Or on the tresses of a tufted Plain,  
Pours-down at-once both Fier and Hail and Rain:

Smile.

\* Instruments  
of Warre wherein  
wild fire is put.

Smile.

So



So all at once the *Isaacian* Soldiers threw  
Floods, Flames and Mountains on these Engines new:  
Butth' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels;  
The Mounts, the Wooll; the drowning Floods, the Fels.

There-vnder (safe) the Ram with iron horn,  
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,  
The boisterous Trepane, and steel Pick-ax play  
Their parts apace, nor idle night nor day.

Heer, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall  
On reeling props hangs ready ev'n to fall:  
There, a vast-Engine thundereth vpside-down  
The feeble Courtin of the sacred Town.

If you haue been, where, you haue seen som-whiles,  
How with the Ram they driue-in mighty Piles  
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay

The Sand-cast Current of the raging Sea;  
Swift-ebbing streams bear to the Sea the sownd,  
Eccho affisteth, and with shrill rebound  
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)  
The Coast about trembles for fear and wonder;  
Then haue you heard and seen the Engins beating  
On *Sion's* Walls, and her foundations threatening.

In fine, the *Chaldeis* take *Ierusalem*,  
And reave for ever *Iuries* Diadem.  
The smoaky burning of her Turrets steep  
Seems even to make the Sunn's bright ey to weep:  
And wretched *Salem*, buried (as it were)  
Vnder a heap of her owne Children dear,  
For lack of Friends to keep her Obsequies,  
Constraineth sighs (even) from her Enemies:  
Her massie Ruins and her Cinders shoue  
Her Wealth and Greatnes yer her overthrowe.  
A sodain horror seizeth every eye

That views the same: and every Passer-by  
(Yea, were he *Geta*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)  
Must needs, for pittie of so sad a Sight,  
Bestowe som tears, som swelling sighs, or grones  
Vpon these batter'd sculs, these scatter'd stones.

In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich)  
Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-les Oules doo screech:  
The sacred *TEMPLE*, held (of late) alone  
Wonder of Wonders, now a heap of stone:  
The House of God (the *Holiest-Holy-Place*)  
Is now the House of Vermin vile and base:  
The Vessels, destin'd vnto sacred vse,  
Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuse:  
None scape th wounds, if any scape with life:  
The Father's rest of Son, the Man of Wife:

*Jacob's* exil'd, *Juda's* no more in *Iury*,  
But (wretched) sighes vnder the *Caldean* fury.  
Their King in chains, with shame and sorrow thrill'd,  
Before his face sees all the fairest pill'd;  
Yea, his owne Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)  
(Rich Vines and Oliues of his lawfull Race)  
Whose loue and beauty did his age delight,  
Shar'd to the Souldiers, rauisht in his sight.

O, Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry  
About his neck still hanging tenderly)  
Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they vs?  
O, must we serue their base and beastly Lusts?  
Shall they dissolue our Virgin-zones? Shall they  
(Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Mayden-May*,  
Our spot-les Flowr, so carefully preserv'd  
For som great Prince, that mought haue vs deseru'd?  
O Hony-dropping Hills we yerst frequented,  
O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,  
Delicious Gardens of deer *Israel*,  
Hills, Gardens, Vales, we bid you all fare-well:  
We (will-we-nill-we) hurried hence, as slaues,  
Must now, for *Cedron*, sip of *Tygris* waues;  
And (weaned from our native Earth and Air)  
For Hackney-lades be sould in every Fayr;  
And (O hearts horror!) see the shame-les Foe  
Forcing our Honours, triumph in our woe.

All-sundering Sword! and (O!) all-cindring Fire!  
Which (mercy-les) do *Sion's* Wraack conspire,  
Why spare you vs, more cruell (cru'd the Wives)  
In leaving ours, then reaving other's lives?  
Your Pious pity-les, your Pardon Torture:  
For, quick dispatch had made our Sorrows shorter;  
But your seem-Favour, that prolongs our breath,  
Makes vs, alieue, to die a thousand Deaths.  
For, O deer Husband, deereft Lord, can we,  
Can we survive, absented quite from Thee,  
And slaues to those whose Talk is nothing els  
But thy Disgrace, thy Gyves, and *Israels*?  
Can we (alas!) exchange thy Royall bed  
(With cunning-colt rare-richly furnished)  
For thy vgly Cabbin and the louzie Couch  
Of som base Buffon, or som beastly Slouch?  
Can we, alas! can wretched we (I say)  
We, whose Commands whole Kingdoms did obay,  
We, at whose beck even Princes knees did bend,  
We, on whose Train there dayly did attend  
Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of Maids of Honour  
(Kneeling about vs in the humblest manner)

Hoshea.

Zz

To



To drefs vs neat, and duly every Morn  
In Silk and Gold our Bodies to adorn;  
Drefs others now? work, on disgrace-full frame  
( Weeping the while ) our S i o n 's wo-full flame?  
Dragging like Moyls? drudge in their Mills? and hold  
Brooms in our hands, for Sceptre-Rods of gold?

Com, Parrats, com, y'haue prated, now enough  
( The Pagans cry in their insulting ruff )  
On *Chalde* shoars you shal go sigh your fill;  
You must with vs to *Babel*: there at will  
You may bewail: there, this shall be your plight,  
Our Mayds by day, our Bed-fellows by night.  
And, as they spake, the shame-les lust-full crew  
With furious force the tender Ladies drew  
Even from between th'arms of the woefull King,  
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;  
And little lackt the act of most despight,  
Ev'n in their Father's and their Husbands sight,  
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vaine accuse,  
In vain he raves, in vain he roars and rews:  
Even as a Lion, prisoned in his grate,  
Whose ready dinner is bereft of late,  
Roars hideously; but his fell Fury-storm  
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.

The proud fell *Pagans* doo yet farther pass:  
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face  
( The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed? )  
They massacre his miserable seed.

O! said the Prince, can you less pitious be  
To these Self-yeelders ( prostrate at your knee )  
Than sternly-vaillant to the stubborn-stout  
That 'gainst your rage courageously stood-out?  
Alas! what haue they don? what could they doo  
To vrge reuenge and kindle wrath in you?  
Poore silly Babes vnder the Nources wing,  
Haue they conspir'd against the *Chaldean* King?  
Haue these sweet Infants, that yet cannot speak,  
Brook faith with you? Haue these, so yong and weak,  
Yet in their Cradle, in their Clouts, bewayling  
Their Woes to-com ( to all Man-kind, yn fayling )  
Dis-ray'd your Ranks? Haue these that yet doo craul  
Vpon all fowre, and cannot stand, at all,  
With-stood your Fury, and repulst your Powrs,  
Frustr'd your Rams, fiered your flying Towers?  
And, bravely sallying in your face ( almost )  
Hew'n-out their passage thorough all your Hoast?  
O! no *Chaldeans*, only I did all:  
Idid complot the King of *Babel* fall:

I foyld your Troups: I filld your sacred Flood  
With *Caldean* bodies, dy'd it with your blood.  
Turn therefore, turn your bloody Blades on-me;  
O! let these harm-les Little-ones goe free;  
And stain not with the Blood of Innocents  
Th'immortall *Tropheis* of your high Attents.  
So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake  
Vnder your feet: so ever may you make  
South, East, and West your owne: on every Coast  
So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoast:  
So, to your Wiues be you thrice welcom home,  
And so God blefs your lawfull-loved womb  
With Self-like Babes, your substance with increase,  
Your selues ( at home ) with hoary haire in Peace.  
But as a Rock, gainst which the Heav'ns do thunder,  
Th' Aire roars about, the Ocean rageth vnder,  
Yields not a jot: no more this savage Crew;  
But rather, muse to find-out Tortures new.  
Heer, in ( his sight ) these cruell *Lestrigons*  
Between them take the eldest of his Sons,  
With keenest swords his trembling flesh they heaw,  
One gobbet heer, another there they streaw.  
And from the veins of dead-lyve limbs, alas! )  
The spirit-full blood spins in his Father's face.  
There, by the heels his second Son they take,  
And dash his head against a Chimnies back;  
The scull is pasht in peeces, like a Crock,  
Or earthen Stean, against a stony Rock:  
The scatterd batter'd Brains, about besmeard,  
Som hang ( O horror! ) in the Fathers beard.  
Last, on himselfe their savage fury flies,  
And with sharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:  
The Sun he loses, and an end-les night  
Beclouds for euer his twin-balled sight:  
He sees no more, but feels the woes he bears;  
And now for crystall, weeps he crimson tears,  
For, so God would ( and iustly too, no doubt )  
That he which had in *Juda* clean put-out  
Th'immortall Lamp of all religious light,  
Should haue his eyes put-out, should lose his sight;  
And that his body should be outward blinde,  
As inwardly ( in holy things ) his minde.  
O Butchers ( said he ) satiate your Thirst,  
Swill, swill your fill of Blood, vntill you burst:  
O! broach me not with bodkin, but with knife;  
O! reauce me not my bodie's light, but life:  
Gue me the sight not of the Earth, but Skies:  
Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.

simle.

Why



Why did you not this barbarous deed dispatch,  
 Yet I had seen me an vnscathed Wretch,  
 My Citties sackt, my wealthy subiects pild,  
 My Daughters rauisht, and my Sonnes all kild:  
 Or else, why stayd you not till I had seen  
 Your (Beast-like) Master grazing on the Green:  
 The Medes conspiring to supplant your Throne:  
 And Babel's glory vtter ouerthrowne:  
 Then had my soule with Fellow-Falls bin eas'd:  
 And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.  
 O ragefull Tyrants! moody Monsters, see,  
 See heere my Case; and see your selues in me.  
 Beware Contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,  
 Who thunder-down the high-aspiring Towrs  
 (But mildly pardon, and permit secure  
 Poor Cottages that lie belowe obscure)  
 Who Pride abhor; who lift vs vp so high,  
 To let vs fall with greater infamy.  
 Th' Almighty sports him with our Crowns and vs;  
 Our glorie stands so fickle-founded thus  
 On slippery wheels, alreadie rowling down:  
 He gives vs not, but only shewes the Crown:  
 Our Wealth, our Pleasure, and our Honour too  
 (Whereat the Vulgar make so much a-doo)  
 Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be spoken,  
 Seems as a glasse, bright-shining, but soon broken.  
 Thrice-happy He, whom with his sacred arm,  
 Th' Eternall props against all Haps of Harm;  
 Who hangs vpon his providence alone,  
 And more prefers G O D's Kingdom than his owne.  
 So happy be great BRITANNE Kings (I pray)  
 Our Soueraigne I AMES, and all his Seed, for ay;  
 Our hope-full HENRY, and a hundred mo  
 Good, faithfull STUARTS (in successe rowe)  
 Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wise,  
 Sincere to Vertue, and seuer to Vice;  
 That not alone These dayes of Ours may shine  
 In Zeal-fuell Knowledge of the TRUTH divine,  
 And We (illighted with her sacred rayes)  
 May walk directly in the Saving wayes  
 Of faith-full Service to the O N E true Deitie,  
 And mutuall Practise of all Christian Pietie;  
 But that our Nephews and their Nephews (till  
 Time be no more) may be conducted still  
 By the same Cloud by day, and Fire by night  
 (Through this vast Desart of the World's despight)  
 Towards their Home, the heav'nly C A N A A N,  
 Prepared for vs yet the World began:

That they with vs, and we (complete) with them,  
 May meet triumphant in I E R U S A L E M;  
 With-in whose Pearly Gates and Iasper Walls  
 (Where, th' Holy L A M B keeps his high Nuptials,  
 Where needs no shining of the Sunn or Moon;  
 For God's owne face makes there perpetuall Noon:  
 Where shall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cryes;  
 For God shall wipe all tears from weeping eyes)  
 Shall enter nothing filthy or vnclean;  
 No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomit obscene,  
 No Wuch, no Wanton, no Idolater,  
 No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,  
 No Wicked-liuer, neither wilfull Lier:  
 These are without, in Tophet's end-les Fier.  
 Yes such as these (or som of these, at least)  
 We all haue been: in som what all haue mist  
 (And had we broken but one Precept sole,  
 The Law reposes vs guilty of the whole):  
 But, we are washed, in the Sacred-Flood;  
 But, we are purged, with the Sprinkled-Blood;  
 But, by the Spirit, we now are sanctify'd;  
 And through the Faith in I E S U S, iustify'd.  
 Therefore no more let vs our selues defile,  
 No more return vnto our Fomit rule,  
 No more profane vs with Concupiscence,  
 Nor spot the garment of our Innocence:  
 But, constant in our Hope, seruient in Love  
 (As euen al-ready conuersant Aboue)  
 Proceed we cheerely in our Pilgrimage  
 Towards our happy promis'd Heritage,  
 Towards That City of heart-bound-les Bliss  
 Which C H R I S T hath purchast with his Blood, for His:  
 To whom, with F A T H E R, and the S P I R I T, therefore  
 Be Glory, Praise, and Thanks, for evermore.

Amen Amen

Amen.

FINIS.

P I E R A C. Quad. 5.

Say not, My hand This Work to E N D hath brought:  
 Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to:  
 Say rather thus; This, G O D by me hath wrought:  
 G O D's Author of the little Good I doo.

Z z 3





## D.O.M.S.

GVLIELMO SALVSTIO  
PORTARVM FACILE PRINCIPIS,  
SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO  
MIRABILIVM ASSERTORI,  
PRÆCONI VIRTUTIS DVLCI

DOCTO Q.

CVIVS MONVMENTA DOCUMENTA  
POSTERIS PVTVRA SVNT:  
QVIMVSASEREPTAS PROFANE  
LASCIVIASACRIS MONTIBVS  
ERDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBVS  
ASPERISIT, SACRIS CANTIBVS

IMBIVT,

VIRO VERENOBILI, MORTALI-  
BVS REVIVIS SPOLIATO,  
IMMORTALITATIS  
COMPOXI.

A. MM. PP.

**H**is, fateor, nemo exuuijs inscribere honorem,  
Aut pater Aonii debuit ipse chori:  
Gratia sed quoniam taciti propè nulla doloris,  
Neu videar inestas non maduisse genas,  
Audiat ecce gemens etiam me turba gementem:  
Ecce, meus vano munere peccet amor.  
Et titulus saltem cito, bona super æthere fama  
NOTVS, EGIT NVLLO, QVI IACET HIC, TITVLO.

Iac. Leſcius.

TO MY EVER-MOST  
HONOVRED MISTRESS,

*Mrs Essex, wife to the right worthy, William Essex of Lamborn, Esquier;  
and eldest Daughter of the right valiant, and Nobly-descended,  
Sir Walter Harecourt of Stanton-Hare-court, Knight Baron  
of Ellen-Hall.*

**W**h' it's, Beautie's, Vertue's perfect Quintessence  
(Tet grac't in soule with more Divine perfection)  
Grace, with a glance of your mild Eye's reflexion,  
This humble Pledge of Zeal and Reuerence:  
Which (as the Stork, for gratefull recompence,  
Where she hath bred, one of her Birds bestoweth)  
My thankfull Muse (who you like Duty oweth)  
Heer consecrates to your deer excellence.  
Deer ESSEX heer (to make your Faith apparant  
Vnto the Faithfull and confirm the same)  
Embrace (I pray) the Faith of ABRAHAM  
Offering his Isaac (on th' Almightyes warrant):  
So shall th' Imputer of his Righteousnes  
Impute you yours; and your young Isaacs bless,

Your Vertue's

euer-vowed Seruant,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.







TO VERTVES PAT-  
TERNE, AND BEAVTIES  
Paragon, M<sup>rs</sup> lone ESSEX: now wife to the  
right worthy, William Anderson Esquier (second Son of the late  
Lord Anderson) and only Sister of the Honorably-descended  
William Essex of Lamborn, Esquire.

**V**RANIA (noblest of the learned N<sup>am</sup>s)  
Coming from Heav'n to call my Muse from Earth,  
From Loves loose Sonnets and lascivious Mirth;  
In sacred WEEKS to sing the Works divine:  
Of all the Nymphs extract from mortall Lique,  
For sweet Companion picks you only forth  
(As best resembling her self's grace and worth)  
Deer Beauties best, Wits wonder, Vertue's shrine.  
Sweet heav'nly temper of a humane soule  
(Whose lovely smiles set coldest hearts a-fire;  
But instantly, with modest brows controule  
Th' aspiring hope of any bold desire)  
Daint entertain in your milde graceful manner  
This Heavenly Mayd, the mirrour of your Honour.

Your Vertue's

humble Potary,

IOVIAN SYLVESTER.



# VRANIA.

O R  
The Heavenly Muse.

**S**carce had the April of mine age begun,  
When brave desire t' immortalize my Name,  
Did make me (oft) Rest and repast to shun,  
In curious project of som learned Frame.

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light  
Vpon a crosse-way, stops in sodain doubt;  
And, mid the sundry Lanes to finde the right,  
More with his Wit than with his feet doth scout:

Among the many flowrie paths that lead  
Vp to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) Apollo  
Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,  
I stood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

One while I sought, the Greeklisb-Scane to dress  
In French Disguise: in loftier Stile anon  
T'imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloody Gest,  
Of Thebes, atycana, and proud Ilion.

Anon, I sacred to th' Aonian Band  
My Countries Story; and, condemning much  
The common error, rather tooke in hand  
To make the Mein French, than the Seln be Dutch.

Anon, I meant with fawning pen to praise  
Vn-worthy Prince; and so, with gold and glory,  
T'enrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raise,  
Bashly to make my Muse a Mercenarie.

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wagg-Son to sing  
Of wanton Venus; and the bitter-sweet,  
That Too-much Love to the best wits doth bring;  
Tham, for my nature and mine age, too-meet.

While to and fro thus (tossed by Ambition)  
Yet vn-resolved of my Course, I rove;  
Lo, suddainly a sacred Apparition;  
Son Daughter (think I) of supernall Ioue.

Angelicall



9  
 Angelicall her gesture and her gait;  
 Divinely-sweet her speech and countenance;  
 Her *Nine-fold* Voice did choicely imitate  
 Th' *Harmonious* Musick of *Heavens* nimble Dance.

10  
 Vpon her Head, a glorious *Diadem*,  
*Seaven-double-folded*, moving diuersly;  
 And on each fold sparkled a pretious Gem,  
 Obliquely turning o're our heads on high:

11  
 The first of *Lead*, the second *Tin* (me thought)  
 Third *Steel*, the fourth of yellow *Gold* was cast,  
 The fift of pale *Electrum* seemed wrought;  
 Sixt *Mercury*; of *Siluer* was the last.

12  
 An *azure* Mantle on her back she wore,  
 With art-les Art, in orderly disorder;  
 Flourisht, and fill'd with thousand *Lamps* and more,  
 Her sacred Beautie to set-forth and further.

13  
 Heer flames the *Harp*, there shine the tender *Twins*,  
 Heer *Charles his Wain*, there twinkling *Pleiades*.  
 Heer the bright *Balance*, there the siluer *Finns*,  
 And thousand *Starrs* more then I can exprefs.

14  
 I am *VRANIA* (then a-loud said she)  
 Who humane-kinde aboue the *Poles* transport,  
 Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to see  
 All th' enter-course of the *Celestiall Court*.

15  
 I quint-essence the Soule, and make the *Poet*  
 (Passing himselte) in a Divine Discourse  
 To draw the deafest, by the ears vnto-it,  
 To quicken stones, and stop the Oceans course.

16  
 I grant, My learned Sisters warble fine,  
 And ravish millions with their *Madrigalls*:  
 Yet all, no less inferiour vnto mine,  
 Than *Pies* to *Syrens*, *Geese* to *Nightingalls*.

17  
 Then take Me (*BARTAS*) to conduct thy Pen,  
 Soar-vp to Heav'n; Sing-me th' Almighty's prayse:  
 And tuning now the *Ieffean* Harp again,  
 Gayn thee the *Garland* of eternall *Bayes*.

18  
 I cannot (grief-les) see my Sisters wrongs  
 Made Bawds to *Louers*, in deceitfull saynings,  
 In forged sighes, false tears, and filthy Songs,  
 Lascivious shewes and counterfeit complaynings.

Alas

19  
 Alas! I cannot with dry eyes behold  
 Our holy Songs sould and profaned thus  
 To grace the grace-les; praising (too-too bold)  
*Caligula*, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20  
 But, most I mourn, to see rare *Verse* apply'd  
 Against the Author of sweet *Composition*:  
 I cannot brook to see Heav'ns King defy'd  
 By his own Souldiers, with his own Munition.

21  
 Man's eyes are field-vp with *Cimmerian* mist:  
 And, if ought pretious in his Life he reach,  
 Through sundry hands, by the Heav'ns bounty is't:  
 But God, himselte, the *Delphian* Songs doth teach.

22  
 Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but *POESIE*  
 Is a meer *Heavenly gift*; and none can taste  
 The *Dewes* we drop from *Pindus* plentifully,  
 If *saured Fire* have not his brest imbrac't.

23  
 Thence is't, that many great *Philosophers*,  
 Deep-learned *Clarks* (in *Prose* most eloquent)  
 Labour in vain to make a grace-full *Verse*,  
 Which many a Novice frames most excellent.

24  
 Thence is't, that yerst, the poore *Meonian* Bard,  
 Though Master, means, and his owne eyes he misses,  
 Of Olde and New is for his *Verse* preferd,  
 In's stout *Achilles*, and his wife *Polysses*.

25  
 Thence is't, that *Ovid* cannot speak in *Prose*:  
 Thence is't, that *David* (Sheapherd, turned *Poet*)  
 So soon dooth learn my *Songs*: and Youths compose  
 After our *Art*, before (indeed) they knowe-it.

26  
 Dive day and night in the *Castalian* Fount,  
 Dwell vpon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muse*,  
 Climb night and day the double-topped Mount,  
 Where the *Pierian* learned *Maidens* vie:

27  
 Read while thou wilt, read ouer every Book  
 In *Pergamus*, and in the famous *Citie*  
 That her great name, of *Alexander* took;  
 Still ply thy Pen, practice thy language (wittie):

28  
 Take time inough, choose seat and season fit,  
 To make good *Verse*; at best aduantage place thee:  
 Yet worthy fruit thou shalt not reap of it,  
 For all thy toil, vnless *Minerva* grace thee.

For



<sup>29</sup>  
For, out of Man, Man must him all advance,  
That time-proof *Poems* ever hopes to viter;  
And, extasied (as in a *holy Transfe*)  
Into our hands his *Sensitive part* must put-her.

<sup>30</sup>  
For, as a humane *Fury* makes a man  
Less than a man: so *Divine-Fury* makes-him  
More then himself; and sacred *Phrenzies* then  
Above the heav'ns bright-flaming *Arches* takes-him.

<sup>31</sup>  
Thence, thence it is that divine *Poets* bring  
So sweet, so learned, and so lasting *Numbers*,  
Where Heav'ns and Nature's secret works they sing,  
Free from the power of *Fates* eternall slumbers.

<sup>32</sup>  
True *Poets*, right are like winde-Instruments,  
Which full, do sound; emptie, their noise surceases.  
For, with their *Fury* lasts their Excellence;  
Their *Muse* is silent, when their *Fury* ceases.

<sup>33</sup>  
Sith therefore *Verses* haue from Heav'n their Spring,  
O rarest spirits! how dare you (damned scorners)  
Profanely wrest, against Heav'n's glorious King,  
These sacred gifts given from your lives adorners?

<sup>34</sup>  
Shall your ingratefull *Penns* be alwayes waiting,  
As *Servants* to the *Flesh*, and *slaves* to *Sin*?  
Will you your *Volumes* evermore be freighting  
With *Dreams* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to win?

<sup>35</sup>  
Still will you fill the World with *Love-sick* groans?  
Still will you fawn on *Fools*, and flatter *Euill*?  
Still will you parbreak loathsome passions?  
Still will you make an *Angell* of a *Diuell*?

<sup>36</sup>  
Still will you comment on this common *Storie*?  
And (Spider-like) weave idle *Webs* of folly?  
O! shall we never hear you sing the glory  
Of *God*, the great, the good, the iust, the holy?

<sup>37</sup>  
Is 't not enough, that in Your *soules*, yee feel  
Your *Paphian Fire*? but every *Brothel-Lover*,  
T' inchaunt the wanton with his wanton stile,  
Must (Strumpet-like) his lustfull flame discover?

<sup>38</sup>  
Is 't not enough, that you your selues do wallow  
In foul delights? but that you must intice  
Your heed-less *Readers*, your loose *Race* to follow;  
And so, for *Virtue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

<sup>39</sup>  
*Tunes*, *Notes* and *Numbers* (whence wee doo transfer  
Th' harmonious powr that makes our *Verses* so pleasing)  
The sternest *Catoes* are of force to stir,  
Mans noblest spirits with gentle *Fury* seazing.

<sup>40</sup>  
And, as a *Seal* printeth in wax (almost)  
Another *Seal*; A learned *Poet* graveth  
So deep his passions in his *Readers* ghost,  
That oft the *Reader* th' *Authors* form receiveth.

<sup>41</sup>  
For, *Verses*' vertue, sliding secretly  
(By secret pipes) through th' *intellectuall Notions*,  
Of all that's pourtraid artificially  
Imprinteth there both good and evill motions.

<sup>42</sup>  
Therefore did *Plato* from his *None-Such* banish  
Base *Poetasters*, that with vitious verse  
Corrupted manners, making vertue vanish;  
The wicked, worse; and even the good, perverse.

<sup>43</sup>  
Northose that ca'd to match their gracefull *Phrazes*  
To grave-sweet matters: singing now the praise  
Of iustest *Love*; anon from errors mazes,  
Keeping th' vn-steady, calling back the straits.

<sup>44</sup>  
O profane *Writers*! your lascivious *Ryme*  
Makes our best *Poets* to bee basely deemed  
As jugglers, lesters, and the scum of Time;  
Yea, with the *Vulgar* less than these esteemed.

<sup>45</sup>  
You make chaste *Clio*, a light wanton *Minion*;  
Mount *Helicon*, a *Stews*; your ribaldry  
Makes prudent *Parents* (strict in their opinion)  
To bar their *Children* reading *Poetry*.

<sup>46</sup>  
But, if you would (yet at the last) inure-ye  
Your *Gudian Idols* in the dust to trample,  
And rouse the *Genius* of your sacred *Fury*,  
To shew the World some holy *Works* example;

<sup>47</sup>  
All would admire your *Rymes*, and doo you honour,  
As *Secretaries* of the Heav'nly Court;  
And *Majesty* would make you wait vpon-her,  
To manage *Causes* of the most import.

<sup>48</sup>  
The chain of *Verses* was at the first invented  
To handle onely sacred *Mysterics*  
With more respect: and nothing else was chanted  
For long time after in such *Poetsies*.



49  
So did my *David* on the trembling strings  
Of his divine *Harp* onely sound his *God*:  
So milde-soul'd *Moses* to *Jehova* sings  
*Jacob's* deliverance from th' *Egyptians* Rod.

50  
So *Deborah* and *Judith*, in the Camp;  
So *Iob* and *Jeremy*, in cares oppress'd;  
In tune-full *Verses* of a various stamp,  
Their ioyes and sighes divinely-sweet expressed.

51  
And therefore *Satan* (who transforms him slily  
T' an Angell of the Light, the more t' abuse)  
In's Oracles and Idols speaking wily,  
Not common Prose, but curious *Verse* did vse.

52  
So the fond *made-Priests* of *Apollo* sung  
His Oracles in sweet *Hexameters*,  
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,  
To hapless-hopefull, conquered Conquerers:

53  
So th' ancient voice in *Dodon* worshipp'd:  
So *Asculapius*, *Hamon*, and the fair  
And famous *Sibyls* spake and prophesied  
In *Verse*: in *Verse* the Priest did make his praier.

54  
So *Orpheus*, *Linus* and *Hesiodus*  
(Whereof the first charm'd stocks and stones, they say)  
In sacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit vs)  
Their divine secrets of deep skill convey.

55  
O! you that long so for the *Laurell Crown*,  
Where's possible a richer Theme to take  
Than his high praise, who makes the Heav'ns go round,  
The Mountains tremble, and dark Hell to quake?

56  
This *subiect* is a deep, broad, bound-less Ocean,  
Th' abundant *Horn* of *Plentifull* discourse;  
The Magazin of wealth for Wits quick motion;  
Of divine Eloquence th' immortal source.

57  
Base Argument, a base stile ever yeelds:  
But (of it selfe) a lofty *subiect* raises  
Grave stately words, and (of it selfe) it gilds  
It self; and crowns the Author's Pen with praises.

58  
If then you would survive your selves so gladly,  
Follow not him who burnt (to purchase fame)  
*DIANA's* Temple: neither him that madly,  
To get renown, a *Brazen Bull* did frame.

Implay

59  
Implay no more th' *Elixir* of your spirit  
On *Cythera* and her winged Son.  
How better never to bee named were-it,  
Then named (blamed) for a mischief don?

60  
Woe, *Twice three Sisters* of *Parnassus* Hill,  
Bee *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* self is so:  
So is that sacred *Tree* turn'd *Lady* still,  
From whose pure Locks your stil-green *Laurels* growe.

61  
Then, consecrate-mee (rather) your Wits miracles,  
To sacred Stories: spend your Eloquence  
In singing loud those holy Heav'nly Oracles,  
Pour there your Soules pure pretious quinte-ssence.

62  
Let *CHRIST* (as *Man-God*) bee your double Mount  
Whereon to Muse; and, for the winged hoove  
Of *Pegasus*, to dig th' immortal Fount,  
Take th' *Holy-Ghost*, typ't in a *Silver-Dove*.

63  
Excellent Works preserve the Memory  
Of those that make them: The *Mausolean* Tomb  
Makes *Artemisia*, *Scopas*, *Timothy*,  
Live to this day, and still in time to com.

64  
Name-less had *Hiram* been, but for his aid  
Towards God's Temple, built in *Israel*:  
And, but for God's *Ark*, in dark silence laid  
Long since had been th' *Hebrew* *Benzaleel*.

65  
Then, sith these great and goodly Monuments  
Can make their makers *after death* abide;  
Although themselves have *Vanished* long since,  
By Age, and Rage, Fire, Arms and Storms destroy'd:

66  
O think (I pray) how-much-much greater glory  
Shall you attain, when your Diviner quality  
In sacred strains shall sing th' *Almightie's* story,  
Sith from immortal things springs Immortality.

67  
Knowe, you'll answer, that the *Ancient Fictions*  
Are (even) your *Song's* soule: and that every *Fable*  
Ay breeding other, makes by their commixtions  
(To vulgar ears) your *Verse* more admirable.

68  
But, what may bee more admirable found  
Then *Faith's* Effects? Or what doth more controul  
Wit's curious pride: or with more force confound  
The reach and reason of a humane soule?

Aaa 2

I'd



<sup>69</sup>  
I'd rather sing the *Towr of Babylon*,  
Than those *three Mountains*, that in frantick mood  
The *Giants* pil'd to pull *Ioue* from his Throne:  
And *Noah's*, rather than *Dencalion's Flood*.

<sup>70</sup>  
I'd rather sing the sudden *shape-depriving*  
Of *Assur's* Monarch, than th' *Arcadian King*:  
And the *Bethanian Lazarus* reviving,  
Than valiant *Theseus* Sons re-sodering.

<sup>71</sup>  
Th' one onely doth delight their ears that hear it;  
The other tends to profit in som measure:  
But, onely *Hee the Laurel Crown* doth merit,  
Who wisely mingles Profit with his Pleasure.

<sup>72</sup>  
As sweetest walks are by the waters side,  
And safest swimming neer the flowry shoar:  
So, prudent Writers never doo divide  
Knowledge from Mirth, Mirth from Instructions lost.

<sup>73</sup>  
Such shall you bee, if such a task you take:  
For, teaching others, you your selves shall learn-all  
Rules of good life; and happy so shall make,  
As is your subiect, your owne Songs eternall.

<sup>74</sup>  
Abandon then those *Old-wives-Tales* and *Toyes*;  
Leave the *Blinde Lad*, who but the blinde abuses;  
And onely, addle, idle hearts annoyes.  
Hence-forth no more profane the *Sacred Muses*.

<sup>75</sup>  
But (O!) in vain, in vain (alas!) I plain-mee;  
Som subtle *Aspicks*, to eschew my Charming,  
Stop their dull ears; som *Epicures* disdain-mee  
And my advice, and scoff my zealous warning.

<sup>76</sup>  
Som, for a season, listen to my Laws;  
But soon *Relapse*, through the Worlds forceries:  
And this discourse (which but the Vertuous draws)  
Enters at one ear, out at th' other flies.

<sup>77</sup>  
Alas! I scarce see one (nay, none at all)  
That courts not *Venus*, or corrupts not more  
His golden *Hony* with profaner Gall:  
Although this Age of happy Wits have store.

<sup>78</sup>  
But thou, my Darling, whom before thy birth,  
The *Sacred Nine*, that sip th' immortall spring  
Of *Pegasus*, predestin'd to set forth  
Th' Almighty's glory, and his praise to sing:

<sup>79</sup>  
Although their Subiect seem a barren soyl,  
Which finest Wits have left for fallow fields;  
Yet, doo thou never from this task recoyl:  
For, what is rarest, greatest glory yeelds.

<sup>80</sup>  
Faint not (my-*Salust*) though tell *Ennie* bark  
At the bright *Rising* of thy fair *Renown*;  
Fear not her malice; for, thy living *Work*  
(In sight of spight) shall not be troden down.

<sup>81</sup>  
That *Fames-foe* Monster, is much like a Curr;  
That fiercely barks at every new-com Guest;  
But, once-acquainted, after doth not stir,  
Savag at strangers; fawning on the rest.

<sup>82</sup>  
Or like a thick, dark, pitchie Clowd of smoak,  
That round-about a kindling Fire suppresses  
With waving smother, the new Flame to choak:  
But, as the *Flame* augments, the *Fume* decreases.

<sup>83</sup>  
Wherefore (my deer) that *sacred Path* pursue,  
Where none but Heav'n-blest happy spirits can pase:  
And heer I swear, that shortly for thy due,  
Among best Wits thou shalt have worthy place.

<sup>84</sup>  
With these sweet accents (*grace* in vterance)  
*VRANIA* holding in her Maiden-hand  
A glorious Crown, rapt-up in *sacred Transe*)  
My prostrate soule, prest to her high Command.

<sup>85</sup>  
Since when, alone that *Lone* my heart hath fired;  
Since when, alone that *Winde* my sails hath spread:  
O happy I might I touch that *Crown* (desired)  
But with my hand, not put it on my head.

<sup>86</sup>  
Now out of zeal to your deer Name and You  
(Deer noble Name, that I must aye affect:  
And whose Disasters I must ever rue)  
This MONUMENT of Honour I erect  
To you (sweet *ESSEX*) as your Vertues due,  
For an eternall token of Respect:  
Where, your great worth, and my good-will shall stand  
Inweld for ever with *VRANIA's* hand.

FINIS.





THE TRIUMPH

of  
FAITH,  
former-ly  
DEDICATED,  
and now againe,  
for ever  
Consecrated to the  
gratefull Memorie of  
the first kinde Fosterer of  
our tender Muses, my neuer-  
sufficiently-Honored deer Vncle  
W. PLUMB, Esq.

For whose deer Bones wee would a Toomb aduance  
Of Golde, and Silver, and CORINTHIAN Brasse,  
VVith Ivorie Pillars mixt with Iette and Rance,  
Rarer and richer than th' olde CARIAN'S was;

His Vertues shining bright:



And lastly deckt the same  
With Stories of his Fame:

But, sith the most of our poore Meanes (alas!)  
Not the least part of that Rich Pride affords;  
For want of Wealth, wee build a Toomb of Words:

\* \* Which (though it cost less) shall out-last \* \*  
\* \* The proud cloud-threatening Battlements, \* \*  
\* \* Th' aspiring Spires by NILVS plac'd, \* \*  
\* \* And Hell-deepe-sounded Monuments. \* \*

For greedy waste of Hours, that all things else deuours,  
Spare the sweet Maydes of sacred HELICON:  
And those fayre Ladyes, to their Friends alone,  
This precious Gift doo give, Still (after Death) to Live.

THE



THE TRIUMPH OF  
FAITH.

To Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibrac;  
W. Salustius du BARTAS.

Hate those Satyrs, that the best still bite:  
I hate the shamelesse Pens that sooth the vicious:  
For, these be flatterers, and those malicious:  
But, wise is hee can hit the Meane aright.

I pinch not off, nor doo I often praise:  
Yes, must I needs praise the praise-worthy still:  
I cannot hold my free and forward quill  
From those whom Heauen adorns with speciall rays.

Now, all that God doth by retail bestowe  
On perfect men, to thee in grosse he giues:  
Therefore my Muse thy praise so often driues,  
For duties sake, but not to flatter so.

Our Age's wonder! when thy tongue (refin'd  
By use and Art) in our King's name dilates,  
With Counsaile, Germane or furr'd Polish States,  
The sweet-tongu'd Cyneas thou doost make vs minde.

In Priuy counsell, when our miseries  
Thou doost be-moan, most Nestor-like thou art:  
And when, in Paris Parliament, thy part  
Of Lawes thou Plead'st, thou seem'st to Scryvolize.

Thy Latin Prose dooth match smooth Salust's stile:  
And when thy Pen distils the Nectar sweet  
Of Helicon (where all the Muses meet)  
He thinks I read sweet Virgil all the while.

In honor of these gifts, this gift I bring,  
Small for my paines, great for the Argument:  
But, if the Heav'ns had richer treasure lent,  
Thy New-yeers-gift should be som better thing.

The





## THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.



THE



## THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

### CANTO I.

<sup>1</sup>  
Earth' hour that *Erycin's Aurora* cald,  
And shee the Sun; sad *Morpheus*, entring in  
Through 's horny gate, to shew mee did begin  
A sacred Virgins stately TRIUMPHALS.

<sup>2</sup>  
Then *Faith* (for so shee hight) bids with celerity,  
Of Pen and Paper that I make provision  
To write the summ of this celestiall Vision,  
To bee recorded vnto all Posterity.

<sup>3</sup>  
I knowe my task to bee impossible:  
I knowe, in this, mans eyes are beetle-blinde:  
His ears quite deaf; clean void of sense his minde:  
But, hardest things *Faith* makes most possible.

<sup>4</sup>  
Eternall Sun, O scatter with thy Light  
All misty clouds, that make mee not to see  
Thy health-full Face: and give true *Faith* to mee,  
Since *Faith*, sans *Faith*, cannot bee knowne aright.

<sup>5</sup>  
*FAITH* sits triumphant on a Carr of gold,  
Of *Tubal's* making, where blew Saphires shine,  
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,  
And if ought else the World more costly hold.

<sup>6</sup>  
Her glorious Charrets rowling wheels are like  
The holy wheels the great *Ezechiel* saw:  
For, one self-spirit, self-winde, and will dorch draw  
Their rest-less courses, equall, both alike.

The



<sup>7</sup>  
The Bird that led the *Roman* Standards out:  
The Bird, that fixtly can oppose his eyes  
Against the greatest light in all the skies;  
High through the air, draws this rich Coach about:

<sup>8</sup>  
*Faith* flaunts it not in silver, silk, nor gold,  
Nor pretious scarlet of the *Tyrian* Dy,  
Nor paints her face to hide deformity;  
But, as shee is, shee doth her self unfold.

<sup>9</sup>  
Her body (that all bodies doth disgrace)  
Like *Juno's* Bird, is full of watchfull eyes  
Whose holy glances pearce the lofty skies,  
Pearce Air, and Heav'n, and see God face to face.

<sup>10</sup>  
Sh' hath many sweet and flowing tongues to praise  
The Lord of Hosts: sh' hath strong and mighty wings  
(Palling the swiftness of all earthly things)  
That in a moment vp to Heav'n her raise.

<sup>11</sup>  
Her glorious head is compass with a Crown,  
Not made of Olive, Pine, or Lawrell bough,  
Nor Partly Wreath, which *Grecians* did allow  
Th' *Olympian* games for signals of renown:

<sup>12</sup>  
But, of fresh Roses pluckt from Honours Tree,  
That never shrink for Winters chilling frost,  
That wither not when *Titan* parcheth most:  
For, by the Lord they ever war' red bee.

<sup>13</sup>  
Now, stain-less *Truth* for Standards doth display  
Two Testaments: next, *Courage* marshals right  
Th' vndaunted Troops that are prepar'd to fight  
Vnder her Colours, into battell-ray.

<sup>14</sup>  
Then, *Constancy* bears a two-edged Blade,  
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield;  
Whose brightnes hath inforc't more Monsters yield,  
Then that which of grim *Gorgon's* head was made.

<sup>15</sup>  
Next, *Charity*, that kindly doth prefer  
Her neighbours good before her owne vtility:  
*Repentance*, *Hope*, and hearty-milde *Humility*,  
Doo flank the wings of *Faith's* triumphant Cart.

<sup>16</sup>  
For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vain.  
But, as the Sun can never lack his light,  
Nor Fire want heat: so (if wee mark aright)  
*Faith* cannot want these Hand-maids in her train.

Before

<sup>17</sup>  
Before this Coach there is a Beldam gon,  
That seems (at first) fairer then *Helen* was:  
But, neerer view'd, shee is more foul (alas!)  
Then fell *Megera*, *Alecto*, or *Tesiphon*.

<sup>18</sup>  
Shee never goes (like *Faith*) with open face;  
But seeks for masks, vizards, and garments gay,  
For cloke on cloke to keep the light away,  
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foul disgrace.

<sup>19</sup>  
Sh' hath tongues (like *Faith*) with which shee bouldly chats,  
Blaspheming Heav'n with filthy vanities;  
Sh' hath eyes (like *Faith*) but yet (alas!) those eyes  
See cleer by night, by day are blinde as Bats.

<sup>20</sup>  
Sh' hath wings (like *Faith*) with which shee soars on hy:  
Like *Icarus*, shee proudly mounts aloft  
(Forgetting that her feathers are so soft)  
Till *Phabus* force her waxen wings doth fry.

<sup>21</sup>  
Shee (whom, *fans* reason, men have *Reason* hight)  
Since first, in Fire, the Lord the Air inclos'd;  
In Air the Sea, in Sea the Earth dispos'd;  
Hath with milde *Faith* maintain'd continuall fight;

<sup>22</sup>  
Now, arming Kings, and putting in their brains,  
That nothing less befeems their Royall State  
Than vnder *Faith* their Scepters to abate;  
Than to endure her gentle-ruling reans.

<sup>23</sup>  
Another-while, shee puffs with pois'ny pride  
(Whom their Disciples onely Doctors deem)  
Such as (I grant) have spent much oil, and time,  
To draw mens soules from the true way, too wide.

<sup>24</sup>  
Yet still, the Lord (who still vpholds the iust)  
Hath still the cause of holy *Faith* maintain'd;  
Hath still so well her holy side sustain'd,  
That still her foes ly groveling in the dust.

<sup>25</sup>  
A thousand Princes, bound in fetters fast,  
Before her march, that her milde yoke disdain'd;  
That all the Earth with blood of Saints distain'd,  
And Christ his Church with Fire and Sword did waste.

<sup>26</sup>  
Hee that (the first) in this worlds Pupillage,  
Brain'd his owne brother, leads this bloody crew:  
Then th' hardned Tyrant, that did dare pursue  
Through the Red-Sea Gods chosen Heritage.

Then



Josh.

27  
Then saw I him that *Zachary* did stone;  
*Athaliah*, *Ahab*, wicked *Abian*,  
*Occazias*, *Amon*, *Abaz*, and *Joram*:  
Then all that sat on the *Samaritan* Throne.

Nebuchadne-  
zar.

Balthazar.

28  
I saw *Senacherib*, and Him whose Grace  
Was turn'd to grass, proud *Haman*, and withall  
Brave *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall  
Read how his Kingdom to the *Medes* should passe.

Antiochus il-  
lustris.

29  
*Annas* and *Caiaphas*, and him that set  
His hatefull idoll in the holy Place;  
Which, five *Jew*-brethren bravely did deface:  
All these too-late, in sad repentance fret.

Herod.

Palar.

30  
The Tyrant too, that (at our Saviours birth)  
In Cradles kill'd so many Innocents:  
And that vile Iudge, whose feared conscience  
Condemn'd the guilt-less Iudge of all the earth.

Nero.

31  
That viperous Monster (of Mankind the shame)  
Who, Mother, Wives, Brethren and Sisters slue,  
Then from a lofty Tower did laugh to view  
*Rome's* glittering Spires all on a burning flame,

32  
With *Seventh Severus* came accompanied:  
*Iule*, *Maximin*, with fell *Maximian*,  
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,  
That (god-less) would like God bee honoured.

33  
Then saw I him that served *Sapores*  
For foot-stool base: I saw *Valerian*,  
*Decius*, *Lycinus*, and *Hosilian*;  
And fell *Maxentius*, marching next to these.

34  
I saw great *Traian*, learn'd *Aurelius*,  
And learned *Dioclesian*: all which three  
Among wise *Casars* might well praised bee,  
Had they not been 'gainst Christians barbarous.

Anasthus.

Eumenes.

35  
*Iustin*, *Theodorus*, *Constantinus* Sonne,  
*Heracius*, *Valence*, *Constance*, *Manuel*,  
And that *Bizantian* Prince, that did mis-tell  
A four-fold Essence in the onely ONE.

36  
Then (*Goths* and *Vandals*, *Gen'ric*, *Trasimond*)  
*Honorius*, *Theodorus*, *Totilas*,  
*Alaricus*, and *Rhotoris* (alas!)  
Who *Rome* and *Africk* with *Saints* blood have drown'd.

37  
But who is this, that, loaden so with chains,  
By thousand hang-men racked with despight,  
By thousand Furies tortur'd day and night,  
For god-less deeds receives so righteous pains?

38  
Tis *Mahomet*, who more by *Marvors* Art,  
Than's *Alcoran* (Bird of a Friers nest)  
Hath all subdu'd the wealthy golden East,  
And won withall the triple world's best part.

39  
I see Prince *Saladine*, of match-less force,  
But th' *Alcoran* too-deeply favouring;  
Haly the *Caliphe*, and the wanton King  
That did our Maids on *Edess* Altars force.

40  
With wrath and woe old *Ottoman* oppress,  
Too-late repentance in his face presents;  
And *Mahomet*, the second, much laments  
That hee the *Greekish* Empery supprest.

41  
So the proud scorn of (scourge-Turk) *Tamberlaine*,  
That in an iron Cage was coop'd straight;  
And hee that first presum'd to pass the Streight  
Which *Europe's* bounds divides from th' *Asian*.

42  
Then hee that quittance did with *Scythia* cry,  
And over Sea his Scepter rais'd again;  
And *Amurath*, that did repell amain  
*Vincen/Laus*, that first had made him fly.

43  
*Ozan* (the *Phrygian's* fear) and *Calipine*,  
Who foil'd *Sigismund's* hoast, his Father fear'd;  
And *Baiazeth*, that, being haughty rear'd  
By *Germain* *Tropheis*, did their peace repine.

44  
Hee that his Sire and Brother put to death,  
Is with a Cable kild; his Son, that quail'd  
Th' *Hungarian* King, and *Rhodes* and *Budassail'd*,  
With trembling fear now quakes like *Aspen* leaf.

45  
And neer this *Solyman* there doth remain  
An empty room for him that yet survives,  
Who (by our Kings strange-lars) so richly thrives,  
That (proud) hee threats both *Germany* and *Spain*.

46  
O wretched Christians! while your civill rage  
'Gainst your owne hearts doth arm your proper hands,  
O see you not the *Turks* invade your Lands,  
And safely spoil the Lords choise heritage?

B b b

The

Sergius & Ne-  
storian Monk  
help Mahomet  
to make his Al-  
coran.

Baiazeth.

Mahomet 3.

Selim 1.

Solyman.

Selim.



<sup>47</sup>  
The discord growne 'twixt the *Bulgarian King*,  
And th' *Eastern Caesar*, even the Bridge it was  
For hate-Christ Turks the *Hellepont* to pass,  
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan Scepter* bring.

<sup>48</sup>  
The discord of two brethren *Morea* lost;  
And (O!) I fear lest Christians home-bred fraies  
(Deiecting quite Christs Name, and all his praise)  
Bring Turks to land in farthest Western Coast.

<sup>49</sup>  
Forget then, Christians, your vn-Christian iarrs  
(Your civill strife for wagging of a straw)  
Join hearts and hands, and all joint weapons draw  
In *Faith's* defence to fight *Iehova's* wars.

<sup>50</sup>  
In *Asia* and *Egypt* make your Forces knowne:  
Recover *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,  
*Tyre*, *Sidon*, *Ioppa*, and King *Dauid's* Throne,  
And *Famagosta*, lost a ycer agon.

## CANTO II.

<sup>1</sup>  
**H**ough bloody Tyrants had in every age  
*Busiris* Altars, Bulls of *Phalaris*,  
*Gemonid* Ladders, making Land and Seas,  
And fire, and air, racks of their beastly rage:

<sup>2</sup>  
Yet could they never wound the Church so much,  
As have the Writings of the worldly Wise,  
Which on mens soules doo felly tyrannize;  
The tortures, onely did the bodies touch:

<sup>3</sup>  
These *Sages*, puffed with self-conceited pride,  
Dare to controule th' Almightyes match-less work,  
Where mystike Secrets from our senses lurk,  
The search whereof the Lord hath vs deni'd.

<sup>4</sup>  
And, though the spread of our too-feeble wings  
Scant raise vs from the ground, they mount aloft  
Even vp to Heav'n, where they doo measure oft  
(By their Wits compass) Gods eternall things.

<sup>5</sup>  
Their knowledge is but meere ignorance,  
They lose the Truth in seeking it too much:  
For, Truth doth still conceal her self from such,  
And to the humble doth her self advance.

True

<sup>6</sup>  
Truth alwaies dwels within the holy Tables  
Of Gods live word; not in our wanton brain,  
Which daily coining som strange Error vain,  
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

<sup>7</sup>  
Long time their reasons were with Reason rife,  
To wrack the Church, and *Faith* to ruinate:  
But, now I see they doo detest, too-late,  
Their former errors and their former life.

<sup>8</sup>  
In formost rank, march all *Gymno sophists*,  
Follow'd by all the cunning *Persian Mages*,  
The old *French Druids*, learned *Calde Sages*,  
And flowr of all the *Brachoman sophists*.

<sup>9</sup>  
*Pythagoras*, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*,  
*Parmenides*, merry *Democritus*,  
*Empedocles*, and sad *Heraclitus*,  
*Aristotles*, *Naucides*, *Nauphianes*.

<sup>10</sup>  
Brief, all the Doctors of the *Latin Seet*,  
Tearing their Tresses, melting into tears,  
Beating their breasts, detest those Dreams of theirs:  
And so the greatest of the *Greeks* Elect.

<sup>11</sup>  
*Anaximander*, *Anaximenes*,  
*Myletian Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,  
Gnawen with continuall care, cry out (alas)  
On their owne Errors; and so *Socrates*.

<sup>12</sup>  
*Cleantes* and *Chrysippus* next to these,  
With *Zeno* (*Stoick*) that have often strai'd:  
And next, the *Cyniks* (all as ill-appeal'd)  
*Diogenes*, *Crates*, *Antisthenes*.

<sup>13</sup>  
There, the grand Patrons of each *Academ*,  
*Plato*, *Speusippus*, and *Zenocrates*,  
*Clytemachus*, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;  
And hee that labours to conciliate them.

<sup>14</sup>  
There mourns in vain *Pirrhon* (Son of *Plistarchus*)  
That (fond) beleeves not what his ears doo hear,  
Eyes see, nose smell, tongue tastes, and hands doo bear:  
Then *Timon*, *Hecate*, and *Anaxarchus*.

<sup>15</sup>  
There, the *Stagirian* (that, with learned vain,  
His Works includes the *Encyclopedy*)  
Sorely have led so many soules awry,  
With *Strato* and *Theophrastus* doth complain.

Bbb

There

The ancient Sa-  
ges of the world.Philosophers,  
Greek & Latin.

Anillo



16

There, camall *Epicurus* wails with tears,  
And *Metodorus*: next to whom there came  
Both *Aristippi*, *Aretas*, and that same  
Vile wretch that coin'd a worser sect then theirs:

17

I mean that Monster *Theodorus* hight,  
Who shame-lesse saies, There is no God at all:  
And that the Wise may (when occasions fall)  
Be Lier, Traitor, Theef and Sodomite.

18

Alas! how true the Proverb prooves too-plain,  
Saying, *Bad weeds growe every-where apace*:  
But, hollsom herbs scant spring in any place  
Without great labour, and continuall pain.

19

O *Grecians* Bane, thy mortifying Mores  
To growe in *Rome* the swelling Seas have crost;  
From *Rome* too soon over the *Alps* have past  
As far as *France*, and all her neighbour shoars.

20

Thy deadly Plant now buds on Iustice Throne,  
In Christian Camps, and Courts of Christian Kings;  
In Church and Chair, and every-where so springs,  
That with thy thistles all is over-grown.

21

But, now return wee to our task again:  
All these Wise-men, of God have false defin'd,  
Of *Chiefest-good*, *Soules*, or wrong place assign'd  
Where (dead) wee feel or end-lesse peace or pain.

22

Those that (since Christ, true Son of righteousness,  
On our *Horizon* brought the daies broad light)  
Have led mens soules in dark eternall night,  
Feel torments worthy of their wickednes.

23

Next *Symmachus*, *Porphyrius* marcheth first:  
*Lucian*, and *Celsus* then, whose hardned heart  
The Gospell (known) did labour to subvert;  
And *Julian* also, of all *Casars* worst:

24

Who, knowing well that tortures were but vain  
To force the Saints from the right Faith to stray;  
(By sacred stile) studies another way,  
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth again.

25

Next, I perceive the Circumcised Crew  
Of *Cabalists*, and burly *Talmudists*,  
Troubling the Church with their mysterious Mists;  
Who, wel-nie dead, 'gainst CHRIST doo spet and spew:

3. Discernfull So-  
phists and Apo-  
stataes, open E-  
nemies to Christ

4. Cabalists,  
and Talmu-  
dists, Rabbinists.

26

Much like to Snakes, that wagge their sting-lesse sting,  
When as (their heads and bodies being slain)  
They threat their Foes with force-lesse fury vain,  
And to their Graves their Thirst of vengeance bring.

27

Now com the Doctors of the *Alcoran*;  
Who, mingling poison, by their subtil gloze,  
The World's blinde eyes with darker Clouds inclose;  
They shew their sorrow by their saddest mone.

28

But, who are these that were *Faith's* Livery,  
And bear the badge of *Faith's* best Souldiers;  
And yet are loaden with such bolts and bars;  
And so despised of *Faith's* company?

29

These (if I erre not) are the *Heretikes*  
Who (pusht by proud and curious spirits) doo blend  
Both Heav'n and Earth, and busily contend  
To lead the World in crooked paths and Creeks.

30

Now, as soft windes, with straight constrained breath  
(Through chinks and crannies stealing privily)  
Hurt more our health, than boist'rous blasts that fly,  
And roule (abroad) the stones vpon a heath:

31

And, as the Foe, that shakes the Cities walls  
With thundring shot, is not so dangerous  
As a lewd Burgees, false and mutinous,  
That in the Town stirs vp domestick brauls:

32

So, *Pagans*, *Turks*, *Jews*, doo not damnifie  
The Faith, like these: their open violence  
May bee avoided: but false fair-pretense  
Is hardly 'scaped with much ieopardy.

33

They make (like vs) a fair religious shewe:  
They have (like vs) one Church, one FAITH, one Lord:  
They read (like vs) one Bible, and one Word:  
So sly they are God's Church to over-throwe.

34

In foremost rank, heer goe the *Sadduces*,  
That do deny Angels and Resurrection;  
Both Spirits of grace, and also of reiection:  
Then th' *Essenes* foul, and Formal *Pharises*.

35

Next, that deceiver, that devised first  
Church-chaffering: and, after him ensues  
That marriage-Foe, who brutishly renues  
*Plato's* (not *Plato's*) Common-law accurst.

Bbb 3

5. Turkish Do-  
ctr.

6. Hereticks old  
and new.

Simon Magus,  
Nicolaus, An-  
tichrist of the text  
of the Nicolaites

Cerinthus



<sup>36</sup>  
*Cerintus* next, all bruise'd, and bleeding fresh,  
 Of Beam-pasht wounds that brain'd him suddenly,  
 When in the Baths (profane) hee did deny  
 Christs holy God-head, hidden in our flesh.

<sup>37</sup>  
 For having likewise warr'd against the same  
 God-head of th' onely *Man-God*; *Eliou*,  
*Paul*, *Samyan*, *Photin*, *Carpocrate*, *Artemon*,  
 Shew by their looks their sorrow and their shame.

<sup>38</sup>  
 There mourns that *Manes*, who did fondly fain  
 Two divers Gods, Authors of Good and Ill;  
 There, *Valentin* the air with cries doth fill,  
 Who did deny that bodies Rise again.

<sup>39</sup>  
*Cerdon* (great Parron of the Stoicall)  
*Marcion*, *Menander*, pitious Moan doo make:  
 There sighs *Apelles*; saying, Christ did take  
 Not (simply) flesh, but flesh fantastickall.

<sup>40</sup>  
 There goes *Basilides*, who canoniz'd  
*Cyrenan Simon* in our *Saviour's* steed;  
*Montanus* there (a frantick head indeed)  
 Who guiltless Children kill'd and sacrific'd.

<sup>41</sup>  
 There, *Tatians*, *Encratits*, *Severions*,  
*Sabellians* too, which (seeking th' unity  
 In God's great Essence) lost the Trinity;  
 Abhor'd too late their fond conclusions.

Accom.

<sup>42</sup>  
 There, th' *Alexandrian* Priest, that yett did void  
 His entrails at the stool, whose Heresie  
 (Witching wel-neer th' Earths Univerſity)  
 With Sword and Schism the World so much annoy'd,

<sup>43</sup>  
 Sadly behoulds sad-marching *Macedonius*  
 And *Eunomius*, who at the first had sowne  
 His poisonous seeds; but after, of their owne  
 They gathered two other Sects exorionous.

<sup>44</sup>  
*Byzantine Nestor*, and (our owne) *Pelagius*,  
*Librian*, *Donatus*, *Luciferians*,  
*Eutichean* fond, and fond *Priscillians*,  
 All frown and fret for inward grief outrageous,

<sup>45</sup>  
 Shall I conceal *Servetus*, and the train  
 Of those *Deists* that in *Sarmatia* swarm:  
 And (Kingling) *Muncer*, that with frantick arms,  
 Found hundred sorts of Anabaptists vain.

<sup>46</sup>  
 Both *Syrtes* sands I might as eas'ly number,  
 As number those, whose sweet enchanting Wits  
 With Error's dregs have drenched wanton Wits,  
 Chiefly 'n this Age, which all corruptions cumber

<sup>47</sup>  
 For, Satan now him so insinuates  
 In faithless hearts, that ween themselves bee wise,  
 That so foul Error can hee not devise,  
 But shall bee backt by strong associates.

<sup>48</sup>  
 I see the Beast that bears the purple Whore  
 (Great Anti-Christ vsurping pow'r Divine)  
 Set on Seaven Hills; who with her whoredoms wine  
 Makes drunk the Princes that her Seat adore.

7. Antichrist or  
the Schismatics

<sup>49</sup>  
 And (last of all) I see the *Schismatics*,  
 Which (renting Christ's vulcan'd coat in twain)  
 Trouble the Church-peace with contentions vain;  
 Follow too neer the steps of *Hereticks*.

## CANTO III.

<sup>1</sup>  
 Great Sire's great Son! O live, God's lively face,  
 Wisdom conceived of the onely Wife:  
 To vs giv'n Giver: First and Last: born twice;  
 Once, in full Time; once, out of all Times space.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Beam of that Sun which fills the world with Light:  
 Life of our life, our death's death, Stingers sting:  
 Our perfect, wise, iust, holy, valiant King,  
 Word, that no word can full expresse aright:

<sup>3</sup>  
 O Lord, draw, draw mee, draw mee from this throng,  
 Whose feet and hands are bound to war with Thee:  
 For, with dry eyes I can them never see,  
 Nor without grief recite them in my Song.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Ah! I am out; now (my dear God) I goe  
 From *Babel* to *Jerusalem*, the Land  
 Of Life, Saints House, and holy Ark, to stand  
 Against all Seas, and all rough storms that blowe.

<sup>5</sup>  
 Lo heer these Champions that have (bravely-bould)  
 Withstood proud Tyrants, stoutly confacing  
 Their lives and soules to God, in suffering:  
 Whose names are all in Life's fair Book in-roul'd.

All-hail,



6

All-hail, Saint-Souldiers, let vs once imbrace:  
O valiant Knights! let mee your hands and brows  
Adorn with Palms, and with *Apollo's* boughs:  
Let present honours former shames deface.

7

Com, sacred Kings; O holy Princes, com:  
Com to this Triumph, Lords, whose valiant hands  
Have Satan's kingdom fought to bring in bands,  
And in your Crowns giv'n *Faith* the chiefest room.

8

Moses.  
Iosua.

Hee, that (the first) *Isaac* enfranchised,  
Leads by the hand that Duke, whose faithfull word  
Stopt *Pharbus* Courfers, and whose conquering Sword  
Subdu'd the Land the Lord had Promised.

9

Samson.

Hee, that, but armed with an Asses bone,  
Slew thousand Foes, *Sangar*, *Othaniel*,  
*Ahod* and *Iephtha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,  
And (th' Heathens scourge) triumphant *Gedeon*.

10

David.

Iosua.

That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror,  
Sweet Psalmograph: *Asa*, that Idols brake:  
Hee, that made all the Idol-altars quake;  
And (after) did the Paschal Lamb restore.

11

*Jehosaphat*, *Iothan*, *Azarias*;  
And hee, whose life the Lord did dis-abridge,  
Whom Heav'nly arms, from *Assur* did vn siege;  
The most religious, match-lesse *Ezechias*.

12

Wife *Mardochee*; and the five *Maccabees*;  
All, the right heirs of heart and zeal paternall,  
Receiue their guerdon from the great Eternall,  
And vp again their stooping standards raise.

13

Before these Warriours, and the Royall Band,  
March holy Fathers, that with vertue rare,  
And holy Doctrine, did the Diuell dare;  
Foiling the force of his infernall hand.

14

Enoch.

*Enoch*, by whom this Worlds great Architect  
Was call'd vpon, leadeth (religious):  
That holy Father God took vp from vs:  
And hee, whose ship did save the World Elect.

15

Noah.

Then *Sem* and *Japheth*; and great *Abraham*,  
The Faithfulls Father, and his faithfull Son;  
And then his Nephew, that saw Angels run  
Both vp and down from Heav'n to th' earthly Frame.

Isaac.

Jacob.

16

*Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phinees* full of zeal,  
Good *Ioyada*, and hundred priests select,  
That were by Heav'n, by zeal, and Church, elect  
To keep the Law the Lord did once reveal.

17

His Father, who was sent to sweep the way  
Of sweet *Messias*; then, the man suppos'd  
To bee His Sire; then, Hee that Him inclos'd  
In's ioyfull arms, and sung a Swan-like Lay.

18

Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothy*,  
(*Paul's* famous Friends, Sins fierce and deadly Foes)  
And hee that did, by *Sol's* Eclipse, suppose  
Som greater Sun to bee Eclipse't than hee.

19

Then (this brave Triumph to adorn the more)  
All on a rowe a hundred Prophets com,  
Which have so sure fore-told the things to-com,  
As if (indeed) they had been don before.

20

There first coms hee, that in the Coach of fire  
By God's strong Spirit was rapt above the Air:  
And when his Servant, that was made his heir  
Of cloak and knowledge, as hee did desire.

21

Hee that reprov'd old *Isaiah's* Sceptred Son  
For double fault: *Amos*, *Ezechiel*,  
*Iel*, *Semayah*, *Abdiab*, *Daniel*;  
And hee that three daies in the Sea did won.

22

With these, I see the Son of *Barachy*,  
Both *Michas*, *Baruc*, *Iehu*, *Jeremias*,  
*Agg*, *Abacuc*, *Nahum*, and *Sophonias*,  
*Amias*, *Hose*, *Esdra*s, *Malachy*.

23

The glorious troop that march before this troop,  
Are martyrs all, who (full of constant zeal)  
Their faith infract with their owne bloods did seal,  
And never did to any Tyrant stoop.

24

Their blessed blood is like the morning dew,  
To make more fertile all the Churches field:  
These are the weapons that inforce to yeeld  
The furious Foe (examples not a few).

25

For, as a fruit-Tree lopped in *December*,  
For one old Trunk, many new twigs returns,  
Which Nature kindly with sweet fruit adorns:  
So, one sole Martyr many doth engender.

Zacharias.  
Ioseph.

Simeon.

Elias.

Elizeus.

Nathan.

Jonas.

Zacharias.

First



Elsay.  
Iohn Baptist.

26  
First, *Abel* goes, then *Ioyad's* zealous Son,  
That neer the Altar (constant) yeelded breath:  
The next goes hee *Manasses* put to death;  
Then hee, whose head th' incestuous Dancer won.

27  
Next *Salome* and her Sons, who rather chose  
To cross the King then God, strengthening each other  
Even in their death; Sons worthy such a Mother,  
And Mother worthy of such Sons as those.

28  
That *Proto-Martyr*, the yong faithfull *Steven*,  
Whom th' hatefull *Jews* with hellish rage did stone;  
Who, dying, saw Christ Iesus on his Throne,  
Leads those that for like cause their lives have given.

29  
Som, smear'd with hony, for the Flies were feasts:  
Som, men did eat; som were on Gridirons broil'd;  
Som, nail'd on Crosses; som, in Caldrons boil'd;  
And som were throwne to most devouring beasts.

30  
After the Champions of this humble Troop,  
I see fair *Sara*, *Rebecca*, *Rachel*:  
Then *Debora*, stout *Judith*, and *Isabel*,  
Who (Faith's Viragoes) their proud Foes did stoop.

Heller.

31  
Then shee that (rais'd to Royall state and stile)  
Preserv'd her people, in a rank shee goes  
With *Naomi*, *Ruth*, and the Dame that chose  
Rather to dy, than Nuptiall bed defile.

Susanna.

32  
From these, mine ey no sooner travell'd th,  
But I discern three Ladies zealous-led,  
That sought their living Lord among the dead:  
Then *Anna*, *Martha*, and *Elizabeth*.

The Virgin Ma-  
ry.

33  
But, my weak eyes cannot endure to gaze  
On beaming beauties of that Mother-Maid,  
Who Sire-less bore her Sire, yet ever-Maid;  
Of Faith and Love th' inimitable maze.

34  
This, this (my *Muse*) this is th' *Aurora* clear  
Which brought the Sun to light the World vnkinde,  
A Virgin pure in body and in minde,  
Christ's Mother, Sister, Spouse, and Daughter dear.

35  
God's holy Temple, and the happy stair  
Whereby the Heav'ns came down to dwell with Earth,  
Rich-fraighted Ship, Vessell of rarest worth,  
Where *Phabus* hid his beams most bright and fair.

CANTO

## CANTO III.

1  
Thought I have been now at my Races end,  
T' have (though vnworthy) born away the prize:  
But I fall short, my task doth longer rise;  
For, half the *Trophe* is yet hardly penn'd.

2  
Before *Faith's* Coach, born in convenient heighth,  
Are curious Tables drawn by cunning hand,  
Where (after guise of warlik Romans) stand  
The Victories of never-conquer'd *Faith*.

3  
Heer, *Jericho's* cloud-kissing Towrs doo fall,  
Batter'd alone by *Faith's* great ordinance:  
A count-les host of craking Idolants,  
By *Elsay's* Faith, is heer confounded all.

4  
By Faith, meek *Moses* with a zeal-full ire  
Arms smallest Worms th' *Egyptian* King to vex;  
Daniel, by Faith, fierce Lions fury checks,  
And quenches Dragons hot poisoning fire.

5  
Heer, *Paul*, by Faith, fears not (in *Mitylene*)  
The deadly sting of th' vgly Viper-Worm:  
Heer, myching *Jonas* (sunk in sudden Stormy)  
Of his Deliverance findes a Fish the mean.

6  
Then, in another Table, that was fram'd  
By Art, exceeding Art: I did espy  
Pale Death, blithe Health, and frail Infirmary,  
That had by Faith a thousand times been tam'd.

7  
Moses by Faith, doth *Myriam* leperize:  
By Faith, *Elisba* (curing *Naaman*  
The *Syrian* Prince) strikes instantly his man  
With his Disease, for Bribing Covetize.

8  
A man of God, by Faith, first strangely dri'd,  
Then heal'd again, that Kings vnholly hand,  
Who made ten Tribes of God's (then) chosen Land  
From God, and from their lawfull Prince, to slide.

9  
By Faith, Saint *Paul* stark-blinded *Elymas*:  
By Faith, Saint *Peter* (full of iust disdain)  
With sudden death did smite those perjur'd twain,  
That durst dissemble with the Spirit of Grace.

By

Iosua 6.20.

2 Kings 18.17.  
2 Chron 32.10.  
Elsay 37.21.

Exod. 7.89.

Dan. 6.11.

Acts 18.5.

Jonas 2.1.

Num. 12.20.

2 King. 6.24.17.

1 King. 22.46.

Acts 13.44.

Acts 15.36.



- 10  
Tob. 11. 11. By Faith, yong *Toby* kindly doth restore  
His Fathers sight: by sacred Faith likewise,  
Two crooked Cripples are made straight to rise;  
In *Lystra* one, th' other at Temple dore.
- 11  
Acs 21. 8. By Faith, Saint *Paul* did a rich *Maltois* cure  
Of grievous Flix, that him afflicted sore:  
Acs 9. 34. By Faith, Saint *Peter* likewise did restore  
A Palsie-sick, that eight yeers did indure.
- 12  
Acs 20. 10. By Faith, Saint *Paul* did *Eutichus* re-lyve:  
1 Kings 17. 21. By Faith, *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptite*;  
2 Kings 4. 33. *Elisba* rais'd the yong *Sunnamite*:  
Acs 9. 40. At *Ioppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did revive.
- 13  
The four Ele-  
ments. Then in another Picture I did view  
The foure first bodies of this massie Globe;  
Green-gowned *Tellus*, *Volcan* Scarlet-robe,  
Py'd-mantled *Iuno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.
- 14  
2 Kings 6. 17. *Elisba's* Faith brought, from the lofty Skies,  
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainst the *Syrian* hoast;  
1 Kings 18. 38. *Elias* Faith (scorning the *Baal*-Priests boast)  
Fir'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.
- 15  
Dan. 3. 27. By Faith, three *Hebrews*, cast in seven-fold flame  
By a proud Prince, escape the raging Fire  
(Their very garments sent-less and entire)  
While their Tormenters perish in the same.
- 16  
Levit. 10. 21. *Moses*, by Faith, makes Fire from Heav'n to fall  
Num. 16. 35. In th' *Hebrew* hoast, those wretches to consume,  
Whose profane hands, with profane Fire and Fume,  
God's holy Altar had polluted all.
- 17  
Num. 16. 30. *Moses*, by Faith (heard by the God of powr)  
Compels the Mountains burly sides to shake;  
Commands the Earth to rent, and yawn, and quake,  
To swallow Rebels, and them quick devour.
- 18  
Exod. 14. 21. *Moses*, by Faith, divides the Sea in twain,  
When *Israel* came out of *Egypt* Land:  
Exod. 17. 9. Then, in the Deserts dry and barren sand,  
From stinty Rocks doth plentiful Rivers strain.
- 19  
Exod. 7. 20. *Moses*, by Faith, converts to foul black blood  
The Crystall Current of the seven-fold *Nile*:  
Exod. 15. 25. By Faith again, hee makes (another while)  
Those stinking waters, holm, sweet and good.

Thrice

- 20  
Thrice, silver *Jordan* did it self divide,  
To give safe passage to God's dear-belov'd:  
Once by the Faith of valiant *Iosuah* prov'd;  
*Elias* once: once by *Elisba* tri'd.
- 21  
The zealous *Thibit* did by Faith seal-up  
The Heav'ns wide windows, that ther fell no Raine  
In say'n six months; and then by Faith again  
(To drench the dry Earth) set them all wide-ope.
- 22  
Likewise by Faith, the nimble-winged train,  
That cleave the Air, are to our service set;  
The Rav'ns are made to bring *Elias* meat,  
The Dove serves *Noah*, Quails for *Moses* rain.
- 23  
O! who is able Faith to countermand:  
If Faith doo force all-taming iron yield,  
If Faith make iron float on *Neptunes* field,  
If that *Elisba's* Faith strong steel command.
- 24  
Faith hath not onely powr on things terrene,  
Both high and lowe; but oftentimes doth force  
Gods justice too, and sometimes seems (perforce)  
Gods purposes to change and alter cleane.
- 25  
The *Ninivites*, by Faith (repenting) shun  
Their overthrowe, that *Jonas* threatned need:  
And *Ahas* Son by Faith adds fifteen yeer  
To his short life, that seem'd already don.
- 26  
Now, if the Giver of this Faith (wee see)  
Seem to incline and bow vnto her will,  
As bound and ready to obey her will;  
What marvell is 't if Angels bee not free?
- 27  
The Angels serve in *Ezechias* pay;  
By Faith, they bring the *Thibit* needfull Cates:  
By Faith, they ope for *Peter* prison gates:  
By Faith, to *Jacob* they direct the way.
- 28  
About twelve pases past these former Poms,  
Full many sacred Minstrels sound on hy  
Triumphant Faith's great name and dignity,  
Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes and Trumps.
- 29  
Mark, *Mathew*, *Luke*, and (the Lords dearest) *John*,  
Christs Secretaries, winde with such a brest  
Their warbling Cornets, that from East to West  
Through all the world their sacred sound is gon.

Ccc

Both

Tob. 11. 16.  
1 Kings 2. 14

1 Kings 18. 41

1 Kings 16. 6.  
Gen. 8. 11.  
Exod. 16. 13.

2 Kings 6. 6.

Tob. 2. 10.

2 King. 20. 10

2 King. 20. 13  
1 Kings 19.  
Acs 12. 7.  
Gen. 22. 11



<sup>30</sup>  
Both *Jameses*, one the Sonne of *Zebedeus*,  
Th' other *Alpheus*, *Thomas*, *Simon*, *Andrew*,  
*Peter*, *Matthias*, *Philip*, *Bartholmew*,  
*Paul* (Gentiles Doctor) with the good *Thaddens*,

<sup>31</sup>  
Sound with so sweet accord their Sagbuts long,  
And their shrill Fifes (heard from the North to Nile)  
As if one spirit did fill them all the while,  
And one same hand had set their holy Song.

<sup>32</sup>  
While thus my spirit this strange discourse did cumber,  
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier then the rest,  
Beginning th' out-most of her curious nest,  
Brake, with her prattling, my deep pleasing slumber.

<sup>33</sup>  
Sorry to bee so sudden waakt, I would  
I were a Dor-Mouse for a hundred yeer,  
That I might sleep full twenty Lustres heer,  
To shun the woes that waking I behould.

<sup>34</sup>  
For now (alas!) waking (with griefe) I see  
*Babel* triumphing over *Sion* still:  
And on the Good th' Vngodly work their will:  
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous scorn'd bee.

<sup>35</sup>  
I see (alas!) in these lamented Times,  
Mens greatest zeal in bloody murder stands:  
Profane our hearts, and so profane our hands:  
Bare Christian Name serves but to cloak our crimes.

<sup>36</sup>  
Incest 's a sport, and Murder Man-hood thought:  
Disloyalty a speciall Vertue deem'd:  
And Perjury sound Policy esteem'd:  
*Medea's* Arts, and *Sodomie* are taught.

<sup>37</sup>  
Maidens bee bould, and Wives bee impudent,  
Princes are Tyrants, People full of rage:  
This Age is sink of every former Age,  
Receiving each Sin's vglieft excrement.

<sup>38</sup>  
But, my swolne brest, shut-up thy sighes sad gate;  
Stop, stop, mine eyes, the passage of your tears;  
Cast-off, my heart, thy deep despairing fears;  
That which most grieves mee, most doth console.

<sup>39</sup>  
No, no: my Dream is true; soon shall wee see  
*Faith's* glory shine. Satan (perceiving nic  
His prides Eclipse) his greatest force doth try  
To stop great *Faith's* triumphant Victory.

<sup>40</sup>  
Sure, if my Card and Compasse doo not fail,  
We are neer the Port: where (danger being past)  
Wee need not fear the billow, nor the blast  
Of blustering windes, nor Seas that can assail.

<sup>41</sup>  
Our beastly Manners, like *Gomorrah's* guise:  
The troubled Seasons: Wars domesticall:  
The threats of Heav'n: are the fore-runners all  
Of *CHRIST* that comes to hould his last Assize.

<sup>42</sup>  
That drad-desired Day shall soon appeer,  
Christ comes the Rav'ns from Swans to set a-side:  
The rates from wheat: and Goats from Lambs divide:  
And this brave *Triumph* (that I sing) is neer.

<sup>43</sup>  
O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,  
Waiting to see the Wicked's vtter Fall,  
And thy iust Scepter Ruling over all;  
Let lively *Faith* my *Reason* still direct.

FINIS.

Cccz







TETRASTICHA.  
OR  
THE QVADRAINS OF  
GVY DE FAVR, Lord  
of *Pibrac.*

Translated,  
By IOSVAB SYLVESTER.



*Acceptam reſero.*





TO THE RIGHT EX-  
CELLENT AND MOST  
Hopefull young Prince, HENRY.

\*BAXIAI-  
KON AN-  
TON.

**A**fter so many golden Rules of State,  
Religious Lessons, Morall Precepts grave,  
As in your Fathers' ROYAL-GIFT you have;  
These seem superfluous, or to com too late:

Yet, 't is no Error to re-iterate

The Voice of Wisdom to the tender Ear  
Of Princes (chiefly) such as You, that bear  
The Hope and Hap of Europe in your Fate.  
And, though You want not these weak helps of ours  
To consummate Your Self in Excellence:  
Yet may those Subjects, which shall once bee Yours,  
Draw vertuous Wisdom, and all Duty hence,  
If You but daign with your dear Name to grace-it,  
Which (Load-stone-like) shall draw them to embrace-it.

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.



THE



THE QVADRAINS  
OF PIBRAC.

**I** Le tout premier, puis Pere & Mere honore.  
Sois iuste & droict: & en toute saison  
Del innocent pren en main la raison:  
Car Dieu te doit la-haut iuger encore.

First, honour God, and then thy Parents dear:  
Be True and Iust: and see thou never grudge  
The Innocent oppressed cause to clear:  
For, one-day God shall also bee thy Iudge.

**2**  
Si en iugeant la faueur te commande,  
Si corrompu par or ou par presens,  
Tu fais iustice, au gré des Courtisans;  
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

If gold and bribes corrupt thy conscience,  
If fear or favour in thy Iudgement sway thee,  
If thou respect the Persons difference;  
Bee sure that God will in the end repay thee.

**3**  
Avec le iour commence ta iournee,  
De l'Eternel le saint nom benissant:  
Le soir aussi ton labour finissant,  
Loue-le encor, & passe ainsi l'année.

Begin thy Daies-Work when the Day begins,  
First blessing Gods thrice-blessed Name (devout)  
And then at Evening, when thy labour ends,  
Praise him again: so bring the Year about.

Adore



<sup>4</sup>  
Adore assis (comme le Grec ordonne)  
Dieu en courant ne veut estre honoré :  
D'un ferme cueur il veut estre adoré,  
Mais ce cueur là il faut qu'il nous le donne.

*Adore thou sitting (as the Greek doth bid)  
For, running praier is preposterous :  
With stedfast Heart God will be worshipped,  
But such a Heart himselfe must give to vs.*

<sup>5</sup>  
Neva disant, ma main a faict cest oeuvre ;  
Ou ma vertu ce bel oeuvre a parfaict :  
Mais dis ainsi, Dieu par moy l'oeuvre a faict :  
Dieu est l'auteur du peu de bien que i'oeuvre.

*Say not, My hand this Work to end hath brought ;  
Nor, This my Vertue hath attained to :  
Say rather thus, This, God by mee hath wrought :  
God's Author of the little Good I do.*

<sup>6</sup>  
Tout l'Vniuers n'est qu'une cité ronde ;  
Chacun a droit de s'en dire Bourgeois,  
Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregois,  
Le plus petit que la plus grand du monde.

*The World is all but a round City like,  
Where each may right be said a Citizen :  
As well the rude Barbarian as the Greek,  
As well the meanest as the mightiest men.*

<sup>7</sup>  
Dans le pourpris de ceste cité belle  
Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu saint,  
Comme en un Temple, ou luy mesmes l'est peint  
En mil endroits de couleur immortelle.

*In this fair Cité's goodly Walls God planted  
And placed man as in a Sanctuary,  
Where Hee, himselfe in thousand parts hath painted  
With lively colours that doo never vary.*

<sup>8</sup>  
Il n'y a coing si petit dans ce temple,  
Ou la grandeur n'apparoisse de Dieu :  
L'homme est planté iustement au milieu,  
A fin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

*There's not a nook so small in all this Temple,  
Wherein Gods Greatnes doth not plain appear :  
Which that wee might the better all contemple,  
Hee placed man in the middle beere.*

<sup>9</sup>  
Il ne scauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoistre  
Que dedans soy, où, comme en un miroir,  
La terre il peut & le ciel mesme voir :  
Car tout le monde est compris en son estre.

*Yet can hee no where better knowe the same  
Then in himself, wherein hee may behould  
(As in a Glass) Earth, Water, Air and Flame :  
For, all the World, his Essence doth inould.*

<sup>10</sup>  
Qui a de soy parfaicte cognoissance  
N'ignore rien de ce qu'il faut scavoir.  
Mais le moyen assés de l'avoir,  
Est se mirer dedans la sapience.

*Who of himselfe hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,  
Ignores nothing that hee ought to knowe :  
But the best means whereby it is attain'd,  
Is oftentimes to Wisdoms Glass to goe.*

<sup>11</sup>  
Ce que tu vois de l'homme n'est pas l'homme,  
C'est la prison où il est enfermé :  
C'est le tombeau où il est enterré,  
Lelict branlant où il dort un court somme.

*That which thou seest of Man, it is not Man :  
Tis but a Prison that him Captive keeps :  
Tis but a Toomb where Hee's interred (man) :  
Tis but a Cradle where a while hee sleeps.*

<sup>12</sup>  
Ce corps mortel, où l'œil rauy contemple  
Muscles & nerfs, la chair, le sang, la peau,  
Cen'est pas l'homme : il est beaucoup plus beau,  
Aussi Dieu l'a reserué pour son temple.

*This mortall body, where the ravish'd sense  
Sees sinews, flesh, bones, muscles, blood and skine,  
Is not Man : Man's of more excellence,  
As the fair Temple that God dwelleth in.*

<sup>13</sup>  
A bien parler, ce que l'homme on appelle,  
C'est un rayon de la diuinité :  
C'est un atome esclos de l'unité :  
C'est un degout de la source éternelle.

*Rightly to speak : what Man wee call and count,  
Is a beaming of Divinity :  
It is a droping of th' Eternall Fount :  
It is a moisting hatch of th' Vnity.*



14

Reconnoy donc (homme) ton origine :  
Et braue & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,  
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault es cieux,  
Et que tu es vne plante divine.

*Then knowe (O Man) thine owne Originall :  
And, brave-ambitious, scorn base Cells of Earth,  
Sith thou shalt flourish in Heav'n's glistering Hall,  
And art (indeed) a Divine Plant by Birth.*

15

Il t'est permis t'orgueillir de la race,  
Non de ta mere ou ton pere mortel :  
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,  
Qui t'a moule au moule de sa face.

*Well maist thou vaunt thee of thy glorious Race,  
Not from thy mortall Parents either Line :  
But from thy true Immortall Fathers Grace,  
Who, by the Modell of his Face, made thine.*

16

Au ciel n'y a nombre infiny d'Idées,  
Platon s'est trop en cela mesconté  
De nostre Dieu la pure volonté  
Est le seul moule à toutes choses nées.

*There's not in Heav'n a number infinite  
Of bright Idées (Plato did mistake) :  
God's onely Will (the onely Rule of Right)  
Was th' onely mould of all that hee did make.*

17

Il vent, c'est fait : sans travail & sans peine  
Tous animaux, jusqu'au moindre qui vit,  
Il a créé, les soutient, les nourrit,  
Et les défait du vent de son aleine.

*Hee Will'd, and it was done : Hee (without pain)  
All kinde of Creatures (to the least that is)  
Created, feedeth, and doth still sustain :  
And re-dissolves them with that breath of his.*

18

Haussez yeux : la voûte suspendue,  
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,  
Ce rond parfait de deux globes jumeaux,  
Ce firmament esloigné de la veüe :

*Lift up thine eyes : The hanging Vault above,  
The goodly Seeling of a Warry bew,  
The perfect Orb's Twin-Globes that ever move,  
The spangled Firmament so far from view :*

Brief.

19

Brief, ce qui est, qui fut, & qui peut estre,  
En terre, en mer, au plus caché des cieux,  
Si tost que Dieu l'a voulu pour le mieux,  
Tout aussi tost il a receu son estre.

*All (to bee brieve) past, present, and to come,  
In Earth and Sea, and Air (beyond your seeing) :  
So soon as God thought good, each in their room  
Immediately received All their Being.*

20

Ne va suivant le troupeau d'Epicure,  
Troupeau vilain, qui blasphème en tout lieu,  
Et mesecroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,  
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

*Shunne Epicures profane and filthy sect  
(Beld Mis-creants, blaspheming every way)  
The which no God acknowledge nor respect,  
Save onely Nature and her fatall sway.*

21

Et ce pendant il se veautre & patrouille  
Dans un borbier puant de tous costez :  
Et du limon des sales voluptez  
Il se repaist, comme vne orde grenouille.

*And in the meane-while (like the grunting Hog)  
He alwaies wallowing in the stinking Mire :  
And feed on filth (like to the loathsome Frog)  
Voluptuous filth of every Fleish-desire.*

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu son esperance,  
Et qui l'invoque en sa prosperité,  
Auant ou plus qu'en son adversité :  
Et ne se fie en humaine assurance.

*Happy whose hope on God alone relies :  
And who on him in either Fortune call ;  
As well in calmes as in calamities,  
And put no Trust in humane helps at all.*

23

Voudrais tu bien mettre esperance seure  
En ce qui est imbecille & mortel :  
Le plus grand Roy du monde n'est que tel,  
Et a besoing plus que toy qu'on l'assure.

*Canst thou assure thy hopes on worldly things,  
Fragile mortall things (I pry thee tell mee, how) :  
Such are the greatest of all earthly Kings,  
And have more need to bee secur'd then Thou.*

De



<sup>24</sup>  
 Del'homme droict Dieu est la sauuegarde,  
 Lors que de tous il est abandonné,  
 C'est lors que moins il se trouue estonné,  
 Car il scait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

*God is the iust-mans Anchor and his Aid,  
 His sure Defence, when all the World forsakes him:  
 And therefore, then is hee the least dismayd;  
 Knowing, that God then most to safe-guard takes him.*

<sup>25</sup>  
 Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,  
 Ne sont pas biens, à parler proprement:  
 Ils sont subiects au moindre changement,  
 Mais la vertue demeure tousiours vne.

*The Goods of Fortune and the Body (call'd)  
 They are not Goods, if wee them rightly name:  
 For, so least changes they are ever thrall'd:  
 But Onely Vertue still persists the same.*

<sup>26</sup>  
 Vertu qui gist entre les deux extrêmes,  
 Entre le plus & le moins qu'il ne fault:  
 N'excede in rien, & rien ne luy defaule:  
 D'autrui n'emprunte, & suffit à soy-mesmes.

*Vertue, between the Two extremes that haunts,  
 Between too-mickle and too-little sizes;  
 Exceeds in nothing, and in nothing wants:  
 Borrowes of none: but to it self suffices.*

<sup>27</sup>  
 Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,  
 O qu'ardemment de toy seroit espris:  
 Puis qu'en tout temps, les plus rares esprits,  
 T'ont fait l'amour au trauers d'une nue.

*O Vertue! could wee see thy naked face,  
 How would thy sacred Beauties sweetly mad-us?  
 Sub rarest Wits (rapt with a Seeming Grace)  
 Haue in all Ages courted (euen) thy Shadowes.*

<sup>28</sup>  
 Le sage fils est du pere la ioye:  
 Or, si tu veux ce sage fils auoir,  
 Dresse le ietmeau chemin du deuoir:  
 Mais ton exemple est la plus courte voye.

*The Parents comfort is a prudent Sonne:  
 Now, such a Sonne if thou desirest ay,  
 Direct him yong in Duties race to runne:  
 But, Thine Example is the neere st way.*

<sup>29</sup>  
 Si tu es né enfant d'un sage pere,  
 Quene suis tu le chemin ja battu:  
 S'il n'est pas tel, que ne t'efforces tu,  
 En bien faisant, courir ce vitupere:

*If thou be borne Sonne of a prudent Sire,  
 Why tread'st thou not in his faire beaten Trace?  
 If otherwise: why dost not thou desire  
 (By vertuous Deeds) to couer this Disgrace?*

<sup>30</sup>  
 Ce n'est pas peu, (naissant d'un tige illustre)  
 Estre esclaire par ses antecessurs:  
 Mais c'est bien plus luire à ses successeurs,  
 Que des ayeux seulement prendre lustre.

*'Tis no small Honour, from illustrious Ligne  
 To be descended by our Predecessours:  
 But tis much more, then by their Light to shine,  
 Our selves to shine vnto our owne Successours.*

<sup>31</sup>  
 Iusqu'au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre,  
 Et tien perdu le iour qui s'est passé,  
 Si tu n'y as quelque chose amassé,  
 Pour plus scauant & plus sage te rendre.

*Cease not to learne vntill thou cease to liue:  
 Think that Day lost, wherein thou draw'st no Letter,  
 Nor gain'st no Lesson, that new grace may giue,  
 To make thy Selfe Learned & Wiser, Better.*

<sup>32</sup>  
 Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,  
 Et se perd dedans les bois,  
 Au droict chemin remettre tu le dois:  
 Et s'il est cheu, le releuer de terre.

*If any Stranger in his Iourney strays  
 Through doubtfull Paths (as happens now and then)  
 Direct him rightly in his readie waie;  
 And if he fall, soone help him vp again.*

<sup>33</sup>  
 Ayme l'honneur plus que ta propre vie:  
 Pense l'honneur, qui consiste au deuoir  
 Que rendre on doit (selon l'humain pouuoir)  
 A Dieu, au Roy, aux Loix, à la Patrie.

*Thine Honour more then thine owne Life respect,  
 Th' honour (I meane) which each mans dutie draws  
 (To th' uttermost w<sup>e</sup> are able to effect)  
 To GOD, our King, our Country, and our Lawes.*



34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe  
Au lendemain, comme les paresseux :  
Et garde aussi que tu ne sois de ceux  
Qui par autrui font ce qu'ils pourroient faire.

*What now thou canst, deferre not till to-morrow,  
Like selfe-lame Sloath ( of foulest Sinnes the Mother );  
Nor be like those who others hands doo borrow,  
And what themselves might doo, will doo by others.*

35

Hante les bons, des meschans ne t'accointe,  
Et mesmement en la ieune saison,  
Que l'appetit pour forcer la raison  
Arme nos sens d'une brutale poincte.

*Frequent the good, flie from vngodly folke,  
Especially in thy Youths tender season,  
The while outrageous appetites prouoke,  
And arme thy Sense against the sway of Reason.*

36

Quand au chemin fourchu de ces deux Dames  
Tu te verras comme Alcide semond,  
Suy celle-la qui par vn aspre mont  
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaisirs infames.

*When to the double Way of those two Dames  
( Alcides-like ) thou shalt be summoned,  
Follow thou her who farre from glorious shames,  
Ouer steepe Mountaines top to Heav'n doth lead.*

37

Ne mets ton pied au trauers de la voye  
Du pauvre aueugle : & d'un piquant propos :  
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos :  
Et du malheur d'autrui ne fay ta ioye.

*Set not thy foot to make the blinde to fall :  
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother,  
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall,  
Neither reioyce thou in the fall of other.*

38

En ton parler sois tousiours veritable,  
Soit qu'il te faille en tesmoignage ouyr,  
Soit que par fois tu veuilles relouir  
D'un gay propos tes hostes à la table.

*Let thy Discourse be True in euery Word,  
Whether as publike Witnes thou be prest  
To cleere a Question : whether at thy Board  
With pleasant chat thou cheere thy welcom Guest.*

39

La Verité d'un Cube droit se forme,  
Cube contraire au leger mouuement :  
Son plan quarré iamaïs ne se dement,  
Et en tout sens à tousiours mesme forme.

*The Truth resembles right the right Cubes Figure  
( The Cube, contrary to light instability )  
Whose quadrat flatnes neuer doth dis-figure ;  
Whose solide Forme admits no mutability.*

40

L'oyseleur caut se sert du doulx ramage  
Des oyssillons, & contrefait leur chant :  
Aussi, pour mieux decevoir, le meschant  
Des gens de bien imite le langage.

*The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,  
Deceitfully their owne sweet Notes doth faine :  
So subtle Mates doo counterfeite the words,  
And simple guise of honest men and plaine.*

41

Ce qu'en secret Ion t'a dit ne reuele :  
Des secrets d'autrui ne sois trop enquerant.  
Le curieux volontiers tousiours ment :  
L'autre merite estre dict infidele.

*Reueale not what in secret hath been told ;  
Nor busily of Others things inquire.  
To inquisitiue can hardly Counsell hold :  
The carrie-Tale is commonly a Lyer.*

42

Fay pois egal, & loyale mesure,  
Quand tu deuerois de nul estre apperceu :  
Mais le plaisir que tu auras receu,  
Ren le tousiours avecques quelque vfure.

*Make alwayes equall waight and lawfull measure,  
Though none could spie, thy dealing to discouer :  
But where thou hast receiued any Pleasure,  
Restore it still with some aduantage ouer.*

43

Garde, soigneux, le depost à route heure :  
Et quand on veult de toy le recouurer,  
Ne va subtil des moyens controuuer  
Dans un palais, à fin qu'il te demeure.

*Keep carefully what thou hast tane in charge :  
And when the Owner shall demand againe it,  
Deny it not ; neither with Conscience large  
By subtle Law-tricks strue thou to detain it.*

Ddd

L'homme



44

L'homme de sang te soit tousiours en haine :  
Hue sur luy, comme fait le berger  
Numidien sur le Tigre leger,  
Qu'il voit de loing ensanglanter la plaine.

*Hate euermore the bloody Homicide;  
Hunt him with hue and cry: as Shepheards hunt  
The Lybian Tigre which they haue espide  
Spoiling his Prey, and rioting vpon-t.*

45

Ce n'est pas tout ne faire à nul outrage :  
Il faut de plus s'opposer à l'effort  
Du malheureux, qui pourchasse la mort,  
Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage.

*'Tis not enough, that thou do no man wrong:  
Thou euen in others must suppress the same;  
Righting the Weake, against th' vnrightheous Strong,  
Whether it touch his Life, his Goods, or Name.*

46

Qui a desir d'exploite sa prouesse,  
Domte son ire, & son ventre; & ce feu  
Qui dans nos cueurs s'allume peu à peu,  
Soufflé du vent d'erreur & de paresse,

*Who so the Fame of Valour doth desire,  
Must Tame his Anger and his Belly both,  
And that heart-swelting, Marrow-melting Fire,  
Blowne by the winde of Error and of Sloth.*

47

Vaincre soy mesme est la grande victoire :  
Chacun chez soy loge ses ennemis,  
Qui par l'effort de la raison soubmis,  
Ouurent le pas à l'eternelle gloire.

*Our-owne-Selfes Conquest is the most victorious:  
For in our Selues ambush our greatest Foes;  
And th'only way to make vs euer glorious,  
Is by stout Reason still to vanquish those.*

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offense,  
Ne va soudain contre luy t'irriter,  
Ains doucement, pour ne le despiter,  
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy sa defense.

*If so thy Friend haue done thee som Offence,  
Fall not out flat, nor urge him with abuse;  
But milde and meekely, without insolence,  
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuse.*

L'homme

49

L'homme est fautif: nul vivant ne peut dire  
N'auoir failly: es hommes plus parfaicts,  
Examinant & leurs diets & leurs faicts,  
Tu trouueras, si tu veux, à redire.

*All men are faulty: none aline can say,  
I haue not Erred; euen the Perfeettest,  
If thou his Life in word and deed suruaign,  
Thou shalt perceiue he hath Perfection mist.*

50

Voy l'hypocrite avec sa triste mine,  
Tu le prendrois pour l'aisné des Carons,  
Et ce pendant toute nuit a tastons  
Il court, il va pour tromper sa voyfine.

*See th' Hypocrites seuer and Saint-like guise,  
Whom th' elder Cato thou would' st think for life;  
Yet in th' darke he grasping hunts and hies  
T'entice and trap his honest Neighbours wife.*

51

Cacher son vice est vne peine extrême,  
Et peine en vain: fay ce que tu voudras,  
A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras,  
Car nul ne peult se cacher à soy mesme.

*'Tis a most busie yet a boot-lesspaine,  
To hide ones fault: for doo the best thou can  
Thou canst not hide it from thy Selse (though faine)  
For who can hide him from himselfe O Man!*

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte;  
Nul plus que toy par toy n'est offense:  
Tu dois premier, si bien y as pense  
Rendre de toy a toy-mesme le compte.

*More of thy Selse, then others be asham'd;  
Thy Selse art most wrongd by thine owne offence:  
And of thy Selse, thy Selse first (Selsly-blam'd)  
Must giue account to thy Selfes Conscience.*

53

Point ne te chaille estre bon d'apparence,  
Mais bien de l'estre à preuue & par effect:  
Contre vn faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,  
Il n'est rempart tel que la conscience.

*Care not so much to seeme in outward shewe,  
As to be good indeede and in the prooffe:  
For from false Rumours which the Vulgar blowe,  
A selfe-cleere Conscience is Defence enough.*

Ddd3

A



<sup>54</sup>  
A l'indigent monstre toy secourable,  
Luy faisant part de tes biens à foison :  
Car Dieu benit & accroît la maison  
Qui a pitie du pauvre miserable.

*Relieve the Needie, after thine ability,  
And in their wants participate thy store.  
For, God doth blesse with Plenty and Tranquillity  
The House that pitties the distressed Poore.*

<sup>55</sup>  
Làs ! que te sert tant d'or dedans la bourse,  
Au cabinet maint riche vestement,  
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,  
Et de bon vin en ta caue vne source ;

*What boot thy bagges to be so crammi'd with Coyne ?  
Thy Ward-Robe stuffed with such store of Change ?  
Thy Cellars filled with such choise of Wine ?  
And of all Graines such plenty in thy Grange ;*

<sup>56</sup>  
Sice pendant le pauvre nud frissonne  
Deuant ton huys : & languissant de faim,  
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'un morceau de pain,  
Ou l'en renâ sans que rien on luy donne ?

*If all the while the naked Poore ( halfe dead  
With cold and hunger ) shiuer at thy Gate ;  
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,  
And manie times ( perhaps ) but hardly that ?*

<sup>57</sup>  
As tu, cruel, le cueur de telle sorte,  
De mespriser le pauvre infortuné,  
Qui, comme toy, est en ce monde né,  
Et, comme toy, de Dieu l'image porte :

*Hast thou a heart so cruell, as to scorne  
Th' unhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth borne,  
Who like thy Selfe into this World is borne,  
And beares Gods Image euen as well as Thou ?*

<sup>58</sup>  
Le malheur est commun à tous les hommes,  
Et mesmement aux Princes & aux Roys :  
Le sage seul est exempt de ces loix :  
Mais où est-il, las, au siecle où nous sommes ?

*Misfortune is a common lot to all ;  
Yea, euen to Princes, Kings, and Emperours ;  
Only the Wise are freed from her thrall,  
But O, where are they, in this Age of ours ?*

<sup>59</sup>  
Le sage est libre ensermé de cent chaines,  
Il est seul riche, & iamaïs estrangeur :  
Seul assés au milieu du danger,  
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humain.

*The wise man's free, among a thousand chaines ;  
He's only Rich ( content with his estate )  
Only secure in Dangers, eas'd in Paines ;  
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.*

<sup>60</sup>  
Le menasser du Tyran ne l'estonne :  
Plus se roidit quand plus est agité :  
Il cognoist seul ce qu'il a mérité,  
Et ne l'attend hors de soy de personne.

*He is not daunted with a Tyrants threat,  
But by his Trouble growes more strong and hard :  
Knowes his owne merit, looks not from the Great  
For recompence ; Vertue's her owne Reward.*

<sup>61</sup>  
Vertu és mœurs ne s'acquiert par l'estude,  
Ne par argent, ne par fauer des Roys,  
Ne par vn acte, par deux, ou par trois,  
Ains par constante & par longue habitude.

*True Morall Vertue cannot purchast be  
By Study, Treasure, or the Grace of Kings :  
Nor by one action, nor by two, or three :  
But long-long practice her perfection brings.*

<sup>62</sup>  
Qui lit beaucoup, & iamaïs ne medite,  
Semble à celuy qui mange auidement,  
Et de tous mets surcharge tellement  
Son estomach, que rien ne luy profite.

*Who Readeth much and neuer Meditates,  
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food,  
Who so surcloyes his stomach with his Cates,  
That commonly they doo him little good.*

<sup>63</sup>  
Maint vn pouuoit par temps devenir sage,  
S'il n'eust euidé l'estre ja tour à fait.  
Quel artisan fut onc maistre parfait,  
Du premier iour de son apprentissage ?

*How many might ( in time ) haue wise been made ;  
Before their time, had they not thought them so ?  
What Artiste e'r was Maister of his Trade,  
Yet he began his Prentiship to knowe ?*



64

Petite source ont les grosses Riuieres :  
Qui bruit si hault à son commencement,  
N'a pas long cours, non plus qui le torrent  
Qui perd son nom es prochaines sondrieres.

*From smallest Springs, the greatest Riuers rise :  
But those that roar so loud and proud at first,  
Runne seldome farre, but soon their glory dies  
In som neer Bogg, by their selfe-furie burst.*

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la semence,  
Ou qui retient le salaire promis  
Au mercenaire : ou qui de ses amis  
Ne se souuient si non en leur presence.

*Cursed is he that doth defraud the seed :  
Or who detains the Hirelings promis'd right :  
Or who ingratefull for the kindest deed  
Thinks neuer of his Friends but in their sight.*

66

Ne te pariure en aucune maniere,  
Et si tu es contrainct faire serment,  
Le ciel ne iure, ou l'homme, ou l'element,  
Ains pas le nom de la cause premiere.

*Forswear thee not, what euer cause be giuen :  
And if for ought thou needs an Oath must take,  
Swear not by Man, nor by the Earth, nor Heav'n,  
But by his sacred Name who all did make.*

67

Car Dieu qui hait le pariure execrable,  
Et le punit comme il a meritè,  
Ne veult que lon tesmoigne verité,  
Par ce qui est mensonger ou muable.

*For God who doth all Perjury detest,  
And iustly plagues it as most execrable,  
Would not we should the constant Truth contest  
By any thing that's false or alterable.*

68

Vn art sans plus, en luy seul t'exercite :  
Et du mestier d'autruyne t'empeschant,  
Va dans le tient le parfait recherchant :  
Car exceller n'est pas gloire petite.

*To som one Art apply thy whole affection :  
And in the Craft of others seldom mell :  
But in thine owne, strine to attain perfection.  
For 'tis no little honour, to excell :*

Plus

69

Plus n'embrasser que lon ne peut estraindre :  
Aux grands honneurs conuoiteux n'aspirer :  
Vser des biens, & ne les desirer :  
Ne sou haiter la mort, & ne la craindre.

*'T embrace no more then one can manage fit,  
Not to the top of Greatnes to aspire :  
To use the World, and yet not conet it :  
Neither to dread Death, neither death desire.*

70

Il ne fault pas aux plaisirs de la couche,  
De chasteté restreindre le beau don :  
Et ce pendant liurer à l'abandon  
Ses yeulx, les mains, son oreille & sa bouche.

*We must not Chastities fair Gifte restrain  
Only to th' actuell Pleasure of the Night :  
And in the mean while not a whit refrain  
Our hart, our hand, our tongue, our care, our sight.*

71

Hâ le dur coup qu'est celuy de l'oreille !  
On en deuient quelque fois forcenè :  
Mesmes alors qu'il nous est assenè  
D'un beau parler plein de douce merueille.

*O what a hard blowe is a box on th' Eare !  
Some time it drines men euen besides their Wit,  
Especially when (stunned as it were)  
Wah the sweet wonder of smooth words, 'tis smit.*

72

Mieux nous vaudroit des aureillettes prendre,  
Pour nous sauuer de ces coups dangereux :  
Par là s'armoient les Pugiles valeureux,  
Quand sur l'arène il leur falloit descendre.

*'Tis therefore best our tender Ears to arme,  
To shunne the danger of those deadly blowes :  
Werie Vlysses so eschew'd the Charm  
Of those soule-rapt'ing Impes of Achelocs.*

73

Ce qui en nous par l'oreille penetre,  
Dans le cerueau coule soudainement,  
Et ne scaurions y pouruoir autrement,  
Que tenant close au mal ceste fenestre.

*What ere it be that enters by the Eare,  
Immediately into the Brain doth creep ;  
And 'tis only mean to shunne the mischief there,  
To the Ears Casements euer close to keep.*

Parler



74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut sans mensonge,  
Ou pour le moins sans quelque vanité :  
Le parler brief conuient à verité,  
Et l'autre est propre à la fable & au songe.

*Much talke is seldom without Lies among,  
Or at the least without som idle bables :  
Vnto the truth, brief Language doth belong :  
And many words are fit for Dreams and Fables.*

75

Du Memphien le graue contenance,  
Lors que sa bouche il serre avec le doigt,  
Miculx que Platon enseigne comme on doit  
Reuerement honorer le silence.

*Th' Egyptians graue aspect and sober brow,  
When his fore-finger seales his lips so sure ;  
Better then Plato, doth instruct vs how  
To honour Silence, with deuotion pure.*

76

Comme lon voit, à l'ouurir de la porte  
D'un cabinet Royal, maint beau tableau,  
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau  
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte :

*As at the Opening of the Cabines  
Of som great Prince, many rare Things we see,  
Rich Monuments, and all that fair and neat,  
From either Inde Portingals bring, or wee :*

77

Ainsi deffors que l'homme qui medite,  
Et est scauant, commence de s'ouurir,  
Un grand thresor vient à se descouurir,  
Thresor caché au puis de Democrite.

*So when the Wise and Learned doth begin  
T' open the Organs of his plentious Wit,  
A wondrous Treasure suddainly is seen,  
A Treasure hidden in th' Abderians Pit :*

78

On dict soudain, voila qui fut de Grece,  
Cecy de Rome, & cela d'un tel lieu,  
Et le dernier est tiré del' Hebrien,  
Mais tout en somme est remply de sagesse.

*And Standers by, say by and by, This came  
From Grece, from Rome That, That from such a Place,  
And (lastly) that from th' Hebrue : and the same,  
And all the rest most full of Prudent grace.*

Nolre

79

Nostre heur, pour grand qu'il soit, nous semble moindre :  
Les cepts d'autrui portent plus de railins :  
Mais quant aux maux que souffrent nos voylins,  
C'est moins que rien, ils ont tort de s'en plaindre.

*Our Goods (how euer great) the least doo seeme,  
Our Neighbours Fields still bear the better Grain :  
But Others harmes we alwaies light esteem ;  
Till they are nothing : why should they complain ?*

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,  
Il est de loy le iuge & le bourreau :  
Et ne fut onc de DENYS le Torreau  
Supplice tel, que celui qu'il se donne.

*To th' Enuious-man no Torment I assigne ;  
For, Iudge and Hang-man to himself he is :  
And there's no Denis Bull, nor Rack (in fine)  
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.*

81

Pour bien au vif peindre la Calomnie,  
Il la faudroit peindre quand on la sent :  
Qui par bon heur d'elle ne se ressent,  
Croire ne peult quelle est ceste Furie.

*To pourtray Slaunder, to the life, behaues  
To doe 't in th' instant while one feeleth her :  
For who so happy that her neuer prooues,  
Can scarce imagine what she is, or where.*

82

Elle ne fait en l'air sa residence,  
Ny sous les eaux, ny au profond des bois :  
Sa maison est aux oreilles des Roys,  
D'où elle braue & flestrit l'innocence.

*Neither in th' Aire hath Shee her residences,  
Nor in the wilde Woods, nor beneath the Waues :  
But she inhabits in the eares of Princes,  
Where th' Innocent and Honest she depraues.*

83

Quand vne fois ce monstre nous attache,  
Il se fait si fort ses cordillons nouer,  
Que bien qu'on puisse en fin les desnouer,  
Restent tousiours les marques del' attache.

*And when this Monster hath once chaunc'd to trap-us,  
Her spightfull Cords she can so closely knit,  
That though at last we happen to vn-wrap-us ;  
The print thereof still in our Fancies will sit.*

Iuge



84

Ioge, ne donne en ta cause sentence :  
Chacun se trompe en son faict aizement:  
Nostre interest force le iugement,  
Et d'un costè faict pancher la balance.

*Never giue Sentence in thy proper cause :  
In our owne case, we all erre easily :  
Our interest our partiall Iudgement drawes ;  
And euer makes the Balance hang awry.*

85

Dessus la loy tes iugemens arreste,  
Et non sur l'homme : ell sans affection;  
L'homme au contraire est plein de passion :  
L'un tient de Dieu, l'autre tient de la beste,

*Vpon the Law thy Iudgements alwayes ground,  
And not on Man : For that 's affection-less ;  
But Man in Passions strangely doth abound :  
Th' one all like God ; th' other too-like to Beasts.*

86

Le nombre saint se iuge par sa preuue,  
Toujours egal, entier ou departy :  
Le droit aussi en Atomes party,  
Semblable à soy toujours egal se treuve.

*The sacred Number proueth alwayes euen,  
Whether diuided or intire it be :  
So Iustice (shar'd in Atomes) is giuen  
Still like it selfe, in iust equalitie.*

87

Nouveau Vlyse appren du long voyage  
A gouuerner Ithaque en equité :  
Maint-vn a Scyllè & Charybde euitè,  
Qui heurte au port, & chez soy faict naufrage.

*Learn by long Travail (as Vlysses comed)  
To gouern right thy Native Ithaca :  
Many haue Scylla and Charibdis shunned,  
That (after) haue at home been castr-away.*

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre :  
Mais si tu as quelque chose promis,  
Quoy que ce soit, & fust ce aux ennemis,  
De l'accomplir en deuoir te faut mettre.

*Before thou Promise, ponder what and why :  
But hauing Promis'd, what-so-euer 'were,  
Yea, were it to thy greatest Enemy,  
Thou must perform, thy tongue hath ty'd thee there.*

L

89

La loy soubs qui l'estat sa force a prise,  
Garde la bien, pour gosse qu'elle soit :  
Le bon heur vient d'où lon ne s'apperçoit,  
Et bien souuent de ce que lon meprise.

*Maintain those Lawes (how euer rude and plain)  
Whereby (before) thy Common-wealth hath thriv'd :  
Good Fortune oft comes by the meanest mean :  
How or from whence sometimes is scarce perceiv'd.*

90

Fuy ieune & viel de Circe le bruage :  
N'écoute aussi des Sirenes les chants,  
Car enchanté tu courrois par les champs,  
Plus abruty qu'une beste sauage.

*In youth and age shunne Circes banefull Boule,  
Lend not thine Eare to Sirens wanton Notes :  
Least thou (enchanted in thy sense and Soule)  
Become more brute then Hogs, and Doggs, and Goats.*

91

Vouloir ne fault chose que lon ne puisse,  
Et ne pouoir que cela que lon doit,  
Mesurant l'un & l'autre par le droit,  
Sur l'éternel moule de la Iustice.

*We must our Will still limit with our Power,  
And bound our Power within the Lists of Law ;  
Measuring both, and what so els is our,  
By the Right line th' eternall Iust did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d'ordonnance,  
En faict d'estat est un poinct dangereux :  
Et si Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,  
Il ne fault pas en faire consequence.

*A suddain Change in any mighty State,  
Is full of Danger vnto each Degree :  
And though Lycurgus found it fortunate,  
No consequent can that Example be.*

93

Ichay ces mots, De puissance absolue,  
De plein pouoir, De propre mouuement :  
Aux saints Decrets ils ont premierement,  
Puis à nos loix, la puissance tolue.

*I hate these phrases : Of Power absolute :  
Of full Authority : Of full proper motion.  
The Diuine Lawes they haue trod vnder foot,  
And Humane too ; for prinate Mens promotion.*

Ece

Croire



94

Croire leger, & soudain se resoudre,  
Ne discerner les amis des flatteurs :  
Jeune conseil, & nouveaux seruiteurs,  
Ont mis souuent les haults estats en pouldre.

*Not right-discerning Friends from Flatterers,  
Light-crediting, and suddain Resolution,  
Young giddie counsell, and new Seruitors,  
Haue often caus'd the highest States confusion.*

95

Diffimuler est vn vice seruile,  
Vice suiuy de la desloyauté :  
D'où sourdès cueurs des grands la cruauté,  
Qui aboutit à la guerre ciuile.

*Diffimulation is a seruile Vice,  
A vice still followed by Disloyalty,  
Whence in Great hearts doth Cruelty arise,  
Which alwayes ends in ciuill Mutiny.*

96

Donner beaucoup sied bien à vn grand Prince,  
Pourueu qu'il donne à qui l'a meritè,  
Et par, non proportion par equalité,  
Et que ce soit sans fouler la Prouince.

*Nought more befeemes a Prince then Liberality,  
So it be giuen to those that Merit well,  
By due proportion, not by iust equality,  
And without burthen to the Common-weale.*

97

Plus que Sylla c'est ignorer les lettres,  
D'auoir induit les peuples à l'armer :  
On trouuera les voulant desarmer,  
Que de subiects ils sont deuenus maistres.

*'Tis to be more then Sylla Letter-lesse,  
To hurrie Armes into the Vulgars hand :  
For when again you think them to suppress,  
In steed of Subiects they will All command.*

98

Ry si tu veux vn ris de Democrite,  
Puis que le monde est pure vanité :  
Mais quelque fois touché d'humanité,  
Pleure noz maux des larmes d'Heraclite.

*Sith all the World is nought but meere vanity,  
Laugh if thou list like blythe Democritus :  
Yet sometimes toucht with tender-soul'd humanity,  
Weep for our Woes with sad Heraclitus.*

A l'estrange

99

A l'estrange sois humain & propice,  
Et il se plainct incline à sa raison :  
Mais luy donner les biens de la maison,  
C'est faire aux tiens, & honte & iniustice.

*Be kind to Strangers and propitious,  
And to their cause thy willing eare incline :  
But to bestowe thy Goods out of thy House,  
Is shame and wrong vnto thy self and thine.*

100

Iet'apprendray, si tu veux, en peu d'heure,  
Le beau secret du breuuage amoureux :  
Ayme les tiens, tu seras aymé d'eux :  
Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

*I'll teach you here (if any list to proue)  
A passing Loue-drink, any hart to get ;  
Loue-vertuously, and be assur'd of Loue :  
And this (beleue-it) is the best Receipt.*

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reuerence,  
Est vn appuy ferme de Royauté :  
Mais qui se fait craindre par cruauté,  
Luy-mesme craint, & vit en desfiace.

*The Fear that springs from Loue and Reuerence,  
A firme support to Royall Greatnes giues :  
But he that makes him fear'd for Violence,  
Himself fears most, and in distrust still liues.*

102

Qui scauroit bien c'est qu'un Diadème,  
Il choisiroit aussi tost le tombeau,  
Que d'affeubler son chef de ce bandeau :  
Car aussi bien il meurt lors à soy mesme.

*He that knewe right what were a Diadem,  
As soon would seek in a colde Toombe to lie,  
As girt his Temples with that glorious Gem :  
For then begins he to himselfe to die.*

103

De iour, de nuit, faire la sentinelle,  
Pour le salut d'autrui tousiours veiller,  
Pour le public sans nul gré travailler,  
C'est en vn mot ce qu'Empire s'appelle.

*For day and night to stand as Sentinel ;  
For Publike good, ingratefull toyle to take ;  
Incessantly to watch for others weale :  
This is to Raigne, if we it rightly take.*

Ecc 1

Ic



104

Je ne veis onc prudence avec ieunesse,  
 Bien commander sans auoir obey,  
 Estre fort craint, & n'estre point hay,  
 Estre Tyran, & mourir de vieillesse.

*Ineuer saw Wisedome and Youth, but two:  
 Nor him Command well, that had not Obay'd:  
 Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too:  
 Nor Tyrant, aged in his Toombe be lay'd.*

105

Ne voise au bal qui n'ay merà la danse,  
 Ny au banquet qui ne vandra manger,  
 Ny sur la mer qui craindra le danger,  
 Ny à la Cour qui dira ce qu'il pense.

*Come not at Reuell, who delights not Dance:  
 Nor on the Sea, who fears rough waues and winde:  
 Nor at a Feast, who a good stomack wants:  
 Nor at the Court, who means to speak his minde.*

106

Du mesdisant la langue venimeuse,  
 Et du flateur les propos emmellez,  
 Et du moqueur les brocards enchelez,  
 Et du maling la poursuite animeuse:

*The soothing bony of smooth Parasites:  
 The poysony Tongues of slanderous Sycophants:  
 The icering Buffon that the best still bites:  
 The brazen-face of begging Cormorants:*

107

Hayr le vray, se feindre en toutes choses,  
 Sonder le simple à fin de l'attraper,  
 Brauer le foible, & sur l'absent draper,  
 Sont de la Cour les œillets & les roses.

*To gull the Simple, and the Weake to braue:  
 To hate the Truth, to baile in euery thing:  
 To under-mine: The Absent to deprave:  
 These are the Flowers that in the Court doe spring.*

108

Auerfite, des faueur, & querelle,  
 Sont trois essais pour sonder son amy:  
 Tela ce nom qui ne l'est qu'à demy,  
 Et ne scauroit endurer la coupelle.

*An Enemy, Misfortune, and Disgrace,  
 Are three Essayes to proue if Friends be loyall:  
 For many haue the Name, and beare the face,  
 That are not so, if they be put in triall.*

Ayme

109

Ayme l'estat tel que tu le vois estre:  
 S'il est royal, ayme la Royauté:  
 S'il est de peu, ou bien communauté,  
 Ayme l'aussi, quand Dieu t'y a fait naistre.

*Commend the State where vnder born you are:  
 If be Royall, loue the Royalty:  
 If of the Best, or meere Popular;  
 Allowe of either where thy Lot shall be.*

110

Il est permis souhaiter vn bon Prince,  
 Mais tel qu'il est, il le conuient porter:  
 Car il vault mieux vn tyran supporter,  
 Que de troubler la paix de sa prouince.

*'Tis lawfull (where they want) to wish good Princes:  
 But men the while must beare them as they are.  
 'Tis better beare a Tyrants insolences,  
 Then to disturbe the Common-weal with Warre.*

111

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy nete ioue:  
 Et s'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuser:  
 Qui des faueurs des Roys cuide abuser,  
 Bien tost, froisse, choit au bas de la roue.

*Sport not too boldly with thy Lord and King;  
 And though he bid thee (if thou canst) refuse:  
 From highest Fortunes suddain down they ding  
 Who doe presume a Princes grace to abuse.*

112

Qui de bas lien (miracle de Fortune)  
 En vn matin t'es hauls si auant,  
 Penles tu point que ce n'est que du vent,  
 Qui calmera, peut estre, sur la brune?

*Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from lowest place  
 Dost in a morning to the top attain:  
 Suppose it but a winde that blew a space  
 Which yet yer night (perhaps) will calme again.*

113

L'estat moyen est l'estat plus durable:  
 On voit des eaux le plat pays noyé,  
 Et les haults monts ont le chef foudroyé,  
 Vn petit terre est seur & agreeable.

*The meane Estate is the most permanent:  
 We see the Vales with euery shower are drown'd;  
 And Mountain tops with euery Thunder rent:  
 Little Hills are pleasant, safe, and sound.*

Ecc3

De



114

De peu de biens nature se contente,  
Et peu suffit pour viure honestement:  
L'homme, ennemy de son contentement,  
Plus à, & plus pour auoir se tourmente.

*Nature's with little pleas'd: enough's a Feast:  
A sober life, but a small charge requires:  
But Man the Author of his owne vn-rest,  
The more he hath, the more he still desires.*

115

Quand tu verras que Dieu au ciel retire  
A coup à coup les hommes vertueux,  
Dy hardiment, l'orage imperueux  
Viendra bien tost es branler cest Empire.

*When thou shalt see th' Almighty take from hence,  
By one and one the Vertuous of the Land,  
Say boldly thus: These are the Arguments  
Of some dread Tempest of his Wrath at hand.*

116

Les gens de bien ce sont comme gros termes,  
Ou forts pilliers, qui seruent d' arcs-boutans,  
Pour appuyer contre l'effort du temps  
Les haults estats, & les maintenir fermes.

*For Vertuous Men are euen the Buttresses,  
The mighty Columnes and the Arches strong,  
Which against all Times fellest outrages  
Support a State, and doe maintain it long.*

117

L'homme se plaint de sa trop courte vie,  
Et ce pendant n'employe où il deuroit  
Le temps qu'il à qui suffit luy pourroit  
Si pour bien viure auoit de viure enuie.

*Man doth the shortnes of his Life repine;  
Yet doth not duly spend nor rightly drine  
The Time he hath: which might suffice his minde;  
If, To liue well, he did desire to liue.*

118

Tu ne scaurois d' assez ample salaire  
Recompenser celuy qui t'a soigné  
En ton enfance, & qui t'a enseigné  
A bien parler, & sur tout à bien faire.

*Thou hardly canst sufficiently requite  
Him, who thy Child-hood hath been Tutor to;  
Nor Him, that hath instructed thee a-right,  
Both, well to speak, but chiefly well to doe.*

119

Es ieux publics, au theatre, à la table,  
Cede ta place au viellard & chenù:  
Quand tu seras à son age venù,  
Tu trouueras qui fera le semblable.

*In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feasts,  
Gine alwayes place vnto the hoary head:  
So, when like age shall siluerize thy Tresse,  
Thou shalt by others be like-honoured.*

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy se demonstre,  
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien fact:  
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faict:  
C'est se payer, que du bien fair monstre.

*Who for thy Friendship shoves himself ingrate,  
Twofoldly extolls thy Benefit:  
But to up-brayde one, makes a Man ingrate;  
Who wants his Kindnes, payes himself for it.*

121

Boire, & mangre, s'exercer par mesure,  
Sont de santé les outils plus certains:  
L'excès en l'un de ces trois, aux humains  
Hastela mort, & force la nature.

*To eate, and drink, and exercise in measure,  
Three props of Health the certaintie she hath:  
But the excess in these (or other Pleasure)  
Enforceth Nature, and doth hasten Death.*

122

Si quelque fois le meschant te blasonne,  
Que t'en chaut il? hélas, c'est ton honneur:  
Le blâme prend la force du donneur:  
Le loz est bon, quand vn bon nous le donne.

*If euill men speak sometimes ill of thee,  
What needst thou care? alas! it is thy Praise:  
Blame, from the Author takes authority,  
And 'tis a good Report that good men raise.*

123

Nous meslons tout, le vray parler se change:  
Souuent le vice est du nom reuestu  
De la prochain' opposite vertu:  
Le loz est blâme, & le blâme est louange.

*We all confound; true Language is trans-formed:  
True oftentimes puts-on the Vertues name  
Next opposite: 'Tis Forme to be de-formed:  
Blame is a Praise: and Commendation Blame.*



124

En bonne part ce qu'on dit tu dois prendre,  
Et l'imparfait du prochain supporter,  
Couvrir sa faulte, & ne la rapporter,  
Prompt à lover, & tardif à reprendre.

*Of what is spoken, ever make the best :  
Bear the defect of Neighbour and of Friend :  
Cover their fault ; publish it not (at least) :  
Ready to prayse, and slowe to reprehend.*

125

Cil qui se pense & se dit estre sage,  
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui scauant  
Se faict nommer, sonde le bien auant,  
Tutrouueras que ce n'est que langage.

*He that esteems and vaunts himself for wise,  
Think him a foole : And Him that doth assume  
The name of Learned, whose soundly tries,  
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.*

126

Plus on est docte, & plus on se deffie  
D'estre scauant : & l'homme vertueux  
Iamais n'est veu estre presumptueux.  
Voila des fruiçts de ma Philosophie.

*The better Learned, learn the more their want,  
And more to doubt their owne sufficiencie :  
And Vertuous men are neuer Arrogant.  
These are the Fruits of my Philosophy.*

FINIS.



## SONNETS

Upon

THE LATE MIRA-  
CVLOVS PEACE IN  
FRANCE.



Acceptam resero.





TO THE MOST HONORABLE, LEARNED,  
and religious Gentleman, Master

*Anthony Bacone.*

**B**ound by your Bounty and mine owne desire,  
To tender still new tribute of my zeale  
To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,  
Whose wisdom, ours and other States admire)  
Lo, here I tune upon mine humble Lyre  
Our neighbour Kingdomes vn-expected weale,  
Through suddain ceasing of Warres enter-deale;  
As Celtike Muscs to my Muse inspire,  
Miraculous the Work; and so his wit  
That firstly sung this sacred MIRACLE:  
A gracious Theame (if I dis-grace not it)  
That your grane eyes may daigne for spectacle.  
What e'r it be, accept it as a due  
From him whose all doth all belong to You.

IOSEPH SILVESTER.



TO THE FRENCH KING,  
HENRY the fourth.

SONNET I.

**H**enry, triumphant though thou wert in war,  
Though Fate and Fortitude conspir'd thy glory,  
Though thy least Conflicts well deserue a Story;  
Though Mars his fame by thine be dark'ned far;  
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerer)  
Thy martiall proofs haue dimm'd Alcides praise;  
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes  
Thy Royall temples richly crowned are:  
Yet (matchless Prince) nought hast thou wrought so glorious  
As this vn-lookt-for, happy PEACE admired;  
Whereby thy self art of thy self victorious:  
For, while thou might'st the worlds Throne haue aspired,  
Thou by this PEACE thy war-like hart hast tamed:  
What greater conquest could there then be named?

SONNET 2.

But what new Sunne doth now adorne our Land,  
And giues our skie so smooth and smiling cheer?  
For, 'tis not Phœbus, els his golden brand  
Shines brighter now then 't hath don many a yeer.  
Sweet Angel-beauty (sacred PEACE) Heav'ns preient,  
Is't not the Rising of thy new-com star,  
Which makes the Air more clear, the spring more pleasant,  
Zephyre more calm, and Flora merrier?  
Ah, I perceiue the Olive, Dove, and Bowe,  
Divine presages that the Flood abates  
(The dismal flood where blood and tears did flowe)  
And Ianus now locks-up his Temple gates:  
Justice and Faith doo kindly kisse each other:  
And Mars, appeas'd, sits down by Cupids Mother.

Fair



## SONNET 3.

Fair fruitfull Daughter of th' Omnipotent,  
Great Vmpire that doost either World sustain,  
Without whose help all would return again  
(Like hidious *Chaos*) to confusion bent.  
O Mother of the living, second Nature  
Of th' Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Air)  
O Grace (whereby men climbe the heavenly stair)  
Whence void, this world harbours no happy creature.  
Pillar of Lawes, Religious pedestall,  
Hope of the godly, glory of th' Immortall;  
Honour of Cities, Pearl of Kingdoms all;  
Thou Nurse of Vertues, Muses chief supportall;  
Patron of Arts, of Good the speciall spring:  
All hail (dear *Peace*) which vs all heale doost bring.

## SONNET 4.

Com forth (dear *France*) from thy dark Cell of mone,  
Com (as new-born) from Warrs vnkindly quarrels:  
Turn tragick Cypresse to triumphant Laurels;  
Change black to green, and make thy Graue a Throne.  
Let *Ceres* dwell vpon thy Desert Plain,  
*Bacchus*, and *Dian*, on thy Hills and Groues,  
*Pomona* in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Drones,  
Secure all Roades, and ope all Gates again.  
Resume (O Cities) Rule and Reuerence;  
Reuest (yee States) your Robes of dignitie;  
Rise vp (yee Ruines) in fair Battlements;  
Com *Muses*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercury*,  
Restore vs Lawes, Learning, and Arts, and Trade:  
And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

## SONNET 5.

Most Christian Kingdom, thou wert ne're so near  
Drown'd in the deep Gulphes of thy Ciuill warrs,  
As in the tempest of this later Iar,  
Which past conceit of calming did appear.  
When all the windes aduersly armed were,  
(Though selfy-foes, yet friends to work thy wrack)  
Thy Ship a helm, thy self a heart didst lack,  
On troubled waters tossed here and there:  
Then from aboue (O bounty most admired!)  
Saint *Hermes* shin'd: whose gentle light presageth  
That then the anger of the Heav'ns asswageth.  
O happy *Peace*! lesse hoped then desired:  
O grace much honour'd! little yet conceiv'd;  
O blessed guile, that thus our sense deceiv'd!

Who

## SONNET 6.

Who could expect (but past all expectation)  
So suddain order, from so sad confusion?  
So loyall friendship, from false emulation;  
So firm possession, from so fierce intrusion?  
Who could expect (but past all likelihood)  
From such a storm, such and so sweet a calme;  
From *France* her cinders, such a *Phoenix*-brood;  
*Pander* as box to yeeld so rare a balme?  
Who could expect (but past all humane thought)  
So frank a freedom from a thrall so late,  
Or certain Rudder of so rent a State?  
True *Esculapine*, thou alone hast wrought  
This *MIRACLE*, not on *Hippolitus*,  
But on this Kingdom, much more wonderous.

## SONNET 7.

Th' vnlookt-for working of all things almost,  
Inconstant-constant, in succession strange,  
Amazeth those whose wits we chiefly boast,  
To see this suddain vnexpected change.  
Each feels th' effect, but none the cause descries  
(No though he haue with *stars* intelligence):  
God to himselfe reserves such Mysteries,  
Disposing Kingdoms by his Providence,  
Ond-les's Bounty! In the midst of Broyles  
He giues vs *Peace*, when Warr did vs inflame;  
And reaues the mischief we pursu'd yer-whiles:  
But, this doth most extoll his glorious Name,  
That when most sharply this extreamest Fit  
Stroue to be cure-les, soon he cured it.

## SONNET 8.

Sam reasoned thus; No violence can last:  
Revolted Subjects, of themselves will quail:  
Just Soueraignty can never be displac't;  
And lawfull Princes first or last prevail:  
But who could think, that the conioyned powers  
Of *Spain* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number  
Of rebell Cities, and false States of ours,  
So weak a King so little should encumber?  
Others discoursed in another sort,  
While all things sorted to another end  
Then their imaginations did purport:  
That earth may knowe, it cannot comprehend  
The secret depths of Iudgements all-divine,  
No: there's no ground, beginning, midst, nor fine.

Fff

Admire



## SONNET 9.

Admire we onely Gods Omni-potence,  
 His deep-deep Wise dom, and his Mercy deer,  
 For, with these three, he hath surmounted heer  
 Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our sense:  
 His power appears vpon our Lord and King,  
 As yerst on *Dauid*: for, they both attain  
 By war-like broyls their preappointed Raigne;  
 Strangers, and subiects, and selues conquering:  
 His prudence shines, when to preserue vs thus,  
 All humane wit his wisdom doth convince:  
 His gracious bounty in our bountious Prince.  
 O various wonders! mel delicious  
 Flows from a living Lion, *Mars* is quiet,  
 Valour relenting, Conquest void of ryor.

## SONNET 10.

This was no action of a humane hand,  
 But th'only work of the great Thunderer,  
 Who (wise-directing all the things that are)  
 In vs diuinely works his owne command.  
 Som men, vnwilling, benefit their Land,  
 Or vn-awares their Countries good preferr;  
 Another motions *P A C E*, but mindeeth Warr,  
 And *P A C E* succeeds what-ever drifts withstand.  
 Th' Arch-Architect, the matchless Artizan  
 All instruments vnto good vses prooues:  
 Man's but a wheel, which that great Moouer moues;  
 Each gracious gift in that first cause began:  
 Each good's a gleam of that first light alone,  
 If Ill approach vs, onely that's our owne.

## SONNET 11.

If God dart lightning, soon he draws down rain;  
 A dreadfull Iudge, and yet a gentle Father:  
 Whose wrath slowe-kindled is soon quenched again,  
 To moue vs sinners to repent the rather.  
 'Gainst Hel-bred *Hydra*, Heav'n-born *Theseus* brings  
 The great *Alcides* arm and armory:  
 Of greatest Ill, a greater Good there springs;  
 And Mercy still doth Rigour qualifie.  
 Ah *France*, so many Monsters to suppress,  
 Thou hadst great need of Royall fortitude,  
 Els hadst thou been an *Africk* Wilderness.  
 O happy lost Realm! for, it hath ensue,  
 That now thy gain is more, in restoration,  
 Then was thy losse in all thy desolation.

## SONNET 12.

But, if I sing great *Henries* fortitude;  
 Shall I not then be blam'd for ouer-daring?  
 If ouer-slip it, then be taxt for fearing,  
 Of silent dread, and dumb ingratitude:  
 What e're befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude  
 (Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muse* to raise:  
 And if I fall in such a Sea of praise,  
 What rarer *Mausole* may my bones include:  
 A sacred rage of som sweet-furious flame,  
 Will nill-I, rapts me boldly to rehearse  
 Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.  
 Then roule thou Torrent of my tender verse:  
 Though his high Theam deserue a consort rather  
 Of all the *Muses*, and all musikes Father.

## SONNET 13.

Great Prince, not pleas'd with a vain vertue-seeming:  
 Great Victor, prone to pardon humbleness,  
 Happy, all Hap Heav'ns onely gift esteeming;  
 Warriour, whose wars haue wrought his Countries *P A C E*:  
 Noble by deeds, and noble by descent;  
 Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Nestor* sage,  
 Whose ripe-experienc't courage confident,  
 To knocks knits counsaile, and giues rule to rage.  
 As hard in toyle, as in compassion soft:  
 Inur'd to that, by nature born to this;  
 Who sheds no blood, but sheddeth tears as oft,  
 Who neuer fights but still the Field is his.  
 So like to *Mars*, that both in loues and wars,  
*Bellona* and *Venus* take him still for *Mars*.

## SONNET 14.

A spirit, to vertues cheerfully addrest;  
 Apt to all goodnes, to no ill inclin'd;  
 Quick to conceiue, ingenious to digest;  
 Whose tongue is still true trumpet of the minde:  
 A body, resting when it hath no rest;  
 A waxen mildnes in a steely minde;  
 A soule tra-lucent in an open brest,  
 Which others thoughts through boany wals can finde;  
 Whose front reflects maiestical-humility,  
 Whose graue-sweet look commandingly-intreats,  
 Which in one instant fear and loue begets:  
 A King still warring to obtain tranquillity,  
 To saue his Country scornning thousand dangers,  
 Mirror of *France*, and miracle of Strangers.



## SONNET 15.

If that, before thee fall rebellious Towers,  
 If battered Walls, before thy Souldiers, loose;  
 If hugest Rocks be pearced by thy powers;  
 If 'gainst thine Armes, no armour be of proof:  
 If that our fields flowe with *Iberian* blood,  
 If that thy Camp compos'd of many a *Caesar*  
 Can by no dismall dangers be withstood;  
 Iousting with Gyants, as it were at pleasure:  
 If lofty Mountains to thine homage vail;  
 If valleys rise to bulwarke thee about;  
 If for thy sake, riuers doo flowe and fail;  
 'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts stout,  
 Nor strength, nor stomack got these victories:  
 No, 'twas thy presence (*Henry*) and thine eyes.

## SONNET 16.

They be too blame then, that thy boldness blame,  
 For hauing put thy self so oft in danger:  
 Sith against Rebels and against the Stranger,  
 Thy looks, like lightning, did thy Troops inflame.  
*Fraunce* fought before, all bloody, faint, and lame,  
 Crauing thine aid to venge her hatefull wrong;  
 When, like a Lion to preferue her yong  
 Thou layd'st about thee to redceme the same.  
 Then hadst thou cause to hazard so thy life  
 (In extream perils, extream remedies.)  
 But spare thee now, thy State is free from strife:  
 Soueraign, our safety in thy safety lies.  
*Codrus* could keep his, onely by his death:  
 Thou thine, alone by thine owne liuing breath.

## SONNET 17.

What wreath were worthy to becom thy Crown,  
 What *Carr-Triumphant* equall with thy worth,  
 What marble statue meet for thy renown,  
 Thou that hast rais'd the Lilly of the earth:  
 What honorable Title of Addition  
 Dost thou deserue, who (ioyning might with mildnes)  
 Hast sav'd this great Ship from a sad perdition,  
 Nigh lost in th' Ocean of warre ciuill wildnes:  
 O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)  
 Hope not of vs thy iust deserued meed:  
 Earth is too-base, in Heav'n expect it rather.  
 Our Laurels are too-pale to crown thy deed,  
 Who thus hast sav'd the vniuersall Ball:  
 For, th' health of *Fraunce* imports the health of all.

Pardon

## SONNET 18.

Pardon me (*Henry*) if Heav'n's siluerraine,  
 Dewing thy pearles, impearle mine humble Laies:  
 And if my verse (void both of price and paine)  
 Presume thy Vertues passing-price to praise:  
 Pardon (great King) if that mine Infant Muse  
 Stutter thy name; and if with skill too scant  
 I limne thee here, let zeale my crime excuse;  
 My steel's attracted by thine Adamant.  
 For, as the Sunne, although he do reflect  
 His golden Rayes on grosser Elements,  
 Doth neuer spot his beautifull aspect:  
 So, though the praises of thine Excellence  
 Doo brightly glister in my gloomy stile,  
 They nothing lose of their first grace the while.

## SONNET 19.

Now, sith as well by conquest as succession  
*France* is thine owne; O keep it still therefore.  
 'Tis much to conquer: but, to keep possession  
 Is full as much, and if it be not more.  
 Who well would keep so plentiful a portion,  
 Must stablish first the heavenly Discipline;  
 Then humane Lawes, restraining all extortion;  
 And Princely wealth with publike weale combine.  
 A Princes safety lies in louing People:  
 His Fort is Iustice (free from Stratagem)  
 Without the which strong Cittadels are feeble.  
 The Subjects loue is wonne by louing them:  
 Of louing them, n' oppression is the triall:  
 And no oppression makes them euer loyall.

## SONNET 20.

Bold *Martialists*, braue Imps of noble birth,  
 Shining in Steele for *France*, and for your King:  
 Ye Sons of those that heretofore did bring  
 Beneath their yoake the pride of all the earth.  
 It is an honour to be high-descended;  
 But more, t'haue kept ones Country and fidelitie.  
 For, our owne vertues make vs most commended:  
 And Truth's the title of all true Nobility.  
 Your shoulders shoar'd vp *France* (euen like to fall)  
 You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:  
 And but for you, her shock had shaken All;  
 But now she stands stedfast on Ciuill *Peace*:  
 Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat doo work,  
 With holy Armes goe hunt the hatefull *Turk*.  
 Fff

But



## SONNET 21.

But you that vaunt your antike Pedigrees,  
 So stately timbring your surcharged shields,  
 Perking (like Pines aboue the lower Trees)  
 Ouer the Farmers of your neighbour fields;  
 Is't lack of loue, or is it lack of courage,  
 That holds you (Snail-like) creeping in your houses,  
 While ouer all your Countries Foes doo forrage,  
 And rebell out-rage euery corner rouses?  
 If no example of your Ancesters,  
 Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,  
 The feeble Temper of your stomach stirs,  
 If in your liues yee neuer drew your swords  
 To serue your King, nor quench your Countries flames,  
 Pardon me, Nobles, I mistooke your names.

## SONNET 22.

You sacred Order, charg'd the church to watch,  
 And teach the holy Mysteries of Heav'n,  
 From hence forth all seditious plots dispatch,  
 And (Father-like) to all be alwaies euen.  
 Though superstition stire to strife againe;  
 Reuolt's a mischief euer more pernicious:  
 Pluck vp abuses, and the hurtfull graine  
 Sprung from the Ignorant and Auaricious.  
 Auoid Ambition (common cause of strife)  
 Your reuerend Robe be free from stains of blood,  
 Preach holy Doctrine, prooue it by your life:  
 Fly Idlenes, choose exercises good;  
 To wit, all works of liuely faith and pietie.  
 So, to your Fold shall flock the blest Societic.

## SONNET 23.

You graue assembly of sage Senators,  
 Right Oracles, yee *Ephors* of France;  
 Who, for the States and Iustice maintenance,  
 Of Sword and Balance are the Arbiters:  
 That from hence forth (against all enemies)  
 Our *P E A C E* may seat her in a settled Throne;  
 Represse the malice of all mutinies,  
 Which through th' aduantage of these times haue growne.  
 At a lowe tyde 'tis best to mend a breach,  
 Before the flood retume with violence:  
 'Tis good in health to counsaile with a Leach:  
 So, while a People's calme from insolence,  
 'Tis best that Rulers bridle them with awe;  
 And (for the future) curbe the lewd with law.

People

## SONNET 24.

People, lesse settled then the sliding sand;  
 More mutable then *Protem*, or the Moone;  
 Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:  
 Like *Euripus* ebbe-flowing euery Noone.  
 Thou thousand-headed head-less Monster-most,  
 Oft slaine (like *Antheus*) and as oft new rising;  
 Who, hard as Steele, as light as winde art tost;  
 Chameleon-like, each objects colour prying:  
 Vnblinde thy blinde soule, ope thine inward sight;  
 Be no more Tinder of intestine flame:  
 Of all fantastike humors purge thy spright:  
 For, if past follies vrge yet griefe and shame,  
 Lo (like Obluions law) to cure thy passion,  
 State-stabling *Peace* brings froward minds in fashion.

## SONNET 25.

Eligins of *Vulcan*, Heav'n-affrighting wonders,  
 Like brittle glasse the Rocks to cindars breaking;  
 Deafning the windes, dumbing the loudest thunders;  
 May ye be bound a thousand yeeres from speaking.  
 Yee hate-peace Hacksters flieht in Massacres,  
 Be you for euer banish'd from our soile;  
 Yee Steele'd Tooles of slaughter, wounds, and waues,  
 Be you condemn'd to hang, and rust a while:  
 Or (not to languish in so fruit-less rest)  
 Be you transform'd to husband furniture,  
 To plow those fields you haue so oft deprest:  
 Or (if you cannot leaue your wonted vire)  
 Leauē (at the least) all mutinous alarmes,  
 And be from hence forth Iustice lawfull Armes.

## SONNET 26.

O *Paris*, knowe thy selfe, and knowe thy Master,  
 As well thy heav'nly as thine earthly guider:  
 And be not like a Horse, who (proud of pasture)  
 Breakes Bit, and Reanes, and caits his cunning Rider.  
 Who will be Subiects, shall be slaves in fine:  
 Who Kings refuse, shall haue a Tyrant Lord:  
 Who are not moov'd with the milde rods diuine,  
 Shall feele the fury of Heav'n's venging Sword.  
 Thy greatnes stands on theirs that weare the Crowne,  
 Whereof, th' hast had now seuentie (sauiug seuen).  
 Thinke one sufficient soone to pull thee downe:  
 Kings greatnes stands on the great King of Heav'n.  
 Knowing these two, then *Paris* knowe thy selfe,  
 By Warres afflictions, and by *P E A C E*'s wealth.

Swell



## SONNET 27.

Swell not in pride, O *Paris* (Princely Dame)  
 To be chiefe Citie, and thy Soueraines Throne:  
 Citie: nay modell of this totall Frame,  
 A mighty Kingdom of thy selfe alone.  
 The scourge that lately with paternall hand  
 For thine amendment did so mildly beat thee,  
 If any more against thy Kings thou stand,  
 Shall proue that then God did but only threat thee.  
 Wert thou a hundred thousand-fold more mighty,  
 Who in th' Olympike Court commands the thunders,  
 In his least wrath can wrack thee (most Almighty).  
*Thebes, Babel, Rome*, those proud heav'n-daring wonders,  
 Lowe vnder ground in dust and ashes lie:  
 For earthly Kingdoms (euen as men) doe die.

## SONNET 28.

But, O my sorrowes! whither am I tost?  
 What? shall I blood ysweet *A* *R* *E* *A* *S* Songs?  
 Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almost,  
 And new-remember nigh forgotten wrongs?  
 Sith stormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,  
 Forget we (Muse) all former furie-moods,  
 And all the tempests of our viper-Warre:  
 Drown we those thoughts in deep-deep *Lethe* floods.  
 O but (alas) I cannot not-retain  
 So great, notorious, common miseries,  
 Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping raine:  
 But 'mid these hideous hellish out-rages,  
 I'll shoue and prooue by this strange spectacle,  
 Our ciuill *P* *E* *A* *C* *E*, a sacred Miracle.

## SONNET 29.

As he that, scap't from Ship-wrack on a plank,  
 Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleues  
 (Still faintly shiuering on the feareless bank)  
 That (through that fraile helpe) certainly he liues:  
 As he that new freed from strange seruitude,  
 Returns again to tread his natie allies,  
 Seems still to feare his Patrons rigour rude,  
 And seems still rugging, chained in the Gallies:  
 So alwayes, ruth, ruine, and rage, and horror  
 Of troubles past doo haunt me euery-where,  
 And still I meete Furies and gastly Terror:  
 Then, to my selfe thus raue I (rapt with feare)  
 From pleasures past, if present sorrow spring,  
 Why should not past cares present comfort bring?

## SONNET 30.

We must not now vpbraide each others crimes  
 Committed wrongly in the time of warre;  
 For we haue all (alas) too often-times  
 Prouok't the vengeance of the Lord too farre:  
 Some robbing Iustice, vnder maske of Reason;  
 Some blowing coles, to kindle vp Sedition;  
 Some 'gainst their King attempting open Treason;  
 Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).  
 Alas, we knowe our cause of maladie,  
 All apt to accuse, but none to cleanse th' impure;  
 Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedy:  
 To knowe a griefe, it is but halfe a cure.  
 Is it our sinnes? let's purge away that bane;  
 For what helps Physicke, if it be not tane?

## SONNET 31.

Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holines,  
 Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite  
 Is most-most odious in Gods glorious sight,  
 That takes his Name to couer wickednes.  
 Profane Ambition, blinde and irreligious,  
 In quest of Kingdoms, holding nothing holy  
 Think'st thou th' Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)  
 Or weake to punish Monsters so prodigious?  
 O execrable vizard, canst thou hide thee  
 From th' All-pierce Eye? Art treason, rape, and murder  
 Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-order?  
 Thy vaile is rent, the rudest haue discride thee.

## SONNET 32.

'Tis now apparant to each plaine Opinion,  
 Thy hot Deuotion hunted but Dominion.  
 'Tis strange to see the heat of Ciuill brands.  
 For, when we arme vs brother against brother,  
 O then how ready are our hearts and hands,  
 And Wits awake to ruine one another!  
 But, come to counter-mine 'gainst secret treasure,  
 Or force the forces of a stranger foe.  
 Alas, how shallow are we then in reason,  
 How cold in courage, and in camping slowe!  
*Fraunce* only striues to triumph over *Fraunce*:  
 With selfe-kill Swords to cut each others throat.  
 What swarmes of Soldiers euery where doo float,  
 To spend and spoile a Kingdoms maintenance?  
 But, said I Soldiers? ah, I blush for shame,  
 To giue base Theeues the noble Soldiers name.



## SONNET 33.

Is't not an endless scandall to our dayes  
 ( If possible our heirs can credit it )  
 That th' holy name of P A C E, so worthy praise,  
 Hath been our Watch-word for a fault vnfit:  
 That the pure Lilly, our owne native flower,  
 Hath been an odious object in our eyes?  
 That kingly Name, and Kings heav'n-stablisht power,  
 Hath been with vs a marke of trecheries?  
 Th'haue banisht hence the godly and the wise,  
 Whose sound direction kept the State from danger;  
 Yea, made their bodies bloody Sacrifice?  
 And ( to conclude ) seeking to serue a Stranger,  
 Th'haue stabd our owne: but ( O Muse ) keep that in:  
 The fault's so foul, to speak it were a sinne.

## SONNET 34.

I waile not I so much warres wastefull rigours,  
 Nor all thy ruines make me halfe so sorie,  
 As thy lost honor ( France ) which most disfigures,  
 Losing thy loyalty, thy Native glory.  
 From Moores to Muscouites ( O cursed change ! )  
 The French are called, Faith-les Parricides:  
 Th'yerst-most-prince-loyall people ( O most strange ! )  
 Are now Prince-treachers more than all besides:  
 With vs, Massacres passe for Pietie;  
 Theft, rape, and wrong, for iust-attaind possessions:  
 Reuolt for Merit, Rage for Equity:  
 Alas, must we needs borrow the transgressions  
 And imperfections of all other Nations,  
 Yeist onely blamed for inconstant fashions?

## SONNET 35.

Not without reason hath it oft been spoken,  
 That through faire Concord little things augment,  
 And ( opposite ) that mightiest things are broken  
 Through th' vgly Discord of the discontent.  
 When many tunes doe gently symphonize  
 It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds;  
 When many hearts doe gently sympathize  
 In sacred friendship, there all blisse abounds.  
 Alas, if longer we diuide this Realme,  
 Loosine to euery Partizan apart;  
 Farewell our Lillies and our Diadem.  
 For, though it seeme to breath now somewhat peart,  
 Our sinnes ( I feare ) will worke worse after-claps:  
 And ther's most danger in a re-re-relapse.

## SONNET 36.

O, how I hate these partia-lizing words,  
 Which show how we are in the Faith deuised:  
 Is't possible to whet so many Swords,  
 And light such flames 'mong th' In-one-Christ-baptized:  
 Christians to Christians to be brute and bloody,  
 Altars to Altars to be opposite,  
 Parting the limmes of such a perfect Body,  
 While Turks with Turks do better farre vnite?  
 We in our Truth finde doubts ( whence follow Schismes )  
 They, whose fond Law doth all of Lies consist,  
 Abide confirm'd in their vaine Paganismes.  
 One nought beleeuers, another what him list:  
 One ouer-Creeds, another Creeds too-short;  
 Each makes his Church ( rather his Sect ) a-part.

## SONNET 37.

Put-off ( decre French ) all secret grudge and gall,  
 And all keen stings of vengeance on all parts:  
 For if you would haue P A C E proclaim'd to all,  
 It must be first faire printed in your hearts.  
 Henry the mildest of all Conquerers  
 ( Your perfect Glasse for Princely clemencie )  
 He, to appease and calme the State from iarres,  
 For his friends sake, hath say'd his enemy.  
 Let's all be French, all subiects to one Lord;  
 Let France from hence-forth be one onely State;  
 Let's all ( for Gods sake ) be of one accord.  
 So ( through true zeale Christs praise to propagate )  
 May the most Christian King with prosperous power  
 On Sion walls re-plant our Lilly-flower.

## SONNET 38.

O christian cor'sue! that the Mahomet  
 With hundred thousands in Vienna Plaine,  
 His mooned Standards hath already pight,  
 Prest to ioyne Austria to his Thracian Raigne:  
 Malb, Corfu, Candie, his proud Threats disdain;  
 And all our Europe trembles in dismay;  
 While striuing Christians ( by each other slaine )  
 Each other weak'ning make him easie waie.  
 Rhodes, Belgrade, Cyprus, and the Realmes of Greece,  
 Thrall'd to his barbarous yoke, yet fresh-declare,  
 That while two strive, a third obtaines the fleece.  
 Though name of Christian be a title faire;  
 If, but for Earth, they all this while haue striv'n,  
 They may haue Earth, but others shall haue Heav'n.



## SONNET 39.

May I not one day see in *France* againe  
 Some new *Martellus* (full of stout activity)  
 To snatch the Scepter from the *Saracens*,  
 That holds the Holy Land in strait captivitie?  
 May I not see the selfe-weale-wounding Launce  
 Of our braue Bloods (yerst one another goring)  
 Turn'd with more valour on the *Musulmans*,  
 A higher pitch of happy prowesse soaring?  
 But who (deare *France*) of all thy men-at-arms  
 Shall so farre hence renew their ancient Laurels:  
 Sith here they plot thine and their proper harmes?  
 I rather feare, that (through their fatall quarrels)  
 That hate-Christ Tyrant will in time become  
 The Lord and Soueraigne of all *Christendome*.

## SONNET 40.

Mid all these mischiefes, while the friend-foe Strangers,  
 With vs, against vs, had intelligence;  
*Henry* our King, our Father, voides our dangers,  
 And (O Heav'ns wonder) planteth *P A C E* in *France*.  
 Thou Iudge that sitt'st on the supernall Throne,  
 O quench thy fury, keep vs from hostilitie:  
 With eyes of mercy looke thou still vpon  
 Our *P A C E*, and found it on a firme stabilitie:  
 Sith (in despite of discord) thou alone,  
 Inward and outward, hast thus salvd vs (Lord)  
 Keep still our *France* (or rather Lord thine owne)  
 Let Princes loue, and live in iust accord:  
 Dis-arme them (Lord) or, if Armes busie them,  
 Be it alone for thy *Ierusalem*.

FINIS.



A  
 DIALOGVE  
 VPON THE TROV-  
 BLES PAST:

Betweene *HERACLITVS* and *DEMO-  
 CRITVS*, the weeping and the  
 laughing Philosophers.  
 ( \* \* )



Acceptam refero.





## A DIALOGVE.

*Heracitus.*

Alas! thou laugh'st, perhaps not feeling well  
The painfull torments of this mortall Hell:  
Ah! canst thou (tear-less) in this iron Age,  
See men massacred, Monsters borne to rage?

*Democritus.*

Ha! but why weep'st thou? wherefore in this sort  
Doo'st thou lament amid this merry sport?  
Ha! canst thou chuse but laugh, to see the State  
Of mens now-follies, and the freaks of Fate?

*Heracitus.*

He hath no heart that melts not all in teares,  
To see the treasons, murders, massacres,  
Sacks, sacrileges, losses and alarms  
Of those that perish by their proper armes.

*Democritus.*

Who all dismaied, swooneth sodainly  
To heare or see some fained Tragedy  
(Held in these dayes, on euery Stage as common)  
Is but a heartless man, or but a woman.

*Heracitus.*

O! would to God our Countries tragick ruth  
Were but a fable, no effected truth:  
My soule then should not sigh to angry Heav'n,  
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riv'n.

*Democritus.*

I take the world to be but as a Stage,  
Where net-maskt men do play their personage:  
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleasant shewe;  
Sith over all, strange vanities doo flowe.

Gggz

*Heracitus*



*Heraclitus.*

Those vanities I haue in derelation,  
As cursed causes of Gods indignation:  
Which makes me alwaies weep, fith on the earth  
I see no object for the meanest mirth.

*Democritus.*

Thus, from one Subject sundry sequels spring,  
As diuersly our wits conceiue a thing.  
I laugh to see thee weepe; thou weep'st to see  
Me laugh so much, which more afflicteth thee.

*Heraclitus.*

Laugh while thou list at mortall miseries,  
I cannot chuse but euen weep out mine eyes:  
Finding more cause for tears in bloody slaughter  
Then for thy sense-les ill-beseeming laughter.

*Democritus.*

Melt thee, distill thee, turne to waxe or snowe;  
Make sad thy gesture, tune thy voice to woe;  
I cannot weep, except sometimes it hap  
Through laughing much, mine eyes let fall a drop.

*Heraclitus.*

I weep to see thus euerie thing confused,  
Order disordred, and the Lawes abused;  
Iustice reuerst and Policie peruerted;  
And this sicke State neere vterly subuerted.

*Democritus.*

I laugh to see how Fortune (like a ball)  
Playes with the Globe of this inconstant All;  
How she degradeth these, and graceth those;  
How whom she lifts-up, downe again she throwes.

*Heraclitus.*

I raine downe Rivers, when against their King  
Cities rebell, through subiects bandying:  
When Colledges through Armes) are rest of Art:  
When euerie County Kingdomes-it a-part.

*Democritus.*

I burst with laughter, when (confounding State)  
I see those rebels hunt their Magistrate;  
When I heare Porters prate of State-designes,  
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

*Heraclitus.*

I weep to see Gods glory made a vaile  
To couer who his glorie most assaile:  
That sacred Faith is made a maske for sinne,  
And men runne headlong to destructions ginne.

*Democritus.**Democritus.*

I laugh (with all my heart) at the transforming  
Of fuggling *Proteis*, to all times *Conforming*:  
But, most I laugh, 't' haue scene the world to mad  
To starue and die, when those damn'd *Atheists* bad.

*Heraclitus.*

I weepe (alas) to see the people weepe,  
Opprest with rest-les waight in danger deepe;  
Crying for *P E A C E*, but yet not like to get-her,  
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

*Democritus.*

I laugh to see all cause of laughter gone,  
Through those which (yest thou said 'st) haue caus'd thy mone:  
Noting th' old guise, I laugh at all their new:  
I laugh at more, but dare not tell it you.

*Heraclitus.*

Some sorrowes also I in silence keepe;  
But in the Desert, all my woes shall weepe:  
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will helpe me then;  
For, in these dayes they are more milde then men.

*Democritus.*

Ile dwell in Cities (as my *Genius* guides)  
To laugh my fill; for, smiling *P E A C E* provides  
Such plentious store of laughing-stuffe to fill me,  
That still I'le laugh, vn-les that laughing kill me.

FINIS.

Ggg3

AN





AN  
ODE OF THE  
LOVE AND  
BEAVTIES OF  
*ASTRÆA.*



*Accipiam refero.*





TO THE MOST MATCHLESS.  
faire and vertuous,  
M.M.H.

TETRASTICHON.

**T**hou, for whose sake my freedom I forsake;  
Who, murdering me dost yet maintain my life:  
Heere, under PEACE, thy beauties Type I make,  
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keep'st me still in strife.



AN ODE TO ASTRÆA.

**S**acred PEACE, if I approve thee,  
If more then my life I love thee,  
'Tis not for thy beautiful eyes:  
Though the brightest Lampe in skies  
In his highest Sommer-shine,  
Seems a sparke compar'd with thine,  
With thy paire of selfe-like-Sunnes,  
Past all else-comparisons.

'Tis not (deere) the dewes Ambrosiall  
Of those pretie lips so Rosiall,  
Make me humble at thy feet:  
Though the purest honey sweet  
That the Muses birds do bring,  
To Mount Hybla every spring,  
Nothing neere so pleasant is,  
As thy lively louing kisse.

'Tis not (Beauties Emperesse)  
Th' Amber circlets of thy tresse,  
Curled by the wanton windes,  
That so fast my freedom bindes:  
Though the pretious glittering sand  
Richly strow'd on Tigris Strand,  
Nor the graines Pactolus rol'd,  
Neuer were so fine a gold.

'Tis not for the polish'd rowes  
Of those Rocks whence Prudence flowes,  
That I still my sure pursue;  
Though that in those Countries new  
In the Orient lately found  
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)  
'Mong all baytes of Avarice  
Be no Pearles of such a price.

\*Tis



'Tis not ( Sweet ) thine yuorie neck  
Makes me worship at thy beck;  
Nor that prettie double Hill  
Of thy bosome panting still:  
Though no fairest *Ladas* Swan,  
Nor no sleekest Marble can  
Be so smooth or white in showe,  
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not ( O my Paradise )  
Thy front ( euener than the yce )  
That my yeelding heart doth tye  
With his mild-sweet Maiestie:  
Though the siluer Moone be faire  
Still by night to mount her waine,  
Fearing to sustain disgrace,  
If by day shee meet thy face.

'Tis not that soft Sattin limme,  
With blew trailes enameld trimme,  
Thy hand, handle of perfection,  
Keeps my thoughts in thy subiection:  
Though it haue such curious cunning,  
Gentle touch, and nimble running,  
That on Lute to heare it warble,  
Would moue Rocks and rauish Marble.

'Tis not all the rest beside,  
Which thy modest vaile doth hide  
From mine eyes ( ah too inuitious ! )  
Makes me of thy loue so curious:  
Though *Diana* being bare,  
Nor *Leucothoe* passing rare,  
In the Cry stall-flowing springs  
Neuer bath'd so beautilous things.

What then ( O diuineſt Dame )  
Fires my soule with burning flame,  
If thine eyes be not the matches  
Whence my kindling Taper catches:  
And what *Nectar* from aboue  
Feeds and feasts my ioyes ( my Loue )  
If they taste not of the dainties  
Of thy sweet lips sugred plenties:

What

What fell heat of couetize  
In my feeble bosome fries;  
If my heart no reckoning hold  
Of thy tresses pureſt gold:  
What inestimable treasure  
Can procure me greater pleasure  
Then those Orient Pearles I see  
When thou daign'ſt to smile on mee:

What? what fruit of life delights  
My delicious appetites,  
If I ouer-paſſe the meſſe  
Of those apples of thy breasts:  
What fresh buds of scarlet Rose  
Are more fragrant sweet than those,  
Then those Twins thy Straw-berrie teares,  
Curled-purled Cherrylets:

What ( to finiſh ) fairer limme,  
Or what member yet more trimme,  
Or what other rather Subiect  
Makes me make thee all mine obiect:  
If it be not all the rest  
By thy modest vaile ſuppreſt  
( Rather ) which an enuious cloud  
From my ſight doth cloſely ſhroud.

Ah 'tis a thing more diuine,  
'Tis that peerleſſe Soule of thine,  
Maſter-peece of Heav'ns beſt Art,  
Made to maze each mortall heart.  
'Tis thine all-admired wit,  
Thy ſweet grace and geſture ſit,  
Thy milde pleaſing curteſie  
Makes thee triumph ouer me.

But, for thy faire Soules reſpect,  
I loue Twin-flames that reflect  
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:  
And thy yellow lockes likewise:  
And those Orient-Pearly Rocks  
Which thy lightning Smile vn-lockes:  
And the *Nectar*-paſſing bliſſes  
Of thy honey-sweeter kiſſes.

I loue



I loue thy fresh rosie cheek,  
 Blushing most *Aurora*-like:  
 And the white-exceeding skin  
 Of thy neck and dimpled chin,  
 And those Iuorie-marble mounts  
 Either, neither, both at once:  
 For, I dare not touch, to know  
 If they be of flesh or no.

I loue thy pure Lilly hand  
 Soft, and smooth, and slender: and  
 Those five nimble brethren small  
 Arm'd with Pearle-shel helmets all.  
 I loue also all the rest  
 By thy modest vaile suppress'd  
 (Rather) which an enuious cloud  
 From my longing sight doth shroud.

FINIS.



## SONNET I.

Sweet mouth, that send'st a musky-rosed breath;  
 Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;  
 Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm;  
 Whose every glance darts me a living-death:  
 Browes, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arks:  
 Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besots;  
 Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,  
 Where, in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurks:  
 Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, smooth, and high;  
 Pure white, that dimm'st the Lillies of the Vale;  
 Vermilion Rose, that mak'st *Aurora* pale:  
 Rare spirit, to rule this beautilous Emperie:  
 If in your force, Divine effects I view,  
 Ah, who can blame me, if I worship you?

## SONNET 2.

Thou, whose sweet eloquence doth make me mute;  
 Whose sight doth blinde me; and whose nimbleness  
 Of feet in dance, and fingers on the Lute,  
 In deep amazes makes me motion-less:  
 Whose onely presence from my selfe absents me;  
 Whose pleasant humours, make me passionate;  
 Whose sober moods my follies represent me;  
 Whose graue-milde graces make me emulate:  
 My heart, through whom, my heart is none of mine;  
 My All, through whom, I nothing do possess  
 Saue thine *Idea*, glorious and divine:  
 O thou my Peace-like War, and war-like P E A C E,  
 So much the wounds that thou hast giuen me, please,  
 Thst't is my best ease never to haue ease.

Hhh

EPI-







## EPIGRAMS & EPITAPHES vpon Warre and Peace.

### Vpon the League.

**R**ance, without cause thou doost complain  
Against the *League* for wronging thee.  
Sh' hath made thee large amends again,  
With more then common vsurie:  
For, for thy one King which she slew,  
Sh' hath given thee now a thousand new.

### Vpon the taking of Paris.

When *Paris* (happily) was wonne,  
With small or no endangering,  
Such sudden common ioy begonne,  
That one would say (t' haue seen the thing)  
Th' King took not *Paris*, *Paris* took the King.

O rarest sight of ioyfull woe,  
Adorned with delightfull dread;  
When *Henry* with one selfe-same shoue,  
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

Sith thee from danger and distress to free,  
The King thus took, or rather entred thee;  
*Paris*, it was not in stern *Mar*'s Moneth,  
But in the month that mild *Astræa* owneth.

### Vpon the fall of the Millars-bridge.

The Millars, in the River drown'd,  
While *Paris* was beleaguerd round;  
To die were all resolv'd in minde,  
Because they had no more to grinde.

Then was their fittest time to die,  
Because they might intend it best:  
But their intent was contrary,  
Because they then liv'd so at rest.

As, after long sharp famine, som (forlorn)  
Of surfet Die, their greediness is such:  
This Mill-bridge, having fasted long from corn,  
Is drown'd (perhaps) for having ground too-much.

### Vpon the recouerie of Amiens.

I know not which may seem most admirable,  
To take or re-take such a Cities force:  
But, yet I knowe which is most honourable,  
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

Each where they sing a thousand waies  
The glorie of this enterprise:  
But yet of all their merry Layes,  
The best is still in the Re-prise.

*Hernand* was happy by this Enterprise,  
To take so soon our *Amiens* without blowe:  
More happy yet, to die yer the Re-prise,  
Else had he dy'd for shame to leaue it so.

### Vpon the Reduction of Nantes.

*Nantes* would not yeeld so soon (they sayd)  
Nor be recovered so good cheap:  
And yet, for all defence it made,  
'T was made to make the *Britton* Leap.

### Vpon P A C E.

Souldiers, late prest, are now suppress;  
Croft and cassied from further pay:  
Yet will they (in this time of rest)  
Take vp their lendings by the Way.

This *P A C E* (it seemeth) doth not sound  
To all the world; for, every-where  
More Sergeants now do goe the Round,  
Then Souldiers yerst accusom'd were.

### Vpon Captaine Cobbler.

A merry Cobbler left the wars,  
To turn vnto his Occupation:  
And, asked by his Customers  
The reason of his alteration:  
'T hath pleas'd (quoth he) the King t' ordain  
That each his office take again.

Hhh 2

Vpon



*Vpon Warre.*

Heere, vnder this huge heap of stones  
Lately enterr'd lies cruell WARRE:  
Pray God long rest her soule and bones:  
Yet, there is nothing worse for her.

*Vpon Rowland Rob-Church.*

Heer lyeth Rowland, that was lately slain,  
In robbing of a wealthy Chappell, spyde:  
Yet I beleeue he doth in heav'n remain,  
Sith onely for the Churches Good he dyde.

*Vpon Captaine Catch.*

Heer vnder, Captain CATEN is layd,  
Who six times chang'd from side to side;  
Of neither side (it seem'd) afraid:  
He wore a white Scarfe when he dyde:  
Yet som suspect (and so do I)  
For his inconstance shoven before,  
That to the Black-band he did fly:  
But now he can reuolt no more.

*Vpon Sir Nequam Neuter.*

Heer lyeth he, who the more safe to prey  
On both sides, Neuter, between both abode:  
Whither his Soule is gone, I cannot say,  
Sith he was, nor for Diuell, nor for God.

*Pax omnibus vna.*

FINIS.



*At home*



A l'honneur de la Paix, chantée par Mon-  
sieur du NESME, & rechantée en  
Anglois par Mounseieur  
SYLVESTRE.

**S**ANS Paix rien ne subsiste: en Paix tout croist & dure:  
Dieu maintient par sa Paix le beau Grand Finiers  
Et le Petit, bastis de membres si diuers,  
Tous s'entr'aydans l'un l'autre en commune sacure:  
Elle vint a son Dieu l'humaine creature:  
Vlempit de Citez, les Royaumes deserts:  
Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs conuerts  
De biens domans plaisirs, vesture, & nourriture.  
Enuy-la donc (O Dieu) a nos Princes & Roys,  
En nos maisons, en nous, & say que de vne voix  
Nous sayrions les accords de ton Nefine admirable:  
Lors (aramau) seras loue de nos Gaulois  
Par ses chants tout-dixins: & Sylvestre, en Anglois  
Redoublera ce loz, d'un stile immitable.

P. CATELLE, l'attens le temps.

Hhh 3

THE







THE  
PROFIT OF  
IMPRISONMENT.

A PARADOX,  
WRITTEN IN FRENCH BY  
*Odet de la Noue*, Lord of *Teligni*, being  
Prisoner in the Castle of *Tourney*.

Translated by *IOSVAM SYLVESTER*.



*Acceptam refero.*





TO HIS LONG APPROVED  
friend, M. R. Nicolson I. S. wisheth  
euer all true content.

**T**O thee (the same to me as first I meant)  
Friend to the Muses, and the well-inclinde,  
Loving, and lov'd of euery vertuous minde:  
To thee the same, I the same Song present  
(Our mutuall loue's eternall Monument)

Wherein, our Nephewes shall heer-after finde  
Our constant Friendship how it was combinde  
With links of kindness and acknowledgement.  
Accept againe this Present in good part,  
Thy simple pledge of my sincere affection  
To Tangle, Thee, and thy Soon-calm-in-heart  
(Perfect good-will supplies all imperfection).  
Chameleons change their colour: Guile her game is  
Let (in both Fortunes) Vertue's still the same.







A SONNET OF THE  
Author to his Booke.

**H**e Bodie ouer-prone to Pleasures and delights  
Of soft, frail, dainty flesh, and to self-ease addicted,  
Abhors Imprisonment, as a base paine inflicted  
To punish the defaults of most unhappy wights.  
The Soule, as much surpris'd with loue of heavenly sights,  
And longing to behold the place that appertaines her,  
Doth loath the Bodie, as a Prison that detaines her  
From her high happines among the blessed sprights.  
Then, fith both Bodie and Soule their bondage neuer brook,  
But Soule and Bodie both doe lone their liberty:  
Tell, tell me (O my Muse) who will beleue our Book?  
He that hath learn'd a-right both these to mortifie,  
And serue our Saviour Christ in bodie and in spirit,  
Who both from thrall hath freed by his owne only merit.



A PARADOX,  
THAT ADVERSITY IS MORE  
*necessary then Prosperity; and that, of all  
afflictions, Close-Prison is most pleasant, and  
most profitable.*

**H**ow-ever fondly-false a vaine Opinion seem;  
If but the Vulgar once the same for right esteem,  
Most men account it so: so (in absurdest things)  
Consent of multitude exceeding credit brings.  
Nor any mean remains when it is once receiued,  
To wrest it from the most of erring mindes deceiued.  
Nay, who so shall but say, they ought to alter it,  
He headlong casts himselfe in dangers deepest Pit.  
For neuer nimble Barke that on aduenture runs  
Through those blew bounding Hills where hoary Neptune wons,  
Was set-vpon so sore with never-ceast assault  
Maintain'd on every side by windes and waters salt,  
When, raging most, they raise their roughest tempest dreaded,  
As th' idior multitude, that Monster many-headed  
Bestirres it selfe, with wrath, spight, fury, full of terror,  
Gainst whatsoeuer man that dares reprove her error.  
Who vndertakes that taske, must make account (at first)  
To take hot wars in hand, and beare away the worst.  
Therefore a many Works (worthy the light) haue died  
Before their birth, in brests of Fathers terrified;  
Not by rough deeds alone, but even by foolish threats:  
Yet onely noyse of words base cowards only bears.  
Then feare who list (for me) the common peoples cry,  
And who so list, be mute, if otherminded: I  
(Scorning the feeble force of such a vaine indeavour)  
Will freely (spight of feare) say, what I censure ever:  
And, though my present State permit me not such scope,  
Mine vn-forbidden pen with Errors pride shall cope.  
Close Prison (now a- dayes) th' extreamest miserie  
The world doth deem, I deem direct the contrarie:  
And there-with-all will prove, that even Adversities  
Are to be wished more then most Prosperities.



And, for *Imprisonment*, though that be most lamented,  
Of all the grieues wherewith men feare to be tormented;  
Yet, that's the State most stor'd with pleasure and delight,  
And the most gainfull too to any Christian wight.

A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, then creditable;  
The which my selfe sometimes haue also thought a fable,  
While guile-full vanities, fed not, but fill'd my minde,  
For strengthening sustenance, with vn-substantiall winde.

I hated Death to death, I also did detest  
All sickness and disease that might a man molest.  
But most I did abhorre that base esteemed state,  
Which to subiections Law our selves doth subjugate,  
And our sweet life enthralles vnto anothers will:  
For, as my fancy wish't I would haue walked still.  
Death (thought I) soon hath done, and every griefe besides,  
The more extreame it is, the lesser time abides:  
But now, besides that I esteem'd the prisoners trouble  
Much worse, methought the time his martyrdom did double.  
So that, to scape that scourge, so irksome to my hart,  
I could haue been content to suffer any smart.

Lo, by blind ignorance how indgements are misled:  
Now that full thirtie months I haue experienced  
That so-much-feared ill, 'tis now so vs'd to me,  
That I (a prisoner) liue much more content and free,  
Then when as (vnder cloake of a false freedom vain)  
I was base slaue (indeed) to many a bitter pain.

But, now I see my selfe mockt every-where almost,  
And feeble me alone met by a mightie host  
Of such, as (in this case) doo not conceiue as I,  
But doo esteem themselves offended much thereby.

And therefore (Father deer) this weake abortiue Childe,  
For refuge runs between th' armes of his Grand-fire milde.  
If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:  
For, careless of the rest, all that I heere desire,  
Is onely that your selfe (as in a Glasse) may see  
The Image of th' estate of my Captivity:  
Where, though I nothing can auail the Common-weale,  
Yet I auail my selfe (at least) some little deale;  
Praising th' all powerfull Lord, that thus vouchsafes to poure  
Such fauours manifold vpon me every houre;  
Wherof your self (yet while) so sweet sure proof haue tasted,  
In cruell bitterness of bands that longer lasted.

Now, I beseech his Grace to blesse mine enterprise,  
My heart and hand at once to gouern in such wise,  
That what I write, may nought displeasing him containe:  
For, voyd of his sweet aide, who works he works in vaine.

Within the wide-spread space of these round Elements,  
Whatever is indewd with living soule and sense,

See

Seeks (of it selfe) selfe-good; this instinct naturall  
Nature her selfe hath grauen in hearts of Creatures all:  
And of all liuing things (from largest to the least)  
Each one to flie his ill doth eue more his best.

Thereof it comes (we see) the wilde Horse (full of strength)  
Tame to take the bit into his mouth at length;  
And so, by force we tame each most vntamed beast,  
Which, of it selfe, discrete, of euils takes the least:

And though that that which seems to be his chiefe restraint  
He often-times despise, that's by a worse constraint:  
As, when the Lion herce, feare-lesse pursues the shining  
Of bright keen-pearing blades, and 's royal crest declining,  
Full of the valiant Fire, that courage woont to lead,  
Runnes midst a million swords, his whelpings to defend,  
More fearing farre that they their liberty should lose,  
Than on himselfe the smart of thousand wounding blowes.

But, all things haue not now the selfe same goods and ills;  
What helpeth one, the same another hurts and kills:  
There 's ods between the good that sauage Beasts do like,  
And that good (good indeed) which soule-wise man must seek:  
When Beasts haue store of food, and free from foe's annoy,  
Smartlesse, and sound, and safe, may (as they list) enjoy  
Their fill of those delights, that most delight the sense;  
That, that 's the happiness that fully them contents:  
But reasonable soules (as God hath made mankind)  
Can with so wretched Good not satisfie their mind.

But, by how much the more their inly sight excels  
The brutish appetite of every creature els,  
So much more excellent the good for which they thirst.  
Man of two parts is made: the body is the worst,  
The Heav'n-born soule, the best, wherein mans blisse abides;  
In body that of beasts, nought hauing els besides;  
This body stands in need of many an accessorie,  
To make it somewhat seem: the soule receiues this glory,  
That selfe she subsists; and her abundant wealth  
(Vnlike the bodies store) is euer safe from stealth.

Our body took his birth of this terrestriall clod:  
Our spirit, it was inspir'd of th' inly breath of God;  
And either of them still strues to his proper place,  
This (earth-born) stoopes to earth, that sties to heauen apace.  
But, as the silly bird, whose wings are wrapt in line,  
Faine (but in vaine) attempts to flie full many a time:  
So, our faire soule, sui charg'd with this foule robe of mud,  
Is too-often held from mounting to her Good.  
She strues, she strikes, sometimes she lifts her vp aloft:  
But as the worse part (we see) preuaileth oft,  
This false fragile flesh of ours, with pleasure's painted lure,  
Straight makes her stoop againe downe to the dust impure.

Iii

Happy



Happy who th' honour hath of such a victory:  
 He crowns his conquering head with more true maiesty  
 Then if he had subdued those Nations, by his might,  
 Which doo discover first *Aurora's* early light,  
 And those whom *Phabus* sees from his *Meridian* Mount,  
 Th' *Anti-podes*, and all; more then the sand to count.  
 For, small the honour is to be acknowledg'd King  
 And Monarke of the world; ones selfe vn-mastering.  
 But, each man on his head this Garland cannot set,  
 Nor is it given to all this victorie to get.  
 Onely a very few (Gods decree-below'd Elect)  
 This happy Goale haue got by Vertues lyue effect:  
 The rest, soon weary of this same so painfull War,  
 Like well of Heauen, but loue the earth above it far:  
 Some, drunk with poysony dregs of worldly pleasures brute,  
 Know where true good consists, but neuer doo ensue't:  
 Some doo ensue the same, but with so faint a heart,  
 That at the first assault they doo retire and start:  
 Some, more courageous, yow more then they bring to passe  
 (So much more easie'tis to say, then doo, alas)  
 And all, through too-much loue of this vaine worlds allurements,  
 Or too-much idle feare of sufferings and endurements:  
 Meere vanities, whereto the more men doo incline,  
 The farther-off they are from their chiefe Good diuine.  
 Therefore, so many think themselves so miserable:  
 Therefore the aire is fill'd with out-cries lamentable  
 Of such as doo disdain the thing that better is,  
 To entertaine the worke, with for feit of their blisse:  
 Therefore we see those men that riches doo possesse,  
 Afflicted still with care: and therefore heauynesse  
 Abandons neuer those, that, fed with honours fill,  
 Fawne vpon Potentates, for sitting fauours still.  
 And, cause (God wot) they haue, to be at quiet neuer,  
 Sith their felicitie is so vncertaine ever.  
 Neither are Kings themselves exempted from vexation,  
 How-euer Soueraigne sway they beare in any Nation:  
 For, now they wish to win, anon feare losse no lesse.  
 Yea, though (for Empire) they did this wide world possesse,  
 Not one of them, withall, could full contented be:  
 For, how man more attaines, the more attempteth he.  
 Who (therefore) couets most such soon-past goods vncertain,  
 Shall ne'r enjoy the ioy of goods abiding certain:  
 But, who so seeks to build a true content, to last,  
 On else-what must else-where his first foundation cast.  
 For, all things here belowe are apt to alter ever:  
 Here's nothing permanent: and therefore who so euer  
 Trusts thereto, trusteth to a broken staffe for stay;  
 For no earth's vanity can blesse a man for aye.

We must, to make vs blest, our firme assurance found  
 Else-where then in this world, this change-inthrall'd ground:  
 We must propose our selues that perfect, perish-les,  
 That true vntained good, that good all danger-les  
 From th' vnust spoile of the eues, which neuer, neuer stands  
 In need of guard, to guard from Souldiers pillaging hands.

Now, 'tis with spirituall hands and not with corporall,  
 That we doo apprehend these heavenly treasures all:  
 Treasures so precious, that th' onely hope to haue them  
 In full fruition once, with him that frankly gaue them,  
 Fills vs with euery ioy, our sorrowes choaks and kills,  
 And makes vs feeble, amid our most tormenting ills,  
 A much more calme content, then those that euery day  
 On this fraile earth inioy their hearts with euery way.

It's therefore in the spirit, not in the flesh that we  
 Must seeke our *Soueraigne Good* and chiefe Felicitie.

Th' one is not capable of any iniurie:

Th' other's thrall to th' yoke of many a miserie:

Th' one end-les, euer-lasts: th' other endures so little,  
 That wel-nigh yer't be got, 'tis gone, it is so brittle.

For, who is he that now in wealth aboundeth most,  
 Or, he that in the Court Kings fauours best may boast,  
 Or, he that's most with robes of dignity bedight,  
 Or, he that swimmes on Seats of sensuall sweet delight,  
 But is in perill still to proue the contrarie,  
 Poore, hated, honour-les, and full of misery?

But, one, that scorning all these rich proud pomps and pleasures  
 About him (like *Atlas*) beares alwaies all his treasures,  
 Euen (like to him) can leaue his native Country sackt  
 Without sustaine of losse; and, with a mind infract,  
 Euen vanquished becaue the victors victories,  
 Who, though his Land he win, cannot his hart surprise.

Let exile, prisonment, and tortures great and small,  
 With their extreamest paines at-once assaile him all:  
 Let him be left alone among his mighty foes,  
 Poore, friendless, naked, sick (or if ought worse then those)  
 He doth not onely beare all this with patience,  
 But taketh (euen) delight in such experience,  
 Regarding all these griefes, which men so much affright,  
 As Baby-fearing buggs, and scar-crowes void of might:  
 He chooseth rather much such exercise as these,  
 Then mid the flesh-delights to rust in idle ease.

But, very few there are, that thus much will admit:  
 Nay, few or none there are that easily credit it;  
 The most part, taking-part with common most conceit,  
 Yet they haue heard of this, sustaine the tother straight:  
 Not seeing, that themselves shun and refuse as ill,  
 What vnto other men, for good they offer still.



Not one of them will brooke his Son in sloath to lurke,  
But moues and stirs him vp incessantly to vwork;  
Forbids him nothing more then sin-feed idleness;  
Nor any pleasure vane permits him to possesse  
(For well he knowes, that vway to vertue doth not lead,  
But thither-ward vvhoe walks a path of paine must tread):  
If he offend in ought, he chastens and reproues him,  
In so much sharper sort by how much more he loues him.

Thus handleth man the thing that most he holdeth deere,  
Yet thinks it strange himselfe should be so handled heere.  
May vve not rather think vve are beloy'd of God,  
When as vve feelee the stripes of his iust-gentle rod?  
And that, vvhom heer he lets liue as they list in pleasure,  
Are such as least he loues, and holds not as his treasure?  
For so, not of our slaues, but of our sonnes elect,  
By sharp-sweet chastisements the manners vve correct.

In very deed God doth as doth a prudent Sire,  
Who little careth what may crosse his childe's desire,  
But vvhats may most auaille vnto his betterment:  
So, knowing well that ease would make vs negligent,  
He exerciseth vs, he stirres vs vp, and presses:  
And, though vve murmur much, yet neuer more he ceases,  
He chastens, he afflicts: and those vvhom most he striketh,  
Are those vvhom most he loues, and whom he chiefly liketh.

No valiant men of vvarre will murmur or mislike,  
For being plac't to proue the formost push of pike:  
Nay, rather would they there already front the foe,  
With losse of dearest blood, their dauntlesse hearts to show.  
If an exploit approach, or Battel-day draw nie,  
If ambush must be laid, some Stratagem to trie;  
Or, must they meet the foe in eger skirmish fell,  
Or for the sleepey hoast all night keepe sentinell:  
From grudging at the paines, so far off are they all,  
That blest they count themselues; therefore their Generall  
Implayes them often-times, as most couragious;  
And, them approu'd, he plants in places dangerous:  
But, no man makes account of such as shun the charge,  
Whose paine is not so little as their shame is large.

All of vs (in this world) resemble Souldiers right,  
From day-broke of our birth euen to our dying night:  
This life it is a warre, vvherein the valiantest,  
With hottest skirmishes are euer plicd and prest:  
Whom our grand Captaine most sets-by, he sets a-front  
The forward, as most fit to beare the chiefest brunt.  
Cares, exiles, prisonments, diseases, dolours, losses,  
Maimes, tortures, torments, spoiles, contempt, dishonours, crosses,  
All these are hard exploits, and full of bickrings bold,  
Which he commits to those whom he doth deere hold:

But, leaue those behinde for whom he careth little,  
To stretch themselues at ease amid their honours brittle,  
Their poms, their dignities, their ioles, their gems, their treasures,  
Their dainties, their delights, their pastimes and their pleasures;  
Like coward Groomes that guard the baggage and the stuffe,  
While others meet the foe, and shew their valours prooffe.

But haue not these (say some) in these afflictions part?  
No; but of punishment, they often feelee the smart.  
Afflicted those we count, whom chastnings tame, and turne;  
The other punished, that at correction spume:  
The first (still full of hope) reape profit by their rods;  
The later (desperate) through spight wax worfe by ods.  
Boy-stragglers of a Camp, so should be punish't then,  
Being naked for't to fight with troupes of armed men,  
Who cannot reap nor reach the pleasure, nor the meed,  
Nor th' honour incident for doing such a deed:  
To such praise-winning place, braue Souldiers gladly run,  
Which as a dangerous place these faint-harts sadly shun.

What Warriour in the world, that had not rather trie  
A million of extreames (yea rather euen to die)  
Then with disgracefull spot to staine his Honour bright  
In these corporeall Warres? Yet, in the ghostly fight  
Of glory careless all) wee shun all labours pain,  
To purchase with reproche a rest-nest idly-vain.  
Vertue is not atchieu'd, by spending of the yeer  
In pleasures soft, sweet shades, down beds and dainty cheere:  
Continuall trauell 'tis that makes vs there arrive,  
And so by trauell too Vertue is kept aliue:  
For, soon all vertue vades without some exercise;  
But, being stir'd, the more her vigour multiplies.

Besides, what man is he, that feels some member rotten,  
Whereof he feares to die, but causeth straight be gotten  
Some surgeon, that with sawe, with cauter, or with knife,  
May take that part away, to saue his threatned life:  
And suffers (though with smart) his very flesh and bones  
To be both fear'd, and saw'd, and cleane cut-off at once?  
But, to recure the soule (the soule with sin infected)  
All wholesome remedies are hated and reiected:  
With the Physician kind th' impatient Patient frets,  
Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand he lets:  
We are halfe putrefied, through sinnes contagious spot,  
And without speedy help the rest must wholly rot:  
Cut-off th' infected part, then are we sound and free,  
Else all must perish needs, there is no remedie.

Most happy they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord  
(With smart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhor'd  
Of th' euer-neuer death, wherein they lye and languish,  
That heere haue had their ease and neuer tasted anguish.



But many, which as yet the aduerse part approoue,  
 Conceiue (if not confesse) that it doth more behooue  
 By faintle's exercise faire Vertue to maintaine,  
 Then ouer-whelm'd with Vice, at rest to rust in vaine.  
 But yet th' extremitie of sufferings doth dismay-them,  
 The force where-of they feare would easily ouer-lay them:  
 They loue the exercise, the chastenings likewise like them,  
 But yet they would haue God but seld and softly strike-them;  
 Els are they prest to runne, to ruine, with the Duels,  
 They are so sore ascard of false supposed euils:  
 Most wretched is the man that for the feare of nisses,  
 All liuely-breathing hopes of happy goodnes stifles.  
 Of nisses, Sir, say they: seeme all their bitter crosses,  
 As nothing: nor their paines, nor lamentable losses,  
 That daily they indure: were not the vvretches blest,  
 If from their heauie load their shoulders vvere releast?

Who is not happy (sure) in misery and woe,  
 No doubt prosperity can neuer make him so:  
 No more then he that 's sick should find more ease vpon  
 A glorious golden bed, then on a wooden one.  
 Man harbours in himselfe the euill that afflicts-him,  
 And his owne fault it is, if discontentment pricks-him:  
 And all these outward ills are wrongfully accused,  
 Which flesh and blood doth blame; for, being rightly vsed,  
 They all turne to our good: but whoso takes offence  
 Thereby, hath by and by his iust rough recompence:  
 For neither in their power, nor in their proof the same  
 Are euils in effect, but in conceit and name:  
 Which when we lightly vvaigh, the least of vs surmounts them,  
 Nor hurt they any one but him that ouer-counts them.

Neither ought that (indeed) for euill to be rated,  
 Which may by accident be vnto good translated:  
 For ill is euer ill, and is contrary euer  
 Directly vnto good, so that their natures neuer  
 Can be constrain'd to brooke each other, neither yet  
 Can th' one be euer turn'd to th' other opposite:  
 But, plainly we perceiue, that there 's no languor such,  
 But long continuance and custome lighten much;  
 Familiarizing so the Fir, that how-so fret it,  
 Even in the extremitie one may almost forget it.  
 What better prooffe of this then these poore Gally-slaves,  
 Which, hating been before such Rogues and idle Knaues,  
 As shunning seruices to labour were so loth,  
 That they would starue and die rather then leaue their sloth,  
 But being vs'd a while to tug the painfull Oare,  
 Labour that yerst they loath'd, they now desire the more:  
 Or those that are assail'd with burning Feuer-fit,  
 Even then when least of all they dread or doubt of it:  
 Who carefully complaine, and crie, and raue and rage,

Pyrene

Frying inward flames, the which they cannot swage;  
 Yet, if it wax not worse, the daintiest body makes it  
 In eight dayes as a vse, and as a trifle takes it:  
 Or, those that haue somtimes the painfull rack indured,  
 Who without charge of paine being a while inured,  
 The paine that did constrain them to bewaile and weepe,  
 Seemes them so easie then, they almost fall a-sleepe.

All are not euils then, that are surnamed so,  
 Sith euill neuer can his nature mingle, no,  
 Nor turne it into good; whereas we plainly see  
 On th' other side, that these are changed sodainly.  
 And, vvhere they ills (indeed) sith they so little last,  
 Were 't not a very shame to be so much agast?

But here again (say they) th' ones nature neuer taketh  
 The others nature on, but still the stronger maketh  
 His fellow giue him place, and only beareth sway  
 Till that, return'd againe, driue it againe away.

Nay, that can neuer be: for neuer perfect good  
 Can by his contrarie be banisht (though withstood):  
 For, good is euer good, and wheresoe'r it goe  
 Euill doth euer strue, but with too strong a foe.  
 There is no reason then, these, good, or ill to call,  
 That alter in this sort, and neuer rest at all:  
 Neither to blesse or blame them for the good or ill  
 That euer in her selfe our soule concealeth still.

For, if that from without, our bale, or else our blisse  
 Arriu'd; euer more withall must follow this,  
 That alwaies, vnto all, selfe ill, selfe paine, would bring:  
 Selfe good, one selfe content: but tis a certaine thing,  
 They are not taken for their quality and kind,  
 But rather as th' effects of men are most inclin'd.

One, losing but a crowne, hath lost his patience quight:  
 Another, hauing lost fve hundred in a night,  
 Is neuer mov'd a iote, though (hauing lesse in store,  
 Then th' other hath by ods) his losse might grieue him more.  
 One, being banished, doth nothing but lament,  
 Another (as at home) is there as well content.  
 And, one in prison pent, is vtterly dismaide:  
 Another, as at home, liues there as well appaid.

Needs must we then confesse, that in our selues doth rest  
 That which vnhappyth vs, and that which makes vs blest:  
 In vs (indeed) the ill, which of our selues doth growe:  
 And in vs too the good, which from God's grace doth flowe,  
 To whom it pleaseth him: true good that none can owe-yet,  
 Saue those on whom the Lord vouchsafeth to bestow-it:  
 And that the bitter smart of all the paines that wring-vs,  
 From nothing but our sinne, receiue strength to sting-vs.  
 Yea, surely in our selues abides our miserie:  
 Our Grand-fire Adam left vs that for Legacie,

When



When he enthrall'd himselfe vnto the Law of sin,  
Wherein his guilty heires their grievefull birth begin.  
The Lord had giuen to him a Nature and a feature,  
Perfect (indeed) and blest aboue all other creature;  
And of this Earthly world had stablisht him as King,  
Subiecting to his rule the reanes of euery thing:  
His spirit within it selfe no selfe-debates did nurse,  
Hauing no knowledge yet of better nor of worse:  
His body ever blithe and healthfull felt no war  
Of those foure qualities that now doo euer iarre:  
Nor any poysony plant, nor any Serpent fell,  
Nor any noysom beast could hurt him any deale:  
He might, without the taste of bitter death, attaine  
Vnto the Hauen of Heauen, were all true Loyes doo raigne.  
And had he not misdane, he might haue well bequeath'd  
The same inheritance to all that euer breath'd:  
How happy had he been, if he had neuer eaten  
Th' vnlawfull fatall fruit that double Death did threaten:  
O that he neuer had preferd the Serpents flatter  
Before th' eternall Law of all the worlds Creator.

You shall be (said the Fiend) like supream Deities:  
This sweet fruits sugred iuice shall open both your eyes  
Which now your tyrant God (enuying all your blisse)  
Blindes with a filmy vaile of black Obscurities,  
Lest that you should become his equals in degree,  
Knowing both good and ill as well as euer he.  
Poor *Eue* beleues him straight, and Man beleues his wife,  
And biteth by and by the Apple asking life:  
Whereof so soone as he had tasted, he begins  
(But all too late alas) to see his cursed finnes.  
His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then he had the skill  
To know the difference between the good and ill:  
Then did he knowe how good, good was when he had lost it.  
And euill too he knew (but ah too deere cost it)  
Leauing himselfe (besides the sorrow of his losse)  
Nothing but sad despaire of succour in his crosse.

He found himselfe falne down from blissefull state of peace  
Into a ciuill warre where discords neuer cease:  
His soule reuolting, soon became his bitter foe.  
But (as it oft befalls that worst doo strongest growe)  
She is not eas'd at all by th' inly struuing iarres,  
Which doo annoy her more then th' irefull open warres.  
Wrath, hatred, enuy, feare, sorrow, despaire, and such;  
And passions opposite to these, afflict as much,  
Distracting to and fro the Princesse of his life,  
In restless mutinies, and neuer ceasing strife.  
Then th' humor-brethren all, hot, cold, and wet, and dry,  
Filde out among themselves, augment his misery.

So that (by their debate) within his flesh there seeded  
A harvest of such weeds as neuer can be weeded.  
All creatures that before (as Subiects) did attend him,  
Now, among themselves conspire by all meanes to offend him:  
In briebe, Immortall borne, now mortall he became,  
And bound his soule to hide Hells euer-burning flame,  
Leauing his wofull heires (euen from their birth's beginning)  
Heires of his heavy paine, as of his hainous sinning.

So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankind,  
To beare the punishment to his foule sinne assign'd:  
And none had euer escap'd, had not the God of grace  
(Desiring more to saue, then to subuert his race)  
Redeem'd vs by the death of his deer onely Son,  
And chosen vs in him before the World begun:  
Forgiuing vs the fault, and with the fault the fine;  
All saue this temporall death, of *Adams* sin the signe.

Now in the horror of those easelesse, endlesse paines,  
It may be rightly said that euill euer raignes:  
That's euill's very selfe; and not this seeming-woe,  
Whereof the wanton world complaineth daily so.

Liv'd we ten thousand yeers continually tormented  
In all fell tortures strange that euer were inuented,  
What's that compar'd to time that neuer shall expire,  
Amid th' infernall flames, whose least-afflicting fire  
Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can thinke?  
Sure, all that we endure, till *Lethe* drops we drinke,  
Is all but ease to that: or if it be a paine,  
Tis in respect of that a very trifle vaine.

But, were't a great deale worse, why should we euill name  
That which we rather finde a medicine for the same?  
Health, wealth, security, honour and ease doo make vs  
Forget our God, and God for that doth soone forsake vs;  
Whereas afflictions are ready meanes to moue vs,  
To seeke our health in him that doth so deere lone vs.  
Tis true indeed: (say some) that benefit they bring vs,  
But yet the smart thereof doth so extreamly wrings vs,  
That th' euill which they feele that doo indure the same,  
Makes them esteeme it iust to giue it that for name.

Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be denied)  
Is thrall to many throes, while here on earth we bide  
In body and in soule: the troubled soule sustaines  
A thousand passions strong, the body thousand paines:  
And that's the vretched State, the vvhich yer-while I saide,  
Was iustly due to vs, when *Adam* disobay'd.

But, he that's once new-borne in Iesus Christ by faith,  
Who his assured hope in God sole settled hath,  
Who doth beleue that God giues essence vnto all,  
And all sustaineth still: that nothing doth befall

But



But by his sacred will, and that no strength that striveth  
To stop his iust decrees, can stand, or ever thrive;  
Not onely doth accept all paines with patience,  
The which he takes for due vnto his deepe offence;  
Nor onely is content (if such be Gods good pleasure)  
To feele a thousand-fold a much more ample measure,  
But euen delights therein; and void of any feare,  
Expects th' extremitie of all assaults to beare:  
Whether almighty God abate their wonted vigor,  
Or (that his may not feele their crosses cruell rigor)  
Doo wholly arme them with new forces for the nonce,  
To beare the bitter brunt: or whether both at once.

And, to approoue this true; how many dayly drinke  
Of torments bitter Cup, that neuer seeme to shrink:  
Alas, what sharper smart? what more afflicting paines?  
What worser griefe then that, which ceaselesly sustaines?  
He that by some mischance, or els by martiall thunder,  
Vnhappily hath had some maine bone broke in sunder:  
What torment feeleth not the sore-sicke deepe-diseased?  
One while with cruell fit of burning Feuer seised:  
Another while assail'd with Colick and with Stone,  
Or with the cure-lesse Gout, whose rigour yeelds to none:  
Or thousand other griefes, whose bitter vexing strife  
Disturbs continually the quiet of our life:  
Yet notwithstanding this, in all this painfull anguish  
(Though the most parte repine, and plain, and mourne, and languish  
Murmuring against the Lord, with discontented voice)  
Some praise his clemencie, and in his rods reioyce.

How many such (deere Saints) haue felt tormenters scorne  
To dye betwene their hands, through moody tyrants teene,  
So little daunted at their martyrdome and slaughter,  
That in th' extremity they haue expressed laughter:  
How many at the stake, nay, in the very flame,  
Haue sung, with cheerefull voice, th' Almighties praise-full name?

Yet were they all compact of artirs and of veins,  
Of sinewes, bones, and flesh: and sensible of paines  
(By nature at the least) as much as any other,  
For being issued all from one selfe earthly mother.

What makes them then to find such extream smart so sweet?  
What makes them patiently those deadly pangs to meet?  
No doubt it is the Lord, who first of nothing made vs,  
Who with his liberall hand of goodnes still doth lade vs:  
Some more and other lesse: and neuer ceaseth space  
From making vs to feele the fauours of his grace.

Accurst are they (indeed) whom he doth all abandon  
To doo their Lust for Law, and runne their life at randon:  
Accurst who neuer taste the sharp-sweet hand of God:  
Accurst (ah, most accurst) who neuer feele his rod.

Such men (by nature born the bond-slaves vnto sinne)  
Through self-corruption, end worse then they did beginne:  
For, how they longer liue, the more by their amisse,  
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther-off from blisse,  
Such men within themselues their euils spring containe:  
There is no outward thing (as falsly they complaine)  
Cause of their cureless ill: for good is euery thing,  
And good can (of it selfe) to no-man euill bring.

Now, if they could aright these earthly pleasures prize  
According to their worth, they would not in such wise,  
For lack, or losse of these (so vaine and transitorie)  
Lament so bitterly, nor be so sadly-forrie.

But ouer-loting still these outward things vnsable,  
To rest in true content an houre they are not able,  
No, not a moments time, their feare doth so assaile them:  
And, if their feare fall true, that their *good-fortune* faile them,  
Then swell their fullen hearts with sorrow till they burst,  
And then (poor desperate soules) they deem themselues accurst;  
And so (indeed) they are: but yet they erre in this,  
In blaming other things, for their owne selfe-amisse;  
Other indifferent things, that neither make, nor marre,  
But to the good, be good; to th' euill, euill are.

Is't not great foolishnes, for any to complaine  
That something is not don, which doth him nought constrain?  
Sah, if he vse the same, soule-health it hurteth not:  
Or, if he doo not vse 't, it helpeth not a iot.

But needs must we complain (say some) for we haue cause:  
Then at your perill be't, for, that which chiefly drawes  
Youthereto, 'tis in trueth your brutenesse in mis-deeming  
Things euill, that are good (for sense-contrary seeming):  
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors mist,  
Your drowie spirits doo droope, alas what maruell is 't  
If euill follow you, and if (iniurious) still  
To others you impute your selfe-ingendred ill?

Happy are they to whom the Lord vouchsafeth sight  
To see the louely beames and life-infusing Light  
Of his sweet sacred Truth; whereby we may perceiue  
And iudge a-rightly, what to loue, and what to leaue.  
Such men within their soules, their goods haue wholly plac'd;  
Such goods, as neuer fire can either burne or waste:  
Nor any theefe can steale, nor Pirat make his preie,  
Nor vniue consume, nor Tyrant take away;  
Nor times all-gnawing tooth can fret away nor finish,  
Nor any accident of sad mischance diminish.  
For it is built on God, a Rock that euer standes:  
Nor on the vanities of these inconstant sands,  
Which are more mutable then winde, and more vnsable,  
And day by day doo make so many miserable.



O, to what sweet content, to what high ioyes aspires  
He, that in God alone can limit his desires!  
He that in him alone his hopes can wholly rest,  
He that for onely end, waites for the wages blest,  
Wherewith he promifeth for ever (sans respect  
Of their selfe-meriting) to guerdon his Elect:

What is it can bereaue the wealth of such a man?  
What is it that disturbe his perfect pleasures can?  
What is it can supplant his honours and degrees?  
Sith all his treasures, his delights, his dignities  
Are all laid vp in Heauen, where it were all in vaine  
For all the sonnes of earth to warre with might and maine.

No doubt (will some man say) each Christian doth aspire  
(After their bodies death) to those deer treasures higher,  
That are reserv'd in Heauen, whereof the sweet possession  
Feares not the violence of all the worlds oppression:

But, while that here below this fraile flesh-burden ties him,  
But the bare hope he hath: which how can it suffice him  
Against the sharp assaults of passions infinite,  
Whose glad-sad crosse consists afflict him day and night:

Needs must I graunt (indeed) that the same perfit ioy  
We cannot perfectly vpon this earth enjoy:

But, that that hope alone doth not sufficiently  
Blesse his life where it liues (for my part) I denie.  
Some doe not feare (we see) to spend their stock and store,  
To vndertake the taske of many trauailes sore,  
To hazard limmes, and liues, in seruice of some Lord;  
Depending oft vpon his foole-fat-feeding word;  
Or waiting els (perhaps) without all other hold,  
Vntill it please him selfe his franknes to vnfold;  
Not reaking all their paine, they are so inly pleas'd  
With hoped benefit, whereof they are not seaz'd:  
And, shall th' assured hope of euer-blisses then,  
For which we haue the word, not of vaine mortall men,  
That teach their tongues to lie; but of the highest God,  
The God of truth, Truth's selfe, where truth hath still abode:  
Shall that (I say) not serue to settle our saint hearts,  
Against (I will not say) like dangers and like smartts:  
But 'gainst these petty griefes, that now and then do pain vs,  
No more likethose then heauen neer earth that doth sustain vs?  
Ah, shall we then despise all trouble and vexation,  
Supported by a prop of doubtfull expectation?  
And, while for earthly things we can indure all this,  
Shall we not do as much for an immortall blisse?

Indeed not of our selues: for, selfly nought we can;  
But God (when pleaseth him) doth giue this strength to man,  
Whereby he standeth stout; euen like a mighty rocke  
Amid the mounting waues, when *Ede* doth vnlocke

Stene

Stene *Asslers* stormie gate, making the waters wrastle  
And rush with wrath full rage against the sturdie castle,  
While it (for all the force of their fell furie shovne)  
Is not so much as moou'd, and much lesse ouerthrowne.

So fareth such a man: for, if from high degree,  
He sodainly do slide to liue contemnedly  
With the vile vulgar sort; That cannot make him wauer:  
For, well he is assur'd, that God's high holy fauour  
Depends not on the pomp, nor vaine-proud state and poit,  
That for the grace of Kings adorne the courtly sort.

If he be kept in bands, thral to the tyrannies  
And extreme-cruell lawes of ruthelss enemies,  
Both voyde of helpe and hope, and of all likelihood  
Of being euer freed from their hands thirsting blood;  
In sight of them, he knowes that one day he shall die,  
And then he shall inioy an endless *Libertie*.

If he be forc't to fly from his deere country-clime,  
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,  
He doth suppose the World to be a Country common,  
From whence, a tyrants wrath (till death) can banish no man.

If that he must forsake his Parents and his Kin,  
And those whose amitie he most delighteth in;  
He knowes that where he findes a man he findes a Kins-man:  
For, all mankind is come from one selfe Father (sinnes-man)

If (being spoil'd of wealth, & wanton-pampering plentie)  
He find vpon his boord two dishes scant of twentie,  
And to his back one coate to keepe the cold away,  
Whereas he had before, a new for euery day;  
He learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids vs be content  
With food and furniture to this life competent:  
Sith nothing (as saith *Iob*) into this world we brought,  
Nor wish vs when we die can we hence carry ought.

If he be passing poore, and in exceeding lack  
Of euery needfull thing for belly and for back,  
He learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heederh  
To giue to euery one (in time) the thing he needeth:  
And that the Fowles of Heauen, and Cartel small and great,  
Doo neither sowe nor reape, yet find they what to eate:  
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire, which growe among the grasse,  
Doo neither spin nor worke, and yet their garments passe  
(For colour and for cost, for Art and ornament)  
The glorious *Salomon's* rich robes of Parliament.

If so that he be sicke, or wounded in the arme,  
In body, back, or brest, or such like kind of harme:  
If in extremitie of angry paine and anguish,  
Enfeebled still by fits, he bed-rid lye and languish:  
If all the miseries that euer martyr'd man,  
At once on euery side afflict him all they can:

K k k

The



The more that he endures, the more his comforts growe,  
 Sith so his wretchednes he sooner comes to knowe;  
 That from worlds vanities he may himselfe aduance,  
 Which hold all those from heauen, that still delight that dance:  
 He feares not those at all that with their vmoost might,  
 Hauing the body slaine, can do no farther spight:  
 But onely him that with ten thousand deaths can kill  
 The soule and body both for euer if he will:  
 He knowes it is their lot that seek to please their God,  
 To be afflicted still with persecutions rod:  
 So that, what-euer crosse, how-euer sharpe assaile him,  
 His constant harts-content and comfort cannot faile him.

But, he must die (say you). Alas, can that dismay?  
 Where is the labourer that (hauing wrought all day  
 Amid the burning heat, with wearinesse opprest)  
 Complaines that night is come when he shall goe to rest?  
 The Marchant that retournes from some far forraine Lands,  
 Escaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous shelves and sands,  
 When as he sees his ship her home-hauen enter safe,  
 Will he repine at God, and (as offended) chafe  
 For being brought too soon home to his native soil,  
 Free from all perils sad that threaten Saylours spoile?  
 He knowes, from thousand deaths that this one death doth lose him,  
 That in heauens euer-ioyes, he euer may repose him:  
 That he must bring his Bark into this Creeke, before  
 In th' euerlasting Land he can set foot a-shore:  
 That he can neuer come to incorruption,  
 Vnles that first his flesh doo feeble corruption:  
 So that, all rapt with ioy, hauing his help so readie,  
 This ship-wrack he escapes, as on a rock most steddie.

But, more (perhaps) then death the kind of death dismayeth,  
 Which serues him for a bridge that him to heauen conuayeth.  
 Whether he end his dayes by naturall disease:  
 Or in a boysterous storme do perish on the Seas:  
 Or by the bloody hands of armed foes be slaine:  
 Or by mischance a stone fall downe, and dash his braine:  
 Or by the murdering ball of new-found earthly thunder,  
 By day or els by night his bones be pasht a-sunder:  
 Or burned at a stake, or bitterly tormented  
 By cruell slaughter-men, in tortures new-invented;  
 Alas, alas! for that, much-lesse then least he careth:  
 For, as a man fall down into a Pit, he fareth;  
 Who, if he may be drawne vp from the noysom place,  
 Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes craule ouer feet & face,  
 Respects not, whether that ye vse a silken scaine,  
 Hemp-rope, or chaine of gold, so he get vp againe:  
 Euen so, so he may come to his desired blisse,  
 The maner and the meanes to him indifferent is:

As for the differing paine (if any him do torture)  
 If it be violent, he knowes it is the shorter:  
 But, be it n'er so long, long sure it cannot last  
 To vs, whose Post-like life is all so quickly past.  
 Now, such a man, in whom such firme contents do hyue,  
 Who can denie to be the happiest man aliue?  
 And who so impudent, that dareth now professe  
 That this worlds fained sweet (whose vnfaid bitterness  
 Brings, to this very life, full many torments sell,  
 And after dingeth downe to th' endless paine of Hell)  
 Should be preferr'd before these seeming-sowrs, that make vs  
 Taste many true-sweet sweets yer this dead life forsake vs,  
 And after, lift vs vp to that same blessed ioy,  
 That euermore shall last, exempt from all annoy.  
 So few there will be found (as I suppose) so deeming,  
 As many which (more fear'd with these ills falsly-seeming,  
 Than inly false-in-loue with heauen-ioyes excellence)  
 Approouing this estate, fly't as the pestilence.

And y-t, in this estate is found felicity  
 (As far forth as it may, amid the vanity  
 Of this frail fading world, where each thing hourly changes):  
 For, neuer from it selfe true happinesse estranges:  
 It neuer dooth decay, it neuer doth decrease:  
 In spight of angry Warre, it euer liues in peace:  
 Maugre poore want, it hath ten thousand kinds of wealth:  
 Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:  
 Inuiron'd round with woe, it doth reioyce and sing:  
 Depriv'd of dignities, it's greater then a King,  
 It sits secure and safe, free from hart-pining feares:  
 For, euer with it selfe it all deere treasures beares;  
 Not needing any aide of men-of-arms to watch them,  
 Nor fearing fraud, nor force of any foe to catch them.

Whereas, we dayly see so many men, whose mind  
 To transitorie trash of worldly-wealth inclinde,  
 In their abundance beg, and in their plentie poore  
 (For who hath had so much, that hath not wilhed more?)  
 No treasures can suffice the gulf of their desire:  
 Yea, make them Emperours, yet will they more aspire:  
 Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle  
 That in their troubled soule doth euer burne and boyle.  
 For euery short content of any false delight,  
 A thousand bitter throes torment them day and night.  
 All their estate doth stand abroad in hands of strangers:  
 Therefore, the more their wealth, the more their daily dangers,  
 The more their miseries, because the more they need  
 Much strength and many men vnto their hoords to heed,  
 Dreading (with cause) lest craft or cruelty, or either  
 Bereaue them of their blisse, and treasure both together.



Needs must we then confesse, that in aduersitie  
 Ther is more happines then in prosperity;  
 Sith that the minde of man so soone it selfe betrayes  
 Vnto the guilefull shares that worldly pleasure layes,  
 Which make vs at the last head-long to Hell to runne:  
 All which, aduersitie doth make vs safely shunne.

But, here it may be askt, if pleasure, state, and store  
 (Plunging vs in the Pit of vices more and more)  
 Be subiect so to make vs more and more accurst,  
 Must we esteeme that grieffe (which sense esteemeth worst)  
 More fit to better vs, and bring vs vnto blisse,  
 Then those whose smarting sting is not so strong as this:  
 Sure, sith that in our selues our cause originall  
 Of blisse and bale we hide, it matters not at all:  
 For, still the faithfull man one and the same remains,  
 Whether the grieffe be great or little he sustains;  
 Sith how so e'r it be, he takes occasion thence,  
 To seek in God alone, his comfort and defence.  
 But for because our soule (the while she doth consort  
 With this grosse fleshy lump) cannot, but in som sort  
 Suffer as sensible, yea, oftentimes so far,  
 That her best functions all, lesse apt and able are,  
 Than els at other times; I doo suppose the proof  
 Of one, then other ill, auails more in behoof.

That this is so, we see, a sick-man oft to finde  
 Such ioyfull quietnes, and comfort in his minde,  
 That he esteems himselfe the best content-alive:  
 But yet the sharpe disease (which doth his health deprime)  
 With-holdeth in som sort his senses and his wit,  
 That freely other-where he cannot vse them fit.  
 And so it fares with him, that (through-resolved well)  
 Endures the cruell strains of any torture fell.

Now, for the banisht man, the changing of his dwelling  
 Neuer disturbs his ioy. And he whose wealth excelling  
 Turns in a trice to want by whatsoeuer chaunce,  
 His courage neuer shrinkes, nor yet his countenance.

So that in their content, all foure are all a-like,  
 A-like reioycing all in their afflictions eek:  
 A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities:  
 But, the two last haue odds in their extremities;  
 In that, without impeach, they may apply their minde  
 To many goodly things, wherein great ioy they finde  
 (I mean when each distresse offends a man alone,  
 Not when he is assail'd at once of euery one.)

Yet, perill's quickly past, danger endureth not,  
 Exile so easie growes that it is soon forgot,  
 The greatest losse that is we minde not many houres:  
 For, thousand accidents distract this soule of ours,

Which

Which cannot in such sort the senses still restrain,  
 But that they will goe feed on many obiects vain;  
 Whereby at vn-awares the oftentimes, surpris'd,  
 Is ouer-reacht by those, whose rigour she despis'd:  
 And so, the pleasant taste she doth vntimely misse,  
 Wherewith affliction sweet doth season heer her blisse.  
 So that, som other state (wherein our soule, lesse fed  
 With sundry obiects vain, shall be more setteled)  
 May rightly be preferd to these which make her stay,  
 And stumble often-times, vnto her owne decay.  
 And therefore, I maintaine *Close Prison* to be best  
 Of all afflictions that may a man molest;  
 Considering, all defects to other crosses common,  
 In this are seldom found, and almost, felt of no man.

For *Prison* is a place where God sequesters men,  
 Farre from the vile prospect of vanities terrene,  
 To make them thence withdrawe their harts, and to confesse  
 That in his grace alone consists their happines.  
 It is a learned School, where God himselfe reads cleerly  
 True wisdoms perfect rules, to those he loueth deerly.

There, th' vnderstanding (free, amid the many chains,  
 That binde the body fast) findes out a thousand means  
 To learne another day to be more apt and able  
 (According to our place) for vses seruiceable,  
 To profit publike-weal: for euermore we ought  
 (In seeking self-gain) see that common good be sought.  
 Knowledge is onely learn'd by long exercitation:  
 For which, what fitter mean then such a sequestration,  
 Where each man, vndisturb'd, through diligence may growe,  
 According to the gifts that gracious Heav'ns bestowe:  
 One, in ability to rule a lawfull State,  
 The vertuous to aduance, and vicious to abate:  
 Another, from the Tombe to fetch Antiquity,  
 Another to discern the Truth from Sophistry:  
 Another (by the feats of elder men at Armes)  
 To frame wise Stratagems for wofull wars alarms:  
 For, Souldiers oftentimes may more experience get  
 By reading, then they can where Camp and Camp is met.  
 And (briefly to conclude) som, grauely to aduise,  
 Som, bold to execute, as each mans calling li's:  
 But most of all, to search within the sacred Writ,  
 The secret mysteries to mans saluation fit.

A world of vanities (that doo distract vs heer,  
 During our *Libertie*) in Durance, com not neer:  
 The wall that lets our leggs from walking out of door,  
 Bounding vs round about within a narrow floor,  
 Doth gard vs from the gall which Sathan (spring of spight)  
 Mingles among the sweets of this vain worlds delight.



If he be happier man that liueth free from foes,  
Then he whom angry troops of enemies inclose:  
Much more the Prisoner then of his high blisse may boast,  
For being so farre off from such a huge host  
Of hatefull foes so fierce in malice and in might,  
Himself so faint and weake, and so vnfit to fight.  
For he, and we ( God wor ) in steed of standing to-it  
( How-euer in a vein, we vaunt that we will do-it )  
When 't cometh to the brunt we cannot brook the field,  
But either flie like hares, or els like cowards yeeld.

The sundry objects fond, which make vs soon forget  
Each other chastisement, in this doo neuer let.  
For turn we where we list, and look which way we wil,  
At all times to our sight one thing is offred still:  
Whether on pauement, roof, or wall, we cast our eye,  
Alwaies of our estate an Image we descry:  
And so it also fares with our newes-greedy ear,  
One very sound resounds about vs euery where:  
Where-euer harken we, we hear of nought but foes,  
Our keepers commonly are not too-kind, God knowes:  
By the least noyse that is, continually they tell  
In what estate we stand, and in what house we dwell.  
So that incessantly our harts are lift on high,  
Som-times to prayse the Lord for his benignity,  
Who doth not punish vs after our foule offense,  
Though by a thousand sinnes we daily him incense:  
Som-times to magnifie his admirable might,  
Which hath our feeble harts with such great force bedight,  
That we, instead of grief, or grudging at the pains  
Of sharpest chastisements, whereof the world complains,  
Leauing this loathed Earth, doo mount the highest place,  
Where (through true faith) we taste his honey-sweeter grace:  
Som-times to giue him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,  
Which from his liberall hand we haue to help our needing:  
And to be short, *sans* cease to meditate on all  
The countless benefits that from his goodnes fall,  
Not suffering any houre to pass away for nought  
Without exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.

Yet, doth the world esteem this, a most hard estate,  
And him that feels the same, it counts vnfortunate:  
But I would gladly see som other state, wherein  
( With such commodity ) so much content is seen;  
Wherein lesse hinderance, and lesse incomberance lies,  
To make men misse the path vnto perfections prise.

Sure sir ( will som man say ) you set a good face on-it:  
One might at length conuert, commenting so vpon-it,  
The cruell st Prison-house into a Mansion fair,  
Where 't were not hard to liue content, and void of care.

You

You take your *Prisoner* for a practiue man of Art:  
But such as those ( God knowes ) you finde the fewest part,  
You faine him to be friend to solitude and quiet:  
But the most part are prone to reuell and to riot.  
One must be free from noyse that means to study well:  
Whereof, who can be sure in such a servile Hell?  
Besides, he must haue Books, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,  
All which in *Prisoners* hands are seldom left I think;  
So that you do not faine your gail so good and gainfull,  
As to finde out the same is difficult and painfull.

I answer in a word ( if any so shall wrangle:  
I doo not bound all blisse within so straight an angle:  
I say great happiness and hart-reuiuing ioy  
Followes th' afflicted sort in euery sharp annoy:  
But that there is no crosse that doth so much auail,  
To make vs fit to help our neighbour, as the gail,  
Wherein the God of grace at his good pleasure giues  
Means to effect the same, vnto the least that liues.

But be it so, in bands, that nothing learne we can,  
'Tis to be learn'd inough to be an honest man:  
And this is th' only School, wherein th' Arch-master teacheth,  
Himself, by secret means, rules that the rudest reacheth.  
Th' aduice of such a one more profit doth impart,  
Then of the wicked sort with all their curious Art.

Concerning solitude, although that commonly  
Our nature be inclin'd vnto the contrary;  
There the assistant grace of God we chiefly finde,  
Who changing of our place doth also change our minde.

For being free from noyse, and for obtaining tools  
To helpe our knowledge with, as in all other Schools;  
God euer cares for those that feare his name for loue:  
And, if that any such, such inconvenience proue,  
If any money need, or els ( through ample distance )  
Be destitute of friends, he gets them ( for assistance )  
The fauour of their foes, whose harts he handles so  
( How euer they intend his childrens ouerthrowe )  
That his, of what they need haue euermore inough,  
According as he knowes to be to their behoof.

Now say, that we consent ( say som ) that this is true:  
But what if somwhat worse then all this worst ensue?  
What, if he be inforc't his Countrey to forsake?  
What, if continuall fits his sickly body shake?  
What, if he lose at once his wealth and reputation,  
Repleat on euery side with euery sharp vexation?  
Can he still keep his ioy, and can he still retain  
Such means to profit still, for all his grief and pain?  
Concerning his content, it's alwayes all a-like,  
Whether that euery grief particularly strike;

Or,



Or, whether all at once he feel their vtmost anger:  
 And if he be surpris'd with so extream a languor  
 That (as I said before) the spirit it inforce  
 (Through suffering of the sinne that doth afflict the corps)  
 To leaue his Offices, so that he cannot write,  
 Nor reade, nor meditate, nor study, nor indight;  
 It is so quickly past, that in comparison,  
 Regarding so great good, 'tis not to think vpon.  
 For, by a mighty griepe our life is quickly ended;  
 Or els, by remedy it selfe is soon amended;  
 And, if it be but mean, then is it born the better,  
 And so vnto the soule it is not any letter.  
 Besides, we must conceiue, our spirit (as oppress'd  
 With fainting weariness) sometimes desireth rest  
 To gather strength again, during which needfull pause  
 We are not to be blam'd, sith need the same doth cause:  
 So, that the time that's lost while such sharp pangs do pain,  
 May be suppos'd a time of taking breath again.

In prison (to conclude) a man at once may trie  
 All manner of extreame of earthly misery:  
 In which respect (perhaps) the worse some deem of it,  
 Being (as 't were) the Butt that all men strue to hit;  
 But, I esteeme the same the perfecter for that:  
 For, if one crosse alone can make vs eleuate  
 Our groueling earth-desires from cogitations base,  
 To haue recourse to God, and to implore his grace,  
 Seeking in him alone our perfect ioy and blisse;  
 Much more shall many griefs at once, accomplish this.  
 For many can doo more then one (without respect):  
 And still, the greater cause the greater the effect.

Indeed (say other-some) these reasons haue some reason:  
 But, then whence comes it, that so many men in Prison  
 (With hundred thousand pains, pincht and oppress'd sore)  
 In steed of bettering there, wax worser then before:  
 In steed of sweet content, doo still complain and crie;  
 In steed of learning more, lose former industry?  
 Though (in apparance great) your sayings seem but iust,  
 Yet plain experience (sure) we think is best to trust.

That hidden vertue rare, that so great good archiues,  
 Lies in the Prisoners hart, not in his heavy Gyues;  
 The good growe better there, the bad become the worse:  
 For by their sinne they turn Gods blessing into curse.  
 And that's the cause the most are mal-content and sad:  
 Sith euermore the good are fewer then the bad.

But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchsafe his grace?  
 Proud earth-worms, pause we there: let's feare before his face,  
 Admiring humbly all his holy Iudgements high,  
 Exceeding all too far our weak capacite.

The

The Potters vessell vile, doth vs our lesson shoue,  
 Which argues not with him why he hath made it so:  
 Much lesse may we contend, but rather rest content  
 With that which God hath giuen. He is omnipotent,  
 All gracious, and all good, most iust, and perfit wise.  
 On some, he poures a Sea of his benignities,  
 On some, a shallow Brook, on other some, a Flood:  
 Giuing to some, a small; to some, a greater good:  
 As from eternitie hath pleas'd th' eternall Spirit  
 To loose men more or lesse, without respect of merit.

For my part, should I liue ten *Neslors* yeeres to passe,  
 Had I a hundred tongues more smooth then *Tully's* was,  
 Had I a voice of steel, and had I brazen sides,  
 And learning more then all the *Heliconian* guides;  
 Yet were I all too-weake to tell the many graces,  
 That in ten thousand sorts, and in ten thousand places,  
 Ten hundred thousand times he hath vouchsafed me  
 (Not for my merits sake, but for his mercy free):  
 But yet, 'mong all the goods that of his liberall bounty  
 I haue receiu'd so oft, none to compare account-I  
 With this *Close imprisonment*, wherein he doth with-drawe-me  
 Far from the wanton world, and to himself doth draw-me.

I posted on apace to ruin and perdition,  
 When by this sharp-sweet Pil, my cunning kinde Physition  
 Did purge (maugre my will) the poysony humor sell  
 Wherewith my sin-sick hart already gan to swell.  
 I lookt for nothing lesse then for these miseries,  
 And paines that I haue prov'd: the worlds vain vanities  
 Had so seduc't my soule with baits of sugred bane,  
 That it was death to me, from pleasure to be tane:  
 But (crossing my request) God (for my profit) gaue  
 Me quite the contrary to that which I did craue.  
 So that, my body barring from a freedom small,  
 He set my soule at large, which vnto sinne was thrall:  
 Wounding with musket-shot my feeble arme, he cur'd  
 The festring sores of sinne, the which my soule endur'd:  
 Tripping me from the top of some meane dignity,  
 Which drew me vp to climbe the Mount of vanity,  
 He rais'd me from the depth of vices darksome Cell,  
 The which incessantly did ding me down to Hell:  
 Easing me (to conclude) of all the grief and care,  
 Wherewith these false delights for euer fauced are,  
 He made me finde and feel (amid my most annoyes)  
 A thousand true contents, a thousand perfect ioyes.  
 But some (perhaps) amaz'd, will muse what kinde of pleasure  
 Here I can take, and how I passe my time and leasure:  
 For, in foul idleness to spend so large a time,  
 It cannot be denied to be a grieuous crime.

First



First in the morning, when the spirit is fresh and fit,  
 I suck the honey sweet from forth the *sacred Writ*,  
 Wherein (by faith) we taste that true celestial bread,  
 Whence our immortall soules are euer onely fed:  
 Then search I out the sawes of other sage Diuines  
 (The best here to be had) among whose humane lines,  
 Supported by the grace of Gods especial power,  
 I leaue the thorn behinde, and pluck the healthsom flower.  
 Sometimes, I doo admire, in books of Heathen men,  
 Graue-sayings fauouring more a sacred Christian pen,  
 Than many of our age, whose bold vnlearned pride  
 Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on euery side:  
 Sometimes when I obserue in euery ancient storie,  
 Such vertues presidents, trim patens of true glory,  
 I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked dayes,  
 Where vertue is despis'd, and vice hath all the praise.  
 Oft I lament to see so many noble Wits  
 (Neglecting Gods high praise, that best their learning fits)  
 To sing of nought but lies, and loues, and wanton Theames,  
 False sooth-sin flatteries, and idle Fairy dreames.  
 Then, turning towards those, that fill'd with holier flame,  
 For onely obiect chuse th' Eternalls sacred Name;  
 These chiefly I admire, whose honourable brows  
 Disdain the fained crown of fading *Laurel* boughs:  
 Then full-gorg'd with the Sweets of such a dainty feast  
 (Prickt forward with desire to imitate the best)  
 Oft-times I exercise this Art-lesse Muse of mine  
 To sing in holy Verse som argument diuine.  
 One while to praise my God for all received good:  
 Another while to beg, that in his dear Sons blood  
 My black sins hee will wash, and that hee will not waigh  
 At his high Iustice beam, how I have gon astray.  
 Sometimes, these wretched Times to pity and deplore,  
 Wherein the wicked ones doo flourish more and more.  
 Sometimes, to wail the State of sad distressed *Sion*  
 Imploring to her aid the Tribe of *Judah's* Lion.  
 If any other Theam at any time I take,  
 Yet never doth my Verse the settled bounds forsake  
 That Verity prescribes, nor now no more disguise  
 The ugly face of sin with mask of painted lies.  
 And though that (heertofore) I also in my time  
 Have writ Loues vanities in loose and wanton rime:  
 'T was as a whetstone that, whereon I whet my stile,  
 Yer it were ably-apt ought graver to compile:  
 Yet I repent thereof: for, wee must never tend  
 To bring by euill means a good intent to end.  
 When as my weary spirits som relaxation ask,  
 To recreate the same, I take som other task:

One while vpon the Lute, my nimble ioints I plie,  
 Then on the Virginalls: to whose sweet harmonic  
 Marrying my simple voice, in solemne Tunes I sing  
 Some Plaine or holy Song, vnto the heaucnly King.  
 So that, the idlest houre of all the time that flies  
 So fast is neuer free from some good exercise:  
 Wherein I ioy as much, as euer I haue done  
 In the most choise delights found vnderneath the Sun.  
 But, you can neuer walke, nor goe to take the aire,  
 Nor once looke out of doore, be weather ne'r so faire;  
 But there in solitude you leade your life alone,  
 Bard from the fellowship of (almost) euery one:  
 Which doubtles (at the last) must grieue you needs I thinke.  
 A man that neuer thirsts hath neuer need of drinke:  
 So, though I be bereft these other things you speake-of,  
 I misse nor minde them not as things I neuer reake-of.  
 For, I haue school'd my heart since my captiuitie,  
 To wish for nothing els, but what is granted me:  
 And what is granted me, contents me passing well.  
 In each condition doth some contentment dwell.  
 But men of differing states haue difference in delights,  
 What pleaseth common eyes that irketh Princes sights,  
 What rashlings do delight, that sober men despise,  
 What fooles take pleasure in, doth but offend the wise,  
 What prosperous people loath, afflicted folke will loue,  
 And what the free abhor, that prisoners will approue:  
 But all haue equally indifferent power to make  
 Them equally content, that can them rightly take:  
 For, who so presently himselte can rightly beare,  
 Hath neither passed ill, nor future ill, to feare:  
 Th' one, which is now no more, ought now no more affray-vs.  
 Th' other which is not yet, as little can dismay-vs.  
 For, what no essence hath, that also hath no might:  
 And that which hath no power, can do a man no spight:  
 Besides, sith this our life is but a pilgrimage  
 Through which we dayly passe to th' heauenly heritage;  
 Although it seeme to thee that these my bands do let-me,  
 Yet haste I to the goale the which my God hath set me,  
 As fast as thou that runst thy selfe so out of breath  
 In poasting night and day, by dales and hills and heath.  
 If thou haue open fields, and I be prisoner;  
 'T importeth me no more, then to the mariner  
 Whether he go to sea shipt in some spacious wake,  
 Or els (at lesser scope) aboard som lesser barke.  
 Nay, heere the least is best, sith this vast Ocean wide,  
 Whereon we daily saile, a thousand rocks doth hide,  
 Gainst which the greater ships are cast-away full oft;  
 While small boats (for the most) float ouer, safe, aloft.



Then may I well conclude with reason and assurance,  
 That there's no better state then to be kept in durance.  
 A sweeter kind of life I neuer prou'd then there:  
 Nor was I euer toucht with lesser griefe and care,  
 If that I care at all, it is for others cause,  
 And for the mileries this times corruption draws:  
 But, being well assur'd that nothing heere betideth  
 Against Gods ordinance and will that all things guideth:  
 And knowing him to be good, iust, and most of might,  
 I gladly yeeld my selfe to th' order he hath pight.  
 For he it is, that now makes me accept so well  
 And like of this estate which others hate as hell:  
 He 'tis, that heretofore vouchsaf't me like relief,  
 When as I was oppress'd with a more grieuous griefe:  
 He 'tis from whom I hope in time to come no lesse,  
 Although a hundred fold were doubled my distresse.  
 Yea, he it is that makes me profit every day;  
 And also so content in this estate to stay,  
 That of my liberty I am not now so faine  
 To think by liberty a happier life to gaine:  
 For, I were well content no more from hence to go,  
 If I might profit most my friends and countrie so.  
 Now here I humbly pray (expecting such an end)  
 The Lord still towards me his fauour to extend;  
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FINIS.



OF THE VVORKE,  
 AVTHOR, AND  
 TRANSLATER.

**H**eer, a MONUMENT admir'd of all  
 That weigh the *compass*, *weight*, and *height* of It;  
 O'r-topping *Enuie's* clouds, and ever shall,  
 Sith built by deepest *Art*, and highest *Wit*.  
 The *BASE* that beares it, is the *WORD* that stands  
 True *GROUND* of highest *glorie*, *Truth*, and *grace*:  
 The *BUILDING* rear'd by two rare *Heads* and *Hands*  
 (Divinely help) to glorifie that *BASE*.  
 Heer *French* and *English*, ioyned in friendly fight  
 (On even *Ground*) to prove their vtmost powr;  
 Who shew such equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,  
 That hard it is to say who's Conquerour.  
 But, *English* bound to foot it like the *French*,  
 And offer nought, but what shall like her foe,  
 It is as glorious feld to take a *Wrench*,  
 As being free, to give an *Overthrowe*.  
 If *French* to *English* were so strictly bound,  
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 Then, these *LINES*, reaching to the top of *STATE*,  
 Are hard'st of all; yet none of all declines.  
 O fair *Translation* then, with smoothed face,  
 Go forth t'allure *TIME'S* *Turns*, to turne Thee o're:  
 So shall they in thy folds vnfold thy *grace*;  
 And grace thee with *Fames* *glorie* more and more.  
 If *HE*, that churn'd the cream of *Poetry*,  
 To honied *Butter*, that the *Muses* feeds,  
 Divined truely, it should never die;  
 Then, what shall *This*, that far the same exceeds?

LII

He

Ovid. Metam.



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He labour'd *Lines*, which though they doe endure  
All turns of *Time*, yet was their *Stuf* prophane:  
But, these are drawne of *STV* more heauenly-pure,  
That most shall shine; when those are in the wane.

He, though his *Braines* (profanely) were divine,  
And glorious *Monuments* of Art compos'd,  
Was yet exil'd for many a looser *Line*,  
That made them wantons, chastly else dispos'd:

But, *Thom* (cleer *BARTAS*, his dear *SYLVESTER*,  
Whose *Lines* do lead to *VERTUES* onely gain,  
And with sweet *Poesies* strew'd the way to Her)  
How should the *World* remunerate thy paine?

And, If from *Hearts Abundance Tongues* do speak;  
And what we most affect, we most do minde:  
It argues, thou this *Argument* didst seek;  
Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didst it finde.

So, *BARTAS* was but Mid-wife to thy *Muse*,  
With greater ease to utter her *Conceits*;  
For whose dear birth, thou didst all ease refuse,  
Worlds-weal, and (being a *Marchant*) thy *Receipts*.

This pain so pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughts*, that thou  
Forsook'st the *Sea*, and took'st thee to the *Soile*;  
Where (from thy royall *Trade*) thou fell'st to Plow  
*Arts* furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.

This stole thee from thy selfe, thy selfe to finde  
In sacred *Raptures* on the *Muses* Hill:  
And, went'st out of thy *Bodie* with thy *Minde*,  
More freely so, to vse thy *Wit* and *Will*.

And (O!) how haples had we *Brittans* been  
(Sith heer is stor'd such sweet *Soule-rauishments*)  
Hadst thou not made them to vs clearly seen:  
Who give thee for it praising-*Discontents*.

If so great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *Fame*  
Of famous *Men* for grace; the *Press* shall be  
Prest but for *Vices* Service (*Source* of *Shame*).  
So *Times* to come, in *Print* our shame shall see.

But O! bee't farre from this so famous Isle  
For *Armes* and *Learning*, either to neglect;  
Sith it doth grace and glory quite exile,  
And is the cause of many a bad effect.

O terren *Gods*, as yet to State aspire,  
Lift *Learning* vp with you; especially  
If matcht with *Wisdom*, and divine desire:  
So shall ye twice be like the *D E I T Y*.

And, weigh what power the *P E N S* of such possess  
(Of such; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)  
Their *P E N S* eternize can your worthinels,  
And make ye glorious past succeeding *Times*.

But you doe iustly to neglect and scorn  
The curst crue, that do the *Muse* abuse:

For, they your praises to dispraises turn;

As *Vice*, in praising *VERTUES* grace, doth vse.

Their wine-driven *braines*, involv'd in *Follies* Cloud,  
Fly heer, and there (and where not?) with a trice:

And, though both *Beggars* base, yet passing proud;

Constant in nothing but in constant *Vice*:

Making loose *lines* (forsooth) their *Scala Caeli*;

A *Tauerne* for a *Temple* to adore

Their only god, their guts, their beastly *Belly*;

To whom they offer all their slender *Store*.

The *Lauds* of such, are odious like their *Lives*:

They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they do but touch;

Whose glory to the fowlest shame arrives:

Then, well you fence your fame to keep off such.

But they whose *lives*, and *lauds*, and *lines* are *SOVRER*

Of *Morall* vertue, running by each stone

(*Men* High, and *Hard*; that let them in their *Course*)

To *Seas* of glory, like cleer *Helicon*;

O! these ye should support, and still receiue

Into the *Ocean* of your bound-less love:

For these (like truest *Friends*) will take, and give

No more but what true *Vertue* shall approve.

If these should pine away through your neglect,

Your memories shall die, or live with shame;

Sith such a *Muse* is the chiefe *Architekt*,

To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a lasting *N A M E*.

*Achilles* fame, with him, had been interr'd,

Had *HOMER*'s lines not ty'd it to the *Stars*;

And, of *Aeneas* we had never heard,

Had *Virgils* *STRAINES* not been his *Trumpeters*.

One of the *NINE* had been our *Warwick's* *GUY*,

(The *NINE*, whose worth all *Times* so much commend;

And so disfrankt great *BULLENS* *GODFREY*)

Had he but had a *TASSO* for his friend.

*LAVRA* had nere so greenly growne about

Her *Peers*, as now she doth, to after-times,

Had she not had a *PETRARCH* to her *Loue*;

Which made her mount, with *NECTAR* dropping *Rimes*.

No, no: ye cannot but out-live your *Fame*;

If ye vphold not *FAME*'s best *Notaries*:

If these ye scorn, your glory is but game;

For, when ye die, in game your glory dies.

And, though blest *PEACE* hath turn'd our *Spears*, to *Spades*,

Let it not turn our *Pens* to *Ploughes*, or worse;

By *Learning* some should live, as some by *Trades*,

In blessed *STATES*, that would incur no curse.



Where Vertue is not rais'd, and Vice suppress'd,  
There all to Vice will run; and so to wrack:  
For, ther the worst shall Lord it ore the best;  
And where that is, all goes to vtter sack.

*Reward and Punishment* (like *Armes of Steel*)  
Do still vphold each KING vpholding STATE:  
For, neither wants, but it begins to reel;  
But, both imploy'd, stands sure in spight of *Hate*.

Then may thy *HOPES* (wing'd by thy vertuous Muse)  
Dear *Syluester*, expect some cherishment,  
In this blest *State*, that still those *Armes* will vse,  
To stay her *Grace*, and grace her *Gouernment*:  
But, if thy *paines* acquire but pure *renowne*,  
Thou art *Christ's* Image, crost, for *Glorious* crown.

*Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno dedit.*

The vnfained lover of thine Art,  
honesty, and vertue,

JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.

FINIS.



A brieft Index, explaining most of the hardest  
words scattered through this whole Work,  
for ease of such as are least exercised in  
these kinde of readings.

**A** Byffe, a gulfe or bot-  
tomless pit.  
*Abderian & Abderite*,  
Democritus, the  
laughing Philoso-  
pher of Abdera, a Citie in  
Thracia.

*Aben-Roes*, a learned Philosopher  
of Corduba, sprung from A-  
rabian parents.

*Abidus*, Leanders Towne.

*Academian Shades*, Platos School.

*Acheron*, a riuer in Hell.

*Aconite*, Libbards (or Woolfes)  
bane.

*Achilles*, the most valiant Captain  
of the Myrmidons.

*Adonis*, a most beautifull young  
man, beloved of Venus.

*Adrian*, { *Sea*, } the gulfe of *Ve-*  
*Adriatike* { *nice*. }

*Aeson*, the father of *Iason*, made  
young againe by the skill of  
*Medea*.

*Aethereall*, heauenly.

*Aesculapius*, an excellent Physi-  
cian, father of *Apollo*.

*Africa*, the South-quarter of the  
World.

*Aix Shield*, a prouerb, for a sure  
defence.

*Aiguescald*, a bath in Gasconie.

*Alarbies*, and *Arabians*, wilde &  
vpland *Arabian* theecues.

*Albion*, England, the Ile of great  
Britaine.

*Alceste*, the most chaste & louing  
wife of *Admetus*, that gaue  
her owne life to saue her hus-  
bands.

*Aleides*, Hercules: *Alcides* spires,  
Hercules Pillers: *Alcides* grief,  
the falling Sicknes.

*Alcmena*, Hercules mother.

*Alcaron*, the Turks Law, and Re-  
ligion.

*Aleband*, a Citie in Caria, of old  
famous for the best Bowe-  
strings.

*Aletha*, looke Furies.

*Alexanders Altars*, were at the  
foote of the Ryphean Moun-  
taines.

*Almicambars*, and *Almaderats*,  
Arabian names of Circles  
which are imagined to passe  
through every degree of the  
Meridian, Parallel to the Ho-  
rizon vp to the Zenith.

*Albidade*, a Rule on the back of  
the Astrelabe to measure  
heights, breadths & depths.

*Amisfrosse, gutta serena*, a disease in  
the



the sinnewes of the Sight.  
*Amalthean Horne*, plenty of all things.  
*Amblygone*, a flat Triangle.  
*Ambrosia*, the Gods meat.  
*American*, the French disease brought first from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.  
*Amia*, a fish like a Tunny, found in the Sea neere Constantinople.  
*Amphitrite*, the Sea.  
*Amphisbana*, a Serpent hauing a head at both ends.  
*Amphion*, the author of Harmony and builder of Thebes.  
*Amiclean Harp*, Arion, the Lesbian Harper.  
*Amyot*, a learned French-man, translator of Plutark, & other Greek Authors.  
*Ancoffa*, a Bath in Gasconie.  
*Andromeda*, the Wife of Perseus, (with her husband, father and mother) turned into a Star.  
*Androdes*, a Romane slaue gratefully requited of a Lion.  
*Anorexia*, a queasinesse of stomach.  
*Anteus*, Antenors sonne, beloued and vnwillingly slain by Paris.  
*M. Anthonie*, competitor with Octavius and Lepidus for the Romane Empire.  
*Antiperistasis*, incounter of contraries, or contrarie-circumstance.  
*Antipodes*, those people that dwell directly vnder vs.  
*Antartike*, Southerne.  
*Aonian band*, the Muses.  
*Apelles*, an excellent Painter.  
*Apium rise*, a kinde of Crow-foot that kils men with laughing.  
*Appianus way*, one of the broadest

wayes in Rome.  
*Apollo*, the Sun, the God of Musicke and Physicke.  
*Apoplexie*, a kinde of dead palsey.  
*Apoge*, the point farthest from the Center of the earth.  
*Arabians*, people of Asia, inhabiting between Iudaea & Egypt, rich in aromaticall spices and sweet Odors.  
*Arcadian scout*, Mercurie.  
*Arcenal*, an Armorie or storehouse.  
*Archelaus*, a King much praised by Plutarch & others for wisdom and temperance, and for delight in husbandry.  
*Archimides*, a famous Mathematician of Syracusa.  
*Architas*, a noble Philosopher of Tarentum.  
*Arion*, a famous Harper & Iyric Poet, born at Methimna in the Ile of Lesbos.  
*Arne*, a Riuer in Italie.  
*Arcenik*, orpine: supposed oler.  
*Artemisia*, Queene of Caria, wife of Mausolus.  
*Artemisian stem*, Mugg-woort.  
*Armorik*, Brittain in France.  
*Armados*, Spanish Armies, or great ships of Warre.  
*Artik*, Northren, or of the north.  
*Aristotle*, the most famous Philosopher of Stagira.  
*Asia*, a third part of the world, in former times most famous for Learning and Religion; but now for the most part miserably yoked vnder the Turks tyranny.  
*Asylum*, a refuge or defence.  
*Assur*, one of the Sons of Sem: also the countrey of Assyria.  
*Astaroth*, an Idol of the Philistines.  
*Astraa*, Iustice.  
*Astrelabe*, an instrument to gather

ther the motion of the Stars.  
*Asthma*, short windednesse.  
*Attalus*, a wealthie King of Pergamus, delighted in the countie life.  
*Attanik Sea*, is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.  
*Atlas*, a King skilfull in Astronomy, therefore fained to beare vp Heauen: it is also a mountaine in Barbary.  
*Athenian Sage*, Socrates.  
*Atik Muse*, Xenophon.  
*Atheists*, those that acknowledge no God, infidels.  
*Aurora*, the morning.  
*Auster*, the Southwinde.  
*Auernus*, Hell.  
*Auicen*, a learned Philosopher and Physician, borne at Seuil, of Arabian stock.  
*Azimuths*, great Circles meeting in the Zenith, or verticall Point.  
*Asian*, a Streight, or narrow Sea between Asia and America: as yet little discovered.  
*Aglaia*, looke Graces.  
*Aetna*, a burning Mountaine in Sicilia.  
*Asphaltia*, *Mare mortuum*. The stinking lake, where Sodom & her execrable sisters stood.  
*Annals*, Histories from yeere to yeere.  
*Arch Colonel*, vsurped for the Generall, or chief Captain of the Host.  
*Anathem*, execration, curse, excommunication.  
*Anatomie*, the incision or cutting vpe of the bodie of Man or Beast as Surgeons doe, to see the parts.  
*Amphiryonide*, Hercules, begotten by Iupiter on Alcmena, the wife of Amphitryo.  
*Atica*, a Prouince of Greece;

wherein stood the Citie of Athens.  
*Atropos*, looke Parcae.  
*Alecto*, looke Furies.  
*Assabine*, Iupiter with the Assyrians.  
*Architraue*, the crown or chapter of a Pillar: also a principall beam in any building.  
*Arabian bird*, the Phcenix.  
*Argolian showers*, Iupiters golden Raine in the lap of Danae daughter of Acrisius, King of Argiues, Argolikes, or Argolians.  
*Agisthus*, look Clytemnestra.  
*Aspiks*, venomous little serpents.  
*Anchyses* Pheer, is Venus on who he begat Aeneas.  
*Abramide*, of the race of Abraham.

## B

**B** *Aluk Ocean*, the Danish Sea.  
*Baignere*, a Bath in Gasconie.  
*Bandans*, the Islanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent spices.  
*Bacchanalian Froes*, Women-priests of Bacchus the God of Cups.  
*Bardes*, ancient Poets and Sages.  
*Barege*, a Bath in Gasconie.  
*Barry-Geese*, and Barnacles, a kinde of foules that growe of rotten Trees and broken ships.  
*Bek*, a Phrygian word, signifying bread.  
*Belgian*, of the Nether lands.  
*Belgrade*, a Town in Hungary, taken by the Turk.  
*Bellona*, Goddesse of warre.  
*Belus Sonne*, Ninus, first King of Assyria, supposed to be inuenter of Nauigation.  
*Bitumen*, a kinde of oylie, slimie, gummy, or clammy Clay.  
 Bizan-



*Bizantium*, Constantinople.  
*Brontes*, one of Vulcans Forge-  
men.

*Briareus*, a Giant with 100. hands.  
*Brutus beires*, Englishmen, Brit-  
tans.

*Bacconi*, Poisonie confections, Ita-  
lian figs.

*Bon-iours*, Good-morrowes.

*Benarets*, a kinde of Beast-plants.

*Bootes*, a little starre in the North  
Pole neere to *Ursa minor*, vsed  
for the North.

*Boreas*, the North-winde.

*Bosphores*, two Straits, so called  
of an Oxes wading over: the  
one furnamed Thracian, the  
other Cimmerian.

*Boulime*, a hungry or greedy dis-  
ease in a cold stomach.

*Bucephalus*, the courageous Horse  
of Alexander the great.

*Busiris*, a most cruell Tyrant of  
Egypt which vsed to sacrifice  
strangers to Iupiter.

*Butrick*, a learned and eloquent  
German (of late daies) Coun-  
sailer to Cassimirus.

*Bombards*, great ordinance.

*Bubastik*, that is Egyptian.

*Bethel*, a Mountaine in the South  
Confines of Israel where Je-  
roboam set vppe one of his  
Calues.

*Birdene*, a Wildernesse in the West  
of Egypt.

*Babels*, indeed Bables, idle Mo-  
numents of Pompe and Plen-  
tie.

*Beelzebub*, the God of Accaron  
the Prince of Diuels.

*Brachmans*, Indian Philosophers:  
Moderne writers call them  
Bramines.

*Bigaurian Hills*, part of the Pyrene  
Mountaines betweene France  
and Spaine.

## C

*Calabistik*, mysticall Tradi-  
tions among the Iewes  
Rabbins.

*Casars*, Emperours, so called  
from C. Iulius Caesar the first  
Emperour.

*Cadmus*, sonne of *Agenor*, who  
slew a serpent, and pulling out  
his teeth sowed them in the  
ground, whereof instantly  
there sprung vp ready armed  
men.

*Cairo*, a Citie in the midst of E-  
gypt, of olde called Babylon,  
and thought one of the grea-  
test in the world.

*Calamari*, a fish that may be well  
called the Sea-Clarke, being  
furnished with necessaries for  
a scribe.

*Callicrates*, an excellent Caruer,  
especially in small works.

*Calpe*, a Mountaine within the  
Straights of Gibalter, iust op-  
posite to *Abila*: these two are  
called the Pillars of Hercules.

*Cannibals*, people in the South  
part of America that eat mans  
flesh.

*Candia*, an Iland in the Mediter-  
ranean Sea, subiect to the Ve-  
netians.

*Cana*, a Towne in Galile, where  
Christ wrought his first mira-  
cle; at a marriage.

*Cantharus*, a fish of admirable  
chastity.

*Capharean Rock*, a most dangerous  
and rockie Coast of Euboea,  
now called Negropont.

*Carpeſe*, a venomous plant, whose  
Iuice causeth deep sleep, and  
so stranglenth the Patient.

*Carinthia*, a Dutchie belonging to  
the Dukes of Austria.

*Carragues*, great Spanish vessels.

*Caligula*, a most wanton and wic-  
ked Emperour of Rome.

*Cassagale*, the Citie Quinzay, in  
the East Indies.

*Cassiopeia*, Mother of Androme-  
da.

*Castalian Well*, Springs, Fount;  
Springs at the foot of Parnas-  
sus sacred to the Muses.

*Catbay*, a large Countrey in East  
Asia fronting on the Sea, now  
called Cambalu.

*Cataract*, a violent fall of any  
Water, causing a deafness with  
the noyse, also a disease in the  
Eye distilling a tough humor  
like gelly.

*Catiline*, a factious Citizen of  
Rome, famous for his danger-  
ous conspiracie against his  
Countrey.

*Cato*, a reuerend and renowned  
Roman both for his temperate  
life, and resolute death.

*Caudress*, a Bath in Gasconie.

*Caucasus*, a very high Mountaine  
that diuides Scythia from In-  
dia.

*Ceres*, Goddesse of Haruest, in-  
uentresse of Tillage and of the  
vse of Corne, sometimes vsed  
for the earth.

*Cephalus*, the husband of Procris,  
the minion of Aurora.

*Centaures*, halfe men, halfe hor-  
ses, begotten by Ixion on a  
Cloud.

*Cerastes*, a Serpent of sundry co-  
lours, with horns like a Ram.

*Cerathus*, a Riuer in Candie from  
whence comes the best Malm-  
sie.

*Cerberus*, a Tree in the Indies, of  
25 fadome about.

*Cerberus*, the three-headed dog  
of Hell, the Porter there.

*Celuke*, a part of France.

*Chaos*, a confused heap, the mat-  
ter of the World before it re-  
ceiued form.

*Chaldea*, the Countrey wherein  
Babylon stood: where were  
great Astronomers, Magici-  
ans, and Sooth-sayers.

*Charles Martel*, K. of France, o-  
uerthrewe 400000. Turkes  
neer vnto Tours.

*Chermes*, the graine wherewith  
Scarlet and Crimfon are died.

*Chymeras*, strange Fancies, mon-  
strous Imaginations, Castles  
in the Aire.

*Cincinnatus*, one called from the  
Plough (all dustie and almost  
naked) to the Romane Dicta-  
torship.

*Cimmerians*, People farre North,  
that are thought neuer to see  
the Sun.

*Cittadel*, a Castle built, with a  
small Garrison to keep a great  
Towne in awe.

*Cirques*, round Lists to beholde  
publike Races.

*Chus*, Aethyopia.

*Clio*, one of the Muses, reciting  
the glorious Acts of Worthi-  
nesse.

*Clitus*, one of Alexanders greatest  
Minions, whom yet in his  
drunkennes he slew.

*Cocos*, an admirable Nut brought  
from the Indies.

*Cocitus*, a Riuer in Hell.

*Colchus*, Medeas Countrey from  
whence Iason fetcht the Gol-  
den Fleece.

*Codrus*, a King of Athens, that  
gaue his owne life for the safe-  
guard of his Countrey.

*Colonies*, numbers of People sent  
to inhabite some new conque-  
red Countrey.

*Colures*, two Circles in heauen  
wherein the Sunne-stops are  
caused.



caused.  
*Cocheneil*, grain wherewith Purple is dyed.  
*Colosses*, huge Statues erected in honour of any person.  
*Columbus*, a Genoese, discoverer of America for Ferdinando, K. of Castile.  
*Comitiall-Ill*, the Falling sicknesse.  
*Commodus*, a most vicious Emperour.  
*Cones*, geometricall figures, broad beneath, and sharp above, with a Circular bottom.  
*Concentrick*, having one common center.  
*Copernicus*, a learned Germane, that maintain'd the heavens to stand still, & the earth to turne round about.  
*Corneius*, a Romane Orator, that after a great sickness forgot his owne name.  
*Corfu*, an Island in the Ionian Sea, subiect to the Venetians.  
*Critik*, and Criticall, sharp Censurers: all dangerous daies for health, obserued by Physicians.  
*Crescent*, the Moon increasing.  
*Ctesiphon*, the builder of Dianas Temple at Ephesus.  
*Ctesibes*, an excellent inuenter of water Engines.  
*Cubes*, geometricall figures four-square, like a Die.  
*Cuculo*, a strange birde in new Spain.  
*Cupid*, the bastard of Mars and Venus, the little god of loue.  
*Curius*, a Citizen of Rome, famous for frugality & temperance, who delighted rather to command the rich, then to be rich.  
*Cylindres*, geometricall figures round and long, consisting

from top to toe of two equall parallel Circles.  
*Cyclops*, Giants with one eye, working in the Forge of Vulcan.  
*Cyprus*, a fruitful Island in the Gulf of Issa, formerly subiect to the Venetians, but now vsurped by the Turk, anciently consecrated to Venus.  
*Cynthia*, *Phaë*, *Diana*, the Moon.  
*Cytherea*, Venus.  
*Cynosure*, seven stars in the Northern Pole, the North Pole, the North-star.  
*Cimbrians*, the people of Denmark and Norway.  
*Cyrus*, the great King of Persia, conquerour of the Medes, after slain by Tomyris Queen of the Massagets.  
*Charites*, looke Graces.  
*Clotho*, looke Parca.  
*Chamoth*, Idol of the Moabites.  
*Chiron*, a Centaur, an excellent both Physician and Musician, the Master of Achilles.  
*Cornaline*, looke Onyx.  
*Clavian*, Lot-guider.  
*Cornich*, looke Frize.  
*Crisis*, the dangerous, or (as Physicians call it) criticall day to any disease.  
*Clyde*, a River running by Dornbertan in Scotland.  
*Cyclades*, floating Islands in the Aegean Sea.  
*Cedron* and *Kedron*, a brook in Iudaea.  
*Civik-Garland*, a crowne or chaplet of Oaken sprigs, given to honor him that had relieved a City.  
*Clytemnestra*, wife of Agamemnon, whom with the help of her adulterer Aegisthus, in a secret les she murdered.  
*Cypripis*, seed of generation.  
*Cassor* and *Pollux*, Twinnes be-

gotten Lada, by Iupiter in the shape of a Swan: and supposed Sea-Gods fauourable to Saylours.  
*Crimsin Gulf*: the red Sea.  
*Cecropian*, that is, Athenian: of Cecrops, first King of Athens.  
*Cineas*, a Thessalian, exceeding eloquent, & of admirable memory, Embassador from King Pyrrhus to the Romans.  
*Carthaginian*, of that famous City of Affrica built by Dido, & by Haniball vndon.  
*Cadmean*, by som writers vsed for Carthage.  
*Coronian*, that is, Lacedemonian: for Corone, was a Citie of the Messenians, who were subiect to that State.  
*Cest*, in Latin Cestus & Cestum, the Brides Girdle which the Bridegroom took off at night.  
*Celaquintida*, a kinde of wilde Gourd, that purgeth Choler.  
*Chrysocolle*, Boras, Gold-soder.  
*Cibele*, looke Rhea.

## D

**D**amon, the most faithfull friend of Pythias, both disciples of Pythagoras.  
*Danae*, daughter of Acrisius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Iupiter raynde himselfe in a Golden shower into her lap.  
*Danubius*, the greatest River in Europe, called also Isther.  
*Dardane Ants*, Indian Emmets.  
*Darius*, a King of Persia, vanquished by Alexander the great.  
*Delian Twins*, the Sun and Moon.  
*Delian Princesse*, Diana.  
*Delos*, an Island, one of the Cyclades, which for a long time

floated as hidden in the Sea, & after suddenly appeared.  
*Delphian Oracle*, the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos.  
*Delphos God*, Apollo.  
*Democritus*, the laughing Philosopher, of Abidus.  
*Demosthenes*, the best Orator of the Grecians.  
*Demis*, or Dionysius, a Tyrant of Syracuse.  
*Deucalion*, sonne of Prometheus, who with his wife Pyrrha, escaped the Flood & (as the Poets faine) restored the world.  
*Diabete*, a disease, when one cannot hold his water.  
*Diapason*, a Concord of all.  
*Diarrhea*, a Laske or looseness of the Belly.  
*Diameter*, a strait line dividing any figure into equal parts, passing through the middle point of any figure.  
*Dialect*, a form of speech diuers from others in any language.  
*Diana*, the Goddess of virginity, the Moon.  
*Dircean wals*, Thebes.  
*Dysenteria*, the bloody-flux.  
*Dodecadrons*, figures of twelue Angles.  
*Druides*, ancient learned Priests & Sages of France: supposed, to haue first issued out of this Ile of Britaine.  
*Dornbertan*, a Towne in Scotland.  
*Dagon*, the Idol of the Philistines.  
*Demain*, Possessions of inheritance, time out of minde continued in the occupation of the Lord.  
*Duel*, single Combat.  
*Demi-Gods*, looke Heroik.  
*Dorik musike*, soft and effeminate musike, heere opposed to the



the Phrygian, which was more lofty and full of life, and fitter to stirre up a courageous spirit.

*Dan*, a towne in the North frontier of Iudaea, where Ieroboam erected his other Calfe.

*Dithyrambik*, Song in the honour of Bacchus.

## E

**E***cliptik line*, a great Circle in the middle of the Zodiack, through which the Sun runneth his proper course in 365. dayes.

*Egyptian flood*, the river Nilus.

*Electrum*, Amber.

*Electra*, one of the sisters of Phæton, who incessantly weeping for her brothers fall, was turned into a Tree that droppeth Amber.

*Elixir*, an Arabian word, signifying Quintessence, the Philosophers stone.

*Elysium*, the fained Paradise of heauen Poets.

*Eldebag*, a learned Arabian Satyricall Poet.

*Embryon*, the Childe in the mothers Womb before it haue received shape.

*Encyclopadie*, that learning which comprehendeth all liberall Sciences.

*Endymion*, a young shepheard, the fauourite of Cynthia.

*Engastromith*, one possessed which seemes to speake in his belly.

*Empiema*, an impostume in the brest.

*Enyon*, the same that Bellona, sister to Mars, and Goddess of Battaille.

*Enthousiasmos*, poeticall furie.

*Ioan Monarke*, Alexander the great.

*Eolian /outes*, the windes.

*Ephemerides*, Day-books, Registers, Iourmals.

*Ephesian Temple*, the Temple of Diana in Ephesus.

*Ephesian moan*, Heraclitus, weeping at the worlds miseries.

*Ephori*, a kinde of Magistrates, protectors of the people.

*Epidemik-ills*, Vniuersall diseases.

*Epicicle*, a lesser Circle, whose center is in the circumference of a greater.

*Epicurus*, a Philosopher that placed mans felicity in the pleasures of the Sense, beleeving no God but Fortune.

*Epilepsis*, the falling-sickness.

*Epithalamie*, a nuptiall song.

*Epitaph*, a funerall song, or an inscription on a Toomb or Graue.

*Epithets*, additions to nouns, expressing some quality.

*Epitome*, an Abbridgement.

*Epirus*, a Countrey in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the Noble employes of G. Castriot (surnamed Scanderbeg) against the Turke.

*Equinoctiall*, a Circle in Heaven through which when the Sun passeth, the dayes and nights be of equall length.

*Eratrian soyl*, medicinable earth, brought from Eretria.

*Erebus*, a river in hell: Hell.

*Erythrean Deep*, the red Sea.

*Erynnis*, one of the Furies.

*Eridanus*, a figure in Heaven, the river Po, in Lombardy.

*Eurus*, the East-winde.

*Euripus*, a narrowe Sea; which ebberth & floweth seuentimes in 24. houres.

*Euphrates*, one of the Rivers of Eden.

Eden, that runnes through Babylon.

*Euro/a*, Christendome, or this Western part of the world.

*Eccentric*, that hath his centre wholly separated from the Centre of the Earth.

*Erysipiles*, hot and red swellings, cald S. Anthonies fire.

*Erycina*, Venus.

*Euphrosyne*, look Graces.

*Euphorbium*, a certaine medicinable Plant found & named by Euphorbus, King Iubas Physician.

*Ethnick*, see Pagan.

*Etiadorian*.

*Etesian gates*, easterly windes.

*Ephod*, a linnen garment worn by the Priests and Levites of Israel.

*Edom and Idumea*, a part of Palestine.

*Eleutherian*, Deliverer.

*Epicarpian*, Fruit-keeper.

## F

**F***abricius*, a famous Roman, contemner of Riches, and in extreme poverty most puissant for vertuous valour and integrity.

*Fausina*, a most lascivious Emperesse, wife to Marcus Aurelius, and daughter of Antonius Pius.

*Fez*, a Kingdom in Barbary.

*Finland*, a Dukedome vnder the King of Sweden.

*Flamine*, a Sacrificer, or high Priest, among the Heathen.

*Flavia*, Melphio a Neapolitan inventor of the needle in the Mariners Compass, and the vse thereof.

*Felix*, a Countrey belonging to Navarre, neer the Pyren mountains.

tains.

*Flora*, a fair & rich harlot, which made the people of Rome her Heire: in respect whereof, they made her goddess of Flowers, & kept yeerely Feasts in honour of her.

*Furies*, 3 (viz.) Alecto, Megera, and Tisiphone (sometimes called also Persiphone) which are said to be Tormenters of the damned in Hell, wittily fained to expresse the feare and fury of a guilty conscience.

*Frize and Cornich*, the crests, furniture and finishing at the vpper end of a column.

*Farfalla*, a Candle-Fly.

*Fergusius, Euenus, Donaldus*, famous ancient Kings of Scotland.

*Fanes*, Temples, consecrated Places.

*Funambulant*, a Rope-walker.

*Ferretian*, Peace-bringer, or dread striker.

## G

**G***alen*, a famous Physician, borne at Pergamus, whose learned works through all ages have been honoured.

*Galenite*, one skilfull in Physicke, wherein Galen excelled.

*Ganges*, a great River in India.

*Gauler*, the ancient name of the French-men.

*Gemine*, a mans spirit, or naturall instinct or inclination.

*Gemonide* or *Gemonian* Ladders: a place in Rome from whence condemned persons were throwne down.

*Ghion*, one of the rivers in Eden.

*Gnidian Idols*, Venus and Cupid: for in Gnidus she was worshipped.

M m m

Go-



*Gonorrhoea*, a foule and involuntarie Flux of seed, the Running of the Reins.

*Gordian knot*, a knot thought impossible to be vndone, where-with Gordius had fastned his Ox-yoak in the Temple of Apollo.

*Gorgons*, vgly hellish monsters, in forme of scaly Dragons, with crooked teeth, one eye, Iron talons, and mightie wings.

*Graces*, look Charites.

*Gymnosophists*, Philosophers of India; so called, because they went naked.

*Groon-land*, an exceeding colde Countrey, butting vpon the Sea, beyond Izland.

*Grave*, is as much as an Earle with vs; but in this place vsed for the Generall and Governour, IO SVAN.

*Galafrite*, a kinde of white Marble, or Alabaſter.

## H

*Halcyon*, a little water-bird thought to bee the Kings fisher.

*Harpies*, ravenous Birds, with faces like women.

*Hecatombes*, Heathen Sacrifices, wherein were offered an hundred Beasts.

*Hebe*, Ioues cup-bearer: the goddess of youth.

*Heber*, of whom the Hebrewes and Hebrew Tongue are so called, the great-great-Grand-Childe of Sem, the sonne of Noah.

*Hecuba*, the frantike and disfigured, ould withered wife of Priamus King of Troy, and heere opposed to the fresh,

young beautifull Helena, the farall Prize of their sonne Paris.

*Helicon*, a Mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

*Helena*, the wanton wife of Menelaus, cause of the tedious siege and finall sacke of Troy.

*Hemisphere*, half the compasse of Heaven which wee behould.

*Hercules*, the most renowned Monster-Tamer of Thebes.

*Hermes*, Mercury.

*Hera*, the fair Sestian Nunne, for whose sake Leander was drowned in Hellespont.

*Herodes*, half Gods, excellent men for valour and vertue.

*Herophilus*, a very ancient Physician.

*Herodotus*, an eloquent Greek Historiographer.

*Hesiodus*, an ancient Greek Poet.

*Hesperian Plant*, golden fruit-trees guarded by a Dragon which was slaine by Hercules: but heere it is vsed for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant the those (fained) golden fruits.

*Hexameters*, verses of six feet.

*Hiades*, 5. stars (some hold seven) in the Head of the Bull.

*Hiero*, a King of Sicillia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in husbandry.

*Hieroglyphicks*, secret Cyphers, strange characters, mysticall writing by sundry formes of things.

*Hiram*, King of Tyrus, remembered in the Scripture for sending Timber and worke-men to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Ierusalem.

*Homer*, so called for his blindness, the most excellent of all the Greek Poets.

*Horizon*, a Circle dividing the half-sphere of the firmament which wee see over vs, from the other half vnder vs, which wee see not.

*Hun*, furious Attyla, who surnamed himselfe the scourge of God, and terror of the World.

*Hyantian Fount*, springs sacred to the Muses.

*Hydrantik braule*, Musicke artificially made with the fall of waters.

*Hyana*, a horrible Beast that counterfaite mans voice.

*Hydrargire*, quick-silver.

*Hydra*, a Serpent with 50. heads slain by Hercules.

*Hybla* and *Mountains* abounding in Bees and honey.

*Hymen*, the god of Mariage.

*Hyperborean*, above or beyond the blowing of the Northwinde.

*Hypocrates*, a most excellent Physician.

*Hypolitus*, the Sonne of Theseus, who shunning the wanton inticements of his step-dame Phaedra, was (through her false accusations) torne in pieces.

*Hyren*, a faire Greeke Mayden-Captive, on whom Mahomet the second extremely doated.

*Hesperus*, the Evening-starre, the Evening.

*Helieborus*, an herb whereof bee two kinds, supposed our Lingwort and Bears-foot.

*Heraclius*, noble; but anciently appropriate to those which were counted Demi-gods, supposed to bee borne and begot of a heavenly and an earthly Parent: as Aeneas, of Venus and Anchyses.

*Hebridian Wave*, the Sea about the Iles Hiberides, to the North from Ireland.

## I

*Ianus*, an ancient King of Italy; whom, in respect of his wisdom and providence, they figured with two faces, as looking back into things past, and foreseeing things to come.

*Iaffa* (anciently *Joppa*) a notable Haven-Town in Syria, where they land that travell to Ierusalem.

*Iapetus*, a Thessalian, more famous by his two sonnes (Prometheus, and Epimetheus) then for any great worth of his owne.

*Iason*, captain of the Argonautes, who by the favor of Medea, surmounting all dangers, brought home the goulden Fleece.

*Ibis*, a certaine high Bird, with a long Bill and stiffe legs, worshipped by the ould Egyptians.

*Ibnu-farid*, a learned Arabian, not much knowne in these parts.

*Iberians*, Spaniards.

*Icarus*, the son of Daedalus, who presuming to flee, was drowned in that Sea, which after bore his name.

*Ichneumon*, Pharaohs Ratte: a little Beast, enemy to the Crocodile.

*Idalian Fire*, the burning desire of Love.

*Idea*, an Image or Patteme of things conceived in the Fancy.

*Idioma*, a proper and peculiar forme of speech.



*Ieffean Harp*, the holy musick of David, the Son of Ithai, commonly called Iesse.

*Iliaca Paffio*, a kinde of Colick.

*Ilium*, and Ilium: Troy.

*Imassu*, a hil in India, part of Caucasus.

*Impartiall Maids*, the Fatal sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

*Ile of Iron*, or *Isola di Ferro*, one of the fortunate Islands now called Canaries.

*Incubus*, a disease oppressing the stomach in our sleepe, which the ignorant have thought to bee a sprite: it is commonly called the Night-Mare.

*Individuum*, a body that cannot bee divided.

*Joves Bird*, the Eagle.

*Iris-bowe*, the Rain-bowe.

*Junos Bird*, the Peacock.

*Iffeban*, glory of Wittinberg: Martin Luther.

*Isthmus*, a narrow-strait of Land between two Seas.

*Isther*, Danubius.

*Ithacan*, Vlysses, the prudent husband of the most chaste Penelope.

*Jupiter*, the cheef God of the Pagans.

*Jubile*, a yeere of libertie and release, which was every fiftieth yeer.

*Iustinian*, a learned Emperour, Compiler of the Civil lawes.

*Juturna*, the North part of Scotland towards the Orcades.

*Iaboc*, a little brooke running into the river Iordan.

*Iffis*, the wife of Osiris, both idols of the Egyptians.

*Iuadan*.

*Ioue*, Jupiter, chiefe of the Hea-then gods.

*Iuno*, the sister and wife of Iove:

Goddesse of Dominion and wealth, and supposed helper to women in trauaile: sometimes taken for the Aire.

*Iris*, the Rain-bowe.

*Iaphean* (or Iaffian) Seas beat vpon the Coast of Zabulon towards Tyre and Sidon, on the farthest North of Iudea: heere opposed to Tigris in Mesopotamia, the farthest South of the same.

*Iaffa*, of old called Ioppa.

*Isaacians*, children of Isaac, Israelites.

*Izeland*, an Island in the farthest North towards Groenland.

*Iebusites*, the Heathen inhabitants of Ierusalem, before it came to the Possession of the Israelites.

## K

**K** *Aros*, a drowsie, and stupefying disease in the head.

*Kennet*, a pleasant River running through Barkshire, neer vnto whose flowry banks, our callow Cignets had their nest.

## L

**L** *Acedemon* (called also Spar-ta) a City and a commonwealth, most famous and flourishing vnder the Lawes of Lycurgus.

*Laconia*, the Country where that City stood.

*Lachesis*, look Parca.

*Leda*, the Wife of Tyndarus, who, by the helpe of Jupiters Swan, laid two egges, whereof were hatched double Twins:

of the one Pollux and Helena, of the other Castor and Clytemnestra.

*Latmos*, a Hill in Ionia, where Cynthia is said to have imbraced her dear Endymion.

*Latona*, the Mother of Diana and Apollo.

*Latonian* Twinnes, those Children of hers, the Sunne and Moon.

*Lais*, a beautiful and costly harlot of Corinth, frequented by many Gallants of Greece.

*Lee*, a neat little Towne in Essex, in the mouth of the Thames.

*Leander*, a yong man of Abydus, beloved of Hero, drowned in Hellespōt while he was swimming to her.

*Lers*, a River in France, of most strange quality.

*Lethe*, a river in Hell which causeth forgetfulness.

*Lethargie*, the sleepy disease.

*Lestrigons*, a cruel people of Campania in Italy, which were said to feed on Mans flesh.

*Lygyria*, the Territory of Genoa.

*Lycorgus*, the famous Law-maker of the Lacedæmonians.

*Lemnos*, Vulcans Island, now called Salamine.

*Limbo*, Hell.

*Linus*, an excellent ancient Musician, Maister of Orpheus.

*Linx*, a Beast of exceeding quick and piercing sight.

*Leucippus*, a philosopher that imagined infinite worlds.

*Leucothea*, a Sea Goddesse.

*Liquour-God*, Bacchus.

*Lopez*, a late Iew-spanish Physician, executed for infinit treasons against this State.

*Lotus*, an admirable plant, strangely sympathizing with the Sun.

*Lucania*, a Province of Italy, now

called Basilicata.

*Lucina*, Iuno and Diana, supposed of old to bee assistant to women in their travell.

*Lucretia*, the chaste wife of Collatinus, ravished by Tarquin.

*Lucretius*, a very ancient Latine Poet.

*Luna*, the Moon.

*Lupercals*, Sacrifices and Feasts solemnized to Pan.

*Lyceum*, the Schoole of Aristotle.

*Legislator*, a Law-maker, or a law-giver.

*Lesbian Squire*: the Lesbians were so perfect workmen, that they made Rules and Squires by their Worke, and not their Work by the Rule.

*Loumond*, a great Lake in Scotland, where they say, there is a floating Island.

*Lucifer*, the Prince of the proud Angels that fell from heaven: The Divell, also the morning star.

*Locusts*, a kinde of Grasshoppers.

*Libanus*, & Libanon, a Mountaine in Syria, famous for the fairest Cedar Trees.

## M

**M** *Aders*, one of the Canaries, from whence come excellent Sugars.

*Malta*, an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, where the Knights that were of Rhodes, now keep their residence.

*Manie*, a disease in the head, causing madnes.

*Martian-field*, a field betweene

M m m 3

Tyber,



Tiber, and the City of Rome, where they used to behold the sight of condemned men with wilde beasts.

*Mars*, the god of war.

*Mark Pole*, a notable Venetian Navigator and discoverer.

*Mitz*, Indian wheat.

*Mausole*, a sumptuous Toombe, built by Artemisia, Queene of Caria, for her husband Mausolus.

*Marcellus*, a most Noble Roman Captaine, Conquerer of Syracusa, and five times Consul.

*Mahomet*, the Turkish Emperor, worshipping Mahomet.

*Mantuan Muse*, the Poet Virgil.

*Massacres*, horrible murders.

*Medea*, a sorceresse, or (as some call them) a cunning-woman.

*Meanders*, crooked turnings, so called of the River Meander, for his exceeding crookednes.

*Medices*, the late Queene mother of France, of the House of Florence.

*Medusa's Tresse*, a head with snake-like hairs, turning the beholders into stones.

*Mein*, a River in Germany, whereon stands Frankfurt, the famous Mart of the World.

*Meonian Bard*, Homer.

*Metagenas*, a noble Roman, and liberall favourer of Virgil.

*Mezera*, one of the Furies.

*Melt*, an admirable Tree in Mexico a mighty kingdome of America.

*Memphians*.

*Memphites*, } Egyptians.

*Memphists*, }

*Memphitists*, }

*Mercury*, one of the Planets, the god of wit, eloquence, inven-

tion, and subtilty, and the messenger of the gods.

*Mercuriall* (as it were) a Chancery, controuling and revoking false judgements of inferiour Courts.

*Meridian*, the South circle.

*Metaphor as*, borrowed speeches.

*Metempsychosis*, transmigration of soules from one body to another: after Pythagoras.

*Metaphysicall*, supernaturall.

*Milo*, a man of prodigious strength, that carried a Bull on his back, killed him with his fist, and ate him up in one day.

*Mince*, a river neer Mantua, where Virgil was borne.

*Minerva*, the same that Pallas: goddess of wit and war.

*Moly*, an herb brought from heaven by Mercury to Vlysses, supposed to bee our Rue, or hearb-grace.

*Moloch*, the Idoll of the Ammonites.

*Molukes*, rich Ilands in the East Indies, plentiful in all kinde of excellent Spices and other Treasures.

*Moors*, the people of Ethiopia, subjects of Prester Iohn.

*Morpheus*, the god of dreams.

*Mummie*, a drug, taken for part of ancient embalmed bodies.

*Musculus*, a little Fish most offensive to the Whale.

*Musulmans*, Arabians.

*Mycenae*, Agamemnons Kingdome.

*Midas*, a wealthy King of Phrygia, whose touch (by the gift of Bacchus) turned all things into Gould: so that at last his gold-turned meat in his mouth choaked him.

*Myrmecides*, a cunning and curious carver in small wood.

*Myron*, an excellent Statuarie, or Image-maker.

*Mounte-banks*, Jugglers.

*Meroe*, an Iland in the River Nilus.

*Mages*, Sages, Wise-men, Soothsayers.

*Morisco* and *Mattachine*, Antike and fantastike dances.

*Moderatrix*, a Regent or Governesse.

*Magnificence*, Greatnes, State, Glory, Pomp.

*Munificence*, bounty, liberality.

*Medals*, Images of wood, stone, or metall.

*Musick* worke, a kinde of painting so curiously shadowed, that it seemes in some places imbossed, in some carved, in some in-laid, in some graven, &c.

*Meteors*, or exhalations, strange apparitions of comets, or other figures in the Air.

*Megara*, where flourished the Philosopher Euclides, in the same time that Socrates in Athens.

## N

*Nacre*, the Pearle-shell, or mother of Pearl.

*Nadir*, the point directly vnder vs, just opposite to the Zenith or point verticall.

*Naxos*, Asia minor, now wholly vnder the Turk.

*Nectar*, the drink of the gods.

*Nephele*, the Sea.

*Neoclean* Crook-horn, the signe Aries.

*Nepenthe*, an hearb which beeing steeped in wine, is thought to dispell sadness.

*Nereus*, the Sea.

*Nero*, a most cruell Emperour of Rome, the monster of Nature, and shame of mankind.

*Nestor*, a wise & eloquent Greek, who being nee 300. years old, came to the siege of Troy.

*Nile* and *Nilus*, the famous River of Egypt, used often for Egypt itself.

*Nimrod*, the builder of Babel, the first ambitious vsurper of sovereignty.

*Niphates*, a Mountaine from whence the River Tigris hath his source.

*Nitre*, a light, white, spongy matter, much like salt, which some have (falsly) thought to be salt peter.

*Nuremberg*, a City in Germany, especially famous for curious handy-crafts.

*Nubian*, of a Kingdome fronting on the South of Egypt.

*Numidian*, people of a part of Africa, accustomed to live continually in the fields with their flocks, and herds, removing often for fresh pastures.

*Numa Pompilius*, 2<sup>d</sup>. from Romulus King of the Romans, and their first law-giver.

## O

*Obsequies*, funerall ceremonies.

*Ocean* and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

*Oedipus*, a Riddle-Reader of Thebes.

*Oedems*, thin, waterish, and stegmatik swellings.

*Olympius*, an Arrian Bishoppe strooke dead with Lightning for



for blaspheming the Deity of Christ.

*Olympus*, a very high hill fronting on Macedonia: it is often used for Heaven.

*Ophthalmia*, a disease in the Eye through inflammation of the vitermost tunicle.

*Optick fire*, is that which brings light vnto the Eye.

*Orgie*, sacrifices to Bacchus.

*Orades*, Mysteries of the heathen gods, delivered by diverse means, and in diverse manners.

*Orion*, a tempest-boading star.

*Orpheus*, an excellent Poet and Musician of Thrace.

*Oromene*, a Mountaine in India, full of Salt-quarres.

*Ortygian Delos*, a floating Island, where Diana & Apollo were borne.

*Orizyas* love, Boreas, the North-winde.

*Ottomani*, the first Emperour of Turks.

*Ovids* heirs, wanton Poets.

*Oxygone*, a sharp-Triangle.

*Omer*, a certaine measure among the Hebrews.

*Ophir*, supposed to be Peru.

*Onyx*, a red pretious stone fit for Seals.

*Orient*, the East Sun-rising cleere.

*Oran*, a Port-Towne in Barbary, within the Streights of Gibraltar.

## P

**P***actolus*, a River in Lydia, which (after the washing of King Midas) is said to have Golden sands.

*Pallas*, the goddesse of Arts and wisdom.

*Palamon*, a Sea-god, called also

Melicertes.

*Palestine*, Judea, the holy Land, first called Canaan.

*Pan*, the god of Shepheards.

*Pandects*, Bookes treating of all manner of Argument.

*Panchaian Fumes*, Incense.

*Pannonia*, Hungary and Austria.

*Panope*, a Sea-Nymph.

*Pandora*, fained (by Hesiodus) to be the first woman, and made by Vulcan: indued by all the gods with severall excellent gifts, but afterward by Jupiter (in displeasure) sent to her spouse Epimetheus, with a Box full of all manner of miseries.

*Paphos Archer*, Cupid, the little god of love.

*Paphian Fire* } his Arrowes  
or shot, }

*Parrhasius*, a most excellent painter of Ephesus.

*Parthians*, a people of Asia, excellent Archers, and notorious enemies to the Romans.

*Paros*, an Island in the Archipelago (which divideth Europe and Asia minor) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alabaster.

*Parcas*, *Parca*, (*a non parcendo*) the Destinies, or three Fatal Sisters, (viz.) Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos: death it self, the inevitable end of all.

*Parallels*, lines every where like distant.

*Paradox*, an argument maintained contrary to the common and received opinion.

*Pegasus*, the flying Horse of Belerophon, which straying to see vp to Heaven, with his hooft raised the toppe of Helicon, whence immediately gushed out a spring, which there

therefore is called Hyppocrene.

*Penelope*, the most chaste Wife of the wandring Prince Ulysses.

*Peneian Vale*, is Tempe, a most pleasant valley in Thessaly, on the verge of the River Peneus.

*Pentheus*, a young Prince, who for contemning the drunken feasts of Bacchus, was by his owne mother (*Agave*) murdered.

*Peripneumony*, the Impostume of the Lungs.

*Perige*, that point of heavē wherein the Sun (or other planer) is neereest to the Centre of the Earth.

*Persephone*, or Proserpine: the Queen of Hell and Horror.

*Perseus*, a most triumphat champion, that rescued Andromeda from the Sea-monster: who for his prowels is both by Poets and Astronomers magnified as a god, & placed among the Starres.

*Parnassus*, the Mountain of the Muses.

*Persian Monark* with the heaven of glasse, w.s Saporess.

*Peru*, one of the largest & richest parts of America.

*Phaeton*, the Sonne of Phoebus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the world on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the River Eridanus.

*Phobus*, the Sun.

*Phalaris*, a most cruell Tyrant of Agrigent.

*Phales*, the son of Heber.

*Pharos*, a Lanthorne-Tower to beare a light for the guide of Sailers in a haven by night:

also an Island.

*Phlegon*, one of the horses of the Suns Chariot.

*Phlegeton*, a River in Hell, taken out for Hell it self.

*Philtre-charm'd*, enchanted with love-potions.

*Phantick*, such as are haunted with strange and illuding visions.

*Philirian Scout*, the signe of Sagittarius.

*Philometor*, an ancient King of Egypt, much given to husbandry, & delighting in the country-life.

*Phlebotomy*, blood-letting.

*Phlegmons*, hot and red inflammations of blood.

*Phrygian Skinker*, the signe Aquarius.

*Phrixus Sister*, was Helle, drowned in Hellespont, which of her is so called.

*Phrenzie*, a most violent and dangerous disease of the braine.

*Phthisick*, the consumption of the Lungs.

*Phthiriasis*, the louzie disease.

*Pica*, the longing disease of women with childe.

*Physon*, one of the Rivers in the garden of Eden.

*Pigmes*, little people of the north, a Cubit high.

*Pyrene*, a princeesse from whom Pyrene Mountaines (which diuide France and Spaine) are so called.

*Pindus*, a Mountain sacred to the Muses.

*Pierian Maids*, the Muses.

*Pirrhon* (read Pirrho) a Philosopher alwaies doubtfull of all things, yea even of those subject to our senses.



*Plato*, Prince of the Academiks, fir-named divine, and indeed the most neere approaching Divinitie of all the heathen.

*Pleiades*, the 7. stars.

*Pleſis*, a noble learned Frenchman of our time, a notable defender of the truth of christian Religion against all Iews, Turkes, Pagans, Papists, Atheists, and Infidels whatsoever.

*Pluto*, the god of Hell and of Riches, the Divell and all.

*Po*, the river that watreth Lombardy the garden of Italy.

*Polypes*, a subtil Fish called a Many-feet, or Pourcontrell.

*Polymnia*, manifold memory, in variety of knowledge.

*Poles*, the imagined Hinges of the Heavens, whereon the World is turned, commonly vsed for Heaven.

*Poetaſters*, base, counterfeit, vnlearned, witlesse and wanton Poers, that pester the World either with idle vanities, or odious villanies.

*Porphiry*, Marble.

*Porus*, a King of India of huge stature, overcome by Alexander.

*Polygamie*, the having of many wives.

*Polypheime*, a huge and cruell Giant, with one eye in his forehead.

*Pomona*, Goddess of fruits.

*Pontik heath*, Pontus is a region in Asia minor, fronting Eastward vpon Colchis.

*Progne*, Pandions daughter, sister of Philomele, and wife of Tereus, transformed to a swallow.

*Proteus*, a Sea-god, that taketh

on him all shapes.

*Problems*, mathematicall propositions, referred especially to practice.

*Prometheus*, is fained to have made the first man, and to have stolen fire from heaven to put life in his creature.

*Pryenian Sage*, Bias.

*Ptolomeus Philadelphus*, most famous for his learning and love to the learned, and especially for his noble Library erected in Alexandria.

*Pyramides*, exceeding huge and high Spires, built by the kings of Egypt for fond and idle ostentation of their riches and pride.

*Pyrausta*, a fire-flye, or winged worm, breeding and living only in the fire.

*Python*, a horrible Dragon slaine by Apollo.

*Pagan*, Heathen, an Infidell, vncircumcized, unbaptized, that knowes not God.

*Phydias*, a famous carver in wood and stone.

*Perſyphone*, look Furies.

*Pirenes*, look Bigaurian.

*Phrygian Musick*, look Dorick.

*Pelleas Prince*, Alexander the great borne in a City of Macedon, called Pella, as was also Philip his father.

*Panomphean*, all-hearing.

*Phryxian*, fugitive.

*Profelyte*, a stranger new-converted to our faith and fashion.

*Pharan*, a City betwene Egypt and Arabia: also a Wilderness which the Israelites passed in their Pilgrimage to Canaan.

*Pharus*, look Pharos.

*Pyrrhus*, a valiant King of the Epirots, a notable Enemy to

the

the Romans.

*Pas-Lamb*, the Paschal Lamb.

*Pelusiian Foord*, Nilus the great river of Egypt.

*Pythian Knight*, is Apollo, fir-named Pythias, for slaying the dreadfull Serpent Python.

*Parian Rocks*, mountains of white Marble or Alabaſter, in the Ile of Paros.

*Patagons*, Indian Canibals, such as eat mans flesh.

*Posthumus*, one born after his Fathers death.

*Prodigies*, extraordinary and miraculous accidents.

*Picts*, ancient inhabitants of a part of Scotland.

*Para-Nymphs*, Bride-dressers, too curious prankers of themselves.

*Pyrrhic Galliard*, a kinde of dancing in armour, invented by Pyrrhus.

*Porphyre*, a kinde of red Marble.

*Plumb*, a part of the Base of a pillar, flat square like a tile.

## R

*Rabbines*, great Doctours among the Iewes.

*Rabican*, the name of a gallant horse in *Orlando Furioso*.

*Regulus*, a noble Conſull, and resolute Captain of the Romans in the Punik-war.

*Remora*, a little fish (which some call a Sucke-stone) that suddenly stoppeth a ship vnderal her sails in her full course.

*Rendez-vous*, an appointed place of meeting.

*Romes Dragon*, the Pope.

*Rhybean wood*, Forrests of Scythia.

*Rhea*, the same that Cybele, Vesta, Tellus, the Earth.

*Rheubarb*, an excellent root, and very pretious for the purging quality.

*Rubrick*, the titles and Directions in the old Psalters, or service-Books: so call'd, because they are written or printed in red Letters.

## S

*Saba*, chiefe City of the Sabaeans in Arabia, abounding in Cinnamon, Cassia, Frankincense and Myrrhe.

*Salamander*, a spotted beast like a Lizard, whose extreame coldness quencheth the fire.

*Salmonius*, a King, that with certaine violent Engins counterfained Thunder.

*Saluſt*, a notable Roman Historiographer, also the fir-name of our noble and renowned Author, Du BARTAS.

*Samian wiſe*, Pythagoras.

*Sardanapalus*, a most effeminate King, the last of the Assyrians.

*Sargus*, a Fish strangely lustfull.

*Saturnus door*, the end of Time.

*Saturnalls*, Feasts kept in December in the honour of Saturn.

*Satyres*, nipping Poets that reprove vice sharply, without respect of persons.

*Scaliger Iosephus*, now living, a Frenchman, admirable in all Languages, for all manner of learning.

*Scipio* (fir-named Affrican) a most wise, valiant, and virtuous Captaine of the Romans, who, beeing ill required for in-



infinite honourable services, sequestred himself to a Country-life.

*Scirrhes*, a kinde of hard (yet paine-lesse) swellings in the flesh.

*Scolopendra*, a certain fish that casteth forth her bowels, to clear them from the hook.

*Scopas*, a notable Architect, imployed in the building of Mausolus tomb, which is numbred among the seaven wonders of the world.

*Syrtes*, dangerous sands in the Libyan Sea.

*Serhan Forrests* (now Cathay, and Cambalu) are in Asian Scythia, abounding in the best Silks.

*Serranus*, a worthy Romā fetcht from his plough to the Dictatorship, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authority.

*Sentinel*, a scout, or Night-watch in a Camp or Town of Garrison.

*Seraphim*, an Angell.

*Sein*, the river of Paris.

*Shynar*, or *Sennaar*, the Plaine where Nimrod built the towne of Babel.

*Sibyls*, Prophetesses: Varro remembers ten of them.

*Semiramis*, the proud and wanton Queene of Babylon, wife of Ninus.

*Sirius*, the Dog-star, at whose rising the Dog-daies alwaies begin.

*Skink Alexandrian*, a kinde of Serpent, a land-Crocodile.

*Skinker*, the signe Aquarius.

*Sol*, the Sunne, one of the 7. Planets.

*Solides*, regular bodies or figures Geometricall (viz.) the Cir-

cle, Cube, Pyramide, Cylinder, and Dodecahedron.

*Sostrates*, a notable Architect, builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.

*Stagirian*, Aristotle, there borne.

*Stix*, Hell.

*Stiglianstrand*, Hell.

*Steropes*, one of Vulcans Cyclops.

*Stoicks*, severe Philosophers, pretending to condemne all passions: and esteeming all things to bee ordered by an inevitable necessity of Fate or Destiny.

*Strymon*, a River between Macedonia and Thrace.

*Suisses* (wee call them Swizers) the warlike people of the Cantons of Helvetia.

*Sulphur*, Brimstone.

*Starre-shippe*, Argos a signe or Constellation in Heaven, supposed to have bene the Shippe that Iason and his fellowes fetcht the Golden Fleece in.

*Synonimas*, words of the same signification.

*Symbolize*, to resemble or agree.

*Sympathy*, consent or resemblance of quality.

*Symphony*, concert of time or harmony.

*Symmetry*, proportion of parts betwene themselves, and to their whole.

*Syracusa*, a great, wealthy, wanton City in Sicillia.

*Syrens*, Mer-Maids.

*Satyr*, a wilde wood-monster, halfe-man, halfe-goate, also a kinde of nipping Poeticke, reprooving vice vnpartially.

*Salem*, Ierusalem.

*Spartans*, look Lacædæmon.

*Sina*, or Sinai, a mountaine in Arabia.

rabia, the same that Horeb, where the Law was given to Moses.

*Salamina*, an Island and city in the Euboike Sea, now called the Gulf of Negrepont.

*Sentorian*, Homer reports him to have had the voice of fiftie men.

*Signories*, Lordshippes, Dominions.

*Snes*, a Port in the East part of Egypt vpon the red Sea.

*Seir*, a Mountaine in Idumæa, between Asphaltis and Egypt.

*Siddim*, the place where Lot, with the Princes of Sodom, was taken prisoner by Chedor-Loamer.

*Sanctum Sanctorum*, the inmost Sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, where onely the high Priest might enter once a yeere.

*Stratian*, Warlike.

*Scammonie*, alias Diagrydium, an herbe purging Choler mightily.

## T

*Tago*, the River Lisbon in Portugall.

*Tanais*, a mighty River dividing Asia from Europe.

*Tantalus*, a King of Phrygia, who they fained to stand in Hell vp to the chinne in water, and to have delicate Fruits dangling over his vpper lippe, yet can touch neither; either to ease his hunger, or allay his thirst.

*Tamul*, A Countrey of the Negroes, which is a part of Africa, extending to the vttermost bounds thereof towards the

South and East.

*Taprobane*, an Island vnder the Equinoctiall (now called Sumatra) situate between Malca and Iava Major, above 450. leagues long, and above 120. broad: abounding in Gould, and very plentifull in other excellent commodities.

*Tarentum*, a famous City in Calabria.

*Tarnasser*, is in the East Indies, neer the gulf of Bengala.

*Thebes*, a City in Bæotia where Hercules was borne: it was first buikled by Cadmus, but more beantifully restored by Amphion.

*Thetis*, the Sea.

*Themis*, Iustice.

*Thersites*, the foulest Lubber in all the Grecian Campe, whom Achilles flew with his fist.

*Theseus*, for valour, another Hercules: but most famous for his kinde and constant friendship to Pirithous.

*Thisbe Tree*, the Mulbery.

*Thule*, an Island beyond the Orades, the farthest north that was knowne to the Romans, and therefore then called, *ultima Thule*.

*Timanthes*, one of the most excellent of the ancient Painters.

*Tindarides*, Castor and Pollux.

*Tigris*, a River in Asia, passing by the East of Mesopotamia, through Armenia and Media.

*Titan*, the Sun.

*Tirrhæian*, the Tuscan Seas.

*Tyrans*, Marchant men of Tyrus, a City of Syria, anciently flourishing in trade, & famous for the excellent purple Dye.

*Tusoli*, a village neere Rome.



where the Cardinall of Ferrara hath a sumptuous house of pleasure, furnished with infinit Curiosities.

*Torpedo*, the Cramp-fish.

*Treasure-trout*, Gold, money, or other riches found vnder ground.

*Troglytes*, a people of Æthiopia, that dwell vnder ground, goe naked, and eat Serpents.

*Tropicks*, two great Circles in heaven in equal distance from the Equinoctiall, the one called the Tropick of Cancer, the other of Capricorne, at which the Sun turneth either higher (having bin at the lowest) or lower (having bin at the highest) whereof they are so called.

*Trytons*, Neptunes Trumpeters.

*Tuscan*, Italian.

*Tyber*, the Riuer of Rome.

*Typhus*, the master or Captaine of the Shippe Argos that sailed with Iason to Colchis for the Golden Fleece.

*Tymothy*, an excellent carver that wrought on Mausolus Tomb.

*Typhon*, a huge Giant, that intended to pull Iupiter out of heaven.

*Type*, a figure or stampe of any thing.

*Tesiphone*, or Thesiphone one of the Furies.

*Trophies*, glorious Monuments erected in honour of some famous victorie.

*Timotheus Milesius*, an excellent musician, that flourished vnder Philip of Macedon and Alexander his sonne.

*Theory*, Contemplation, study.

*Tully*, Cicero, the Prince of Roman Orators.

*Thalia*, look Graces, and Muses.

*Tabernacle*, properly a Tent or Pavillion.

## V

**V***alois*, one of the Royall families of France, extinguished in the late Henry the third, (slain by a Friar before Paris) who in his Monastery (with his mother and the Duke of Guise) had been too busie an Actor in the bloody Massacre.

*Venus*, the Goddess of Love and Beautie, also one of the planets.

*Venus Ecuage*, Knights (or nightes) seruice to Ladies.

*Venerian mirth*, Idem.

*Ver*, the Spring.

*Vertumnus*, an imagined god of the Romans that took on him all shapes.

*Vespucio*, Americus Vespucius, a Florentine, first discoverer of America, of whom it was so called.

*Viginere*, a learned French-man of late times, translator of Caesar, Livius, and other Latine Writers.

*Vienna*, a City in Austria, where usually the Emperor keeps his Court.

*Vrania*, one of the Muses, especially handling heavenly things, therefore called the Heavenly Muse.

*Vrim* and *Thummim*, two words graven in the Breast-plate of Aaron, signifying Illumination and integrity.

*Ulysses*, the politick Prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.

*Vulcan*, the god of fire and forge-men.

men.  
*Yranoscopus*, a Fish alwaies gazing vpto Heaven.

## X

**X***anth*, called also *Scamander*, the River of Troy: there is also an Island in the Archipelago, so called.

*Xenian*, hospitious, milde-entertainer.

## Z

**Z***ebut*, an Island in the West Indies, exceeding rich in Gold, Sugar and Ginger.

*Zenith*, the point verticall, the point of heaven right over our

heads: the contrary point is called Nadir.

*Zeno*, the chiefe of the Stoicke Philosophers.

*Zeuxis*, a most cunning and exceeding rich Painter.

*Zodiack*, a biaz or sloaping Circle in the Heavens, wherein are the twelve Signes, thorough which all the planets passe.

*Zones*, imagined Circles, dividing the World into five parts.

*Zopyrus*, a Persian that strangely disfigured himselfe to doe his Prince an important service.

*Zephyrus*, the West, the West-winde.

FINIS.

Nnn 2







THE  
HISTORY OF  
IVDITH, IN FORM OF  
*A POEME.*

PENNE*D* IN FRENCH BY  
the Noble Poet, G. SALVST. Lord of  
BARTAS.

Englished by THO. HUDSON.

*Ye Learned, binde your brows with Laurer band:  
I preace but for to touch it with my hand.*



1620.





### The Printer to the Reader.

**R**Eceiuing our diuine du BARTAS so generally applauded, even of the greatest and the grauest of this Kingdome; and all His Workes so welcome to all: To make the same (in this second Edition) more compleat, I have presumed to annex This Piece, indeed no part of his incomparable WEEKS (neither heer apperelled by the same Workman) yet doubt-les a Childe of the same Parent, and (if I be not deceived) one of his first-borne: which, arriving long-since in Scotland, was there (among the rest) royally received, and thus (as you see) suited, somewhat to that Country fashion. Whose Dialect and Orthography (considering under what authority it was first published, and now the rather respecting our happy union by the same established) I have not dared at all to alter. Accept it therefore, gentle Reader, as it is: and allow at least of my good-will; who, wishing thee the profit of these happy labours, have adventured (to doo thee pleasure) to incur (I doubt) double displeasure.

Thine, H. L.



TO THE MOST HIGH  
AND MIGHTIE PRINCE,  
JAMES the Sixt, King of Scotland, his Maiesties  
most humble Seruant, THO. HUDSON, wisheth long life  
with euermlasting felicitie.



As your Maiestie, Sir, after your accustomed & veruious maner was sometime discoursing at Table with such your Domestiques, as chanced to be attendant; It pleased your Highnesse not onely to esteeme the peerlesse stile of the Greeke *Homer*, and the Latin *Virgil* to be inimitable to vs (whose tongue is barbarous and corrupted): But also to alledge (partly thorow delight your Maiesty tooke in the Hautie stile of those most famous Writers, and partly to found the opinion of others) that also the lofty Phrase; the graue inditement, the facound tearms of the French *Salust* (for the like resemblance) could not bee followed nor sufficiently expressed in our rude and impolished English language. Wherein, I more boldly then aduisedly (with your Maiesties licence) declared my simple opinion; not calling to mind, that I was to giue my verdict in presence of so sharpe and clear-eyed a Censor as your Highnesse is: But rashly I alleadged, that it was nothing impossible euen to follow the footsteps of the same great Poet *Salust*, and to translate his verse (which neuerthelesse is of it selfe exquisite) succinctly, and sensibly in our owne vulgar speech. Whereupon it pleased your Maiestie (among the rest of his workes) to assigne me *The History of Iudith*, as an agreeable Subject to your Highnesse, to be turned by me into English verse: Not for any speciall gifte or science that was in mee, who am inferior in knowledge and erudition to the least of your Maiesties Court: but by reason (paraduenture) of my bold assertion, your Maiestie, who will not haue the meanest of your house vnoccupied, would haue me to beare the yoke, and driue forth the penance, that I had rashly procured. Indeed the burden appeared heauie, and the charge almost insupportable to me: neuerthelesse, the feruent desire



fire which I had to obtemper your Majesties commandement, the earnest intention to verifie my rash speaking, and the assured confidence which I ankred on, your Highness help and correction, encouraged mee so, and lightened on such wise my heavy burden, that I have with less pain brought my half-despaired work to small end. In the which I have so behaved my self, that, through your Majesties cōcurrence, I have not exceeded the number of the lines written by my Author: In every one of which, hee hath also two syllables more than any English bears. And this notwithstanding, I suppose your Majesty shall finde little of my Authors meaning pretermitted. Wherefore if thus much bee done by mee who am of another profession, and of so simple literature, I leave it to bee considered by your Majesty, what such as are consummate in letters, and knowe the waighy words, and pithy sentences, the polished tearms, and full efficacy of the English tongue, would have done. Receive then, Sir, of your owne servant, this little work at your owne commandement enterprised, corrected by your Majesties owne hand, and dedicated to your owne Highness. If I have done well, let the praise redound to your Majesty, whose censure I have vnderlien: if otherwise, let my default of skill bee imputed to my self, or at the least my good intention allowed, whereby others may have occasion to doo better. To

your Highness consideration, referring, Sir, both  
my diligence done in this small translation,  
and the inveterate affection which I  
have, and ought alwaies to bear

to your Majesty, I commit  
with all humility, your  
Highness, your  
Realm and  
Estate,  
to  
the go-  
vernment of  
God, who gover-  
neth all the World.



SON-



## SONNET.

**S**ince ye immortal Sisters mine hee left  
All other countries lying farre or neer,  
To follow him who from them all you rest,  
And now hee cause your residence be heer;  
Who, though a stranger, yet hee lov'd so dear  
This Realme and mee, so as hee spoil'd his awne,  
And all the brooks and banks, and fountains clear  
That bee therein, of you as hee hath shewne  
In this his Work: then let your breath bee blawne  
In recompence of this his willing minde,  
On mee; that sine may with my pen be drawne  
His praise. For though himself hee not inclin'd,  
Nor presceth but to touch the Laurer Tree:  
Yet well hee merits crown'd therewith to bee.

FINIS.





## SONNET.

**T**He Muses nine have not reveal'd to mee  
What sacred seeds are in their garden sown;  
Nor how their Salust gains the Laurer Tree,  
Which through thy toil in Brittain ground is grown:  
But, fith they see thy travell truly shewen

In Vertues school, th' expiring time to spend,  
So have they to his Highness made it known,  
Whose Princely Power may duly thee defend.  
Then you, that on the Holy Mount depend  
In crystall air, and drink the cleared spring  
Of Poetry, I doo you recommend  
To the protection of this godly King:  
Who, for his vertues, and his gifts divine,  
Is onely Monark of the Muses nine.

FINIS. M.V.F.

THE

THE AVTHORS ADMONITION  
to the Reader.

Belov'd Reader, it is about fourteene yeeres  
past, since I was commanded by the late il-  
lustrate and most vertuous Princess Iean,  
Queen of Navarr, to reduce the History  
of Iudith in forme of a Poëme Epique.  
Wherein I have not so much aimed to follow  
the phrase or text of the Bible as I have  
pleased (without wandring from the verity  
of the History) to imitate Homer in his I-  
liades, and Virgil in his Aeneidos, and  
others who have left to us works of such like  
mater: thereby to render my Work so much the more delectable. And if the  
effect hath not answered to my desire. I beseech thee to lay the fault upon him  
who proposed to mee so mean a Theam or Subject, and not on mee who could  
not honestly disobey. Yet in so much as I am the first in France who in a such  
Poëme hath treated in our tongue of sacred things, I hope of thy favour to re-  
ceive some excuse: seeing that things of so great weight cannot bee both perfect-  
ly begun and ended together. If thou neither allow my stile nor workmanship, at  
least thou shalt bee driven to allow the honest pretence and holy desire which I  
have to see the youth of France so holily by mine example exercised.

I may not forget, that they doo greatly wrong me, who think that in describing  
the Catastrophe of this History (truly tragical) I am become a mountaine  
Advocate to these troublesome and seditious spirits, who (for to serve their te-  
merarious passions, and private inspirations) conspires against the lives of pla-  
ced Princes. For, so much doo I dissent that this example and the like ought to  
bee drawne in consequence, that I am verely perswaded that the act of Ahud,  
of Iael, and of Iudith (who under colour of obedience and pretext of amity laid  
their revenging hands upon Hglon, Siler and Holophernes) had bin wor-  
thy of a hundred gallows, a hundred fires, and a hundred wheels, if they had not  
been particularly chosen of God for to unloose the chains, and breake the bands  
which retained the Hebrew people in more then Egyptian servitude, and ex-  
pressly called to kill those Tyrants with a death as shamefull as their lives were  
wicked and abominable. But seeing this question is so diffuse that it cannot bee  
absolved in few words, and that my brain is too weak for so high an enterprise,  
I send you to those who have spent more oil and time in turning the leaves of the  
sacred Scriptures, then I have done for the present. It sufficeth me for the time



to admonish the Reader, to attempt nothing without a clear and indubitable vocation of God against those whom hee hath erected above vs; and above all things, not to abuse the law of humane hospitality, and other holy bands, for to give place to these frenlike opinions, so to abolish a pretended tyranny, I have also to warn thee of two different sorts of men: of the which, one sort is so depraved that they can hear nothing but that which is altogether profane; and the other is so superstitious, that they make conscience not onely to write, but also to read of holy things in verse, as though the measure and iointure of syllables were so constrained as it were impossible to keep the sense unperverted, or at least not excessively obscured. Now if I perceive that this my first assay may bee to thee agreeable, I shall continue more gladly my new commenced race, in such sort that thou shalt not repent thine indulgence, nor I my passed pains. But if contrary fall, in time to come I will bee ware to lay out my small pack in this ample Theatre of France, where there are almost as many iudgements as beholders. A Dieu,

GSSDE.



## THE ARGVMENT OF THE WHOLE HISTORY OF IVDITH.



After that the Children of Israel were delivered from captivity, and returned to their Land, the City of Ierusalem re-edified, the Temple builded and prepared to the service of the Lord, the multitude of the people being scattered in sundry towns and places of the Land, where they lived in peaceable rest, the Lord (knowing man to be negligent of God and his salvation, chiefly when hee lives at ease, and all things frame vnto his fraile desire) to the end that his people should not fall into such an inconvenience, would exercise them with a fearfull affliction and temptation, sending vpon their Countrey an Army so great in number and puissance, that made the whole earth to tremble. This expedition was vnder the Persian Monarch, named in the history *Nebuchadnezzar* (which neuertheless is not his right name). His chiefe Lieutenant generall and Conducter of the whole Armie, was *Holophernes*, who (wheresoever hee came) ouerthrew all religion, permitting none to invoke or acknowledge any other God, but *Nebuchadnezzar*, his Master; whome hee enforced to constitute and establish for the onely God. So entred hee *Judea* with intent to destroye it all: which the people perceiuing, & that his power was so great that no nation could resist him, & also knowing his cruell hatred; were sore affraied, and almost driven to extreame desperation; seeing none other thing present before them, but ruine and destruction. And this the Lord suffered, to shewe (in time) his worke to bee more wonderfull. For the people being humbled, and hauing called to the Lord for mercie and succour at his hand, hee both heard and succoured them at neede. The meane was not through strength and stoutnesse of some worthie Captaine; but by the hand of *Iudith*, a tender feeble woman, to the shame of this most proud and cruell tyrant, and all his heathen hoste. For shee cut off his head, put all his campe to flight, destroyed his men of Armes, in such wise that they fled here & there, and seeking to saue their liues, left all their tentes & baggage. Thus the Lord, by the weak, and those that are not regarded,

Ooo



ded, makes his workes admirable. By one selfe meane hee saued his owne, and executed his iustice against his enemies. In which wee haue to consider his singular providence and goodnesse, and the care which he hath in especiall for the faithfull, and all his whole Church. This Historie is intituled by the name of *Judith*, because it contains the narration of her great vertues, and for that the Lord vsed her as an instrument for the deliuerance of his people. It is not certaine who was the first Author hereof: neuertheless, the reading of it hath bene receiued in the Church, for the doctrine and vtility of the same.



THE



## THE SVMMARIE OF THE I. BOOKE.

**H**olophernes, Lieutenant general and chief of the army of Nebuchadnezzar K. of the Assyrians, was in the field for to subdue diuers people, and amongst others the Iewes. All the Nation is seized with great feare, for the cruelties committed by the enemy. Then, as it falls out in bruits of war all the whole people were troubled: some (suing themselves in corners for feare, others attending (in great perplexity) some sad and tragicall end: the last sort calls vpon god. This while Ioachim the chiefe Priest governed the people: he by his letters and expresse commandement recalls those that were fled and scattered, and made them returne to Ierusalem: where, in presence of the Levites, hee made sacrifice and earnest prayer vnto God to withdraw his ire, and to be mercifull to his people: which done, he enters in counsell and requires his Princes to consult vpon the cause, and consider what is most expedient, and to prefer the loue of Gods law and the country, before all private things: the first that gainstands this exhortation is an hypocrite, and fanourer of the enemy, who giues counsell to render them to Holophernes, calling him a Prince gracious to those that applaud to him, and inuincible in battell to those that dare resist him. But the second Lord replying zealously againe, detesteth his false hypocrisie & carelesse security, exposing the people to the mercy of a barbarous godles enemy, before the duty they ought to their God, and their country, and to establish in place of the true God, a wicked Nimrod consummat in all impiety and wickednesse, to abolish all vertue and godlinesse. For he proues, that if the nations should be rooted out for the right religion, God should be more honored in the death of the Iewes, then in their liues; and that it is more worthy to die Hebrewes, then to liue infidels; and free men, then slaves: Shortly, that they ought to prefer honor and duty before feare and a vaine hope to prolong their dolefull daies. This reply encouraged all the assistants: whereof Ioachim gaue thanks to God, & (resolving himselfe vpon a Iust defence for the conseruation of the seruice of God, and the freedome of his nation, and the liues of the innocent against this villanous invasion) wisely departed the regiments of towns to persons conuenient, who past to their assigned places, each one preparing according to their power vnto the warre with courage, paine and diligence.

O o o z

THE





## THE FIRST BOOKE OF IVDITH.

I Sing the vertues of a valiant Dame,  
Who (in defence of *Jacob*) ouercame  
Th' *Assyrian* Prince, and slew that *Pagan* stout,  
Who had beset *Bethulia* walls, about.

O thou, who kept thine *Israhel* from the thrall  
Of infidels, and steeld the courage small  
Of feeble *Iudith*, with a manly strength;  
With sacred furie fill my heart at length:  
And, with thy *Holy* spirit, my spirit enspire,  
For matter so diuine. Lord I require  
No humain stile; but that the Reader may  
Great profit reape, I ioyn, thou praise alway.

And since in vulgar verse I prease to sing  
This goodly Poeme to a Christian King,  
To him whom God in goodnesse hath erect  
For princely Pillar, to his owne elect:  
For lawfull Lord, to reign with truth and right:  
For louefull Laurer, to the vertuous wight:  
Him (I beseech) this trauell to defend,  
That to his pleasure I the same may end.

When *Israhel* was in quiet rest and peace,  
And fruitfully the ground gaue her increase,  
Which seauenty yeer vntilled lay before,  
And nothing bare but thistle, weed and thorne;  
It pleased God (vpon his iust correction)  
T'awake his owne, that were of his election;  
Least that the longsom peace should them withhold,  
And dull their spirits, as doth the warriour bolde,  
Who spoyle his horse with pampring in the stable,  
That makes him for the manage more vnable:  
He spred their land with bands of enemies stout,  
Whose clouds of shot bedim'd their land about.

O o o

Their

Proposition of  
the summe of this  
work.

Inuocation of  
the true God.

Dedication of  
the Author alter-  
red by the Trans-  
lator.



The Army of  
Holofernes.

Their Hoste, with arrowes, pikes, and standards, stood  
As bristle-pointed, as a thornie wood.  
Their multitude of men, the rivers dird,  
Which throw the wealthy *Juda* sweet did slide;  
So that flood *Jordane* finding dry his banke,  
For shame he blusht, and down his head he stranke,  
For wo that he his credit could not keep,  
To send one waue, for tribute to the deep.

Scarfe had the Haruest-man, with hook in hand,  
Dispoyle the fruit and let the stubble stand:  
Scarfe had the hungry Gleaner put in binde  
The scattered grain, the Shearer left behinde:  
And scarfe the flapping staile began to thresh,  
When vnto *Jacob*, newes was brought afresh,  
That *Holoferne* his frontiers did inuade,  
And past all Rivers, straits, and murders made  
So vile, that none he left that drew the breath:  
But olde, and young he put to sodain death:  
The sucking babes vpon their mothers knee,  
His cruell cut-throats made them all to dee.  
Then like a flock of sheep, that doth beholde  
A Wolfe come from the wood vpon their fold,  
Shapes no defence, but runnes athwart the lands,  
And shortly makes of one, a hundreth bands:  
So *Isaaks* sonnes, in dreading for to feel  
This tyrant, who pursued them at the heel,  
Disfunding fled, and sought their liues to saue  
In hills, and dales, and enery desert caue.

The Hebrews.

Fear of the  
Army.

The shepheard of his flocke had now no care:  
But fearing death, fled to som mountain bare.  
The Crafts-man now his lumes away hath layde:  
The Marchant left his traffike and his trade,  
To hide himself more safely in a vault,  
Then in a Rampier, to sustain th' assault.  
The Lords esteemde themselves in sure hold  
In Dennes of Beasts, then castles gilt with golde.  
Fear lent the wings for aged folke to flie,  
And made them mount to places that were hie.  
Feare made the wofull women for to beare  
Their cradles sweet to hills that highest were:  
Fear made the wofull childe to waile and weep,  
For want of speed, on foot and hand to creep:  
All-where was nothing heard but hidious cries  
And pitious plaints that did the hearts agrie.

Affliction cap-  
tivity Prayer.

O Lord (sayd they) wilt thou still, day by day,  
The arrowes of thine anger neuer stay:  
Wilt thou that *Calde* conqueere vs again?  
Shall *Juda* yet the *Heathen* yoke sustain?

W

Wilt thou againe that they make euery towne,  
But stony heaps of houses casten down?  
Again shall sacrilegious fire deuoure  
Thy holy house where we do thee adore?

Then *Joachim* the priest of God most hie,  
Who ouer *Juda* then had chief degrie,  
Stood like a Pylor stout in tempest great,  
Who seeing winde and weather for to threat,  
Yet to his mater, his fear no terror drawes,  
Nor leaues his ship vnto the wrackfull waues:  
But, with disguising fear, his face vp casts,  
And stoutly doth gain-stand the balefull blasts:  
Right so this prudent prelate sent, in haste,  
Two hundreth men to passe where men were plac't  
In places strong, and thence commanded them  
For to repair vnto *Ierusalem*.

Now since th' Eternal did reueale his will,  
Vpon the sacred rop of *Synah* hill,  
The Arke of God which wisdom more did holde,  
In Tables two, then all the *Greeks* haue tolde:  
And more then euer *Rome* could comprehend,  
In huge of learned books that they ypend:  
Long wandred it throw trybes, throw kin and kin,  
And found no certain place of resting in.  
Yea, sometime it the shamefull spoyl hath been  
To sacrilegious hands of *Palestine*,  
Vntill that time, that *Iesies* holy race,  
For euer lodged it in *Iebus* place.

Senn. 8. 4.  
Senn. 2. 6.

I. r. 1. 1. 1.

But, for that *Dauids* hands with blood were fild,  
Throw infinis of humans he had kild:  
The king of peace would haue a king of rest  
To build his Temple farre about the best:  
His house, whose front vpreard so high and eaven,  
That lightlied earth, & seem'd to threat the heav'n,  
Vntill that wicked time a tyrant vile,  
Of name and deed that bare the semble stile,  
That did this king, that building braue he wrackt,  
And to the sacred ground all whole it sackt.

Senn. 2. 7.

Nabuchadnezzar

Yet when, long after, *Abrahams* holy race,  
Of *Tyger* banks had left the captiue place,  
With combers great they redified with pain,  
That most renowned house of God again.  
Which though vnto the first it seem'd as small,  
As to a Princes house, a shepheards hall:  
And though the hugeness were not as it was,  
Yet fore the height and beauty did surpass  
And ouer seilde the famous work of *Pharie*,  
*Ephesus* Temple, and the tombe of *Carie*,

E. 1. 6.

The



The *Rhodian Collos*, and the *Caldean wall*,  
That *Semiramis* set up with tourrets tall.  
Also the wondrous work of this same Temple  
Might serue a *Ctesiphon* for his exemple:  
*Lysippus* eke to carue by square and line,  
Or guide *Apelles* pensile most diuine.  
Heer in this place, all *Israel*, most deuout,  
Withdrew themselves to *Salem* round about;  
As when the Heav'n his sluces opens wide,  
And makes the floods vpon the ground to glide,  
The brooks that breaks adown from diuers hils  
With course impetuous till one deep distils.

Amongst the Dames, that there deuoutest were,  
The holy *Judith* fairest did appear:  
Like *Phaebus* that about the stars doth shine:  
It seem'd that she was made on mould diuine.

This primate then assisted with the kinne  
Of great *Elesar* (priests whose head ank chinne  
Was neuer shav'n) deuoutly on he preast:  
A pearled Myter on his balmed creast,  
And with a holy Ald, with garnetts spred,  
And golden Bells, his sacred body cled:  
And slew, and burnt, the bulks (as was the guise)  
Of many a kid, and kalle for sacrifice:  
And with their blood, the Altars hornes he dyed,  
And praying thus, to God immortall cryed:

Prayer.

"O Lord of Hostes, we com not vnto thee,  
"To wey our merits with thy maiestie:  
"Nor to protest before thy heavenly might,  
"That lacklesly, thy scourge doth on vs light:  
"But rather we confesse (as true it is)  
"Our sinnes haue iustly merite more then this.  
"But Lord if thou thy couenant would forget,  
"Which thou with *Abraham* made, and so wilt set  
"For mercy great, thy iustice most seuer,  
"Thou should a greater plague vpon vs reare.  
"Change then our process from thy iustice seat,  
"And saue vs at thy throne of mercy great.  
"Forgiue vs Lord, and holde, farre from vs all,  
"These plagues, that on our heads are like to fall.

Alas, what helpeth vs thy heavy stroke,  
To binde our necks to such a servile yoke,  
Wherewith th' *Assyrian* tyrants long haue grieved  
Thine *Isaac*, till their bondage thou relieved;  
If so this native ground that new is tild,  
If so these hostries new with folke refild,  
If so (alas) our chaste and modest Dames,  
Our infants young, our Virgins good of fames,

Should

Should be a pray to *Ammon*, and to *Perse*,  
To *Calde*, and the mutine *Partian* fierce;  
If that we see this Altar made profane,  
And witches it abuse with Idols vain:  
Yet Lord if thou no pitty on vs take,  
At least great God, do (for thy glories sake)  
Haue pitty on this holy building now,  
Where not a God hath sacrifice but thou:  
Where not a God but thou hast residence,  
To feel the saueur sweet of frankensence.

Hold back (O Lord) the *Caldean* cressets bright  
From these rich *Cedar* vaults of stately hight,  
Preferue these vessels, ornaments of gold,  
From sacrilegious hands of neighbours bolde:  
And let the blood of beasts before thy face,  
Thy Iustice stay, and grant thy seruants grace.

This prayer done, the people went their way.  
Then *Joachim* conuen'd, that present day,  
The princes of all *Juda*, and them praid,  
Gainst this mischief for counsell, and thus said:

Companions, if your former zeal remain,  
If ardent loue to God ye still retain:  
If wife, or childe, may cause your care to loue,  
Which should the Centres of your senses moue:  
If in your breasts a noble heart doth bide,  
Let deed bear witnes at this wofull tide.  
For, sauing God and your foresight, in deed  
Tis done, tis don with vs, and all our seed:  
And after this, th' *Immortall* shall not see  
This altar fume before his maiestee.

When th' *Air* is calme, and still, as dead and deaf,  
And vnder Heav'n quakes not an aspin leaf,  
When Seas are calme, and thousand vessels fleet  
Vpon the sleeping seas with passage sweet,  
And when the variant winde is still and lowne,  
The cunning Pylot never can be knowne.

But when the cruell storme doth threat the Bark  
To drowne in deeps of pits infernall dark:  
While tossing tears both ruther, mast, and sail:  
While mounting seems the Azur sky to scail:  
While driues perforce vpon som deadly shore,  
There is the Pylot knowen, and not before.

Alas, I pray you then what care and strifes  
Haue wee to keep our honours, goods, and lifes:  
Forget not then the care of this same place,  
Your countreyes weale, Gods glory and his grace:  
But humbly giue your selues into the hand  
Of God most high, and with a holy brand

Comparison.

Repurge



"Repurge your spirits from euery hatefull sin,  
"Which causeth God his Iustice to begin:  
And see what may to God be agreeable,  
For *Jacob's* weal, and for you profitable.

This said: an ancient traytour, from his youth,  
Who fostred gall in hart, with bony in mouth,  
Enforcing from his eyes som fained tear  
(To cloke his malice) spack as ye shall hear.

The oration of a  
subd wordling.

My tongue me fails, my hair for dread vp-starts,  
My heavy spirit from pensive corps departs,  
When I bethink me of yone tyrant stout,  
Who hath bedround the world with bloud about,  
Approching threats our townes with fiery flames,  
Our selfs with death, dishonour to our Dames:  
Yet when I call to minde the curse great,  
That this great Lord doth vse, who doth intreat  
Not onely those that beasstiall are become,  
And haue their hope in brutall Idols dome,  
But euen to zealous folke who do embrace  
The faith, and law (like vs) of *Abrams* race:  
Who, being well aduis'd, did humbly sue  
His pardon, and escap't his vengeance due;  
Then thanke I God, who sends vs such a foe,  
As plagues the proud, and lets the humble goe:  
For we alsoone shall vanquish him with teares,  
As will be long to wrack him with our wears.  
Then whil'st we may haue choise in either state,  
Of peace or warres, his fauour or his hate;  
Let vs not follow (seeing skath at hand)  
The folly of our Fathers, to gain-stand:  
But rather let vs beare another saile,  
And serue his king as best for our auaille.  
But think not yet, that I this counsell giue  
For craft, or warrant for my selfe to liue:  
For I haue els my daies so neerely spent,  
That for to die I could be well content.  
Th' *Assyrian* need not in my brest to strike  
His feathred Dart, nor yet his trembling pike:  
Yea, if my youth to me should est returne,  
And make my youthly blood within me burne,  
So honour I my God, and country deare,  
That for to dye for them, I would not feare,  
As *Samson* did, if so my death might yield  
The victory of the *Pharoy*, and the field.  
But most I feare, least we, with curious zeale,  
Fight for the law, yet fight against her weale,  
Against our selfs, to bring so great a wrack,  
That proud, and cruell tyrants shall vs sack.

And

And grow in pride (suppressing *Judas* strength)  
For to contemne the glory of God at length.  
For, *Israel* being lost, who shall ensue,  
To render here to God deuotions due?

What people sparsed on this earthly ball  
From *Indian* shoare to where the Sunne doth fall,  
Or from the Climate of the northren blast,  
Vnto that place where sommer ay doth last;  
Hath God elect, saue *Israel* for his owne  
Vpon his Hill to haue his glory showne?

At this the valiant *Cambris* of renowne,  
With righteous rage grew pale and gan to frowne,  
And brake the silence with a vehement stile,  
His courage moov'd the Princes all the while.

Nay rather where I stand let ope the ground.  
(Quoth he) to swallow me in pit profound:  
Yea rather righteous Heav'n let fire blast  
Light on my head that thou on *Sodom* cast,  
Ere I my malice cloke or overfile,  
Ingiuing *Isac* such a counsell vile.  
For if the Leader of this folk profane  
Vpon our bodies only sought to raigne,  
Although that we haue dearly bought alway  
Our freedom from our first maternall day  
(Which dearer is then gold for to be kept)  
I would assent, the holy Church except:  
But since more pride this tyrants heart enroules  
To lay a greater burden on our soules,  
Who are the vassels of that onely King,  
That Thunder sends and scepters down doth thring;  
Shoud we forget him who made vs of nought,  
More then all wondrous things that he hath wrought,  
Who treats and loues vs like our Father and King,  
Still vnder shadowes of his wondrous wing?  
Will he that we receiue a Prince ambitious?  
For God, a gods contemner, *Nemrode* vitious?  
Whose beastly life is of so vile a fame,  
That of a man he merits not the name?  
Go to, go to, let men for men assay  
With sword and shot to deale it as we may:  
The victory lies not in mortall hands,  
Nor barbed horse, nor force of armed bands,  
These are but second instruments of God;  
Who, as him list, may send them euen or od.  
But if our soueraigne God willes such annoy;  
That folke vncircumcis'd our land destroy,  
Because we him offend while we haue breath,  
Alas, yet honour, honour him in death:

And



And, if we lose and all be overcome,  
 Let patience winne the glory of martyrdome.  
 Forsooth, though *Assirs* souldiers braue and bold  
 Extinguish quite the race of *Isak* old,  
 Yet shall they not deface the liuing Lord,  
 As these *Apostats* falsly do afford.  
 For he, who peopled first this world so round,  
 But with one man, from whom the rest abound;  
 And who long after, in an arke of wood,  
 Repaired the waste, made by the generall flood;  
 May he not eke transforme the hardned stone,  
 To people who will honour him alone?  
 And may not he do now, as he hath donne,  
 Who gaue to *Abrams* barren wife a sonne?  
 Them giuing Children moe, then in the heauen  
 Are starrie Circles, light as fire leauen:  
 And mo, then Northren windes (that driues the Rack)  
 Of *Cyrene* sands in number can compact;  
 Who will obserue his lawe, an hundreth fold  
 More zealously then wee, who should it holde.  
 'Then, fathers choose you warres: for better tels,  
 'To lose like *Jewes*, then winne like infidels.  
 'Let not the greede of gaine your hearts arrame,  
 'To leaue the right: preferre not feare to shame.  
 Scarce ended wasth' Oration of this Lord,  
 When all the Princes (with a sound accord)  
 By word and deed confirmd his good aduice.  
 The chiefe Priest, gladdest of this enterprife,  
 Vnto the heauen held vp his hands and face,  
 And sayd, I thank the Lord, who of his grace  
 'Conioynes no lesse our wills, then bolds our harts:  
 'A sure presage, that God is on our parts.  
 This done, vnto his princes he diuides  
 The tribes and townes, and ordaines them for guides;  
 For feare least some of them led with ambition  
 In *Israel* might stirre vp some sedition.  
 So they withdrew, and stoutly did prouide,  
 This furious storme of *Mars* for to abide.  
 Then as ye see sometime the hony Bees  
 Exerce themselves on buddes of sweetest trees,  
 Where they sometime assault the buzzing waspe,  
 That comes too neere, their flours away to clasp;  
 Or when they hony draw from sinelling Thyme,  
 Or from the palme, or Roses of the prime:  
 And how they draw their wax with wondrous art,  
 Obseruing iointure iust in every part,  
 Both vp and down they build ten thousand shops,  
 With equall space fulfilld vp to the tops:

Comparison.

Or where the master Bee, of thousand bands,  
 Conducts the rest in legions through the lands,  
 Who daily keeps within their Cities wall,  
 Their house, their work, their lawes and manners all:  
 So thus the sons of *Jacob* ply'd their paine,  
 With hot desire their quarrell to sustaine.

Some built the breaches of their broken town,  
 That Heauen, and *Panim* yre, had casten down.  
 Some other found a cautell, 'gainst the Ramme,  
 To saue the wall vnbroken, where it camme.  
 Thus *Jacobs* towns on all sides had their flanks,  
 With *Gabions* strong, with bulwarks and with banks.  
 Some others busie went and came in routs  
 To terrace towers, some vnder baskets louts:  
 Some others also, wanting time and might  
 To strength their towns, yet vs'd all kinde of slight,  
 To dig vp ditches deep, for cisterns good,  
 To draw to them the best and neereft flood.

Preparation of defence.

While th' *Armors* with hammers hard and great  
 On *lithies* strong the sturdy steel doth bear,  
 And makes thereof a corslet or a iacke,  
 Sometime a helm, sometime a mace doth make,  
 While shepheards they enarme vnus'd to danger,  
 While simple birds, and whiles the wandring stranger;  
 The tilling Culter then a speare was made,  
 The crooked Sithe became an euened blade:  
 The people food forgets, no ease they take,  
 Some on a horse, some on his proper backe,  
 Some on a Cart, some on a Camell bears  
 Corne, wine, and flesh, to serue for many years;  
 As done these *Emels*, that in sommer tide,  
 Comes out in swarms their houses to provide:  
 In haruest time (their toyle may best be seen  
 In paths where they their carriage bring between)  
 Their youth they send to gather in the store:  
 Their sick and old at home do keep the score,  
 And ouer grainels great they take the charge,  
 Oft turning corne within a chamber large  
 (When it is dight) least it do sprout or seed,  
 Or come againe, or weeuels in it breed.

Comparison.

FINIS.

PPP

THE





## THE SUMMARY OF THE II. BOOKE.

**W**E have heard before, how the people of God used all diligence to maintain the liberty of Gods true Religion and their Countrey. Now is set forth the extreme pride of Holophernes, who thought with one word to overthrow them all. But to make himselfe some pastime, hee assembleth his Councell to understand of them what people they were, that inhabited the Mountaines in the Frontiers of Iudaea, that durst make him resistance. Upon this he is informed by the mouth of one of his chiefe Captaines, of that which hee looked not for: to wit, a discourse of the historie of the Ievves, from the time of Abrahams coming out of Caldea to enter into the land of Promise, unto their deliverance from the Captivitie of Babylon, following the order of the times quoted by the holy Scriptures, with the praises of the providence of almighty God, in defending of his Church, and a sharpe threatening to those that dare presume to disquiet the same. The chiefe Counsellors of the Heathen, hearing this, became more cruell, incensing their Generall to murder this Captaine. But Holopherne with vaine ambition deserveth their bloody request: and, after that hee had outraged him in words, he further blasphemeth the living Lord. And lastly caused him to be bound hand and foot, and so carried neer to the Citie of Bethulia: where hee is by the besieged Souldiers brought into the Citie, and there declareth his case, exhorting them to continue constant, to God, and their Countrey, and promiseth his assistance to his limes end.

## THE SECOND BOOKE OF IVDITH.

**N**ow Holophern in Scythique Rampier stood,  
With standarts pight of youthly heathen blood;  
Of nothing thinking lesse, then warre and fight,  
But in devising pastime day and night:  
Till he was war, that Iacob would aduance,  
Against his Panim force and arrogance.

A pack of what? a pack of countrey clowns  
(Quoth Holophern) that them to battell bownes,  
With beggers, bolts, and Levers to arrest  
My warriors strong; with whom I haue suppress  
Both Tigris swift, and fair Euphrates stream,  
With frosty Taurus and rock Niphath beam.

People of Asa.

Are

Are they not wrackt? ye Chiefs of Moabites,  
And valiant Ephrem, ye strong Ammonites:  
Ye that as neighbours knowe this folke of old,  
That scattered thus, do all these mountains hold:  
Tell me what men are they, of what off spring,  
What is their force, their customs and their King?  
For, wife is he that wots with whom he playes,  
And halfe is victor, as the Proverbe sayes.

The Lord of Ammon then, with reverence due,  
Right wisely spack the Duke; and yet, for true,  
He was a Panim both of faith, and kinde:  
But so (with fained tongue) he spake his minde,  
And all the Hebrews acts discourst so well,  
That Esdr' and Moses seemd in him to dwell,  
As did that sprite that made the Prophet blesse  
The Israelites, whom Balac did addresse  
To curse them all, and wage his couetous tounge,  
Which spake contrary that he would haue sounge:

So please it you my Lord, I shall discry  
The story of Isrell: yet, so doing, I  
Am like the modest Bee, that takes but small  
Of every flowr, though she haue choyse of all:  
For where she list, the sweetest off she crops.

These people that ye see on mountain tops,  
Encamped in these craggs, are of the line  
Of Abraham; who (serving God divine,  
That mighty God of gods who create all,  
And firmly knit and buile this mighty ball)  
Came to this Land that then was tild and sowne,  
And by the name of wealthy Canaan knowne:  
Where onely God his wealth did multiply,  
In goods, and silver, gold, and family.

And when of age he was an hundred year,  
His wife eake barren, never childe did bear;  
God gaue them Isaac, swearing that his seed  
Should many Scepters rule, and Land bespree:  
But, when that holy Abraham was old,  
And hoped well the promise made should hold  
(O pitious case) Th'immortall voyce him spake,  
And bad him sacrifice his sonne Isaac.

Then like a ship between two windes beset,  
Vpon the raging Sea on both sides bet,  
In doubtfull fear, ne wots what way to keep,  
Least one of them confound her in the deep:  
Makes close her ports, and slides on Neptunes back;  
At pleasure of the boysterous windes to wrack:  
So felt this Hebrew, in his heart to fight  
Both loue, and duty, reason, faith, and right.

Ppp 2

Nam. 23.

A briefe dis-  
course of the  
life of the same

Gen. 12.

Gen. 22.

Nor



Nor wist he way to take: his troubled soule,  
From this to that, continually did roule,  
Vntill the time, his heav'nly fear and loue  
His naturall earthly pittie did remoue.  
Then having built the fire and all, anone  
His sonne he layd vpon the sacred stone,  
And with a trembling hand the curtasse drewe,  
With heauied arme the stroke for to ensewe;  
When, lo, th' Eternall staide the balefull knife,  
And down it fell, and spaird the guiltless life.  
Then God, content to haue so great assay  
Of *Abrams* faith, defended him alway.

Of *Isaac*, *Jacob* came, and *Jacob* than  
Of valiant sonnes had twelue in *Canaan*,  
Who (forst by famine) fled to *Egypt* Land:  
Where for a while, their dwelling good they fand;  
And grew so great in number, that they were  
A fear those that had them harbourd there.  
And though th' *Egyptians* dayly them oppress,  
And burthens on their sweating backs were drest:  
Yet like the valiant *Palmethey* did sustaine  
Their peisant weight, redressing vp againe.  
This moov'd King *Pharo* to command through all  
Great *Nilus* Land, where raine doth never fall,  
He bad his folke should slay (wherefo they came)  
All children males the seed of *Abraham*;  
As soon as they from mothers wombs were free,  
Their day of birth should be their day to dee.

O cruell *Tiger*, thinks thou that this deed,  
Of *Isak* may cut off th' immortall seed?  
Well may it stay the sucklings for to liue,  
And kill th' accustomed fruit that heauen doth giue:  
But, spite of this, men *Jacobs* seed shall see  
In flourishing state to rule all *Cananee*:  
The first of every house shall feel the hand  
And wrath of God against this lawe to stand.

It fortun'd *Pharo's* daughter, with her traine  
Of Ladies faire, to play them on the Plaine,  
Vpon the shoar where *Goffan* flood doth slide:  
Where, after many pastimes they had tride,  
Shee hears an Infant weep amongst the reeds.  
Then, iudging it for one of *Isaks* seeds,  
As so it was (yet, with *Paternall* feare)  
Against his pitious plaint she clos'd her eare:  
But after, viewing in that Infants face  
I know not what of fauour and of grace,  
Which did preface his greatnes to ensew;  
Loue vanquish't lawe, and pity dread withdrew.

Exod. 1.

Exclamation.

50

So from the flood not only she him caught,  
But curiously she caus'd him to be taught,  
As her owne sonne. O sonne elect of God,  
That once shall rule the people with thy rod,  
Thou hast not found a servant for thy Mother,  
But euen a Queen to nurse thee and none other.  
Now see how God, alwaies for his elect,  
Of wicked things can draw a good effect:  
His providence hath made a wicked thing,  
Vnto his owne, great profit for to bring.  
When *Iosephs* brether sold him like a slaue,  
He after came a kingly place to haue,  
Of *Haman* proud the darke envious hate  
Brought *Mardoche* the iust to great estate.  
For, where his enemy sought his shamefull end,  
The same vnto the worker he did send.

This *Hebrew Moser*, once as he did keep  
On *Horeb* mount his father *Jethro* his sheep:  
He saw a fearfull sight, a flaming fire  
Enclose a thorny bush whole and entire:  
From whence a mighty voyce vnto him spake,  
Which made the ground between the *Poles* to shake:

I am that One, is, was, and ay shall be,  
Who create all of nought, as pleaseth me:  
I can destroy, I am the great, and iust,  
The faire, the good, the *Holy* one to trust,  
Whose strong right hand this world hath set in frame,  
I am th' *Almighty God* of *Abraham*:

I plague my foes, and grant my servants grace,  
All those that knowledge me, and all their race.

Then follow thou my will, and quickly goe,  
From me, to that profane King *Pharao*,  
Who holds the towrs of *Memphis* and the field,  
Of *Nilus* shoar that rich increase doth yeeld;

And bid him let my people freely go:  
But, if with hardned heart, he will not so,  
Stretch out thy staffe for to confirm thy charge,  
And it shall turne into a *Serpent* large.

And this he shortly did, the thing to proue:  
It quickned, lo, and on the ground gan moue.

(O *Miracle*) he saw without all faile,  
It grew a *Serpent* fell with head and taile:

Which crangling crept, and ran from trod to trod  
In many a knot, till time th' *Almighty God*

Commanded him the same for to retaine,  
Which to the former shape return'd againe.

Thus siling humain sight, it changed form,  
One while a Rod, one while a creeping worm.

Ppp 3

Then

Admiration.

Note.

Gen. 42.

Ejfb.

Father in Law.

Exod. 3.



Then armed with his staffe, the Lord him sent,  
The proud idolatrous Princes to torment.  
He, in the name of God, full oft did pray  
The King, to let the *Hebrews* go their way  
Vnto the Desert, where he did deuise,  
To offer God a pleasant sacrifice.  
But *Pharo* clos'd his eare against the Lord,  
And to his holy word would not accord.

Exod. 4.

Then God th' eternall wrought by *Moses* hand,  
To approue his word, great wonders in that Land.  
For he not only Rivers turn'd to blood:  
But also all the heads of *Nilus* flood  
(Which watereth wealthy *Egypt* with his sources)  
Was turn'd to blood amid their silver courses:  
So that the King himselte, his life to feed,  
Was faine to vse such water for his need.

Exod. 7.

Exod. 8.

This *Moses* made the froggs in millions creep,  
From floods and ponds, and scrall from ditches deep:  
Who cled all *Misraim* with their filthy fry,  
Even on the King and all his family.  
To young and old of either Sex that while,  
He sent a plague of scalding botches vile:  
So that the *Memphites*, laid on beds to rest,  
With vncouth venom daily were oppress'd:  
To *Medciners*, the medicine vailed not;  
So sore the poison'd plague did vndercot.

Exod. 9.

He also smote the forrests, herbs, and grass,  
The flocks of sheep and every beast that was:  
Throw poyson of th' infected ground so fell,  
The Morrain made them all to die or swell:  
So that the Shepheard, by the river side,  
His flock hath rather dead then sick espide.  
He, earthly dust to lothly lice did change,  
And dimd the Ayre, with such a cloud so strange  
Of flies, grasshoppers, hornets, clegs and clocks,  
That day and night throw houses flew in flocks,  
That with incisions sharp did sheare the skinnies  
Of *Egypt* *Panims*, throw their proudest ynnies.

Exod. 10.

And when the heaven most quiet seemd and fair,  
Th' Eternall sent a tempest through the air,  
And (at this *Hebrew*'s prayer) such a reare  
Of thunder fell, that brought them all in feare.  
Heer lay a Bull, that woodran while he brast:  
There lay the Keeper, burnt with thunder blast:  
And now the forrest high, that hid the air  
With many a spreeding arme, is spoild and bair:  
So that the sap that grafters keeps with paine,  
Which should restore the stock, and lease againe;

Is lost (alas) in lesse then halfe a day,  
The husbands hoped fruit gone to decay.  
What more? th' Eternall darkned so the sky,  
For three dayes space none could another spy:  
That cloud, so thick, the *Memphis* rebels fand,  
That they might firmly feele it with their hand:  
It seem'd that *Phabus* left his ancient Round,  
And dwelt three dayes with men of vnderground.  
And as the sunne at one selfe time is felt,  
With heat to harden clay, and wax to melt:  
So *Amrams* sacred sonne, in these proiects,  
Made one selfe cause, haue two contrair effects.  
For, *Isak* humbly knew the Lord diuine:  
But *Pharo*, more and more, did still repine;  
Like to the corpslet colde, the more 'tis bet  
With hammers hard, more hardnes it doth get.

Yet when his son was slaine by th' *Angels* hand,  
Amongst the eldest heirs of *Egypt* Land;  
He was afraid, and let them go that night,  
Where pleased them to serue their God of might:  
Who sent a cloud before them all the day,  
By night a Pillar of fire to guide their way.  
But suddenly this tyrant did gain-stand  
His former grant, and armd all *Egypt* Land  
With hot pursute against all *Jacobs* hoast,  
That were encamped on the Red-sea coast.  
Such noyse was never, since the forrain tide  
Brak throw *Gibraltar*, when it did divide  
The *Calp*, from *Abill*, or when *Sicill* strand  
Divorced was from her *Italia* Land;  
As was in these two camps: that one, with boast,  
That other with their wailings fild the coast:  
It seemd the sounds of furious horse and men,  
With hornes and pypes, to heaven resounded then.

Exod. 11.  
Here.

O Iuggler sayd the *Jams*, what hatefull strife  
Hath moved thee to change our happy life?  
What are we fishes, for to swim the seas?  
Or are we foules, to fly whereas we please,  
Beyond the Sea? or over hils to soar?  
Was there not graues for vs on *Gossen* shoar;  
But, in this desert heer to die, or haue  
The blood-red *Ocean* Sea, to be our graue?  
Then *Moses*, with his quickned rod, that tide,  
He smote the sea, wich (fearefull) did divide;  
Discovering land that Sun had never seen,  
And staid the Sea, as there two wals had been:  
Which made a passage dry of ample space,  
For all to passe who were of *Isaacs* race:

Exod. 14.  
They murmure.

But



But contrary the Red-sea did devower  
The barbrous tyrant with his mighty power,  
Who proudly durst himselfe to that present,  
Which opened but to saue the innocent.

O happy race, since God doth arm for thee,  
Both fire and aire, the windes, the clouds and see  
(Which all vnto thy pay haue whole inclinde)  
Let not consuming time weare out of minde  
So rare a grace; but let thine elders shew  
This to their noble seed that shall ensue:  
And let their sonnes, vnto their sonnes record  
Throw all the world these wonders of the Lord.

Exod. 6.

God, with Cœlestiall bread (in time of need)  
His loved *Isaac* forty year did feed:  
And gaue them water from the solid stone,  
Which of it selfe had never moisture none.  
Their caps, their coats, and shooes, that they did wear,  
God kept all fresh and new, full forty year.

Exod. 20.

And farther, least their soules, for want of food,  
Should faint or faile; hee, of his mercies good,  
Gave them his Law, pronounced by his voyce,  
His spirit to theirs, in him for to reioyce:  
So teaching them, and vs in precepts ten,  
Our duty first to God, and next to men;  
To th' end that man to man should truly stand,  
And ioyne with God, and never break that band.

Isaiah.

This mighty Prophet dead, Duke *Iofua* than,  
Their Captaine stout, this *Palm* province wan:  
Throw might of God, he Scepters did subdew  
Of thirty tyrant Kings, whom all he slew.  
At his commandment like the thunder sound,  
The Rampers strong fell fearfully to ground,  
Before the *Tortuse*, or the horned Ramme,  
Had bet, or myned, from their wall a dramme:  
For, euen of hornes, full hoarse, their simple blast  
An engine was, their towres adown to cast.

He pray'd the heauen for to prolong the day,  
And made the horses of the Sun to stay;  
To th' end, the night should not with cloud be cled,  
To saue the faithles, that before him fled.

Now when this *Panim* scourge (with age at last)  
Had left this life, and vnto heauen past;

Iudges.

Then *Isaac* had of Rulers sundry men,  
Whose glorious acts deserues eternall pen.  
Who knowes not *Samgar*, *Barac*, and *Othaniel*?  
The valiant *Delbor*, *Ahud* and good *Samuel*?  
What Land (O *Samson* rings not thy renown,  
Who sole, vnarmed, bet an Army downe?

What

What laud to *Iephthe* iustly might we low,  
Had he not hurt his owne through hasty vow?  
What hill or dale, what flood or fixed ground,  
Doth not the famous *Gedeons* praise resound?  
In later time, their Kings some good, some bad,  
Of all the *Hebrew* state they ruling had.  
Had I the Harpe of *Dauid* (holy King)  
None other sound but *Dauid* would I sing.  
But, euen as all the deeds that *Dauid* did,  
Could not be done by none, but by *Dauid*:  
So none but *Dauid*, on his yv'rie harp,  
The glorious praise of God could only carpe.  
But, heer, his praise I prease not to proclaime,  
Least I through want of skill obscure the same:  
Yet leaue I not his Son, whom grace diuine  
Made no lesse rich, then wondrous of engine:  
Whose doctrine drew to *Salem* from all where,  
A hundred thousand wyzards him to heare:  
From *Araby*, from *Inde*, to *Affrik* shore,  
His tongue entyste them with his cunning lore.  
Shall I forget the King, who overthrew  
Idolatrie, and plac't religion dew?  
Shall I forget that King, who saw descend  
A winged Host, *Solyma* to defend?  
Shall I forget him, who before his een,  
Enchast the bands of *Chus* on *Gerar* Green?  
Shall I forget him, who preparing fight  
Gainst *Ammon*, *Seir*, and *Moabs* Idoll might,  
Saw each of their three hoasts on others fall,  
And with them selfs their selfs discomfit all?

Salomon.

Iofua.

Hzechiah.  
Ierusalem.  
Asa.

Iofaphat.

Yet, for their sins God gaue them in the hands  
Of *Calde* Kings, who conquered all their Lands:  
And took King *Zedekie*, and made an end  
Of that Impire; till God did *Cyrus* send,  
Who set them free, and gaue them of his grace  
Two rulers of their owne. And now this place  
Is kept by sacred *Ioachim*, whose powers  
Consist not only within *Sions* towres;  
But, *Edom*, *Sidon*, *Moab*, and we all  
Do knowe his strength and knowes him principall.

Now Sir, you heare the progresse first and last  
Of *Isaacs* race in order as it past.

One while the Lord enhaunst them to the skie:  
One while he drew them down in deep to lie.  
But were he Iudge, or Prince, or King of might,  
Who rul'd the *Hebrews* policy aright;  
While they observ'd th' alliance made before  
By their forefathers, who to God them swore,

In



' In happy state all others they surpass:  
 ' And vnder foot their proudest foes were cast:  
 ' And all the world, that their destruction sought,  
 ' Against their state, and name prevailed nought.  
 ' But, contrary, as oft as they astrayd  
 ' From God their guide, he on their shoulders layd  
 ' The Barbare yock of *Moab*, and oft-times  
 ' Of *Palestine* and *Ammon* for their crimes,  
 ' The heauy hand of God was seen to bee,  
 ' On their ingratefull infidelity.

Now, if so be that any odious sin  
 Provoke their Lord his Iustice to begin:  
 Then mine not you their towers and towers tall,  
 Nor bring the wrackfom engine to their wall:  
 Nor place thy batties braue, nor yet aduenter,  
 With thy courageous camp, the breach to enter.  
 For, if *Libanus* mount, or *Carmel* faire  
 Or *Niphathai* should parke them from repaire:  
 If *Inde* and *Nilus* with the *Rhene* and *Rhone*  
 To close them round about, should run in one,  
 For their defence: yet shall they not withstand  
 (With all their force) thy furious fighting hand.  
 But if they haue not broke the band indeed  
 That God with *Abraham* made and with his seed;  
 Beware, my Lord, beware to touch or moue  
 These people that the Lord so much doth loue.  
 For, though south *Autan* would dispeople his Lands,  
 And bring the blackest *Moors* to swarm in bands:  
 If *Northren Boreas*, vnder his banners cold,  
 Would bring to field his hideous Souldiers bould:  
 If *Zephyrus* from sweet *Hesperia* coast,  
 Would send his chosen armed men to *Hosse*:  
 If *Eurus*, for to aid thine enterprise,  
 Would bring his men from whence the Sun doth rise:  
 Yet all their numbers huge, and forces strong,  
 Can never do to *Israel* any wrong,  
 Nor hurt one hair, if their great God say nay.  
 That God will them defend, because he may  
 With one small blast confound all Kings that darre  
 (As thou doost now) provoke him vnto warre.

Then like as yee beholde the quiet see  
 Not raging when the windes ingendring bee:  
 But, blancheth first, then growes in little space,  
 In wallowing waves to flowe with foamy face,  
 And lastly beats the banks, and ships vnshrouds,  
 With wrackfull waves vphoist to highest clouds:  
 So, almost all the Princes of that hoste,  
 With inward anger gan to be emboste,

As oft as they the prayse of God did heare;  
 So to his speech encreast their spitefull cheare:  
 Which, in the end, to blasphemie them brought,  
 Th'immortall God of Gods to set at nought.

Kill and cut off (quoth they) this traytour fine,  
 Whose subtile talke, with all his whole engine,  
 Pretends to saue these *Hebrews* from our hands,  
 And threats vs with vaine Gods of forrain Lands:  
 For if it please you (noble Prince) to send  
 But twenty men of value that are kend,  
 Within your camp, these reckles rebels then  
 Shall be a prey to all your warlike men.

(O wicked wight!) but then the *Vizroy* stout,  
 With power, appeasde the murmur of the rout:  
 And to him sayd: O shameles *Prophet* thou  
 What *Sibyll*, or what charmer tell me now?  
 What *Divell* or *Demon* so doth thee inspire,  
 That *Izrell* shall of vs have his desire?

Such men, as with no God can be content,  
 But such as pleased *Moses* to invent,  
 Of his owne head: a God that hath no power  
 For to deliver them, nor thee this hower.

Haue we another God, or king of kings  
 Then our great *Persian Monark* now that rings?  
 Whose barded horse ore-runs the Nations all,  
 Whose armed men, out of these mountains tall,  
 Shall rake these rebels that from *Egypt* came  
 To this, where they vniustly keep the same.  
 Die, die, thou shalt, O wretch: thy tongue vntrue,  
 And double heart shall haue their wages due.

But, foole, what speake I thus? no haste, a while:  
 Thy blood (O villaine) shall not me defile.  
 So iust a paine, so soon thou shalt not haue,  
 For thy deceipt, so soon to go to graue.

For, in a wretches sudden death, at ones  
 Their longsome ill is buried with their bones.

But, to that end I may prolong thy strife,  
 In *Bethull* town I will prolong thy life:  
 Where euery houre, thou shalt haue such affray  
 To die vndead a thousand times a day,  
 Till time with them who thou so strong hast thought  
 To shamefull end with them thou shalt be brought.

What? wherefore tremblest thou and art so pale?  
 What sorrow makes thy heart so soon to faile?  
 If God be God, as thou right now hast sayd,  
 Then of thy faith giue wities, vndismayd.

A Marshall of the camp then being prest  
 (Who was not yet so cruell as the rest)

blasphemy.

There



There took this demy Pagan (*Ammons* Lord)  
And sent him bound to *Bethul* (with a cord).  
Then even as in his clawes the kite doth beare  
The chirping chicken, through the weather cleare,  
While that the cackling hen, belowe on ground,  
Bewailes her bird with vain lamenting sound:  
So in like woe his worthy men were left,  
For that so worthy a chief was them bereft.

The Townsmen then beholding neer their wall  
These *Miscrants*, to armour straight they fall,  
Yclad in plate and mail, and runs in bands,  
And fearcely fronts their foes with steel in hands;  
As fast as done the rivers down the hills,  
That with their murmurs huge the deeps vp-fills.

The Heathen, seeing this, retyrde away,  
And left the Lord of *Ammon* for a pray  
To th' *Hebrew* souldiers; who did him constraine,  
Though he was willing, with them to remaine.

When all the folke with prease about him past,  
His eyes and hands vp to the pole he cast,  
'And thus he spake: O God that great abides  
'Vpon th' Immortall seat, and iustly guides  
'The ruled course of heav'n, whose living spreet  
'Reviuing spreads, and through all things doth fleet;  
'I render thee, O God, immortall prayse,  
'For that before I end my wofull dayes,  
'Now from th' vnfruitfull stock thou doost me race,  
'To graft me in thy fruitfull tree of grace;  
'Where in despight of all contrary strife,  
'I shall bring forth the fruits of lasting life.  
And ye, O *Jacobs* sonnes, think not at all  
That I of purpose captiue am and thrall,  
So that I mean hereby your wrack to bring;  
For, God he knowes, I thinke not such a thing:  
But I am captiue thus, because I tolde,  
What wondrous works the Lord hath done of olde,  
To you and your forefathers ever still,  
Deliv'ring them that would obey his will.  
Then doubt not you a thousand flasing flags,  
Nor horrible cries of hideous heathen hags:  
Coole not your hearts. For, if the world about  
Would compasse you with all their warriours stout  
(Providing first ye seek your help at need  
At power divine, and not at mortall seed)  
You surely shall see *Assurs* renning flood,  
Made red, with *Assurs* hoste and *Ethniqne* blood:  
Ye surely shall see men, not vnde to fight,  
Subdue their foes, that seems of greater might.

The hand of God assails you not with hare:  
But, for your weale, your pride he will abate;  
To let you wit, it is within his power  
To leaue or to relieue you euery hower.

As on th' vnfaury stock the lilly is borne:  
And as the rose growes on the pricking thorne:  
So modest life, with sobes of grienous smart  
And cryes deuout, comes from an humbled hart.  
For, euen the faithfull flock are like the ground,  
That for good fruit, with weeds will still abound,  
If that the share and culter idle lie  
That riuets the soyle, and roots the brambles bye:  
But, in the end, God will his ire relent,  
As soone as sinners truely will repent;  
And saue you from these plagues that present bee,  
In shorter time then ye doo thinke to see.

Take courage, friends, and vanquish God with tears:  
And, after, wee shall vanquish with our wears  
These enemies all. Now, if there rest in me  
The former force that once was wont to be:  
It elde haue not decayd my courage bolde,  
That I haue had with great experience olde:  
I render me to serue you to my end,  
For *Jacobs* weale, Gods law for to defend.

FINIS.

Q99

THE







## THE SUMMARY OF THE III. BOOKE.

**I**N this third Booke, the Poet setteth forth the siege of Bethulia, and the extremity that God permitted them to feele, thereby to give an entry to his miraculous deliverance; who is accustomed to lead his people to the gates of death, and from thence to restore them about all humane expectation, to the end they should confesse that the arms of flesh, nor worldly wisdom, maintaines not the Church: but the only favour of the Almighty, to whom the whole glory of dutie should be rendered. Further, three principall things are to be noted: First, the preparations of the besiegers, and the defenses of the besieged; and how after, through the counsell given to Holopherne for the restraint of the water from the towne, ensues a furious assault, which the Iewes repell with great paine: Secondly, the extreme desolation through want of water, whereby proceedeth sundrie sorts of death, with lamentations, murmurations, and danger of mutinie within the Citie, and how the Governour endeavours himselfe with wise and godly admonitions to appease the same: But the Commons, in this hard estate regarding no reason, required to render the Citie, rather then to perishe in such apparent misery. The Governour, being carried with a humane prudence, promiseth to render the Towne within five dayes, if God send them no succour. Yet such is the estate of Gods Church in this world, that when all things faileth, God manifesteth his power. And therefore in the third part is Iudith introduced, who (being especially moved by the reading of holy Scriptures) is encouraged to deliver her Countrey: but when first understood the resolution of the Magistrates, she (being in estimation honourable) modestly reproveth them. After their excuse, she promiseth to attempt something for the publicke weale: not showing her devise, but onely desired to have passage by night unto the enemies camp, and this is granted.

## THE THIRD BOOKE OF IVDITH.

**T**He Snoring snout of restless Phlegon blew  
Hot on the *Juds*, and did they day renew  
With Scarlet sky, when *Heathen* men awook  
At sound of drum: then pike and dart they took.  
In order marching, and to combat eals  
Th' vndanted sonnes, within their Cities wals.  
The meeds in May with flowers are not so dect  
Of sundry fauours, hews, and seere effect,  
As in this campe were people different farre  
In tongues and manners, habits, tents, and warre.

Yea *Chaos* old, whereof the world was founded,  
Of members more confuse, was not compounded:  
Yet soundly they in vnion did accord  
To wage the warre against th' Almighty Lord,  
Who shakes the *Poles*, whose onely breath doth beat  
*Libanus* mount, and makes *Caucasus* swear.  
There came the *Kettrinks* wilde, of cold *Hircania*,  
Ioynd with the men of great and lesse *Armania*:  
With coppintanks: and there the *Parthian* tall  
Assaid to shoot his shafts, and flee withall.  
The *Persians* proud (th' Empire was in their hands)  
With plates of gold, surbraued all their bands.  
The *Medes* declar'd through fortunes ouerthwart  
They lost their Scepter, not for lack of hart:  
And that no costly cloath nor rich array,  
Nor painting fine, that on their face they lay,  
Nor borrowd hair, of faire and comly length,  
Might ought impair their ancient power and strength.  
There were the happy *Arabs*, those that buields  
In thatched waggons, wandring throu the fields.  
The subtil *Tyrians*, they who first were clarks,  
That stayd the wandring words in leaues and barks.  
The men of *Moab*, *Edom*, *Ammon*, and  
The People sparst on large *Elimia* Land.  
The learned *Memphians*, and the men that dwell  
Neer to the *Ethiopians* black and fell:  
In short, the most of *Asia* (as it wair)  
Encamped was within that army fair.  
So that this Duke mo forrain souldiers lad,  
Then all the *Hebrews* native people had.  
But they, who did the *Hebrews* greatest wrong,  
Were *Aposlats* of *Ephrem* fierce and strong:  
Who fought with hatefull hearts, them to deface,  
Least they should be esteemd of *Isaks* race.  
Then, as in time of spring the water's warme,  
And crowping frogs like fishes there doth swarme;  
But with the smallest stone that you can cast  
To stirre the streame, their crouping stayes as fast:  
So while *Judaa* was in ioyfull dayes,  
The constancy of them was worthy prayes:  
For that in euery purpose ye should heare  
The praise of God, resounding euery where;  
So, that like burning candles they did shine  
Among their faithfull flock, like men diuine.  
But, looke how soon they heard of *Holopherne*,  
Their courage quailde and they began to durn:  
Their ardent zeale with closed mouth they choak;  
Their zeale too hot returnd to fuming smoak:



The feare of losse of life, and worldly good,  
Brought Infidels to shed their brothers blood.  
Alas, how many *Ephramites* haue we,  
In our vnhappy time: all which we see  
Within the Church like hypocrites to dwell,  
So long as by the same they prosper well;  
Who feines a zeale, th' Euangill to maintaine,  
So long as serues their honor, or their gaine:  
But turne the chance with some contrary winde,  
So that their browes but halfe a blast do finde;  
Then faints their hearts, and they seek other way.  
Like bankers out their God they disobay,  
Discyphring then their malice to be more  
To Gods contempt, then was their zeale before;  
And fights against the Lord with greater hate,  
Then *Celsus* did, or *Julian* Apostate.

The *Hebrews* now, from height of houses faire,  
Who saw so many banners beat the aire,  
And men to march against their forces small,  
Who now might well decerne their feeble wall;  
They swoune with fear, and fand none other aid,  
But of that God, to whom their fathers prayd.  
O father (quod they) father, holy King,  
Who shields vs alwayes vnderneath thy wing;  
Since now the world against vs doth conspire,  
Defend vs mighty Lord wee thee require.

Thus having humbly prayd the Lord of might,  
The *Gouernour* renforc't his watches wight,  
And fires at midnight built in every way;  
Which made the night appear as clear as day;  
And wakerife through the corpsgard oft he past:  
And thought that *Phabe* hyed her course too fast  
With horses paille to steale away the night,  
To leaue the *Hebrews* to their enemies fight.  
Again, the *Pagan* thought she did but creep,  
Or that with *Lamies* sonne she was on sleep.  
„ But humain wishes neuer hath the power  
„ To halte or hold the course of heaven one hower.

Then as *Aurora* rose with sanguine hew,  
And our *Horizon* did the day renew;  
The *Vizroy* made a thousand trumpets sound,  
To draw his scartred Cornets to a Round,  
Who from all parts with speed assembled were  
About the Generals tent, his will to heare:  
As doth the hounds about their Hunt at morne  
Come gladishing at hearing of his horne.

Now when the towne his sommonds did disdain,  
To conquer it perforce he plyde his pain:

And their, th' *Inginers* haue the *Trepan* drest,  
And reared vp the *Ramme* for battry best:  
Heer bends the *Briccoll*, while the cable cracks,  
Their *Crosbowes* were vprent with yron Racks.  
Heer crooked *Coruies*, flecting bridges tall,  
Their scathfull *Scorpions*, that ruyne the wall.  
On every side they raise with ioynture meet,  
The timber towrs for to command each street.  
The painfull *Pioners*, wrought against their will,  
With fleaks and fagots, ditches vp to fill:  
Or vnder ground they delue in dust with paine,  
To raise a mount, or make a mount a Plaine,  
Or Caverns cut, where they might souldiers hide,  
T'assail the towne at sudden, vnespide.  
Some ladders drest to scale the wall, or els  
To steal vpon the sleeping *Sentinels*.  
Some vndermines, some other vnderooke  
To fire the gates, or smore the towne with smoake:  
The greatest part did yet in trenches lurke,  
To see what harme their engines first would worke,  
That if the wall were bet, they would not faile  
With braue assault the Citie to assaile.  
Their *Mars*, towre-myner, their *Bellona* wood,  
Enforced feeble *Covwards* to suck blood.  
Their hidious horses, braying loud and clear,  
Their *Pagans* fell, with clamour huge to heare,  
Made such a dinne as made the heauen resound,  
Retented hell, and tore the fixed ground.

Yet, God who keeps his watch aboue the skies  
For his elect, who never idle lyes;  
Tooke pittie on his people in that tide,  
Repressing (part) this cruell Princes pride,  
In causing all the chieffes of *Moabites*,  
Of *Edom* strong, and awfull *Ammonites*  
To speake him thus, and thus him terrors drest.

O Prince, that Scepter bears aboue the rest,  
And giues them law, and holds the world in thrall,  
Set not thy souldiers to assault this wall.  
For neither bowe, nor sling, nor weapons long,  
Nor sword, nor buckler, will be found so strong  
As is this threatening rock whose mighty corse  
Sustaines their wall of such eternall force,  
That thou can make no scallade on no coste,  
But on the corpes dead of halfe thine hoste.  
The victor can no honor iustly clame  
To lose the men who should advance the same.  
O valiant Prince, that fisher is not fine,  
Who for a frog will lose a golden line.



The holy headband seems not to attyre  
 The head of him, who in his furious yre  
 Prefers the pain of those that have him teend  
 Before the health and safety of one freend.  
 You may (my Lord) you may, in little fight,  
 Subdue these Roags, and not to lose a Knight.  
 Surprise me first their chiefeft water spring,  
 From whence these rebels doe their conduits bring;  
 Then drought shall drive them from their whole defence,  
 In cords to yeeld them to thine excellence.  
 The noble Lion never fleas the least;  
 But alway prayes vpon some worthy beast.  
 The thunder throwes his sulphred shafts adowne  
 On *Atlas* high, or on colde *Riphes* crowne.  
 The tempest fell more fervently doth fall  
 On houles high, then on the homely hall:  
 So you my Lord need not to prease your power,  
 Against such foes as will themselves deuour.  
 Sir, this is not for fauour or for meed,  
 Nor that this Cities sack may cause vs dread:  
 Nor that we meane thy high attempts to stay.  
 For, ere we from thy standarts stirre away,  
 For thee th' immortal Gods we shall desire:  
 For thee, we shall break down their altars hie:  
 For thee, we frankly shall pursue and thole  
 Th' eternall heat and cold of either *Pole*:  
 For thee, our hardy hands shall help to tear,  
 From *Ioue* and *Neptune*, both their Eagle and spear:  
 For thee, the sonne for father shall not care,  
 Nor father sonne, nor brother, brother spare.  
 Now, *Holopherne*, to conquest whole inclinde,  
 And weighing well this counsell in his minde;  
 Dismissed from his camp a galliard rout  
 Of men, to guard the Rivers round about.  
 This stratagem, th' *Hebrews* well might knowe,  
 To see their fountaines run with passage slowe.  
 Then manfully their souldiers out they send  
 Against their foes, the water to defend.  
 There fought the *Pagan* for to win him fame:  
 The *Hebrew* ment, he would not die with shame.  
 Together soon they shock with hatefull yre,  
 And first they forcé the heathen to retyre:  
 Who (turning face) again do them pursue,  
 And wins the victory from the victors new.  
 So doubtfull was the fight, none could define  
 (Save God) to whom the victory would incline;  
 Till *Isrell* was on all sides overled  
 With clouds of shot: then to their town they fled,

As doth the *Pilgrim* passing through the Plain,  
 Who is beset with tempest, haile' or rain,  
 Who leaues his way, and seeks himselfe to hide  
 Within som caue, or hollow mountain side.  
 The *Panims* them pursu'd without all pittie,  
 And *Pesmel* entred almost in the Citie,  
 At open gate. Then rose the cry vnswete  
 Of fearfull folke who fled in every street,  
 And rent their hair and their affrighted face,  
 As *Panims* else had wonne that holy place.  
 How see you cowards now, and leaues your port?  
 (The Captain sayes) have ye another fort?  
 Think ye to finde for safety of your crowne  
 In this *Bethulia* another *Bethull* towne?  
 (Alas) if ye make no defence at all,  
 While time this tyrant is without your wall;  
 How dare you him resist, when he hath wunne  
 This sort of yours, from which ye feeble runne?  
 The commons with this check, brought to their powers,  
 Where *Cambris* and *Sir Carmis*, like two towers,  
 Stood at th' assaulted gate, and did withstand  
 The Heathen host with each of them in hand  
 An yron mace (in stead of launces long)  
 And brazen bucklers beating back the throng:  
 Their habergeons like stiddies stithe they baire  
 With helmets high and pennons pight in aire:  
 Of equall age they were, and equall length,  
 Of equall courage, and of equall strength,  
 Like *Poplers* twain that reacheth vp their tops,  
 And holds their heads so high that none them crops;  
 But on the Rivers side do sweetly sway  
 Like *Germain* brether hailing oft a day.  
 The *Heathen*, seeing thus the *Jews* descend,  
 With edge of sword their Citie to defend;  
 They left th' assault, and thence retyring went  
 (As they commanded were) vnto their tent.  
 But when I think how thirty dayes that towne  
 Tormented was with mischief vp and downe;  
 Too sad a song I cannot heer invent  
 So great a sadnesse right to represent:  
 My hand for horror shakes, and now no more  
 Can lead my sacred pen as erst before.  
 For, now mine eyes that watred are with tears,  
 Declares my matter all of mischief bears.  
 Oh *Spirit*, from whence all *Spirit* and life doth come,  
 Thou loose the tongue of *Zacharie* that was domme;  
 And sent thy *Heralds* through the world to preach  
 Thy name, and in a hundreth tongues to teach;



Guide thou my pen, and courage to me lend,  
That to thy honor I this work may end.

Although that *Izak* sawe on every hand  
A world of folke against his towne to stand;  
Yet (tracting time) he thought he would provide  
No less to keep, then coole the Assiegers pride:  
But, when they found the conduits cut and rent,  
By which, their water to their towne was sent;  
Their courage bolde, and all their cracks (alas)  
As liquor faild, so did their stoutnes pass.

Their Lords, preferring death to bondage vile,  
Made them beleue the thing did them beguile:  
To wit, they gaue men hope that they might keep  
Sufficient wat'r in wels and cesterns deep,  
Through all the towne, the people to relieue,  
That thirst should not the souldiers greatly grieue.  
The Magistrates indeed had great regard  
To see this water wisely spent, and spar'd  
That Bottell sweet, which serued at the first  
To keep the life, but not to flocken thirst.

A fine descrip-  
tion of Thirst.

When wels grew drie, the Commons ran in rage,  
And sought out every sink their thirst t' assuage:  
And drank with longsom draught the pools in haste,  
To quench their thirst with ill contented taste:  
Which poysoned ayr, enfect their purest breath;  
Whereby the drinker drank his present death.

O wretched folke who felt so hard a strife!  
Drink, or not drink, both wayes must lose their life.  
For, he that drank, and he that did refrain,  
Had of their enemies both an equall pain.  
For why? the water vile slew them throughout,  
No lesse, then did their euemies them about.  
That wretched towne had never a street nor rewe,  
But *Paras* there had found some facion newe  
To murder men, or martyr them with fears,  
As moov'd the most indurate heart to tears,  
If so much water in their brains had been,  
As might forbear a drop to wet their een.

There plained the old man, that the souldier strong  
Had rest his Bottell from his head with wrong:  
But while he spake, his heart (for thirst) did faint,  
And life him left, which frustrate his complaint.  
The souldier braue, Oh heart break for to tell,  
His proper vryne drank, thirst to expell.  
The wofull mother with her spittle fed  
Her little childe halfe dead in cradle-bed.  
The Lady with her Lord, at point of death,  
Embracing falls and yeelds their latest breath.

For

For, cruell Thirst came out of *Cyrene* Land,  
Where she was fostred on that burning sand,  
With hot intracted tongue, and sonken een,  
With stomack worn, and wrinkled visage keen,  
With light and meigre corse and pailid vains,  
In stead of blood that brimstone hot retains:  
Her poysond mouth blew, throw that holy town,  
Such hellish ayr, that stifled vp and down  
The Asters of the *Jewes* in such a way,  
That nought was seen but burials night and day:  
So that the heaven to see their dolours deep,  
Could scarcely keep his course, but preas'd to weep:  
And would haue ioyn'd his tears to their complaint,  
If God of hostis had made them no restraint.  
Yea, I my selfe must weep, who cannot speak  
The woes, that makes my heauy heart to break,  
And so will silent rest, and not rehearse,  
But counterfait the Painter (in my verse)  
Who thought his colours pale could not declare  
The speciall wo, King \* *Agamemnon* bare,  
When sacrificed was his only race;  
With bend of black, he bound the fathers face.

\* Look Table.

Now while the people were in this estate,  
And with their Princes wrangling in debate,  
They thus besought the Lord for to decide  
Between their simple and their Princes pride:  
The Lord be Iudge of that which ye haue wrought,  
And what your wicked counsels hath vs brought.  
If you had offred peace to this great Lord  
At first, we might haue wonne him to accord;  
Then happy happy dayes we might haue seen,  
And not so many souldiers murthered been.  
Alas, what hope haue we within this holde?  
Our enemies are more meek a thousand folde,  
Then are our owne. They, haps, would vs preserve  
Our wilfull owne, pretends to see vs sterue.  
Our children do our childrens weal deny,  
And headlong hastes vnto their owne decay.  
We knowe, O Lord, the breaking of thy Law,  
Hath caused thee this sword on vs to draw:  
And iustly thou thine yrefull bowe doest bend,  
On our vnloyall heads the shot to send.  
But thou, who doth not long retain thine ire  
Against thine owne, thy mercy we require.  
Change thou the purpose of our foolish guides,  
And of these *Heathen*, armed at our sides:  
Or else let vs vpon their weapons fall,  
And of their hands to be destroyed all,

Er



Er we this drough and deadly venim haue,  
 With languishing to send vs to the graue.  
 My brethren dear (the Ruler then gan say)  
 Our whole desire hath been, both night and day,  
 Not for to see the seed of *Abram* lost,  
 For which we strue against this furious hoste.  
 What? haue ye pain? so likewise paine haue we:  
 For in one boat we both imbarcked be.  
 Vpon one tide, one tempest doth vs tosse:  
 Your common ill, it is our common losse.  
 Th' *Assyrian* plague shall not vs *Hebrews* grieue,  
 When pleaseth God our mischiefe to relieue:  
 Which he will doe if ye can be content,  
 And not with grudge his clemency preuent.  
 Then strue not you against that puissant King  
 Who create all, and gouerns every thing  
 For comfort of his Church and children dear,  
 And succours them, though time do long appear.  
 Sometime an Archer leaues his bowe vnbeent,  
 And hong vpon a naile, to that intent  
 It may the stronger be to bend again,  
 And shoot the shot with greater might and main:  
 Right so th' Eternall doth withhold his ill  
 A longer time (perchance) for that he will  
 More egerly reuenge him of their crime,  
 Who do abuse his long forbearing time:  
 When men applaude to sinne, they count it light,  
 And but a matter small in sinners sight:  
 But in the end the weight doth so encrease,  
 That Iustice leaues the sinner no release;  
 Like th' *Ysurer* who lends vpon the score,  
 And makes the reckles debtors debt the more.  
 What if the thundring Lord his iustice stay,  
 And (for such sinne) doo not this tyrant slay?  
 The waters of the ground and in the aere  
 Are in the hand of God: then who is there,  
 That dare seditiously his yoke refuse,  
 Although ye haue not water now to vse?  
 No, no, though heauen do seem serene and clear,  
 On every part, and wet doth not appear;  
 He may with moisture mildely wete the Land,  
 As fell when *Saul* the Scepter had in hand.  
 For, all the starres that do the heauen fulfill,  
 Are all but executors of his will.  
 All this could not the peoples thirst assuage;  
 But thus with murmurs they their Lords out-rage:  
 What? shall we die, O sacred souldiers bolde,  
 For pleasure of our Lords these traytours olde?

Sams. 1. 12.

What?

What? shall we die on credit, for to please  
 These wizzard fools, who winks at our vnease?  
 Who, with our blood, would win themselves renown  
 So louable, as never shall go down?  
 Nay, nay, let vs cut off this seruile chain:  
 To free our selfs, let vs in hands retain  
 The ruling of this towne, the forte and all;  
 Least we into the these deadly dangers fall.  
 Then like a wise *Physician*, who persuaues  
 His patient that in fervent fever raues,  
 Yet hights him more then Art can well performe:  
 So Prince *Osius* in this rurall storme,  
 He promist to the people their intent  
 If God within five dayes no succour sent:  
 Then *Isaac* left their sorrowes all and some,  
 And present woe and fear of chance to come,  
 For that if they, through this, gat not their will,  
 At least they would avoid the greatest ill.  
 But *Judith* then whose eyes (like fountains two)  
 Were never dry, which witnest well her wo;  
 Right sad in sound th' *Almighty* she besought.  
 And on the sacred Scriptures fed her thought.  
 Her prayers much availde to raise her spreet  
 Aboue the sky: and so the Scriptures sweet,  
 A holy garden was where she might finde  
 The medicine meet for her molested minde.  
 Then *Judith* reading there, as was her grace,  
 She (not by hazard) happned on that place,  
 Where the lame handed *Abud* (for disdain  
 To see the *Jewes* the *Heathen* yoke sustain)  
 Smote *Eglon* with a dagger to the heft,  
 And from his flank the blood and life bereft.  
 The more she read, the more she wonder had  
 Of *Abuds* act, and hore desire her lad  
 To see his vertue: yet her feeble kinde  
 Empeached off the purpose of her minde;  
 Proposing off the horror of the deed,  
 The feare of death, the danger to succeed,  
 With heerd of her name: and more then that,  
 Though she likewise the peoples freedom gat;  
 Yet for a man, this act more seemly were,  
 Than for a wife to handle sword or spear.  
 While *Judith* thus with *Isaac* debate,  
 A puffe of winde blew down that leafe by fate;  
 Discov'ring vp the story of *Isaell*, how  
 She droue a nayle into *Sisaras* brow,  
 And slew that Pagan sleeping on her bed,  
 Who from the *Hebrews* furious hoast was fled:

In



In teaching vs, albeit a tyrant flee,  
Yet can he not auoid the Lords decree.

This last example now such courage lent  
To feeble *Judith*, that she now was bent,  
With wreakfull blade, to flea, and to diuorce  
The *Heathen* soule from such a sinfull corse.  
But while she did her carefull minde imploy  
To finde some means to murder this *Vizroy*,  
She heard report (that made her heart to swoune)  
Of the determination of the towne.  
Then all the present perils to prevent,  
Vnto the Rulers of the towne she went;  
Reproving them with words of bitter sweet,  
What do ye mean, O Princes indiscreet?  
Will ye the helping hand of God restraine,  
And captiue it within your counsels vaine?  
Will ye include him vnder course of times,  
Who made dayes, years, all seasons and their primes?  
Do not abuse your selfs: his power profound  
Is not to mens imaginations bound.  
God may all that he wills, his will is iust:  
God wils all good to them that in him trust.

Now fathers: that which doth my hope reuiue  
Is only this; Ther is no wight on liue,  
Within this towne, that hath contracted hands  
To serue dumme gods, like folk of forrain Lands.  
All sinnes are sinne: but sure this sinne exceeds  
Our former faults; by which, our blinde misdeeds  
Offends the heaven; by which the Lord of might  
Is frauded of his honours due and right,  
In wresting of the title of his name,  
To stocks, and stones, and metalls men do frame.  
Since *Isaac* then from such a fault is free,  
Let vs to Gods protection cast our ee.  
Consider that all *Iuda* rests in fear,  
Aspecting only our proceedings hear.  
Consider that all *Iacob* in this tresse  
Will follow either our force or feeblenesse.  
Consider that this house and altar stands  
(Next vnder God) vpholden with your hands.  
Think, that of *Isrell* whole ye keep the kay:  
Which if ye quite, and giue this tyrant way,  
Who more then death hates all of *Isrell* kinne,  
Yee shall the name of kin-betrayers winne.  
Then sayd the Captain, I cannot deny,  
That we offended haue the Lord most hy.  
Vnwise are we, our promises are vaine:  
But what? we may not call our word againe:

But if thou feele thy heart so fore oppress,  
That moveth thee to tears for our vnrest,  
Alas, weep night and day and never tyre;  
So that thy weepings may appease the yre  
Of that hie Iudge, who hears in every part  
The perfit prayer of the humble hart.

I will, quoth she; and, if God giue me grace,  
Repell the siege of this afflicted place  
By famous stroke. But stay me in no wise,  
But byde the end of my bolde enterprise:  
And let me goe, when night his mantle spreeds,  
To th' enemies Camp. Quoth he, if thou wilt needs;  
The great repressor of oppressors pride,  
Preserue thy heart and hand, and be thy guide.

FINIS.



Rrr

THE





## THE SUMMARY OF THE IV. BOOKE.

**A**ccording to the promise that Iudith made to the besieged Captaine in Bethulia, she prepareth her selfe with armour meet for the execution of her enterprise: to wit, The invocation of the name of God, with a holy determination to deliver her Country from the hand of the Tyrant, whom she deliberates to overcome with the sweete and faire apparence of her amiable beauty and behaviour. At her departing to the enemies camp, our Poet introduceth one of the chiefe Captaines of the towne discerning, to another, her stock and upbringing, with the progresse of her three estates, Virginitie, Mariage, and Widowhood: Thereby setting forth a singular example of all womanly behaviour and vertue. After her entrance to the Campe, shee is brought to Holophernes, who was curious to know the cause of her coming there. And after audience given, hee is so surprised with her beauty and eloquent language, that hee obtaines licence to withdrawe her selfe by night to the next valley, there to pray to God. And, continuing this exercise, she requirerh strength of the Highest, that in taking away the Chieftain, shee might at one instant destroy all the Heathen Army. Herain giving example that the beginning, and end of all high attempts, ought to be grounded upon the favour and earnest calling upon him, without whom all wisdom, and human force is nothing but winde: and, who contrariwise, may by the most feeble instrument of the world execute things most incredible and incomprehensible to human capacity.

## THE FOURTH BOOK OF IVDITH.



Hen wofull Iudith, with her weeping ees  
Beholding Heav'n, and prostrate on her knees,  
Held vp her guiltlesse hands and God besought,  
Discov'ring him the secrets of her thought.  
O God (quoth she) who armed with a spear  
Dan Symeon, who reveng'd his sister dear;  
Lend me the blade in hand that, I may kill  
This Tyrant, that exceeds all Sichems ill:  
Who not contents to soyle the sacred bed  
Of wedlock chaste; but more with mischief led,  
Entends thy holy name for to confound,  
And race Solyma Temple to the ground;

Aur

Ambitious *Satrap* he, whose hope doth stand  
In mortall men, led with vnrighteous hand:  
Who rules a hundred thousand stalworth steeds,  
That combat craues, and in our pastures feeds;  
Not dreading thee, who dants both man and beast,  
And kils and captiues them when they ween least;  
Who strengths the poor, and pridefull men down things,  
And wracks at once the powers of puilliant Kings.  
Grant, gracious God, that his bewitched wit  
May with my crisped haire be captife knit.  
Grant that my sweet regards may gall his hart  
With darts of loue, to cause his endless smart.  
Grant, that these gifts of thine, my beauty small,  
May binde his furious rage, and make him thrall.  
Grant that my artificiall tongue may moue  
His subtil craft, and snare his heart in loue:  
But chiefly Lord, grant, that this hand of mine  
May be the Pagans scourge and whole ruine;  
To th' end that all the world may knowe, our race  
Are shrouded so in rampiers of thy grace,  
That never none against vs durst conspire,  
That haue not felt at last thy furious yre:  
Even so good Lord, let none of these profane  
Returne to drinke of *Euphrate*, nor *Elyane*.  
Thus Iudith pray'd, with many a trickling teare,  
And with her sighs her words retrenched were.  
At night, she left her chamber sole and cold,  
Attir'd with *Ceres* gifts and *Ophir* gold.  
O silver *Diane* regent of the night,  
Dar'st thou appear before this lucent light?  
This holy starre, whose contr'aspect most clear  
Doth stein thy brothers brightness in his *Sphear*?  
While thus she ment (vnseen) away to slide,  
Her pearls and Jewels caus'd her to be spyde:  
The musk and ciuet Amber, as she past,  
Long after her a sweet perfume did cast.  
A *Carbuncle* on her Crystall brow she pight,  
Whose fiery gleams expeld the shady night.  
Vpon her head a silver crispe she pind,  
Loose wauing on her shoulders with the wind.  
Gold, band her golden hair: her yvry neck,  
The Rubies rich, and Saphyrs blew did deck.  
And at her eare, a Pearle of greater valew  
Ther houg, then that th' Egyptian Queen did swallow.  
And through her collet she shewd her snowie brest:  
Her ymoist robe was colour blew Coelest,  
Benetted all with twist of perfit gold,  
Beset with well her comely corps t' enfold.

R r r 2

What



What else she wore, might well been seen vpon  
That Queen who built the tours of *Babylon*.  
And though that she most modest was indeed,  
Yet borrowed she some garments at this need,  
From Dames of great estate, to that intent  
This *Pagan* Prince she rather might prevent.

*Achior* then, who watched at the gate,  
And saw this Lady passing out so late,  
To *Carmis* spake who warded eke that night,  
What is she this? where goes this gallant wight  
So trim, in such a time? hath she no pittie  
Of this most wretched persecuted Citie?

Quod *Carmis* then, there flourish heer of late  
*Merari*, one, that was of great estate;  
Who had no childe but one, and this is she,  
The honor of that house and family.  
The fathers now do venture body and soule,  
That treasures vpon treasures they may roule:  
But for the wit or learning, never cairs,  
That they should leaue to their succeeding heirs:  
Like those that charely keeps their rich aray  
In coffers close, and lets it there decay;  
While that the naked bodies dyes for cold,  
For whom the clothes are dearly bought and sold.

Comparison.

But as the painfull plowman plyes his toyle,  
With share and culter shearing through the soyle  
That cost him dear, and ditches it about,  
Or crops his hedge to make it vnder-sprout,  
And never stayes to ward it from the weed,  
But most respects to sowe therein good seed;  
To th'end, when sommer decks the meadowes plaine,  
He may haue recompence of costs and pain:  
Or like the maid who carefull is to keep  
The budding flowre that first begins to peep  
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,  
To make it seemly showe the head aloft;  
That it may (when she drawes it from the stocks)  
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks:  
So wise *Merari* all his studie stilde,  
To facion well the manners of this childe;  
That in his age he might of her retire  
Both honour and comfort, to his hearts desire.  
For, look how soon her childish tongue could chat,  
As children do, of this thing or of that;  
He taught her not to reade inventions vaine,  
As fathers daily do that are profaine:  
But in the holy Scriptures made her read;  
That with her milke she might euen suck the dread

Of the most high. And this was not for nought:  
In so much as in short time she out-brought  
Aparant fruits of that so worthy seed,  
Which chang'd her earthly nature far indeed:  
As done the pots that long retains the taste  
Of liquor such, as first was in them plaste:  
Or like the tree that bends his elder branch  
That way were first the stroke hath made him launch.  
So see we wolfs, and bears, and harts full olde,  
Some tamenels from their daunted youth to holde.

Thus ere the Moon twelf dosen changes past,  
The maydens manners fair in form were cast.  
For, as the perfitte pylot fears to runne  
Vpon the rocks, with singling sheet doth shunne  
*Cyane* straits or *Syrtes* sinking sands,  
Or cruell *Capharoi* with stormy strands:  
So wisely she dishaunted the resort  
Of such as were suspect of light report;  
Well knowing, that th' acquaintance with the ill,  
Corrupts the good. And though they euer still  
Remain vpright: yet some will quarrell pike,  
And common bruit will deem them all alike.  
For look, how your companions you elect;  
For good, or ill, so shall you be suspect.

This prudent Dame delighted not in dance,  
Nor sitting vp, nor did her selfe aduance  
In publike place, where playes and banquets been  
In every house, to see and to be seen:  
But rather vnderstanding such a trade  
Had been the wrack of many a modest mayd,  
Who following wandring *Diana* wanton dame,  
Haue oft time put their Noble house to shame;  
She kept at home her fathers habitation,  
Both day and night in godly conuerfation.  
She pitious Nurse applyde her painfull thought,  
To serue and nourish them that her vpbrought:  
Like to the gratefull stork that gathereth meat,  
And brings it to her elders for to eat;  
And on a fittree high with *Boreas* blowne,  
Gives life to those, of whom she had her owne.  
But if she might some howre from trauell quite,  
At vacant time it was her chiefe delight  
To read the Scriptures, where her faithfull minde  
Might comfort of the heav'nly *Manna* finde.  
Sometime she broyded on the canvas gall,  
Some bird or beast, or Eagle, or Elephant tall.  
While, subtilly with silver needle fine  
She works on cloth some history diuine.



Heer *Zat* escaping the devouring fire,  
 From sinfull *Zedorn* shortly doth retire  
 To *Segor*; where his wife, that was vnwitty,  
 Cast back her eye to see the sinfull Citie:  
 And for her mis-beliefe, God plagu'd the salt,  
 Transforming her into a Pillar of salt.  
 Heer the *Susannaes* story viuely wrought,  
 How neer she was to execution brought;  
 And yet how God the secret did disclose,  
 And made the mischief fall vpon her foes.  
 Heer *Iosephs* story stands with wondrous art,  
 And how he left his cloake, and not his heart,  
 To his lascivious Dame; and rather chose  
 The prison, then her armes him to enclose.  
 Heer cruell *Iephthae*, with his murthering knife,  
 To keep his vow, bereaues his daughters life.  
 (Her travell done) her lute she then assaies,  
 And vnto God she sings immortall prayes:  
 Not following those that plyes their thrifflous paine  
 In wanton verse and wastefull ditties vaine;  
 Thereby t'entrap great men, with luring lookes:  
 But, as the greedy fisher layes his hookes  
 Along the coast to catch som mighty fish,  
 More for his gaine, then holesom for the dish  
 Of him that byes: euen so these sisters braue  
 Haue lovers moe, then honest maydens haue.  
 But none are burnt with their impudent flame,  
 Saue fooles and light lunatikes voyd of shame.  
 Of vertue only, perfect loue doth growe:  
 Whose first beginning though it be more slowe  
 Then that of lust, and quickens not so fast;  
 Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.  
 The straw enkindles soon, and flakes againe:  
 But yron is slowe, and long will hot remaine.  
 Thus was the holy *Judiths* chaste renown  
 So happily spred, through *Israel* vp and down,  
 That many a man disdaind the damfels fine,  
 With Iewels rich and hair in golden twine,  
 To serue her beauty: yet loues fry dart  
 Could never vnfreeze the frost of her chaste hart:  
 But, as the *Diamant* bydes the hammer strong,  
 So she resisted all her suiters, long;  
 Vnmindd euer for to wed, but rather  
 To spend her dayes with her beloued father:  
 Till at the last her parents with great care,  
 Withstood her will, and for her did prepare  
*Manasses*, one who was of noble race,  
 Both rich and faire as well of sprite as face.

Her mariage, then was not a slight contract  
 Of secret bills, but by a willing act  
 Before her friends. The chance that once befell  
 To wandring *Dina*, may be witnesse well,  
 That secret mariage, that to few is kend,  
 Doth never lead the lovers to good end.  
 For, of our bodies, we no power may clame,  
 Except our parents do confirm the same.  
 Then see how loue so holily begun,  
 Between these two, so holy a race they run  
 (This chaste young-man and his most chaste wife)  
 As if their bodies twain had but one life.  
 What th'one did will, the other will'd no lesse;  
 As by one mouth, their wils they do expresse.  
 And as a stroke, given on the right eye  
 Offends the left: euen so by *Sympathie*,  
 Her husbands dolours made her heart vnglad,  
 And *Judiths* sorrowes made her husband sad.  
*Manasses*, then his wife would not controule  
 Tyranniously: but look how much the soule  
 Exceeds the corse, and not the corse doth grieue,  
 But rather to preserve it and relieue:  
 So *Judith* with *Manasses* did accord,  
 In tender loue and honourd him as Lord.  
 Their house at home so holy was, to tell  
 It seemd a Church, and not a priuate Cell.  
 No servant there, with villain iestes vncouth,  
 Was suffered to corrupt the shamefast youth.  
 No idle drunkard, nor no swearing wight  
 Vnpunisht durst blaspheme the Lord of might.  
 No pleasant scoffer, nor no lying knaue,  
 No daily Dycer, nor no Russian braue,  
 Had there abode: but all the servants were  
 Taught of their Rulers, Gods eternall feare.  
*Manasses*, hee who saw that in his time  
 All iustice was corrupt with many a crime,  
 And that the most peruerse and ignorant,  
 For money, or fauour, would none office want  
 Of high estate, refusde all publike charge;  
 Contenting him with ease to liue at large,  
 From Court, and Palace, free from worldly pelfe:  
 But, since he thought him borne not for himselfe,  
 But also that some charge he ought to bear  
 For comfort of his friends and countrey dear;  
 Yet did he more, not being magistrate,  
 For publike weale, then men of more estate:  
 So that his house was euen the dwelling due  
 Of iustice, and his mouth a sentence true.



Th' afflicted poor he daily did defend,  
 And was the widowes ayde, and tutor kend  
 To *Orphelines*, and was the whole support  
 And chiefe comforter of the godly sort.  
 The vaine desire of *Indian* treasures great  
 Made never his ship to sayl nor oar to bear.  
 The greedy hope of gaine, with ventrous danger,  
 Made never his sword be drawn to setue the stranger.  
 He never sold, within the wrangling Barre,  
 Deceitfull clatters, causing clyents larre;  
 But quietly manurde his little field,  
 And took th' encrease thereof that time did yeeld.  
 He sowde and planted, in his proper grange  
 (Vpon some sauage stock) some frutrie strange.  
 The ground, our common Dame, he vndermines:  
 On stake and ryce, he knits the crooked vines,  
 And snoddes their bowes: so neither hot nor cold  
 Might him from labour in the chamber hold.  
 But once as he beheld his haruest train,  
 With crooked Cicle cutting down the grain;  
 The Sun a distillation on him sent,  
 Whereof he dyed: his soule to heaven it went.  
 He that the number of the leaues could cast,  
 That in *November* fals by winter blast:  
 He that could tell the drops of rain or slete,  
 That *Hyad*, *Orion*, or *Pleiades* wete  
 Sheds on the ground, that man might only tell,  
 What tears from *Judiths* eyes incessant fell.  
 What treasure and gold, and what he left her tho,  
 In place of pleasure, caused all her wo.  
 The sight of them made her in heart record  
 Their old possessor, and her loving Lord.  
 Though she had had as much of gold and good,  
 As *Zydia* Land, or *Tagus* golden flood;  
 Yet, losing him, of treasure she was bare:  
 For whom, all other treasures causde her care.  
 Yet in this state she stoutly did sustain,  
 Like patient *Iob* (contempning) all her pain.  
 Three times the Sun returned had his prime,  
 "Since this befell: and yet the sliding time,  
 "That wonted is to wear walloes away,  
 Could never for his death her dolour stay:  
 But alwaies in som black attire she went  
 Right modestly, and liv'd on little rent.  
 Deuout she was, and most times sole and sad,  
 With dole in heart, and mourning vesture clad,  
 On shedding tears, as doth the turtle doue ad,  
 On witherd stalke, that wails her absent loue;

Widowhood.

And

And widow-like all pleasures doth forsake,  
 And never intends to take a second make.  
 Thus *Judith* chaste within her house abode,  
 And seldom was she seen to come abroad;  
 Vnlesse it were to see som wofull wife,  
 Whose childe or husband was bereft of life:  
 Or for to visit som in sickness rage,  
 Their longsom pain and dolours to assuage:  
 Or for to go to Church as God allowes,  
 To pray and offer and perform her vowes.  
 Thus haue I shortly told you, brother deare,  
 The state of her, on whom our Citie here  
 Haue fixed all their eyes: but I can nought  
 Tell where she goes, much less whars in her thought.  
 But if we may of passed things collect  
 The things to come: then may we well aspect  
 Great good of her, for that even in her face  
 Is signe of Ioy, and great presage of grace,  
 Or som good hap. With this and other talke,  
 They cut the night as they together walke.  
 This while, the worthy widow with her maid  
 Past towards th' enemies camp nor vnafraid:  
 For, ere she had two hundred pases past,  
 The *Syrian* Souldiers in her way were cast:  
 Who spack her thus; O fair excellent wight,  
 Whence? what art thou? what dost thou here this night  
 In *Syrian* camp? I am (quoth she, again)  
 An *Israelite*, whom dolours doth constrain  
 To flee this towne, and for my lifes reliefe  
 Submits me to the mercy of your Chiefe.  
 They took her to the Duke. But who hath seen  
 The throngs of folke where proclamations been  
 In som great town, or where som monstrous beast  
 Is brought and wondred at by most and least;  
 That man might iudge what flocks of souldiers came  
 From euery part to see that *Hebrew* Dame:  
 To see that fair, so chaste, so amiable.  
 The more they gasde, she seemd more admirable.  
 Her wav'ring hair disparpling flew apart  
 In seemly shed: the rest with reckles art  
 With many a curling ring decor'd her face,  
 And gaue her glashie browes a greater grace.  
 Two bending bowes of *Heben* coupled right  
 Two lucent starres that were of heav'nly light,  
 Two geaty sparks where *Cupid* chastly ludes  
 His subtil shafts that from his quiver glydes.  
 Tween these two sunnes and front of equall lise,  
 A comely figure formally did rise

With



With draught vnleuell to her lip descend,  
Where *Momus* selfe could nothing discommend.  
Her pitted cheeks apered to be depaint  
With mixed rose and lillies sweet and saint.  
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath repleat,  
Exceld the *Saben* Queen in fauour sweet.  
Her *Corall* lips discov'rd, as it were,  
Two ranks of *Orient* pearle with smyling cheer.  
Her yv'ry neck, and brest of *Alabaſtre*,  
Made Heathen men, of her more *Idolaſtre*.  
Vpon her hand no wrinkled knot was seen;  
But as each nayle of mother of pearle had been.  
In short, this *Judith* was so passing faire,  
That if the learned *Zeuxis* had been thaire,  
And seen this Dame, when he with penſile drew  
The *Croton* Dames, to forme the picture trew  
Of her, for whom both *Greece* and *Asia* fought,  
This onely patern chief he would haue sought.

No ſooner *Judith* entred his Pavilion,  
But in her face aroſe the red vermilion,  
With ſhamefaſt feare: but then with language ſweet  
The courteous Generall mildely gan her greet;

My loue, I am, I am not yet ſo ſell,  
As falſe report doth to you *Hebrews* tell.  
They are my ſonnes, and I will be their father  
That honours me; and them I loue the rather,  
That worſhips for their God th' *Aſſyrian* King:  
They ſhall be well aſſurde to want nothing.  
And this ſhall *Iſaac* knowe, if they will render  
Vnto that bountious King as their defender.  
For thy (my loue) tell me, withouten fear,  
The happy motyf of thy coming heere.

O Prince (quoth ſhe, with an aſſured face)  
Moſt ſtrong and wiſe and moſt in heauens grace,  
That drawes the ſword, with ſteele vpon his brest,  
With helm on head, and launce in yron reſt:  
Since that my feeble *Sex*, and tender youth,  
Cannot long time indure the cruell drouth,  
The wakerife travels, frayes, and haſzards great,  
That day and night our Burgeſſes doth threat:  
Yet neuertheleſſe this is not whole the cauſe  
That from my Cities bodie me withdrawes,  
To this your Camp: but that moſt grudging grieſe,  
Which burnes my zealous heart without relieſe,  
Is this, my Lord; I haue a holy feare  
To eate thoſe meats that God bids vs forbear:  
But, Sir, I ſee that our beſieged town  
Is ſo beſet with miſchiefe vp and down,

The people will be forc't to eate in th' end  
The meats that God expreſſly doth defend:  
Then will the Lord with iuſt revenge him wreak  
Vpon all thoſe that do his ſtatutes break.  
Withouten fight their Cities he will ſack,  
And make one man of thine ten thouſand wrack,  
That ſyes his fury, and thy furious face.  
Now I of *Bethul* am; and in this place  
Beſeech thy noble Grace, if ſo thee pleaſe,  
With courteous aide, to giue my dolours eaſe.  
Of common ſenſe he is deprived cleen,  
That ſals with cloſed eye on danger ſeen.  
And he that may both pain and hurt eſchew,  
Is vaine if he his proper death purſew.

Then in this quiet dale if I may byde  
In ſecret for to pray each euening tyde  
To God; I ſhall, as he doth me inſpire,  
Aſſure you when enkindled is his yre,  
Againſt our folke. Then ſhall I take on hand  
To lead thine army through all *Iurie* Land,  
And ſtreaming ſtandarts ſet on *Syon* hill,  
Where none with weapons dare reſiſt thy will.  
No, not a very dog, in euening dark,  
At noyſe of harnesſ ſhall againſt thee bark.  
Thy onely name ſhall fray the armies bolde.  
Before thy face the mountaine tops ſhall folde.  
The floods ſhall dry, and from their running ſtay,  
To make thine Hoaſt a new and vncouth way.

O Iewell of the world (quoth he) O Dame,  
For gracious ſpeech and beauty worthy fame,  
Now welcome heere: would God it might you pleaſe  
Long time with vs to dwell in reſt and eaſe.  
For if your faith and trouth concurrent be;  
To this your talke which greatly pleaſeth me;  
I will from this time forth with you accord  
To ſerue your onely *Hebrews* God and Lord;  
And will my ſeruice whole to you enroule,  
Nor of my Scepter only, but my ſoule.  
I will your name and honour ay defend  
From *Hebrew* bounds vnto the world his end.  
This ſaid: with ſilence, as the moon aroſe,  
This widow her withdrew, and forth ſhe goes  
Vnto a valley cloſe on euery part,  
Where as ſhe waſht her corſe and clens'd her hart;  
And with her weeping eyes the place beraid,  
And to the God of *Iſaac* thus ſhe praid:  
O Lord, withdraw not now thy helping hand  
From thoſe, that at thy mercy onely ſtand.



O Lord defend them that desire to spend  
 Their goods and blood, thy cause for to defend.  
 O Lord grant that the cries of Children may,  
 With plaints of Olde men weeping night and day,  
 And virgins voyces sad in shroud of shame,  
 And laudes of *Levites* sounding forth thy fame,  
 Mount to thy throne, and with dissuinding break  
 Thy heauy sleep. Wherefore doest thou awreak  
 Thy selfe on *Herman* with thy burning blast?  
 Or why doest thou on carefull *Carmel* cast  
 Thy dreadfull darts? forgetting all the space,  
 These *Gyants* that thy Scepter would displace.  
 Ah wretch, what say I? Lord a pardon me.  
 Thy burning zeale (and none hypocrisie)  
 That frets my heauy heart at every howre,  
 Compels my tongue this language out to powre.  
 O thou, the everliuing God and Guide  
 Of all our race, I know thou wilt provide  
 For our reliefe against this furious hoste,  
 And iustly kill the Captain of this hoste.  
 I knowe, that thou wilt help my onely hand,  
 To be the warck of all this heathen Band.

FINIS.



## THE SUMMARIE OF THE V. BOOKE.

**H**olopherne, being surprised with the sweete language, and excellent beautie of the chaste Iudith, becommeth altogether negligent of his charge and government. Wherein is represented the unhabilitie of the reprobate, who cannot withstand such temptations as the Lord sendeth upon them. But as they become slaues to their owne affections, so by the same they are enforced to fall into perdition. In place of some faithfull seruant to warne him of his vices, Holopherne conferreth with Bago an Eunuch, who feedeth him in his humour, and bringeth Iudith to his Tent. And here the Poet reprehendeth all flatterers and flatterers, with the vices of all Courts in Generall. Iudith seeing her chastitie in perill, and the time vnnimete to execute her enterprise, subtilly drawes the Tyrant to talke of other affaires. Hec thinking to insinuate himselfe the more into her fauour, taketh pleasure to crack of his conquests and of his speciall worthines; discoursing so long till supper time approched and shee annoyded the incommenience. And here is to be noted, that whilst the tyrants boast of their Cruelty against the Church, God prouideth for his owne, and preserveth them for that work hee hath ordained by them to be done.

## THE FIFT BOOKE OF IVDITH.

**I**N stead of marrow in bone, and blood in vaines,  
 Great Holopherne doth feede his cruell paines:  
 He bootlesse flees, and feeles; but he ne knowes  
 The quenched fire that of his ashes growes.  
 For, so the charming Image of this Dame,

The only marke whereat his soule did ame,  
 Transported him in passions of despaire,  
 That of his mighty camp he quites the caire,  
 And goes no more his matters to dispatch,  
 Nor vewes his corpgard, nor relieues his watch,  
 Nor Councell calls, nor sends to spy the coste,  
 Nor vewes the quarters of his spacious hoste.  
 But as the sheep that haue no hird nor guide,  
 But wandring strays along the riuers side,

Sfs

Throw



Throw burbling brookes, or throw the Forrest grene,  
 Throw meadows closures, or throw shadows shene:  
 Right so the Heathen hoste, without all bridle,  
 Runns insolent, to vicious actions ydle,  
 Where none obeyes, ech one commanding speaks,  
 Ech one at pleasure from his banner breaks.  
 What do you *Hebrews* now within your wall?  
 Now time to fight, or neuer time at all,  
 To pay these *Pagans*, whose confused corse  
 Combats against themselves with deadly force.  
 Nay, stay a while: of such a great victory,  
 Your onely God will haue the only glory.

Before this tyrant was with loue yblent,  
 To winne the towne he plide his whole intent:  
 But now, both night and day, his minde doth frame  
 To conquer this most chaste vnconquest Dame.  
 So lust him led. Th' vndaunted *Theban* knight,  
 With waighty mace, had neuer him affright:  
 But now a womans look his hart enfeares,  
 And in his brest the curelesse wound he bears.  
 Ambition, erst, so had him ouercome,  
 That made him dayly rise by sound of drumme.  
 Now *Cupid* him awaks with hote alarmes,  
 That him withholds to do the *Hebrews* harmes.  
 Before, he rulse, aboue both Prince and King:  
 Now can he not himselfe in order bring.

Complaine.

Alas (quoth he) what life is this I haue,  
 Becoming captiue to my captiue slaue?  
 (Vnhappy chance) what life is this, I say:  
 My vertue gone, my forces fals away.  
 Nay sure no life it is, more paine I feele  
 Then *Ixion* torn vpon th' *Eternall* wheele:  
 My life is like the thief's that stole the fire,  
 On whose mortall hart there doth alwayes tire  
 A rauinous fowle that gnawes him to the bone,  
 Reuiuing still, bound to the *Scythian* stone.  
 What serues it me, t'haue won where I haue haunted?  
 What serues my victor arme, for to haue daunted  
 The people situate tween *Hydaspes* large,  
 And port where *Cydnus* doth in sea discharge;  
 Since I am vanquisht by the feeble sight  
 Of captiue *Judith*: what auails my might,  
 My targe of Steele, my Burguinet of Brasse,  
 My guard of warriors stout where so I passe;  
 Since her sweet eye hath sent the pointed dart  
 Through men and weapons, pearcing throu my hart:  
 What serues my couriers, who with swiftness light  
 Exceeds the swallow, swiftest bird of flight;

Since

Since I on him can not auoide, one yneh,  
 The care that night and day my heart doth pinch:  
 Then change (O *Hebrewes*) change your tears in song,  
 And triumph ore my hoste and army strong.  
 I am no more that Duke, whose name alone  
 Hath made great warriors quake both lim and bone:  
 But I am he, whose hart was sometime braue;  
 Now lesse then nought, the slaue but of a slaue.  
 I com not here your *Isaac* to annoy,  
 With fire and sword, your houses to destroy:  
 But to require your *Judith*, her to render  
 More milde to me. What? is my wit so slender,  
 Berapt with loue? haue I not heere my ioy,  
 That onely may relieue me from annoy?  
 Yet neuertheless I cleaue the aire in vain,  
 With plaints, and makes myne eyes but fountains twain.

I wretch am like the wretched man indeed,  
 The more he hath the greater is his need.  
 Although he deeply plunge in water cleare,  
 To quench his thirst: yet he is not the neare.  
 For, so do I respect the heavenly grace,  
 That largely is bestowed vpon her face,  
 That with mine eyes I dare not her behold,  
 My toung doth stay and in the palat folde.  
 Why haue not I a hart of *Crystall* cleare,  
 Transparent through, to let my paine appeare:  
 That there she might of all my torments reed,  
 Which loue withholds within my heart in dreed.

Now since that *Judith* to this camp arriv'd,  
 The light of heav'n had thrice his course reviv'd,  
 And darkned thrise, and gan with fassom hew  
 To light the *Jude*, the fourth day to renewe;  
 When thus the Duke, who lest repast and rest,  
 Vnto his *Eunuch* this like porpos drest.

O *Bago*, sonne adoptife, not by chance,  
 Whom I haue chose of nought thee to aduance,  
 By speciall grace, and made thee (though I boaste)  
 First of my hart, and second of myne Hoaste;  
 I rage, I burne, I dye in desp'rate thought,  
 Through loue, by this same strangers beuty brought.  
 Go, seek her then, and shortly to her say,  
 What secret flame torments me day by day:  
 Shew that I shall her to such honours bring,  
 As he that bears the Scepter of a King:  
 But chiefly see thy talke be framed thus,  
 That she do come this night and suppe with vs.  
 Now should it not to me be folly and shame,  
 To haue within my holde the fairest dame.

S 123

Tantalus



That ground doth beare, if I dare not aspire  
 To quench the burning flame of my desire:  
 I should but serue my soldiers for a least:  
 And *Iudith* faire would count me but a beast.  
 Then *Bago* well acquaint with such a cast,  
 He fed the lamp that burnt but ouerfast.  
 If priuate men (quoth he) and people poore,  
 That goes not ouer the threshold of their doore,  
 But spends their daies in trauell and debate,  
 And neuer seeks to win a better state,  
 Līues not content, if that the *Cyprian* Dame  
 Do not sometime their frozen harts inflame;  
 What slaues are those then, on whose backs are dress  
 The burdens of this world, who takes no rest  
 For Publike weale, but wakes with *Argus* eies,  
 For others ease that to no care applies;  
 If they, among so many great vexations,  
 May not receiue in loue some recreations:  
 Pursue your loue my Lorde, and make no let  
 To take the fish that els is in your net.  
 And as ere this you haue me faithfull found,  
 In like Ambassades when ye them propound:  
 So shall you finde me, in this loue of new,  
 To be as faithfull, secret, trest, and trew.

Alas, how many such are in our times  
 In princes Courts, that high to honour climes,  
 More for their handling such an enterprise,  
 Then for their being valiant, learnde, or wise:  
 Sometime the Courts of kings were vertuous schooles:  
 Now finde we nought in Court but curious fooles.

O you whose noble harts cannot accord  
 To be the slaues to an infamous Lord:  
 And knowes not how to mixe, with perious Art,  
 The deadly poyson of the Amorous dart:  
 Whose natures being free, wills no constraint,  
 Nor will your face with flattering pensile paint,  
 For well, nor wo, for pittie, nor for hire,  
 Of good my Lords their fauours to acquire;  
 Go not to Court if yee will me beleue:  
 For in that place where ye think to retriue  
 The honour due for vertue, ye shall finde  
 Nought but contempt, which leaues good men behinde.

Ye worthy Dames, that in your breasts do beare  
 Of your al-seeing God no seruile fear:  
 Ye that of honour haue a greater care,  
 Then sights of Courts, I pray you come not there.  
 Let men, that in their purse hath not a myte,  
 Clothe them like kings, and play the hypocrite,

And with a lying tale and feined chear,  
 Court-cozen them whom they would see on beare.  
 Let there the *Pandar* sell his wife for gain,  
 With seruice vile his noblesse to attaine.  
 Let him that serues the time, change his entent,  
 With faith vnconstant saile at euerie vent.

Ye sonnes of craft, beare ye as many faces  
 As *Proteus* takes among the Marine places,  
 And for ceyour natures all the best ye can  
 To counterfait the grace of some great man;  
*Chameleon* like, who takes to him ech hew  
 Of black or white, or yellow, green or blew,  
 That comes him next: So you that finds the facion  
 To hurt the poor, with many-a great taxacion:  
 You that do prease to haue the princes care,  
 To make your names in Prouinces appear:  
 Ye subtil *Thurims*, sell your fumish winde,  
 To wicked wights whose senses ye do blinde.

Ye fearfull Rocks, ye ymps of *Achelois*,  
 Who wracks the wisest youth with charming vois:  
 Ye *Circes*, who by your enchantment strange,  
 In stones and swine, your louers true do change:  
 Ye *Stymphals*, who with your youth vptake:  
 You rauens that from vs our riches rake:  
 Ye who vvith riches art, and painted face,  
 For *Priams* wife puts *Castors* sister in place:  
 Ye *Myrhas*, *Canaces*, and *Semirames*,  
 And if there rest yet mo defamed dames,  
 Com all to Court, and there ye shall refaue  
 A thousand gains vnmeet for you to haue.  
 There shall you sell the gifts of great prouinces,  
 There shall you sell the grace of graceles princes.  
 Stay heer my Muse: it thee behoues to haue  
 Great constancy and many-a *Hercles* braue  
 To purge this age, of vices more notable,  
 Then was the stals of foule *Aegeans* stable.

Return to *Iudith*, who to bring to passe  
 Her high attempt, before her sets her glasse,  
 And ginnis to deck her hair like burnisht gold,  
 Whose beuty had no peer for to behold.  
 Then went she to his tent, where she espide  
 The gorgeous tappestries, on euerie side,  
 Of *Persian* Kings, of *Medes*, and *Syrian* stories,  
 How *Ninus* first (prickt forth with great vain glories)  
 Subdewd the East: then next in order came  
 (Disguis'd in kinde) his wife Queen *Semirame*;  
 Who took the Scepter and with tourrets hye  
 Great *Babylon* erected to the skye.



Sardaniapalut.

Lo, how a Prince, with fingers white and fine,  
In womens weed the tender twist doth twine,  
Who bare a Rock in steed of Royall mace,  
And for a man with woman changeth grace  
In gestures all: he fristles and he fards,  
He oynts, he bathes, his visage he regards  
In *Cryfall* glasse, which for his sworde he wore,  
And lost his crowne without all combate more.  
Amongst his vertugals, for ayde he drew,  
From his Lieutenant, who did him purslew,  
And wan his Scepter. Yet with feeble yre,  
He burnt himselfe, and ended his empyre.  
Behold, a Bitch then feeds a sucking childe,  
Amongst the pricking thorns and brambles wilde;  
Who grew so great and was of such a fame,  
That bond, and free, his waged men became,  
And afterward subuerted, to his lawe,  
The *Median* scepter vnder *Persians* awe.  
But what is he that so deformed goze  
Before the camp, and wants his eares and noze?  
That was that seruant true, who by that slight,  
Brought *Babylon* again in *Darius* might.

Cyrus.

While *Judith* fed her eies with figures vaine,  
Her harte replete with passions and with paine;  
The *Generall* came, and with a visage gent,  
Saluted her, and by the hand her hent,  
And caused her sit down vpon a chaire,  
The more at ease to view her beuties rare.  
Then, when he saw himselfe so neare his pleasure,  
He brunt in hart, and scarce could byde the leasure  
Till *Venus* with her garland shewd in sight,  
On his *Horizon* to reue the night.  
This widow, finding then the time vnmeete,  
Gods iust determination to complete;  
Made much delay, and fand full many-a skuse,  
With sundry talke this tyrant to abuse:  
And said; My Lorde, I pray you shew to me,  
What furie iust hath mov'd your maiestie?  
What haue our people done (please it your grace)  
By whom or when that *Isaks* holy race  
Might so prouoke a Prince to wrackfull war,  
In rounes, and lawes, so sep'rate from vs far?  
Then said the Duke, vncurtious should I be  
If I deny (O faire) to answer thee.  
Now as the heav'n two Sunnes cannot containe,  
So in the earth two kings cannot remaine  
Of equall state. So doth ambition craue,  
One king will not another equall haue.

My Prince is witnesse: who at wars did fall  
With king *Arphaxat*, cause he raisde his wall  
Of *Ecbatane* so high that it did shame  
To *Ninie*, and *Babell* feard the same:  
For which, he vndertooke to spoyle his throne,  
And race his Scepter to the lowest stone:  
With spite, his buildings braue he cast adown.  
*Arphaxat* then, a man of great renowne,  
And worthie of his Scepter and his state,  
Thought better in the field to make debate,  
Then beare a scorne, his *Meds* to battell drew:  
Thus 'tweene them two did cruell war ensue.  
*Arphaxat* armed all the yles of *Greece*,  
Where *Iason* was, but sought no golden fleece,  
But golden ingots with abundant gaine,  
Where *Phasis* streame bedeawes the pleasant Plaine.  
The *Harmastans*, and *Albans*, strong, and wise,  
That sowes but once, and haue their haruest thrise:  
The men that neer to *Oxus* banks abides,  
And those that *Antitaurus* horns diuydes:  
And those that mans the mount vpon whose brest  
The ship that scap't the genrall flood did rest:  
And those that are (not hid) within the Reame,  
Where proud *Jaxartus* flowes with furious streame:  
In short; the *Medes* brought men to ayde their plea,  
From *Pontus* far beyond the *Caspian* sea:  
And of this hoste *Arphaxat* was commander,  
With hope and heart more high then *Alexander*.  
My prince desirous then to winne or dy,  
Left nought vndone that furthred to supply  
His troubled state. He armed *Syttacene*,  
And waged Archers out of *Osrohene*:  
Ye Lords of Lands that yelds the hundreth come,  
Leaue *Enphrates* and bounds where ye were borne:  
Ye *Carmans* bolde that all on fish do feede,  
And of their pelts do make your warlike weede;  
Leaue *Hylan* bounds, go seek the golden sands:  
Ye *Parths*, ye *Cosses*, *Arabs*, and ye lands,  
That of your *Magi* Prophets thinks ye knowe  
Their spells diuine, your self for pikmen showe.  
O *Calde*, chaunge thine *Astrolab* and square  
To speare and shield: for, we no wight will spare  
Of able age, of high or lowe degrie  
That trails the pike, or launce layes on his thie.  
Let women, children, and the burghers olde  
At home alone, let them their houses Holde.  
We sommond eke the *Persians* and *Phenicians*,  
The soft *Egyptians*, *Hebrewes* and *Cilicians*,

To



To com in haste, and ioyne their force to ours:  
But they disdainfully deteind their powrs;  
And, with their wicked hands, and words vnstage,  
They did our sacred messengers outrage.

My master for a time, put vp this wrong,  
Attending time, to quite these enemies strong;  
With purpose, more at leasure, to prouide  
T'abate this sacrilegious peoples pride.

Two greater kings were neuer seen before,  
Then camped was in *Ragan* field at morne,  
With haucie harts enarmed all in yre:  
Ech soldier set another so on fire,  
That scarcely they could keep them in their bound,  
Till pipe, or Cymball, or the trumpets found,  
Denounce the choke: but with their furious faces,  
They thret their foes a farre with fell menaces,  
And strokes at hand: two thousand Lads forlorne  
(To blunt the sword) were down in battell borne.  
Vpon their flanks flew feruently the stones,  
That bet their bucklers to their brused bones.  
The squadrons then steps sternly to the strokes,  
With harts inhumain all the battell yokes,  
And are supplide with many mighty bands:  
Som counters them, and sterly them withstands:  
With foot to foot ech other other plyes:  
Both *Meds* and *Caldes* clasp with gastly cries;  
Like *Nilus* stream that from the rockes doth romble,  
Or *Encelade* when he in tombe doth tomble.

Here some lies headless: som, that cannot stand,  
Trails on his wombe, and wants both foot and hand  
Cut off with stroaks: some pere'throu plate and mails:  
Some shoulder-flasht: some panch'd in th' entrails:  
Som brains outbet: some in the guts were gor'd:  
Some dying vomit blood: and some were smor'd:  
Some neither quick nor dead, do yet attend  
What place it pleaseth God their soules to send:  
So loth the little life, that doth abyde,  
Is, from the dying body to diuide.  
The ground that erst was yellow, greene, and blew,  
Is ouercled with blood in purple hew.  
While this man giues some one his deadly baine,  
He of another gets the like againe.  
The rage encreasing growes with yre full flame:  
The field is spred with bodies dead and lame.

Like as ye see the wallowing sea to strue,  
Flood after flood, and waue with waue to driue,  
Then waues with waues, the floods with floods do chase,  
And est retunes vnto their former place:

Battell.

Compar son

Or

Or like the crops of corne in mids of May  
(Blowne with the westren winde) aside doth sway  
Both to and fro, as force doth them constrain,  
And yet their tops redresseth vp againe:  
So, whiles, the *Syrians* are by *Medes* displaced,  
And whiles, the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechafed.

Then, like two raging floods that downe do fall,  
From two contrarie mutine mountains tall;  
Downe bearing bridge and banke, and all destroyes,  
And strues which one may do the most annoyes:  
So, these two kings, in force and courage stout,  
Excels the rest with slaughter them about:  
Wherso they preast they left on either side,  
Behinde them, two long opened waies and wide:  
For, all their bucklers, *Morions*, and *Quinaces*  
Were of no prooffe against their peisant maces.  
Yet (for the time) the *Medes* so fearcely fought  
That they th' *Assyrian* bands in terrour brought,  
And pauld his soldiers harts, and brak their might;  
Who (ouercome) tooke them to shamefull flight.  
The *Medes* pursued, and wounded, in that chace,  
Tenthousand men; but none, vpon the face.

In short, this day our Scepter had depriued,  
Had I not like the thunder dint arriued  
In battels brunt. Their maile and their vantbras,  
Their helme and shield, before my Coutelas,  
Were fraile as glas: and neuer a stroke I lent  
But deadly was, and them more terrour lent  
Then all our camp. The soldier then in feare  
With trembling hand could scarcely weild his speare.  
The Pal-hewd knight with hart in brest that quakes  
His thies in saddle, and feet in stirrops shakes  
For dread of me. There some, with trenchant glaiue  
From hight of head, to middle downe I claiue.  
And some so farre I soyned through the Iack,  
The blade aperde a foote behinde his back;  
So that the *Medes*, afrayd at such a thing,  
In heat of fight they fled and left their king.

Who



Who seeing himself betrayd, his clothes he rent,  
 And bloody towards *Ragan* towne he went:  
 Where we him met, yet (*Braue*) did him defend,  
 And fought amongst his foes a famous end:  
 As doth the *Tiger* wilde who sees her den  
 Beset about with hunters dogs and men,  
 That turns her feare to furious raging rise,  
 And will not vnreueged lose her life:  
 So he them thunderbet where so he went,  
 That neuer a stroake in vaine his right hand spent:  
 But ere with murthering blade they could him quell,  
 Full many-a bold precursor he sent to hell.  
 At last, *Arphaxat* gan of slaughter tyne,  
 And (wounded fore) left both his life and yre,  
 And fell, as doth some huge high planted oak,  
 That long hath byde the windes, and many-a stroak  
 Of many an axe; yet stoutly doth sustaine  
 Their trauels long, and frustrats all their paine;  
 The roote doth sigh, the dale doth roring sound,  
 And to the heauen the noyse doth high rebound;  
 His head now here, now there, seemes to incline,  
 And threats him here and there, with great ruine:  
 Yet stands vpright aboue the highest okes,  
 Till, vanquishd with a thousand thousand strokes,  
 He falls at last, and brings with him to ground  
 Both trees and cattell to the Plaine profound;  
 So with *Arphaxat* fell the *Medes* empyre.

My king the king of kings, then in his yre  
 Rais'd *Ecbatan*: and now growes weed and herbe,  
 Where sometime stood his palaces superbe.  
 So that where erst the lute and lowde *Hauboies*  
 Were wont to sound with sweete concordant nois,  
 Now shrieking owles and other monsters moe  
 In funeral sound fulfill the place with woe.

My potent Prince, when all this warre was ceast  
 Consumed moneths foure in Royall feast,  
 In *Ninie* the great: which banquet done,  
 He me commanded to assemble sone  
 His Royall hoste, to punish all and some,  
 That to his former ayd disdaind to come:  
 And that I shortly should with sword and flame  
 Reuenge his honour: but alas, *Madame*,  
 Full farre am I from that I should pursue,  
 For, comming here thy nation to subdew,

If you not (with a louing kisse) to me  
 Restore my life. O worthy prince, quoth she,  
 Continue your discours, and to me tell  
 What great aduentures to your hoste befell.

Then he retooke his tale he left alate,  
 And made a long discours of all his state,  
 Part true, part false: as do some warriours braue,  
 Who speaking of their Acts will lye and raue.

My campe assembled, then gan I to enflame  
 My soldiers harts thus, for to win them same:  
 Companions, now, if euer ye pretend  
 To winne renown that neuer shall haue end,  
 Go forwards now, plague these inhumain Lands,  
 That on our sacred Legats layd their hands.  
 Reuenge, reuenge, ye men, your most high Prince,  
 That ever Scepter bare in rich prouince,  
 That euer came adowne with mighty arme,  
 From circled starrs, *Alarm*! soldats, alarme:  
 Take blades in hand, and brands of burning yre,  
 To waste the western world with sworde and fyre.  
 With bloody seas bedewe ech mount and wood,  
 And make your horses scarce to swimme in blood.  
 Receiue the Scepter great and crowne of might  
 Of all this world which is to you behight.

Receiue this laude, that for your conquest braue,  
 Shall draw your fames from the forgetfull graue.  
 Receiue yee valiant men the noble spoile  
 Of many-a land that ye shall put to foyle.  
 Let men behold that sees you day by day,  
 How ye are cloyde with honour, spoyle, and pray.

Thus ended I. And as my words were sent,  
 They bet their bucklers, shewing them content  
 With courage bolde, to fight with me and byde.

Then sixscore thousand men I had to guide,  
 Or more, and so from *Ninie* we past  
 And marched vnto *BeEle*, at last.  
 I through *Edesfi*, *Amidi*, and *Carran* came,  
 Where sometime dwelt your father *Abraham*:  
 I wan the mount whose thwarting hornes diuid  
 All *Asie*, and serues for bounds on sundrie syds,



To many great Empyrs: I slewe, I brent  
 All in my way. My fellow soldiers went  
 Like moowers with their sithes in sowple hands,  
 Who leaues not after them a straw that stands;  
 But ample swathes of grasse on ground doth cast,  
 And shewes what way their sharped sithes haue past.  
 All *Lydia* knowes, that nought now growes in it  
 But weeds. And *Phili* and *Tharfi* feeles it yit.  
 I was vneare the straits that closeth all  
*Phonice* and th' *Isbique* Routers, like a vvall,  
 When *Rosea*, *Solea*, *Mops*, *Anchiali* and *Ischia*,  
 And sweet *Egei*, and (short) the vvhole *Cilicia*,  
 This passage took before, and lay in vwait  
 To stay my Armie for to passe this straight.  
 If I the harmes and hassards all should tell  
 Of all th' affairs and bloody frayes that fell,  
 And succours sent; the day should slide away  
 Before my tale. For that *Cilicia* I say,  
 Through great aduantage of their ground so narrow,  
 Defended them from both the speare and arrow:  
 So that my Hoste, that gaue before the chace  
 To puissant kings, now fled with great disgrace.  
 Then foming in despite, despaire and yre,  
 I cast my selfe where shot flew like the fyre:  
 And though they hurt me in a hundred parts,  
 And though my buckler bare a wood of darts:  
 Yet left not I, but with audacious face  
 I brauely fought, and made them all giue place.  
 My army followed, where my arme made way  
 With trenching blade, on bodies dead that lay.  
 The greatest coward that my captains led,  
 Pursued and slew the most of them that fled.  
 The *Cidnus* streame (who for his siluer flood  
 Esteemd a king) ran now with humaine blood:  
 The *Pyram* scarce, in seas discharged than  
 For many a helm, and sword, and worthy man.  
 In short, as your owne riuer seems to rest,  
 With swelling tydes and frothy foods repress,  
 Within his bank: yet furiously him wreake  
 With weightie force, and banks and bridges breake.  
 And stroies the plaines, and makes for many a day  
 More wrack, then if his channels open lay:  
 In semble sort their bands I did enchace,  
 That kept the entrance of that craggie place.  
 I brunt, I slewe, cast down, all that I fand;  
 And *Asia* spoild, I entred th' easter Land,  
 I wan *Celi*, and rag'd pittiless  
 Vpon the fruitfull shore of *Euphrates*.

I bet the desert *Rapfe*, and *Eagria* Land,  
 Who knowes the vertue of my conquering hand.  
 From thence to seaward sewing mine entent  
 I wasted *Madian*. Northward then I went  
 Lo *Liban* ward, *Damascus* ouer-rinning,  
 With other townes, *Abilia*, and *Hippas* winning.  
 From thence, with curious mind my standers styes  
 The hill, where sunne is seen to set and ryes.  
 And soe from thence I forward led mine hoste,  
 To th' *Occident* on the *Phanician* coste.  
 Then *Sidon*, *Bible*, *Beryte*, *Tyre*, and *Gaze*,  
 With *Ascalon*, and *Assot*, in a maze  
 For feare, sent humbly to my sacred seat,  
 Wise messengers, my fauour to intreat.  
 We come not here, my Lord said they, with armes  
 For to resist the chok of thy *Gens d'armes*:  
 But Prince, we come, of thee for to resauue  
 Both life and death, and what law we shall haue.  
 Our townes are thine, our cities and our hills,  
 Our fields, our flocks, our wealth is at your wills.  
 Our seruice, and our treasures, great and small,  
 Our selfs, our wyues, and our faire children all,  
 Now only rests to thee, if so thee please  
 To take vs thus. O God what greater ease,  
 O God what greater good may vs befall,  
 Then vnto such a Chiefe for to be thrall,  
 Who wields the valiant lance and balance right,  
 With vertue, like the Gods of greatest might!  
 So were to me as gracious to beholde  
 Their townes and Cities both: for, young and old  
 With crownes, and presents of the *Flora* sweet,  
 And costly odours, humbly did me greet.  
 At sounds of hornes and pypes they dauncing went,  
 With goods and bodies me for to present.  
 Then I, abusing not the lawe of armes,  
 Entreated them, and did to them no harmes,  
 Nor to their Lands: But first their forts I mand  
 With men of mine, and theirs tooke in my Band.  
 For where that I my people farthest drew,  
 My camp in bands; from bands, to armies grew.  
 As doth the *Danow* which begins to flow  
 By *Raurack* fields with snakish crangling slow,  
 Then swels his floods with sixty riuers large,  
 That in the *Golfe Euxinus* doth discharge.  
 I wend *Madame* that *Isrell* like the rest,  
 Would yeeld to me, that I should not be strest  
 Against their brest to moue my murdering speare:  
 But as I came the *Strybique* rampier neare



(The Tombe of her whose milk had such a hap  
To feed the twife borne *Demis* in her lap)  
I heard their wilfull rage first in that place:  
Which doubtles will destroy all *Abrahams* race.

FINIS.



THE SUMMARIE OF THE  
SIXT BOOKE.

*I*udith, having escaped the perill of her chastity, is brought to a sumptuous banquet prepared by Holophernes for the entertainment of her, and further promotion of his filthy lust. In which the abominable vice of gluttonie is by the Poet wisely described, and sharply reprehended. And whereas the Tyrant thought by such excessse to overcome the chaste widow; himselfe is so overcome with wine, that upon a very simple delay he lets her goe till he was in his bed. And here is noted, that the snares the wicked layes for others, they fall in them their selves. While the Tyrant contemplated his lust, Iudith in trouble called vpon her God, who made way for her works through the Tyrants owne wickednesse who heaping sin vpon sin, approached at last to the end of his tragadie: mounting vpon the scaffold of the yre of Gods, fallest asleepe in his sinful bed, & is by Iudith beheaded in his beastly drunkenness. True it is that in this execution she felt her great infirmity: but likewise she found that God was able to strengthen the most feeble for the execution of his Iustice. And as before shee was preserved in the midst of her enemies: so the Lord to make a miraculous end of his work, brings her safe home to her people. The Bethulians giues thanks to God. The Ammonites awised with this miracle, embraced the true religion. The head of Holophernes (that Iudiths seruice brought) being set vpon for a terrible spectacle to the Heathen, encouraging the Citizens to giue assault vpon the camp. Bago who had been an instrument of the Tyrants wickednesse, is the first that smites his masters headlesse Carcas, and puts the camp in such affray, that they all fled before Irael, in such sort that scarce one was left to bring newes to Ninive, of the fortune of the battel. And that was Gods Iustice, that those that had followed this Tyrant in his wickednesse should be companions of his death. Iudith last of all celebrates the deliuerance of God, with a song, to his honor and glorie of his almighty name.

THE SIXT BOOK OF  
IUDITH.

**B**Efore the Pagan had his purpose ended,  
The night obscure from mountains high descended,  
And sewers set the boord with costly meate,  
Of passing price, so delicate to eate,  
That Holopherne vnto his ioyous feast  
Aperd t' haue cald the kings of west and east.  
O glutton throates, O greedy guts profound!  
The chosen meats within the world his bound  
By th' *Abderois* invented, may not staunch  
Nor satishe your foule denouring paunch:  
But must in *Moluke* seek the spices fine,  
Canary sugar, and the Candy wine.  
Your appetites (O gluttons) to content,  
The sacred brest of *Thetis* blew is rent:

Tttz

The

Gluttons.



Gluttony.

The Aire must be dispeopled for your mawes;  
 The *Phenix* sole can scarce escape your iawes.  
 O plague, O poyson to the warriour state!  
 Thou makes the noble harts effeminate.  
 While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curios* and *Fabrices*,  
 Who fed on roots and sought not for delices:  
 And when the onely *Cresson* was the food  
 Most delicate to *Persia*; then they stood  
 In happy state, renownde in peace and warre;  
 And throu the world their triumphs spread: but  
 But when they after, in th' *Assyrian* hall,  
 Had leard the lessons of *Sardanapall*:  
 And when the other, giuen to belly chear,  
 By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitells* gouern'd weare,  
 Who gloried more to fill a costly plate,  
 Then kil a *Phyrrhus* or a *Mythridate*)  
 Then both of them were seen for to be sacked  
 By nations poore, whom they before had wracked.  
 Of little, Nature liues: superfluous meat  
 But duls the spirite, and doth the stomach treat.  
 When they were set, then throw that Royall rout  
 The *Maluesie* was quaffed oft about.  
 One drinks out of an *Alabaſter* Cuppe:  
 One out of *Cryſtall* doth the *Nectar* luppe:  
 Som out of curious shells of *Vnicorne*:  
 Som spills the wine, and som to beds were borne;  
 But namely there the *Vizroy* would not tyre,  
 But more he drank, the more he had desire:  
 Like to the *Ocean*-Sea, though it resauces  
 All *Nilus* floods, yea all fresh water craues  
 From East to West, yet growes he not a grain,  
 But still is ready for as much, again.  
 One glasse drawes on another glasse: and whan  
 The butler ment to cease, he but began  
 To skink god *Bacchus*: thus this drunken wight  
 Among his dronkards tippled till midnight:  
 Then each of them, with stacking steps out went,  
 And groping hands, retyring to his tent.  
 This tyrant wisht them oft away before:  
 To whom ech moment seemd to be a skore.  
 As soone as they were gone, then gan he prease  
 The trembling *Judith*. Cease, great prince, O cease.  
 The widow sayd: what hast need you to make  
 To reap the flowre that none can from you take?  
 My Lord, go to your bed and take your ease;  
 Where I your sweet embracings will complease,  
 As soone as I my garments may remoue,  
 That bindes my body brunt with ardent loue.

Now

Now, if that sober wits and wylie brains  
 Cannot auoide the female tricks and trains:  
 Abash not reader though this reckless Roy  
 ( Bewitcht by *Semels* sonne, and *Venus* boy )  
 Was thus beguilde: considering, both these twain  
 Confoundes the force of those that them retain.  
 So letting *Julian* slide out of his arme,  
 He gins to loose his garments soft and warme:  
 But throw his haſt, his hand came lesser speed;  
 And though he was deceiv'd yet tooke no heed,  
 But weening well t'vntruss his peeuiſh points,  
 He kni's them twy fold with his trimbling ioints;  
 So long till he, with anger discontent,  
 Cuts me them all, and off his clothes he rent,  
 And naked went to bed. Then as ye see  
 The bloody boweman stand behind a tree,  
 Who warely watches for the wandring Deare:  
 To every part, where he doth thinke to heare  
 Some trembling bush, some beast or *Leopard* small,  
 That motion makes, so turneth he withall  
 His face and hand to shoot, but all in vaine  
 For to relieue his long aspecting paine:  
 Even so, this foolish tyrant when he hard  
 Som rat or mouse, then thought he to himward,  
 His Miſtris came: and when he heard no more,  
 Yet thought, she came, whom most he did adore.  
 While, vp he lifts his head, while lets it fall:  
 While, looks about, while counts the pases all  
 That she should passe, to come vnto his bed.  
 Thus turning oft, as ardent lust him led,  
 He thought his bed was sown with pricking thorne:  
 But now the drink, that he had drunke before,  
 Brewd in his braine, and from his mind it took  
 The sweet remembrance of her louing look.  
 So fell on sleep: and then to him appears  
 Ten thousand flames, ten thousand dinnes he hears,  
 And dreams of *Diuels*, and *Demons* dark and dim,  
*Meduſas*, *Minotaur*s, and *Gorgons* grim.  
 This while, the hart of *Judith* gan to beat  
 Incessantly, beset with barell great:  
 One while her feare refold her first intent:  
 One while her action iust her courage lent.  
 Then sayd she, *Judith*, now is time, go to it,  
 And saue thy people: Nay, I will not do it.  
 I will, I will not: Go, fear not again:  
 Wilt thou the sacred gestning then prophane?  
 Not it prophane, but holier it shall stand,  
 When holy folke are helped by my hand.

Ttr

Bur



But shamefull liues the traytour euermore;  
 No traytor she who doth her towne restore.  
 But murderers all are of the heav'n forsaken:  
 All murder is not for murder alwaies taken.  
 Alas, are they not murderers sleyes their Prince?  
 This tyrant is no prince of my prouince:  
 But, what if God will haue vs vnder his awe?  
 He's not of God that fights against his lawe.  
 For then should *Ahad, Isahell, and Iehew,*  
 Be homicids, because they tyrants slew.

But what if they were commanded of the Lord:  
 To such an act, my hart should soone accord.

Alas, my hart is weak for such a deed:  
 Th'are strong ynough whom God doth strength at need.  
 But when 'tis done who shall my warrant be?  
 God brought me here, God will deliuer me.  
 What if the Lord leaue thee in Heathen hands?  
 Were this *Duke* dead, I fear no death nor bands.  
 But what if they pollute thee like a slaue?  
 My body with my hart they shall not haue.

Thus she resolved in her minde at last,  
 Her hands and eyes vnto the heauen she cast,  
 And with an humble voyce to God she prayd:

O gracious God that alwaies art the ayd  
 To thy beloued *Isak*, I thee pray  
 To strength my hand, euen my right hand this day,  
 That I may make this bloody tyrant dye,  
 That to discepter thee would skale the skye.  
 But since thy goodnesse hath preserved me,  
 And brought my bore so near the shoare to be;  
 Grant that some sleepy drinke I may provide,  
 To dull this tyrants hart and daunt his pride,  
 To th' end that I may free thy congregation;  
 Vnto thy honour, and our consolation.

This prayer done, she looked round about,  
 And heard this drunken prince in sleeping rout:  
 Then slept she to his sword that by him stood,  
 Which oft had bath'd the world with humain blood:  
 But as she preast this tyrant for to quell,  
 Feare rest the sword from her, and downe she fell,  
 And lost at once the strength of hart and corse.

O God (quoth shee) now by thy mighty force  
 Restore my strength. This sayd (with pale annoy)  
 She rudely rose, and stroke this sleeping *Key*,  
 So fell, that from his shoulders flew his powle,  
 And from his body fled his *Ethniue* soule,  
 Hie away to hell. His bulk all blood bestaind  
 Lay still, his head in *Judiths* hand remaind;

The

The which her maid put vp into a sack:  
 Thus throw the camp they close away do pack;  
 Empeacht of none. For, those that had her seen,  
 Supposide she went (as she had wonted been,  
 The nights before) vnto the valley, where  
 They thought she went to serue *Diana* cleare.

When *Judith* chaste came neare the *Hebrew* wall;  
 Let in (quoth she) for our great God of all  
 Hath broke this night the whole *Affirian* power,  
 And ray'd the horne of *Isak* at this howre.

Then men, amaze of her vnhop'd state,  
 About her ran assembling at the gate,  
 Where holy *Judith* on a hill was mounted,  
 And all her chance from point to point recounted;  
 And there discov'ring drew out of the sack  
 The bloody head of th' enemy of *Isak*.

The Citizens that saw how she did stand  
 With th' end of *Affurs* head in her right hand;  
 They prayd God, who by her hand had slain  
 And punished that traytour inhumain.

But, most of all *Duke Amurion* did admire  
 The worke of God. Then he t'escape the yre  
 Of *Jacobs* God, who aydes the weakest party,  
 He shortly circumcis'd his flesh and hart.

O God, that rightly by foresight diuine  
 Repels the purpose of all mens engine:  
 Who for to lead th' elect to destinyed health  
 (Euen when it seems them fardest from their wealth)  
 Of ill, thou drawes the good, and som in ill  
 Thou lets them runne, thy Iustice to fulfill;  
 (O Lord) the vile desire of blood and sack,  
 Made *Holopierne* to waite vpon *Isak*:  
 But where that he would *Isaks* blood haue shed,  
 He lost his owne for *Isak*, on his bed.

Thus thy good grace hath made his vain inuention  
 To take effect contrary his intention.

So *Paul* became a *Saint*, who was a *Pharisee*;  
 And, of a tyrant, teacher of thy veritee:

So was the theefe, that hong with our *Messias*  
 (For all his sinne) preserved with *Elias*:  
 His vitious corps could haue no life here downe;  
 His soule by grace yet got a heav'nly crowne.

Change then (O God) the harts of christian princes,  
 Who sheds the faithfulls blood in their prouinces,  
 Let thou that sword, that thou giues them to guide,  
 Vpon thy enemies onely be applyde;  
 Vpon those tyrants whose vnrightheous horne  
 Detains the Land where thy deare sonne was borne:

Not



Not on the backs of those, who, with humilitie,  
Adores the *Triple* one great God in unitie.  
Then at commandment of this widow chaste,  
A soldier tooke the tyrants head in haste;  
And, for to giue the *Hebrewes* haire withall,  
He fixed it vpon the foremost wall.  
Their fathers came, and sonnes, and wiues, & mayds,  
Who erst had lost, amongst the *Heathen* blayds,  
Their sonnes, their parents, maks, and louers dear;  
With heauie harts and furious raging chear,  
They pild and paired his beard, of palid hew,  
Spet in his face, and out his tongue they drew,  
Which vsde to speake of God great blasphemies,  
And with their fingers poched out his eyes.  
The rise remembrance of so late an ill,  
Made vulgar folke such vengeance to fulfill.

This while, *Aurora* ceased to embrace  
Her ancient loue, and rose with ruddy face,  
Vpon the *Indian* heaven: the warriours strong,  
That kept the towne, now sorted forth in throng,  
Enarmed all, with such a hydeous sound  
As seemde the elements fore four to confound,  
And brake the bands that keepes them in their border,  
Retyring them vnto their olde disorder.

The *Pagan* watches next the Cities side  
(Awaked with this din) starte vp and cryde  
*Alarum, Alarum*, like fearefull men agast:  
Then through the Camp, the hote Alarum past.  
Som takes his neighbours armour first he findes,  
And wrong on armes the bracelets both he bindes.  
Som takes a staf for hast, and leaues his launce:  
Som madling runnes, som trembles in a trance:  
Som on his horse ill faddled ginns to ryde,  
And wants his spurrs, som boldly do abide:  
Som neither wakes nor sleeps, but mazing stands:  
Som braue in words, are beastly of their hands.  
This brute from hand to hand, from man to man,  
Vnto the *Pagans* Court at last it ran.  
Then *Bago* *Eunuch*, sadly forth he went  
T'awake the sleeping *Ethniue* in his tent;  
And knockt once, twice, or thrise, with trembling hand:  
But such eternall sleep his temples band,  
That he had past already (miserable)  
Of *Styx* so black the flood irrepassable.  
Yet *Bago*, hearing *Isaks* cry encrease,  
He with his foot, the dore began to prease,  
And entred: where the bed he did beholde  
All bled with *Holophernes* carcasle colde:

He tore his hair; and all his garments rent,  
And to the heauen his howling cries he sent.  
But when he mist the *Hebrew*-Dame away,  
Then raging he began a gastly fray,  
And from the bloody tent as he ran out,  
Among the *Heathen* thus began to shout:  
Woe, woe, to vs, a slaue (they *Iudith* call)  
In sleaing *Holopherne*, hath slain vs all,  
That daunted all the world. These nouels last,  
Ioynd to the former fear that lately past,  
Afrighted so the souldiers one and all,  
That pike and dart, and target they let fall,  
And fled through mountainus, valleis, & throw heaths,  
Where eu'rie channce procurde them worser deaths.

Then all th' assieged folk in flocks descended,  
And on their enemies backs their bowes they bended.  
Both parties ran: but th' one that other chased,  
The weary flyers flight, themselves defaced.  
The *Hebrews* there, in fight not one they lost;  
But they bet down and slew the *Heathen* hoste:  
As doth a Lion of *Getulia* wood  
Bespred the land with woried beasts and blood,  
Solong as he may finde a beast abide,  
That dare oppone him to his cruell pride.

Som headlong throwes themselves from craggie Rocks,  
And breaks their bones and all their brains out knocks:  
Som hath forgot that *Parcat*, every where,  
Waits on their end that drown in water cleare:  
But if that any scape by som great hap,  
He scape the first, but not the after clap:  
Fore all the streits and passages were set,  
That none should scape aliue where they were met:  
Yea scarcely one was left to tell the king,  
At *Ninine*, of all this wondrous thing.

This battell done, all those whose Sex and age  
Withheld at home (their dolours to asswage)  
Came forth out of their fort to see and hear  
What God had done for them his people dear.  
They found som men dismembred hauing breath,  
That cried in vain a hundreth times for death.  
Another gnashes with his teeth, in pains:  
Som dead in face their former rage retains.  
And som is shot directly throw the hart.  
Ech soule departs to his appointed part,  
According to the valew, or the chance,  
That fortun'd them to dye, on sword or launce.  
In short: to see this sight so dreadfull was,  
That even the *Hebrews* would haue sayd Alas,



If they had vanquish't any enmaic els.  
 This while, amongst the corles infidels,  
 Among a hundred thousand, there was found  
 The chieftaines carcas rent with many-a wound  
 Of spear and sword, by th' *Hebrewes* in their yre.  
 There was no sinew, Arter, vein, nor lyre,  
 That was not mangled with their vulgar rage:  
 No time nor moment might their yre allwage.  
 If *Holopherne* had been like *Atlas* long,  
 Or like in limmes vnto *Briarius* strong;  
 Yet should his body been too small a pray,  
 To satisfie their furie ev'ry way.  
 For, in that Camp was not so small a knaue,  
 But of his flesh som collup he would haue.

O tyrant now (quoth they) giue thy right haud  
 To the *Cilicians*, and to *Media Land*:  
 Leane thou thy left. And to *Celea* sweet,  
 To *Ismaell* and *Aegypt* leane thy feet;  
 To th' end that all the world, by thee offended,  
 With such a present may be recompenced.  
 But heer I faile thy corps thus to deuise  
 In *Atomy*: for, it will not suffice.

This thankful widow then, who neuer thought  
 To smore this wondrous work that God had wrought,  
 Entun'd her vearse, and sung to sweet consort  
 Of instruments, and past with gracious port  
 Before the chosen Dames and virgins thair,  
 That were esteemed for honest chaste and fair.  
 Sing sing, with hart and voyce and sounding strings,  
 And praise the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,  
 Who doth dethrone the great, and in their place  
 Erects the poore that leanes vpon his grace.  
 Who would haue thought that in a day one towne  
 Could ouercome a camp of such renowne,  
 Who daunted all the world, vvhose pride vvas felt  
 From *Indian* shore to vvhether the *Galpees* dwelt?  
 Great God, vvhovill beleuee that *Holopherne*,  
 Who did a hundred famous Princes derne,  
 Should be disceptred, slaine, left in a midow,  
 By no great *Gyant*, but a feeble vvidow?  
 Great God, vvhovill beleuee that he vvhovind,  
 From north to south, and in his hands retaine  
 Both East and West; now gets not grace to haue  
 Any ch of *Gazon* ground to be his graue?  
 This Couqu'rour, that came with no army small,  
 Now lyes on ground abandond of them all;  
 Not sole: for, those companions him in death,  
 That followed him vvhile he had life and breath.

Nor

Not now the ground, but Ravens hunger-sterv'd,  
 Are now his tombe as he hath well deserv'd.  
 No vaults of Marble rich, nor *Porphy* pure,  
 That he had built, could be his sepulture.  
 Euen so good Lord from hence forth let vs finde  
 Thee not our Iudge, but for our father kinde:  
 But let all tyrants that against thee gather,  
 Finde thee their Iudge; but not their louing father.

Here *Iudith* ends: And also here I say,  
 With thanks to God. So, for his state I pray  
 At whose command I undertooke this deed,  
 To please his Grace, and those that will it need.

The Translator.

FINIS.







# A TABLE OF THE SIGNIFICATION OF SOME words, as they are vsed before.

Words.	Significations.
<i>Bdellois</i> ,	Profane and delicate Epicures.
<i>Abile</i> ,	A Hill in <i>Affrica</i> , one of the <i>Pillars of Hercules</i> .
<i>Abraham</i> ,	Father of the <i>Iewes</i> or the faithfull.
<i>achelois</i> Imps,	<i>Sirens</i> or <i>Mermads</i> .
<i>Amram</i> ,	The father of <i>Moses</i> .
<i>Assur</i> , <i>Assurs</i> head,	The Countrey of <i>Assyria</i> , or their king.
<i>Assyrian</i> Prince,	<i>Holophernes</i> . Viz. oy or Generall.
<i>Agamemnon</i> ,	The Generall of the <i>Greeks</i> , beeing present at the sacrificizing of his only daughter, was painted with a bend about his eyes, either for the painters vnskilfulnes, who could not sufficiently expresse his speciall tears, or else for that he thought it vnder to paint so mighty a Prince weeping; or vnnatural, not to weep.
<i>Aconite</i> ,	A poisonable herb.
<i>Awan</i> ,	The South or South-winde.
<i>Aurora</i> ,	The morning.
<i>Arphaxat</i> ,	Supposed to bee <i>Arbaces</i> , King of <i>Medes</i> .
<i>Atlas</i> ,	A great Giant.
<i>Argus</i> ,	Had a hundred eyes.
<i>Alexander</i> ,	The Great.
<i>Apelles</i> ,	An excellent painter.
<i>Bethull</i> or <i>Bethulia</i> ,	The City where <i>Indith</i> dwelt.
<i>Babel</i> ,	<i>Babylon</i> , or the whole Countrey.
<i>Bellona</i> ,	Goddess of Battell.
<i>Briceoll</i> ,	An engine of war.
<i>Briarion</i> ,	A Giant with a hundred hands.
<i>Bacchus</i> ,	Wine or drunkenness.
<i>Bereas</i> ,	The North or North-winde.
<i>Chamaleon</i> ,	A beast that changeth his colours.
<i>Cycloppon</i> ,	A cunning <i>Architect</i> or builder.
<i>Chaos</i> ,	A confusion before the worlds creation.
<i>Catharoi</i> ,	Two perilous Rocks.
<i>Cyane</i> Straits,	



Words.	Significations.
<i>Calpe,</i>	A Hill in <i>Spain</i> , one of the pillars of <i>Hercules</i> .
<i>Cyprian Dame,</i>	<i>Venus</i> , love or lust.
<i>Cupido,</i>	Love or lust.
<i>Corvies,</i>	Crooked irons to draw down buildings.
<i>Castors sister,</i>	<i>Helen</i> , the dishonest wife of <i>Menelaus</i> .
<i>Canace,</i>	Incestuous women.
<i>Circes,</i>	Witches, abusers of lovers.
<i>Cyrene,</i>	A dry sandy countrey, or drouth.
<i>Carmell,</i>	A mountain in <i>Indea</i> , or the whole countrey.
<i>Danow,</i>	<i>Danubius</i> , a river in <i>Germany</i> .
<i>Denus twice born,</i>	<i>Bacchus</i> .
<i>Diana or Cynthia,</i>	The Moon.
<i>Dina,</i>	The daughter of <i>Jacob</i> .
<i>Egyptian Queen,</i>	<i>Cleopatra</i> , the Concubine of <i>M. Antonius</i> , who swallowed a rich pearl.
<i>Elamis Land,</i>	The <i>Elamits</i> .
<i>Eurus,</i>	The East, or East-winde.
<i>Ageans stable,</i>	Where horses devoured men.
<i>Encelade,</i>	A Giant buried vnder mount <i>Atna</i> .
<i>Generall,</i>	<i>Holophernes</i> .
<i>Gibraltar,</i>	A City in <i>Spain</i> neer to <i>Calpe</i> -hill, one of the Pillars of <i>Hercules</i> .
<i>Holopherne,</i>	Vizroy, chief of the Army.
<i>Hermion,</i>	A Hill in <i>Indea</i> , or the countrey of <i>Indes</i> .
<i>Hesperian colke,</i>	The West.
<i>Hyade,</i>	A water-Nymph or watry star.
<i>Heraulds,</i>	Apostles or preachers.
<i>Jacobs sonnes,</i>	The people of <i>Isrell</i> .
<i>Isrell or Jacob,</i>	The Land of <i>Indea</i> .
<i>Isaak,</i>	The people of the <i>Iewes</i> .
<i>Ismaell,</i>	<i>Idumeans</i> or <i>Edom</i> .
<i>Ixion,</i>	One tormented in Hell.
<i>Iebus place,</i>	<i>Jerusalem</i> or <i>Ston</i> .
<i>Judith,</i>	Of <i>Bethulia</i> , of the tribe of <i>Reuben</i> .
<i>Iessies race,</i>	<i>David</i> , and his seed.
<i>Iethro,</i>	Father in law to <i>Moses</i> .
<i>Lamies sonne,</i>	<i>Endymion</i> , the long sleeper, supposed to lie with the Moon.
<i>Lyfippus,</i>	A cunning carver.
<i>Monark,</i>	One sole Governour.
<i>Memphis,</i>	Men of that City in <i>Egypt</i> .
<i>Misraim,</i>	The Land of <i>Egypt</i> .
<i>Mocmur,</i>	The river neer <i>Bethulia</i> .
<i>Momus,</i>	A scornfull detracter of all things.
<i>Mars,</i>	God of strife or battell.
<i>Myrrhaes &amp; Syllaes,</i>	Women betrayers of their countrey.
<i>Minotaur,</i>	Vnnaturall monsters.

Words.	Significations.
<i>Medusae,</i>	Furies of hell.
<i>Neptunes back,</i>	The Sea.
<i>Niphathai,</i>	A mighty strong rock or mountain in <i>Syria</i> .
<i>palestine,</i>	The Land of the <i>Philistins</i> .
<i>pharia,</i>	A famous tower in <i>Egypt</i> .
<i>phlegon,</i>	One of the foure horses that was supposed to draw the Sun.
<i>phabus,</i>	The Sun.
<i>phabe,</i>	His sister the Moon.
<i>Proetus,</i>	A man changing himselfe in sundry formes: there is a fish of like nature.
<i>Priams wife,</i>	<i>Hecuba</i> the honourable.
<i>Pestmell,</i>	All mixt confusedly together.
<i>Ramme,</i>	An engine of warre for battery.
<i>Sina-hill,</i>	<i>Sinai</i> -hill.
<i>Salem,</i>	<i>Jerusalem</i> .
<i>Solyms,</i>	<i>Jerusalem</i> .
<i>Sichem,</i>	The ravisher of <i>Dina</i> .
<i>Sabeen Queen,</i>	Savours of <i>Saba</i> land.
<i>Simeon,</i>	<i>Dinaes</i> brother.
<i>Seythique Rampier,</i>	The tomb of <i>Semele</i> , mother of <i>Bacchus</i> .
<i>Styx,</i>	A River in hell.
<i>Sympathy,</i>	Concordance of natures and things.
<i>Sentinells,</i>	Watch-men.
<i>Semiramis,</i>	Women <i>Viragoes</i> .
<i>Syries,</i>	Dangerous lands.
<i>Satrap,</i>	Prince.
<i>Symphalides,</i>	Ravenous foules with female faces, <i>Harpies</i> .
<i>Syrian Camp,</i>	The Hoste of <i>Holophernes</i> .
<i>Senels sonne,</i>	<i>Bacchus</i> or wine.
<i>Transparent,</i>	That which may be seen through and whole, like glasse.
<i>Tortuse,</i>	An engine of warre.
<i>Trepan,</i>	An engine of warre.
<i>The foraine Tide,</i>	Supposed to have been the flood of <i>Noah</i> , or the deluge of <i>Deucalion</i> that divided <i>Affrica</i> from <i>Europe</i> , and <i>Syria</i> from <i>Italia</i> .
<i>Thetis,</i>	The Sea.
<i>Thurims,</i>	Deceitfull <i>Advocates</i> .
<i>Theban Knight,</i>	Captaine of the <i>Greeks</i> army.
<i>Therfe that stole the fire,</i>	<i>Prometheus</i> , who stole fire from <i>Jupiter</i> .
<i>Zedechias,</i>	Last King of the <i>Iewes</i> .
<i>Zephyrus,</i>	West or west-winde.
<i>Zeuxis,</i>	A painter of <i>Italy</i> , who, being requir'd to paint the picture of <i>Helen</i> , desired to have all the fairest women of <i>Croton</i> to bee present for his pateme.

FINIS.





LITTLE  
BARTAS:

OR  
Briefe Meditations,

ON  
*The Power, Providence,  
Greatnes, and Goodnes  
of GOD,*

*In the CREATION;  
of the World,  
for Man:*

*Of Man,  
For HIMSELF.*

Translated,  
&  
Dedicated

*To the most Royall Lady  
ELIZABETH,*

by  
IOSEPH SYLVESTER.





TO  
THE MOST ROYALL LADY  
ELIZABETHA,  
*Infanta of England;*  
Princess PALATINE  
of Rhine.

**S**weet Grace of GRACES, Glory of your Age,  
Lustre of VERTUES (Morall and Divine)  
Whose Sacred Raies (already) far out-shine  
your Princely State, your Royall Parentage;  
Heer, to your HIGHNES (with all Good-Presage,  
Congratulating your little PALATINE)  
I consecrate This LITTLE-One of Mine  
To serve Your Self, first; then, Your Son, for Page.  
Your gracious Favours to my former Brood,  
So binde my Thoughts, so bolden my Desires,  
To shew mee gratefull, as I knowe you good;  
That Thus to YOU, This LITTLE Mine aspires:  
Little in Growth; yet of so great a Spirit,  
as (happely) your Graces grace may merit.

To your Highness Service,

Duly and Truly devoted,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.





*Souhais*  
*Royaux & Loyaux.*

*Au Roy.*

**A** Insi, l' *Ancien des Temps*, d'Ans, d'Honneurs, & Bonheurs,  
Comblant ce Chef Royal; couronne voz Labeurs:  
Qui, pour le *Dioict des Roys*, d'un Glaiue tout divin,  
Combattez l' *Antichrist*, & son grand *BELIARMIN*.

*Au Prince Charles.*

**A** Insi le Tout-puissant, de sa main de *PANDORE*,  
Face d'un *Charle-moindre*, un *Charle-magne* encore;  
Qui, suivant *Voz Vertuz*, deriue, perennel,  
Saints-Sages-Preux *STUARTS* au Sceptre paternel.

*Aux Princes Palatins.*

**A** Insi, le Ciel benin de ses *Tresors* benisse,  
L' *Hymen* heureux & saint de *FREDRIC* & d' *ELISE*;  
De sorte, que d' *Iceux*, leurs *Filz* & leurs *Nouveaux*,  
Nous naissent désormais des *EMPEREURS* heureux.

*Aux Anglois & Allemands.*

**A** Insi, *Lions ANGLOIS* & *Aigles* d' *ALLEMAGNE*  
(Triumphants, pour la *Foy*, de *ROME* & de l' *ESPAGNE*)  
Terrassent coup à coup les *Lunes* du *TYRQVOIS*,  
Pour planter tout par tout les *Lauriers* de la *CROIX*.



LITTLE



LITTLE BARTAS.

**I**f wanton Lovers so delight to gaze  
On mortall Beauties brittle little Blaze;  
That, not content with (almost) daily sight  
Of those dear Idols of their Appetite;  
Nor, with th' *Ideas* which th' *Idalian Dart*  
Hath deep imprinted in their yielding heart;  
Nor, with Their *Pictures* (with precisest charge)  
Done by De-Creets, Marcus, or Peak, at large  
(And hang'd of purpose, where they most frequent,  
As *orn fur Chamber's choicest Ornament*)  
They must have *Heliard*, *Isaac*, or *His Sonne*,  
To doo, in Little, what in Large was done;  
That they may ever, ever bear about  
A *Pictures Picture* (for the most, I doubt):  
Much more should Those, whose Soules, in Sacred Love,  
Are rapt with Beautie's *Proto-Type* above  
(Sith, heer, they cannot see th' *ORIGINAL*;  
Nor, in themselves, now, finde his Principall)  
Thurst for Their *Obiect*; and (much less content  
With th' ample *Table of the Firmament*,  
And various *Visage* of this goodly Globe,  
Wherein, they see but (as it were) His Robe  
Embroidered rich, and with Great Works emboss,  
Of Power, of Prudence, and of Goodnes, most;  
Yet, so farre-off, so massy, so immense,  
As over-swaies Their weak Intelligence:  
Or with that lesser *Tablet of their Owne*  
(The *Little-World*, wherein the Great is shewn)  
Which, neer and dear, though still about they beare,  
Such Clouds of Passion are still crowding there,  
That seld or never can they ought perceive  
Of those pure Raies it did at first receive)  
Long for their Long-Home, past the Gates of Grace,  
To see their Love, in Glory, face to face.  
Till when; as will to entertain them heer  
With Prospects fittest Their faint Thoughts to cheer  
(In stead of That Great *Univerfal Table*,  
Made in Six Daies, with Art so admirable;

And,



*And, by My BARTAS, in His Weeks divine,  
So large and lively drawn in every line)  
Du-V AL, and I (too short of Isaac's Art)  
Have Thus Essay'd to play the Lappers part,  
And drawe in little (like a Quintessence)  
That goodly Labours glorious Excellence;  
For ease of Such, whom Publike Charge denies  
Leisure to view so large Varieties:  
And Such, whose Means may not afford their Mindes  
So costly Pleasures of so Gain-les's kindes:  
And (lastly) Such, as, loving BARTAS best,  
Would glad and faine still bear Him in their breast,  
Or in their Bosom, were Hee Pocket-fit,  
As well Hee might; would Printers Gain permis.*

*Now therefore, Thou, All-forming ONLY-TRINE,  
As, in the Large, Thou led'st His Hand and Mine;  
Lend likewise heer Thy gracious Help agen,  
To guide aright my Pencil and my Pen;  
To sute my Colours, sweet my Shadows, so,  
That This my Little, Thy Great Works may shewe.*

*And grant, the while, I bee not like the Hand  
Which at S. Albons, in the Street, doth stand  
Directing Others in the ready Way;  
But, void of minde, it Self behinde doth stay:  
Nor, like a Buoy, which warneth from a Shelf;  
But lies still wallowing in the Sea, it Self.*

**S**upernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings,  
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of All things,  
How infinite! How excellently-rare!  
How absolute Thy wondrous Works they are!  
How-much Their Knowledge is to be desir'd!  
How, THOV, in All, to be of All admir'd!

Thy glorious Powr so suits thy gracious Will:  
Thy soverain Wisdom meets thy Goodnes still:  
Thy Word effects thy Work; and, void of Pain,  
Turns round the Heav'ns, and doth the Earth sustain.

Thy Spirit, infallible and infinite,  
Filling the World (yet not contain'd in it)  
By Powr and Presence, all, in All things dwels;  
In Essence though, the Heav'n of Heav'ns excels,  
Eternally, before All Form began,  
Thou, onely G O D, wert in Thy-self, even than,  
As absolute, as after all the Term  
Of All thy Works: They, Changefull All; Thou firm.

The Revolution of This ample All,  
Heav'ns height, Starres light, the Oceans flood and fall,  
To all Mankinde, in som kinde, make Thee known;  
But add not Thee more Glory to Thine Owne.

To

To make a World, or marr it, Thou art free.  
All coms and goes by Thy divine Decree.  
Thou, at Thy pleasure, hast made All of Nought:  
All, at Thy pleasure, shall to Nought bee brought.  
Thy Name is (right) I A M: for, without Thee,  
Is None: all Beings of Thy BEING bee:

All perfect Unity, proper Existence,  
Is onely found in Thine owne sacred Essence.

Although the World a goodly Peece appeer,  
T hath, to Thy Greannes, no Proportion neer:  
T is but a Point to Thine immense Infinity.

Then, what (alas!) is Man to Thy DIVINITY?

Yet, hast thou Him a Tongue and Reason giv'n;  
And Eyes erected towards Thy glittering Heav'n,  
To read and ruminare Thy Wonders there;  
And afterwards proclaim them every-where.

The Heav'ns declare Thy Glory, and they preach  
To Man, Thy Works, Thine Excellence in Each:  
The Elements accorded Discords sound  
How good for vs thy goodly Works are found.

The radiant Stars, in their eternall Sway,  
Th' alternate Changes of the Night and Day,  
The birth of Beasts, the growth of Plants, each hour,  
Teach every where Thy Providence and Powr.

From THEE, the Sun receives his Beauty bright,  
And Soverain Rule of Each celestiall Light;  
Whose Yearly Course, in certain Circuiting,  
Makes Winter, Sommer, Autumn, and the Spring.

Bee't cloudy, cleer, Eclipse, or Night, or Day;  
His lovely brows are equi-lucent ay:  
And, whether swift or soft Hee seem to wend,  
His Speed is such, Wee cannot comprehend.

Though vs Hee Warm, yet is Himself not hot:  
Though red, or pale, Hee seem, yet is Hee not:  
Though small to vs; His Orb is eight-score times  
And six, as big as All our Earthly Climes.

Did not Hee draw moist Vapours from belowe,  
To drench our Fields; heer, nothing green would growe:  
Did not Hee dry excessive Showrs again,  
Wee could not sowe, nor mowe; our Grass, nor Grain.

Thou, Lord, by Him, work'st all this Alteration;  
And causest so All Creatures generation:  
Prankest the Earth in diverse-Flowred hew;  
And Yearly, almost, mak'st the World anew.

Thou hast dispos'd His oblique Body so,  
That, Rise hee, Set hee; bee hee High, or Lowe;  
His Noon's perpetuall: and hee makes at-once

Day, Night; Summer; Winter; frying, freezing Zones.

When



When loweto Vs, to Others hee is hie;  
When Others see not, Wee behold his Eie;  
When heer hee Sets, hee Rises other-where;  
When heer direct, hee looketh glancing there.

When som, in Summer, hear sweet Nightingales,  
Then som, in Winter, hear but blustering Gales:  
Som see but Buds, when som supply their Granges:  
Each-where, the Sun thus Seasons contre-changes.

When heer, there springs both leaf and grass together,  
Else-where the Meads doo hang their heads, and wither:  
So, in their turns, so in their times, hee measures  
His Gifts to all; and all partake his Treasures.

In brief: each change of short, long; Day and Night;  
Of Seasons, Times, Turns, and Returns of Light;  
Which, in a whole Yeer, every-where hee forms;  
That, in the whole *World*, daily Hee performs.

So that, drad Lord, were not Thy sacred Lore,  
Man, above All, would likely Him adore  
(As som have don); but Supreme Reason shoves,  
That all His Glory vnto Thine hee owes.

Things finite have Beginning and Beginner:  
Things mov'd, a Mover (as, the wheel, the Spinner);  
Effects, their small Cause; and (formally)  
Elder then Time, Nature or Faculty.

Even *Thou*, the Cause of Causes: Source of All:  
*First and Last, Mover: Prime, and Principall:*

Infallible, inviolable, infensible;  
All *Self-comprising*, else incomprehensible:

Immense, Immortall, absolute Infinity,  
Omnipotent, Omniscient *DIVINITY*.

Even *THEE*, in Whom alone begins all Good,  
And all returns into thy bound-less Flood.

By Order then of thy Decrees divine,  
Th' hast set the *Sun* o'r all the *World* to shine;  
And (as the Subjects lightly suit their King)  
With His fair Light, t' enlighten every thing.

His goodly Face, th' vngodly ever fly,  
Seeking for *Night*'s black horrid Canapy  
To cover Theft, Rape, Incest, Murder too,  
And all foul *Sinnes*; which, in the Dark, they doo.

By Him, *Wee see Thy Works* in their Propriety;  
Discern their Beauties, learn their vast variety:  
Where, without Him, the *World* would all return  
To th' old first *CHAOS*, or in Blindnes mourn.

By Him, *Wee calculate* our Grandfires Dates,  
Th' Increase of Kingdoms, and Decay of States:  
By Him, Thou measur'st, Lord, to Vs and Ours,  
Yees, Ages, Seasons, Months, Daies, Minutes, Hours.

All

All Wits admire th' immense and wondrous way  
His great bright Body circuits every Day:  
The more his Orb is from the Centre far,  
The longer Daily his great Iournies are.

Besides his Daily Course, his Coursers drive  
One of three hundred threescore Daies and five,  
Five Hours, three Quarters: of which Over-plus,  
In every fourth Year, growes a Day with vs.

Yet, who so would the Year exactly rate,  
In five-score-five Years, must one Leap abate;  
And, in threescore, for th' Error ready past,  
Should no Bissextile in our Books bee plac't.

But, though Wee erre, Hee never errs at all:  
Nor, since Thou didst Him in his State install,  
Hath Hee mist Moment of the Task hee ought;  
Though hee have seen Men fail and fall so oft.

Above all Creatures, Hee retains, of Thee,  
Som-thing conform to Thine *Eternity*:  
For, though Hee see our hourly Changes heer,  
His Light and Beauty still the same appeer.

How many Changes hath Hee seen on Earth!  
Kings, Kingdoms, States; their Buriall, and their Birth;  
Rising and Falling of triumphant Races;  
Raising and Razing of renowned Places:

How often hath Hee seen Empires revert?  
Rich Cities sackt: Rare Common-weals disperst:  
Fields turn'd to Floods, and Seas return'd to Sands,  
While steadfast Hee between his Tropiks stands:

Him, just betwixt Six Wand'ers hast Thou plac't,  
Which prance about Him with vnequall haste:  
All which, without Him, could no Light reflect,  
As is apparant by the Moons Defect.

By His Aspect, her Owne shee daily makes:  
Shee, Wax-less, Wane-less, doth both wane and wax:  
And, though to Vs Shee seem a Semi-Ray,  
Her full round Face doth never fall away.

By His fair Beams, as well by Day as Night,  
The full whole Half of Her thick Orb is bright:  
And, as Shee draws neer or far-off from Him;  
So, more or less, Our Half is cleer or dim.

Her vpper Half is full in her Coition,  
Her lower Half is in her Opposition:  
Her other Quarters other Forms expresse;  
And, vp or down-ward, shew Her, more or less.

When Wee see little, then the Heav'ns have store:  
When Heav'ns see little, then have Wee thee more:  
Neerer the Sun, the lesse Shee seems in sight;  
Turning her Horn still to her Opposite.

Xxx

At



At Even, Increasing, Shee the Sun succeeds;  
At Morn, Decreasing, Shee his Car preceeds:  
So that, each Month the Sun environs Her,  
On every side His Splendor to confer.

Her silver Light then onely faileth her  
When th' Earth's between Them (in Diameter):  
Which Masks her Beauty, with a sable Cloud,  
From Sight of Him, her Brother Golden-browd.

Good Lord, what changes doost Thou work by These  
Varieties; in Air, in Earth, and Seas!  
Fair, or foul Weather; Winde, or Wet, or Thunder;  
To dry, or drip; or cool, or warm Heer-vnder.

If Shee but smile the fourth day, 'twill bee fair:  
If then Shee blush, wee shall have blustering air:  
If then her brows bee muffled with a Frown,  
Most of that Month shall sad Tears trickle down.

Thus doth the Vigour of the Signs superiour  
Rule in the Vertues of these things inferiour:  
But All are govern'd by Thy soverain Might:  
O! happy Hee who vnderstands it right.

Thrice happy Hee, who sees Thee every-where;  
In Heav'n and Earth, in Water, Fire, and Air:  
Who, due admiring Thy wise Works (of Yore)  
Thee above All, Thee onely, doth adore.

Who knowes Thee so, so needs must love Thee too;  
And, with his Will, Thy sacred Will would doo;  
Still lifts his Eyes to Heav'n-ward, to contempe  
The stately Wonders of Thy starry Temple:

Admires the set and measur'd Dance of Thine  
All-clasping Palace, azure-crystalline,  
Rare-rich-imboist with glittering studs of Gold;  
And, more admires, the more hee doth behold.

'T's a wondrous thing to see That mighty Mound,  
Hinge-lesse and Ax-lesse, turn so swiftly round;  
And th' heavy Earth, prop-lesse (though downward tending)  
Self-counter-poiz'd, 'mid the soft Air suspending.

On th' ample Surface of whose massie Ball,  
Men (round about) doo trample over all,  
Foot against Foot, though still (O strange Effect!)  
Their Faces all bee towards Heav'n erect.

Those dwelling vnder th' Equinoctiall, they  
Have, all the Year long, equall Night and Day:  
Those neer the Tropiks, have them more vn-even;  
The more, the more that they are Nor-ward driven.

But Those, whose Tents to either Pole are neer,  
Have but One Night, and One Day, in a yeer.  
Yet All well compact by due ruled Rite,  
Neither, then other, hath more Dark or Light.

Thus have thy Works, O All-Disposing Deity,  
Somewhat conform, for all their great variety:  
Which Harmony, amid so diverse things,  
In All, aloud Thy wondrous Wisdom rings.

But, specially, wee wonder at the Place  
Which hee thou hast bestow'd on Adams race:  
To see our selves set on so Round a Ball,  
So firmly hangd just in the midst of all.

For, This our Globe hangs Prop-lesse in the Air;  
Yet, but thy Self, can nothing shake or sway her:  
No roaring Storm, nor rumbling Violence,  
Can move the Centre's sad Circumference.

Which, who should oppose in Disputation,  
Might bee convinc't by easie Demonstration:  
So far doo they from Sense and Reason erre,  
Who think the Heav'ns stand, and the Earth doth stir.

The Parts and Whole of same-kinde bodies, have  
Same or like Motions; bee they light, or grave;  
Vpward, or downward; round, or overthwart:  
Needs must the Torall move as doth his Part.

So, if wee see the Sunne and Moon to veer;  
Their ample Heav'ns have even the like Career:  
But, who hath seen a Selfy-turning Stone?  
How then should Earth turn her whole lump alone?

Let's therefore, boldly, with old Truth, affirm,  
That th' Earth remains ynnmoveable and firm:  
And (if wee credit the Geometer)  
Three thousand leagues is her Diameter:

This Measure of her vast thick Depth, is found  
By th' admirable Compass of her Round;  
Which hath, by Test of Arts Experiments,  
More then nine thousand leagues Circumference.

Yet, learned Mappists, on a Paper small,  
Draw (in Abbridgement) the whole Type of All;  
And, in their Chamber (paine-lesse, peril-lesse)  
See, in an hour, and circuit, Land and Seas.

This mighty Globe is but a Point, compar'd  
With th' vpper Globe: yet on this Point are shar'd  
Millions of millions of Man-kinde, which plow  
With Keel and Coulstar its Twin Back and Brow.

Man, placed thus, in This Mid-Point, so even,  
Sees alwaies Half of God's great Hall of Heav'n:  
Th' other's beneath him; yet abides not there,  
But in a Day doth to him all appear.

Ah, Sovrain Artist! O how few of vs  
Knowe right the Place where Thou hast plac't vs thus!  
Alas! how many knowe not, to what end  
Thy gracious Wisdom did them hither send!



Yet, giving Man a quick Intelligence,  
Thou sett'st him just in the World's Midst; that, thence  
Seeing thy Wonders round about him so,  
Knowing himself, hee might Thee better knowe.

By th' vsuall Circuit of the Heav'nly Ball,  
The Stars appear vnto vs (almost) all;  
That Wee, in time, observing all their Figures,  
Might contemplate their Courses, Natures, Vigors.

To view the Stars, is honest Recreation:  
To search their Course, deserveth Commendation;  
So wee beware, with some presuming Sects  
To pick things future out of their Aspects.

Wee must renounce That Errors patronage,  
That what som Dreamers by our Births presage,  
Must needs betide vs, tying to their Lawes  
Our nature, govern'd by a Higher Cause.

Perhaps the Signes some inclination bring,  
Inducing hearts to som Affectioning:  
But, by Gods grace, well may wee vary that;  
As, never forc't by necessary Fate.

For, sure if Man, by strong Necessity,  
Doo any Ill, ill meriteth not Hee:  
Did Stars constrain vs; neither Vertue, then,  
Nor Vice, were worth Praise or Reproof in Men.

If any way the Will of Man bee free,  
On These Effects what Iudgement's ground can bee?  
What Certainty can from the Stars bee knowne  
Of Weal, or Woe, Life, Death, or Thrall, or Throne?

When Kings are born, many are born beside:  
Must all bee Destin'd to bee Kings, that tide?  
Oft, many at-once are hangd, or drown'd, or slain:  
Did all at-once their groaning Mothers pain?

Who can conceive, that such or such Aspect  
Is good, or bad; boads Life, or Deaths Effect?  
Who can produce so sure Prognostications  
Of our frail Life, so full of Alterations?

Certain 's that Art which shewes the daily Course  
Of restless Stars, their influence and force:  
But, Divination 's an vncertain Skill,  
Full of fond Errour, false, and failing still.

What booteth, Lord, our humblest Vowes to Thee,  
Were their Conclusions certain Verity?  
Disastrous Fate would mate vs with Despair,  
And frustrate all religious Faith and Praier.

Were it their Sayings were right certain true,  
Then, of necessity must all ensue:  
But, if Events their Verdicts often thwart,  
False is their Aim, and fallible their Art.

Observe

Observe the Works those subtle Authors write,  
Th' are so ambiguous, or so false out-right,  
That if somtimes som Truth they chance to hit,  
They 'll counterpoiz a hundred lies for it.

Too-busie-bold with Thee, Lord, they presume;  
And to themselves Thine Office they assume,  
Who, by Star-gazing, or ought else belowe,  
Dare arrogate the Future to fore-knowe.

Wee hardly see what hangeth at our Eies:  
How should wee read the Secrets of the Skies?  
None knowes, To-morrow what betide him shall:  
How then fore-tell Yeers Fortunes yer they fall?

Then leave wee All to G o d's high Providence;  
Not list'ning for To-morrow-Daies Events:  
Better then Wee, Hee knowes what's meet to send.  
Then fear wee nothing, but Him to offend.

O! Thou All-knower! Nothing more doth thrust  
Proud Man from Thee, then This Ambitious Lust  
Of knowing All: for, by that Arrogance,  
Instead of Knowledge, got Hee Ignorance.

Man nothing knowes, nor nothing comprehends,  
But by the Power which Thy pure Spirit him lends.  
If then, Thy Wisdom have so bounded His,  
Why would Hee hold more then His Measure is?

Let's humbly stoop our Wits, with all Sincerity,  
Vnto Thy Word: there let vs seek the Verity:  
And all Predictions that arise not Thence,  
Let vs reject for impious Insolence.

Let vs repute all Divination vain,  
Which is derived from mans fuming brain,  
By Lots, by Characters, or Chyromancy;  
By Birds, or Beasts, or damned Necromancy.

Let's also flee the furious-curious Spell  
Of those Black-Artists that consult with Hell  
To finde things lost; and Pluto's help invoke  
For hoorded Gold, where oft they finde but smoke.

Hee's fond that thinks Fiends in his Ring to coop,  
Or in a knife them by a Charm to hoop.  
Such as have try'd those Courses, for the most,  
Have felt in fine Their malice, to their cost.

Woe, woe to Them that leave the living G o d,  
To follow Fiends, and Montibanks abroad;  
Seeking, for Light, dark, dreaming Sorceries;  
And, for the Truth, th' erroneous Prince of Lies.

Condemning therefore all pernicious Arts,  
Let's bee contented with our proper Parts:  
Let's meekly seek what may bee safely knowne,  
Without vsurping G o d's peculiar Owne.

Xxx 3

W' have



W' have Stuff enough (besides) our time to spend;  
And Our short life can hardly comprehend  
The half of half the Wonders licenst vs  
To search, and knowe, and soberly discufs.

The smallest Garden vsually contains  
Roots, Fruits and Flowrs, sufficient for the pains  
Of one man's life, their natures to desery:  
When will hee knowe all Creatures property?

Earth's but a Point, compar'd to th' vpper Globe:  
Yet, who hath seen but half her vtter Robe,  
Omitting All her Inwards, All her Water?  
When shall wee then see All this vast Theater?

What hee wee see, wee see, is Exquisite:  
What's This to That so far above our Sight?  
Excelling fair, what to our Ey is sensible:  
Even to our Soule, the rest's incomprehensible.

Who then can vaunt himself Omniscient?  
More, then All, sin-lesse, Pure and Innocent?  
As none's all-guileless in thy glorious Eyes,  
Ther's none all-knowing thy high Mysteries.

Yet must wee praise and glorifie thee fit,  
For that wee knowe; and for our good by it:  
There is no Pleasure can bee comparable  
To Contemplation of Thy Wondrous Table.

Thereon the more wee muse, the more wee may;  
So our Delight, Desire increaseth ay  
Of finding Thee: and that divine Desire,  
Calming our Cares, quencherh our fleshly Fire.

All other Pleasures have Displeasures mixt:  
Ioyes meet Annoyes, and Smiles have Tears betwixt:  
Yea, all Delights of Earth have ever been  
Fellow'd or follow'd, by som tragick Teen.

But, Who of Thee, and Thine, contemplates ever,  
Scapes all the Fits of th' hot-cold cruell Fever  
Of Fear, of Love, of Avarice, Ambition,  
Which haunts all others, with finall Intermission.

Man, labour-lesse, receives a rare Delight,  
When hee observes the settled Order right,  
Whereby all Creatures (with, or wanting, Sense)  
Subsist, through thine Vnchanging Providence.

What more Content can Wee have heere belowe,  
More high, more happy? then, but This to knowe  
(This certain Sum) That, when This World began,  
Thou mad'st Man for Thy-Self, and All for Man.

Th' Horse was not made to glorifie thy Name,  
Nor th' Elephant to magnifie the same:  
Man, onely Man, hath memory, voice, and wit  
To sing thy Praise, and sound thy Glory, fit.

And

And, to serve Thee, as Hee is sole ordain'd;  
So, to serve Him, Thou hast the rest derrain'd:  
All things that flee, that walk, that craul, or swim,  
Yea, Heav'n and Earth, and All, are vow'd to Him.  
For Him, the Earth yeelds Herbs, Trees, Fruits & Flowrs,  
(To sundry purpose, and of sundry powrs)  
Corn of all kindes, in Vallies far and wide  
(For Bread and Drink) and dainty Vines beside.

For Him, the Rocks a thousand Rivers gush:  
Heer, rousing Brooks; There, silver Torrents rush;  
Indenting Meads and Pastures, as they pass,  
Whose smiling Pride peeps in their liquid Glas.

For Him, the Mountains, Downs and Forrests, breed  
Buffs, Beefs, Sheep, Venzon, and the lusty Steed  
To bear him bravely thorough thick and thin;  
And filly Worms, his Silken Robes to spin.

For Him, the Bullock bears his painfull Yoak:  
For Him, the Weather wears his curled Cloak:  
For Him, the Birds their brooding-chambers build:  
For Him, the Bees their Wax and Hunny yeeld.

For Him, the Sea doth many millions nurse;  
With whom, the Air helps both his panch and purse:  
The Fire's His Cook, to dress th' abundant Cheer  
Which Air, and Sea, and Earth, doo furnish heere.

Yea, Dragons, Serpents, Vipers venomous,  
Have Fel, Fat, Blood; or somewhat good for vs;  
In Leprosie, or Lunacie, apply'd:  
And Triacle is also hence supply'd.

Hee (briefly) Hee hath vie of all that is;  
Winnes the most savage of the Savages:  
None so fierce Lion, but to tame hee wons;  
Nor Elephant so high, but that hee mounts;  
And makes, besides, of his huge Bones and Teeth,  
Hasts, Boxes, Combs; and more then many see'th.

Nay, more: for Him, the fell *Monocerate*,  
Bears on his Brow a soverain *Antidote*.

Yea, many soverain Remedies Hee findes,  
For sundry Grieffs, in Creatures of All kindes.  
All (in a word) Wilde and Domestick too,  
Som way or other, Him som service doo.

For Food, Hee hath the Flesh of Beasts and Birds:  
For Clothes, the Fleece, the Hair and Hide of Heards:  
For House, each Quarr, and every Forrest, offers:  
For Metalls, Mines furnish his Camp and Coffers.

For Him, the jarring Elements agree:  
Fire cleers the Air: Air sweeps the Earth, wee see:  
Earth bears the Water: Water (moistly-milde)  
Cools Fire, calms Air, and gets the Earth with-childe.

So,



So, All is made for Man ; and Man, for Thee :  
To love, and serve and laud Thy Majesty ;  
Thee above All, Thee onely, to obay ;  
With Thankfull Soule walking Thy sacred Way.

This doth Hee well, that yeelds his Will to Thine ;  
Full of Desires, if not of Deeds, divine :  
Striving to stoop, vnder the Spirits Awe,  
The members stubborn and rebellious Lawe.

For, Man consists of discordant accords  
(What the great World, the little World affords,  
There Heav'n and Earth ; Heer Earth and Heav'n ther are ;  
There War and Peace ; Heer also Peace and War).

Hee hath a Heav'nly Soule, an Earthly Sheath :  
That, soars above : This, ever pores beneath :  
That, lightly-winged, All Creatures comprehends ;  
This, leaden-heel'd, but to Corruption tends.

The Spirit oft against the Flesh doth fight ;  
And sometimes, vanquish't by his Opposite,  
Is carried Captive with the most Dishonor,  
After his Foe ; and for'g't to wait vpon-her ;

Till rouz'd again, and rais'd by Thy Grace,  
His striving Will recovers wonted place ;  
With better Watch, and braver Resolution,  
To stand it out, vntill his Dissolution.

Surveying then both Heav'n and Earth about,  
He bringeth in, what hee hath seen without ;  
And, marking well th' Effects of natures visible,  
Ascends by those vnto their Cause invisible.

For, but two Organs hath our Soule, whereby  
To finde and knowe th' eternall Majesty :  
*Faith*, which beleeveth the sacred Word of G O D ;  
And *Reason*, reading all His Works abroad.

Those Wonders send vs, to their Author, over ;  
Those certain Motions, to their certain Mover :  
Then *Faith* conducts vs, where our *Reason* leaves ;  
And, what th' Ey sees not, That our *Faith* conceives.

*Faith*, firm and lively, doth our Soules perswade,  
That, Thy high Powr, of Nothing, All hath made :  
Thine E S S E N C E is Eternally-Divine :  
The World Beginning had, and shall have Fine.

Wee must not say, *Of Nought is formed Nought*  
(Although to Man it may bee justly brought).  
Th' eternall Spirit can All, of Nought, produce ;  
And instantly, to Nothing, All reduce.

Nor may wee ask, *What th' Eternall-One,*  
*That (space-less Space, could finde to doo alone.*  
His T H R E E - O N E - Self to knowe and to partake,  
Is (Count-less) more then Thousand Worlds to make.

A passing Artist is no less Compleat,  
Then in Composure, in his rare Conceit :  
For, in the Knowledge, Art's perfection lies ;  
And, *Works* defer'd vail not the *Work-mans* Prize.

The Minde's not idle, though the Hand awhile  
Vse neither Pen, Pencil, nor Gouge, nor File.  
The Minde's before the Work ; and works within ;  
Vpon th' *Idea*, yet the Deed begin.

Would wee not say, the World were God indeed,  
If from no other it did first proceed ?  
*Eternall*, onely is G O D's proper tearm ;  
Alone preceeding Time, exceeding Term.

The World supports not Thee, nor Thee supplies :  
Thou doost Thy-Self sustain, Thy-Self suffice :  
And grossly erres who-ever shall suppose,  
Thee, Infinite, within a World to close.

And, as wee may not match the Heav'n's Extense  
Vnto Thy Circle, infinite, immense :  
No more may wee, to Thine Eternal-Age,  
Compare the World's short, brittle Little Age,

Before All Time, Thou, *Everlasting-One*,  
Decreedst in time, to make the Sun and Moone.  
The World's few Dayes and ill (with little cumber)  
Thy sacred Book will teach vs soon to number.

What Book, what Brass, what Marble, ought can shewe  
But of an hundred-Thousand Yeers ago ?  
Had Man been Heer, from an eternall Line,  
Heer must have been (sure) som perpetuall Signe :

Of Years, Millions of Millions must have past  
From th' end-less Clue of th' eternall-Vast :  
In all these Yeers, of all that did survive,  
Of all their Acts, could None to Vs arrive ?

Wee hear (and often) of the *Babylonians*,  
*Medes*, *Persians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Macedonians* :  
But, Where's the Nation, Whose Renowned Glory  
Hath liv'd a hundred-thousand Yeers in Story ?

Seek All (*Greek*, *Latin*, *Hebrew*) Authors, round,  
Of All, will M O S E S bee the Senior found.  
Who (to His Times) in expresse tearms hath cast  
Th' age of the World, with the *Descents* that past.

Now, from His Daies to Ours, what Yeers amount,  
Wee may with ease within few Hours account ;  
And, adding Both, soon by the Total, finde  
Th' age of the World, and of Our crooked Kinde.

Five thousand yeers, five hundred, forty eight,  
This Year are past ; since first This World took Date :  
Since all the Heav'ns, Fire, Water, Air and Earth,  
Had, by thy W O R D, their Being, and their Birth.

Then



Then was the *Heav'n's* azure *Pavilion* spread,  
And with *Spur-Royalls* spangled over head :  
Then those *Twin-Princes*, with their Train of *Light*,  
Began their Kingdoms over Day and Night.  
Then was the Air, the Earth and Sea, repleat  
With Birds and Beasts, and Fishes, small and great :  
With Plants, and Trees, and Fruits ; each yeelding seed  
To propagate their Kindes that should succeed.

Then (lastly) *Man*, thy *Master-Piece* of Art,  
Thou didst appoint to His Imperiall Part ;  
Innobling Him with *Sense* and *Reason's* Light,  
And in his *Soule*, graving *Thine Image* right :

Gav'st Him *Possession* of this Earthly Throne,  
And gracious *Promise* of the Heav'nly One :  
Immortall Soule, thou daign'dst him to inspire,  
Equall (almost) to thine Owne Heav'nly-Quire.

And, as Thy Spirit all other Spirits excels  
(Angell, or other that in Body dwells) :  
So doth his Body all else Bodies passe  
For comely Form, and for Majestike Face.

All Creatures else lowe on the ground doo pore,  
And groveling feed : but (as was toucht before)  
Man hath an *Upright* and a stately *Stature*,  
With head aloft, agreeing to his nature ;

Which, properly, is to behold the Skies,  
To lift to Thee his Heart, his Hand, his Eies :  
And by his Soule's discursive powr to peiz  
Things past, and present, and of future daies.

For, onely Man can measure, number, waigh ;  
True, False, Good, Evill ; knowe, cast, sound, surway.  
Man onely hath an in-reflecting Knowledge  
Of his owne Self (from Natures onely *Colledge*) :

Knowes his owne fact, his form, his load, his strength ;  
Knowes that hee lives, knowes hee must dy (at length) :  
And, that a ruled sober life, and sage,  
Preserves his Health, and may prolong his Age :

Knowes how to finde ease in his owne Disease ;  
And, if need bee, his Neighbour to appease :  
And, for himself and others, make, of Flowrs  
Fruits, Herbs and Roots, Vngvents of passing powrs.

But, none so powrfull (when his Term is spent)  
As can his Owne or others death prevent :  
For, Our short Date (*Childe-age*, or *Wilde-age*) ends ;  
And now but seldom to *Old-age* extends.

Yet, what is *Old-age* to ETERNITY ?  
To Man, expecting IMMORTALITY,  
What is't to live som Three or Fourscore Year ;  
Or yet Ten more (in Languor) linger heer :

of

Of all our Time-past, vnderneath the Sunne,  
Nothing remains, save Good or Evill done :  
Hundreds of Yeers, once past, are less (in Sum)  
Then a few Daies, or a few Hours to-come.  
Then a few Truth, of Times three-pointed Powrs,  
For, to say Truth, of Times three-pointed Powrs,  
Onely the Present (instant) Point is ours.

W'have, of the Past, but vain Imagination ;  
Of that To-com, but doubtfull Expectation.  
But, to th' Eternall, are All Times, alike  
Instant ; and present, Dead as well as Quick :

As is To-Day with Thee : Lord, in Thy Sight,  
Both Past and Future are even equall bright.  
Though in Times Terms the Heav'n's revolved bee ;  
A Thousand Yeers are but One Day with Thee :

And shortest Moment of One onely Day  
With Thee is as a Thousand Yeers (for ay).  
But, Our set Daies, to vs, are long, or short ;  
As them, good Accidents, or bad, consort :

Sobriety and Peace prolong our Life :  
Which is abbridg'd by Surfet and by Strife.  
Excess, or Cares, now, so cut-off our lives,  
That, of a thousand, not a man arrives

Neer to the Tythe of the admired Age  
Of those that liv'd in Natures *Pupillage* ;  
Eight hundred Yeers ; nine hundred, som ; som, more ;  
In Minde and Body, full of Natures storr ;

To stock the Earth with Issue rationally,  
And learn the Course of Heav'n's Star-spangled Ball :  
Which, first of all, Their long observance found :  
Then, by degrees, they taught their Heirs the ground :

And Wee, from Them (so eas'd of end-less pain)  
Derive that Art, Wee could not else attain.  
In their long Age they learn'd Heav'n's full Careers  
(Not to bee compast in our Span of Yeers)

Whence, One of them might in his life knowe more,  
Then, in our Daies, successively, a score.  
Of Their so long Age who so doubtfull is,  
Let him but look in sacred *Genesis* :

Where *Moses* mentions divers famous men  
So old ; and shewes their Yeers as ours were then.  
Th' all-drowning Flood-year did twelve Months contain,  
And every Month did his due Daies retain :

Which made vp one Yeer of that *Patriarch*,  
Who liv'd seav'n fifties, having left the *Ark* ;  
And was Six hundred when hee came aboard :  
Teaching his Sons his wondrous Skill, by word.  
See, see, (alas !) how our vnhappy Life  
Is now abbridg'd, and charg'd with Mischiefs rife.

Had



Had we not pleasure in thy Works, O GOD,  
Soon must wee sink vnder the heauie Load  
Of Cares and Crosses (in a thousand things)  
Which this, our wretched, sad, short, Way-fare brings.

O ! let vs therefore bend our best and most  
To magnifie Thee, Lord, in Allthine Host :  
And so, contemplating all thy Goodnes giv'n,  
With true Content, begin (in Earth) our Heav'n.

Man, knowing Thee, knowes all that can bee known :  
And, having Thee, hath all that is, his Owne :  
To long for Thee, is endless Ioy, internall :  
Dispos'd to Thee, to Dy, is Life Eternall.

Nor knowing Thee ; to Live, is daily Dying :  
To rest without Thee, is continuall Flying :  
But all extreames of Torments passing measure,  
In Thee, and for Thee, are exceeding Pleasure.

Yet, no man ought to offer wilfull Force  
To his owne Self ; nor his owne Soule divorce :  
But patiently attend Thy cheerfull Call ;  
Then, to Thy hands gladly surrender all.

Nor may Wee ween our Soules (as Beasts) to Dy ;  
And with our Bodies Vanish vtterly :  
Death's but a Passage from a Life of Pains,  
Vnto a Life where death-less Ioy remains.

We have, after Death, another Life to see :  
As, after Storms, a calm and quiet Lee :  
As, after Sicknes, Health : as, after Durance,  
Sweet Liberty, with Safety and Assurance.

Two Contraries, oppos'd, in their Extream,  
Have This vnfailling Property in them ;  
That th' One's *Privation* is the others *End* :  
So, Death, concluding, doth our Life commence.

For, on each-other, Contraries depend,  
Chain'd (as it were) vnto each others End :  
Day after Night : Attonement after Strife :  
And, after mortall Death, immortall Life.

Our Soule's immortall then (wee must infer-it)  
Having beginning of th' Immortall Spirit :  
And they are brute (as Beasts) that doo contend,  
That with our Bodies, Soules for ever end.

If there bee GOD immortall, All-scient,  
All-mighty, just, benign, benevolent ;  
Where were his Wisdom, Goodnes, Iustice, Power,  
If Vice Hee damn not, nor give Vertue Dower ?

Heer, for the most, the Godly suffer still :  
Th' Vngodly heer have most the Winde at Will :  
Shall they not one-day change their Difference ?  
And one-day look for Diverse Recompence ?

Heer.

Heer, Proud, Rich, Mighty, Meek, Poor, Weak, opp-ess :  
Lions kill Lambes ; Fox strips the Fatherless :

O ! is there not another Life imperible,  
Sweet, to the Guiltless, to the Guilty, Terrible ?

Who, for Thy sake, their Liues haue sacrific'd,  
In all the Torments Tyrants haue devis'd ;

O ! how vnhappy were They, were there not  
Crowns kept with Thee, for their Eternall Lot !

Then were We Beasts, or worse then Beasts, indeed :  
For He were best that could the worst exceed.

Then, *Let vs eat, drink, dally*, might We say :  
If, after This, there were no Shot to pay.

But leaving now that Song of *Sensuality*,  
Beleeue we firm our blessed *Immortality* ;  
Blessed for Those, that, in Perseverance,  
To Thee alone (Lord) their whole Hopes advance.

Blessed for Those, who, in sincere Humility,  
Acknowledging, as knowing their Debility ;  
Through th' old Corruption of all *Adams* race :  
Them-selues distrusting, only trust Thy *Grace*.

Thou, Lord (alas ! ) know'st all our Imperfections,  
Our vain Desires, our mutable Affections,  
How prone we are to fall ; how Wilde, how Wood,  
Pursuing Evill, and eschewing Good.

Th' incessant Sway of our continuall Ill,  
Requires the Grace of thy prevention still ;  
And th' odious Fruits our Nature wons to breed,  
Lord, of Thy Mercies haue continuall need.

Of frailty therefore, when our foot shall slip,  
Or sway, or stray, or turn-awry, or trip ;  
Yer flar We fall, vouchsafe thy helping hand,  
To raise vs then ; and make vs, after, stand.

For, without Thee, our Force is Feebleness ;  
Our Wisdome Folly ; Will is Waywardness :  
Our Knowledge, Ignorance ; our Hope Despaire :  
Our Faith but Phansie, and our All but Aire.

Without Thee, Lord, meet Idols are we all ;  
We haue Eyes, but see not : Feet, but cannot crawl :  
Ears, but we hear not : Senses with-out Sense :  
Soules with-out Soule, with-out Intelligence.

Without Thee, all our Counsailes and Designes  
Are but as Chasse before the boysterous Windes ;  
Our Preparations quickly come to nought ;  
Our Enterprises vanish with a Thought.

Without Thee, boot neither our Foot, nor Horse ;  
From Thee alone all things deriue their force :  
Thou only givest Vertue, Wisdome, Wealth,  
Peace, Honour, Courage, Victory, and Health.

Yyy

Thou



Thou holdest the hearts of Princes in thy hand:  
Their Strength and State is all at thy Command:  
No Chance of Warre, no Power, no Policie;  
But, Changeless, Thou giv'st Losse, or Victory.

By Thee *Kings* reign; bound, equally to all  
To waigh iust Iustice, both to Great and Small;  
To reach the good their Sceptre's helpfull Vigour;  
And teach the Lewd their Swords severest Rigour.

Who Them reiect, or Their iust Lawes repugne;  
Thine Honor, and Thine Ordinance impugne.  
They owe their Subiects, Iustice and Defence;  
Their Subiects Them, Honor, Obedience.

Each ought to pay Them (in degree, and manner)  
Tribute, where Tribute; Honor, to whom Honor;  
And, to their People, They their best Protection,  
And Each his Owne; without mis-fond Affection:

And think themselves (the while) thy Subiects too,  
And bound the more thy sacred Lore to doo:  
To shew the more Their Vertues Excellence,  
The more their Charge is, and their Eminence.

Iustice due Dooms slackly to execute,  
Makes some Disloyall, others Dissolute:  
Some too-outrageous, in Wrongs greediness,  
Others (on th' other side) in all Excess.

T' hath oft been seen (*and in Our Times and Climes*)  
Good Princes smart for wicked Peoples Crimes:  
And sometimes also for their Princes Sin,  
Subiects are plagued outward and within.

But, O! how highly happy is the Land  
Where a iust Prince doth Prudently command!  
And where the People in a Loue-bred Awe,  
Pay willing Service, and Obey the Lawe.

O happy! both, People and Prince (in fine)  
Where both obey Thy sacred Lawes divine:  
Who gratefully vsing Blessings great and small;  
Acknowledge Thee Owner and Lord of All.

Of Thee, in Fee, all Princes of the Earth  
Hold their Estates, Goods, Honors, Being, Birth;  
And, without Thee, can neither keep, nor get,  
Least point of Honour, nor of Earth least bit.

Their *Arcenals*, without Thee are but vain,  
Their Hoords of Treasure, and their Heaps of Grain:  
'Tis vaine, without Thee, to asse in Force  
Of Men, Munition, Champions, Chariots, Horse.

Without Thee, Order is disorderd soon,  
Valour soon vanquish'd, Policy undone,  
Number but Cumber: and a multitude  
Of beaten Souldiers, beaten by few rude.

Thou, at thy pleasure, mak'st the deepest Sea  
Divide it Self, to giue Thy Servants Way:  
And suddenly, again it selfe to close,  
To over-whelm Thine and Their stubborn Foes.

Thou, from the Rock mak'st plentious Rivers spout,  
For Thine to drink, in sandy Desarts drought.  
And, there, from Heav'n send'st them exceeding store  
Of Quails, for meat, till they can eat no more.

Thou fedst them there, with Angels bread (a while)  
And gav'st them then a Milk-&-Hony Soyle:  
There, without stroak to conquer in the Field;  
And, Mine-les make their tumbling Walls to yeeld.

To shew the vse and power of humble prayer;  
And How to Thee behooves vs still repaire:  
While heart and hands *Moses* to Heav'n doth strain,  
Renowned *IO SVAH* Conquers in the Plain.

Thou, at thy pleasure, mak'st the Sun to stay;  
And, without Night, to make one Double Day:  
To giue thy Servants compleat Victory;  
And ever-raze their Foes foul memory.

Thou, to expresse thy Power (in *Gedeons* Raign)  
Hast by Three hundred, Six-Score Thousand slain:  
And, by One man, one Goad-groom (*Silly Sangar*)  
Destroy'd Six hundred, in religious anger.

Thou canst in One a Thousands strength compress,  
And place it strangely in his slender Tress:  
Which, cut, he lost, and then re-grown, regain'd;  
And dying, more then living, Foes he brain'd.

Thou turn'dst to grafs, a King of *Babylon*:  
And setst a Shepherd on a Regall Throne.  
Thou slew'st a Giant, by a gentle Lad,  
Who, for a *Pistol*, but a Pebble had.

How-many Troubles had that Prophet-Prince!  
For happy Service, hatefull Recompence;  
Through Hill and Dale, hunted from place to place:  
Yet, still preserv'd by thine assisting grace;

And set, at last, vpon his Masters Throne,  
Subduing all civill and forain Foe:  
Then, in Thin: Honour warbles many a Psalm;  
And, hoary, leaves his Son, his Kingdom calm.

By Thee, His Sonne, renowned *Salomon*,  
Obtain'd the Name of *Wisedoms Paragon*:  
For, asking onely That, Thou gav'st Him Wealth,  
Honor and Peace withall, and Power and Health.

And, as good Princes thus Thou doost advance;  
So bringst thou down fell Tyrants Arrogance:  
Such as, transported in their Pride extreame,  
Dare wrong Thy Saints, or Thy drad Self blaspheme.



*Senacherib* must This confesse, and rew,  
 With nine-score-Thousand which thine Angel slew,  
 Of his proud Hoast; besides th' vnkindly Slaughter  
 Of his owne Self, by his owne Sonnes, soon after.  
 So, That *Baal*-blinded, blood-soild, Sin-fold Pair  
 (In whose sad Dayes the Zealfull *Thesbits* Praier,  
 For Seav'n Six-Months, scald-vp thy heav'nly deaws)  
 Thy Power, Truth, Iustice, in Their Iudgement shews.  
 Oft-times thy Hook hales moody Tyrants back;  
 Oft-times themselves by their owne Swords to wrack:  
 Some-times, by Womens weak vnwarlike hands,  
 Thou conquer'st Captains, and confoundst their Bands.  
 Yea, Lord, at all times, in extreamest Straights,  
 Thy sacred Arme, or Secret Army, waits,  
 To succour Thine (from Famine, Sword, and Fire;  
 And all the Plots that Foes, or Fiends, conspire)  
 And them, so daily, to supply, support  
 (Their Wants, their Weakness) in so various sort,  
 That, all thy Wonders of this kinde to count,  
 Even past Examples, past all Numbers mount.  
 But, All thy Mercies, vnto All, and Each  
 Of thine Elect; What Words, what Thoughts can reach!  
 What Thou hast said, and done vnto Thy *Vine*,  
 Thy *Loue*, Thy *Doie*, that little Flock of Thine!  
 To whom Thou spakest divers wayes of old;  
 In Visions, Dreames, Types, Figures manifold;  
 By Priests and Prophets; sealing oft thine Oracles  
 Of Wrath, or Mercy; with respectiue Miracles.  
 And last of all, when Times full Term was run,  
 Sent'st vs from Heav'n Thine Owne and onely *Son*;  
 Whom coeternall *GOD* Thou didst ingender,  
 Thine owne *grauen Image*, Thine owne Glories splendor;  
 Th' Eternall Word, by Whom, when All began,  
 Thou madest All; and since, remadest Man:  
 The *Mediatour*, and the *Empire*, giv'n,  
 To reconcile revolted Earth to Heav'n.  
 Who, to impart to Vs His Immortality,  
 Took part with Vs in this our fraile Mortality;  
 And, in all things (except all Sinne alone)  
 A perfect Man, put all our Nature on.  
 Borne in the World, to make Vs Born-anew:  
 In poverty, Vs richly to endew:  
 Humbling himselfe, that we might raised be:  
 In Servant's Form, to make vs ever Free;  
 Came down to Earth, Vs vp to Heav'n to mount:  
 Was tempted heer; our Tempter to surmount;  
 Dy'd to destroy the Strength of Death and Sin:  
 And Rose againe, our Righteousness to win.

How

How oft did He, visite the Poore and Sick!  
 Cure the Distracted, and Paralytique;  
 Restore the Blinde, Deaf, Dumb, and Dead reviuue;  
 And Satans Captiues from his rage retriue!  
 How many Idiots did He make excell  
 The *Wiseest Masters* in all *Israel*!  
 How many rude, plain, silly Fisher-men,  
 Rare power-full Preachers, Fishers (then) of Men.  
 How many Sin-sick did hee inly cure;  
 And deep Soule-wounded binde-vp, and assure!  
 How many Proud, Loose, Cruell, Couetous,  
 Made Hee Meek, Modest, Gentle, Bountious.  
 By Him, deer Father, come we Thee to know,  
 Thy Word, thy Will; to frame our owne Wils so:  
 By Him alone, Wisdom we seek and finde;  
 In Cares and Crosses, to confirm our minde.  
 By Him alone, Thy sacred Truth we learn  
 From subtlest Errors cleerly to discern:  
 By Him all Clowds of darkness are dispell'd;  
 Idolatrie and Heresie refell'd.  
 By Him, We pray to Thee; and what we craue  
 In lively Faith, we are assur'd to haue:  
 Heav'n's Kingdom first, Soules Feast, and Bodies Food,  
 Grace, Comfort, Peace, and every needfull Good.  
 By Him, be We Thy Children of Adoption,  
 Cohiers of Heav'n, and Vessels of Election:  
 Becoming Man, He is become our Brother;  
 So, happy We haue also Thee our Father.  
 By Him, of Thee, Thine Holy Spirit we haue;  
 Which in our hearts thy Law doth lively graue:  
 The Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, of Loue,  
 Of Power, of Peace, of Wisdom from aboue:  
 The Spirit, which stayes vs, when in Storms we ride;  
 And steers vs steddily, in our Calmer Tide:  
 Which kils the Flesh, and chills insatuate Fires;  
 To quicken Soules, and kindle Heav'n's-Desires:  
 Which brings the Strays home to Thy holy Fold,  
 Gives Stutters Tongues, and makes the bathfull bold;  
 Opens the Sense of Sacred Mysteries;  
 Gives Form, or Life to every thing that is.  
 In Him, Thou built'st Thy Heav'n of Heav'n's excelling,  
 Thy Court prepar'd for Saints eternall Dwelling:  
 In Him, Thou mad'st the World and All to moue  
 In every Part, as doth it best behoue.  
 Hee, to the fainting heart new heart procures,  
 Confirms the feeble, fearfull Soules assures;  
 Gives Faith, and Hope, Loue, Grace and godly Zeal.  
 Happy those Soules where He delights to dwell.

Yyy 3

For



For, Those He fills with his abundant Treasures,  
In diuers manners, and in diuers measures;  
As diuersly befits thy Churches state,

To *Plant*, or *Prune*, or *Prop*, or *Propagate*.

To som he gives a cleer, quick apprehension;  
To som, deep Iudgement; som, Divine Invention:  
To som, the door of gracefull Eloquence;  
To som, the store of Wisedoms Excellence:

Som, to interpret with Divine dexterity  
The sacred Secrets of th' eternall Verity:  
Som (School-lesse Scholars; Learned, study-lesse)  
To vnderstand and speak all Languages:

Som (to confirm their Office, and Thine Oracles)  
To work strange Wonders, great and many Miracles;  
Reviue the dead, recouer native Euils,  
Cure all Diseases; and even cast out Diuels.

Such are th' Effects, Works, Vertues, Gifts and Graces,  
Which, by degrees, in diuers times and places,  
Thy Holy Spirit to silly men hath giu'n;  
From Them, to Thee, to raise our hearts to Heav'n.

And, as in our fraile Bodies (through varietie  
Of Members, fitted into One Societie)  
One very Soule doth actions different,  
Som more, Som lesse, Noble, or Excellent:

So, in the mystick Bodie of Thy Son  
(Where many Members Loue vnites in One)  
Thine Owne, One Spirit, works actions admirable,  
Among themselues more or lesse honourable.

Yet, orderly, Each his owne Rank observes;  
And properly, Each his owne Office serves:  
Nor boasteth any, other not to need:  
For oft the least, the most of all doth steed.

Therefore the stronger must the weak support:  
The safe and sound, cheer the afflicted sort:  
The Rich and mighty, not despise Inferiours;  
Neither the mean enuy or hate Superiours.

Were All a Head, in This faire Frame of *Man*;  
Where were the Foot, the Hand, the Stomack than?  
Were All a Tongue, where should the Eye become?  
Were All an Eye, where should the Eare haue room.

O Spirit Eternall! which hast All compos'd;  
In Number, Measure, Order, All dispos'd;  
Make Charity Vs (mutuall Members) moue;  
Vnite our Spirits in thy perpetuall Loue.

Quench all Contentions, Errors, Heresies,  
Which, both our Mindes and Bodies tyrannize:  
Quench all Concupiscence, and foule Desire,  
Which, both our Bodies and Soules Death conspire.

Vouch-

Vouchsafe our Soules, Rest; without Schismik strife;  
Our Bodies Health, through chaste and sober Life.

What could we ask? what should we rather craue,  
Then in sound Bodies as sound Soules to haue?

Sound is the Bodie kept, by keeping Chaste,  
With moderate Exercise, and mean repast:  
Sound is the Soule, which resteth (sober-wise)  
Content in Thee; vn-vext in Vanities.

Sound is the Soule, free from all Self-Sedition  
Of Pride, Hate, Envy, Auarice, Ambition,  
And all the Crowd of Mans Concupiscence;  
Binding His Will to Thy Obedience.

Who is so bound (Thy Servant) is most Free:  
Most Rich, who leaues all Riches else, for Thee:  
Most easie rests, who most for Thee endures:  
Most Self-distrusting, most Thy Strength assures.

So Thee to Serue, is euen to *Raign*: in brief,  
So to Obey, is to Command in Chief.  
To walke Thy Wayes, is only *Libertie*.

To learne Thy *Learning*, **ENCYCLOPÆDIE**.

O! happy Those that stand in such a state;  
And in Thy Statutes alwaies meditate:  
Or, if they slip, or trip, or faile, or fall,  
Return betimes, and for Thy Mercy call.

For, though thy Law, in Firie Thunder-giv'n,  
Threat still the Stubborn, with Revenge from Heav'n;  
Thy gracious Gospell offers Pardon free,  
To humbled Soules that Sigh, in Faith, to Thee.

And Thou, who wilt not, Sinners die, but liue;  
Hast promis'd, All, so suing, to forgiue.  
Thy Word is Truth: Thy Promise to fulfill,  
Thou (God of Truth) hast euer Power and Will.

O! Bountious Thou, which doost so oft repaire  
Our broken Soules, and keep'st them from Despaire:  
And, blessed Wee, whose Faith in Love's Physicion,  
Assures our Hope, of all our Sins Remission.

Who-so hath Sorrow for his Sinfulness,  
Purpose to mend, Desire of Holiness,  
Trust in Thy Mercy; hath no need to doubt  
But, by Thy Grace, his Sins are wyped out.

O Cordiall Word! O Comfortable breath!  
Reviving Soules, even in the Gates of Death!  
From Iawes of Hell, raising our Hopes to Heav'n!  
Therefore, deer Lord, To Thee all Praise be giu'n.

Who shall accuse vs now, if Thou acquight?  
God being with vs, what can vs affright?  
Our Faith in Thee (O!) What can shake, or shock;  
So surely fixt vpon so firme a Rock?

What



What shall divide vs, Lord, from Loue of Thee?  
 Shall Shame? shall Sorrow? shall Adversity?  
 Shall Famine? Plague? War? Wealth, or Want? (In sum)  
 Shall Life? shall Death? things Present, or to Come?

Stay, stay vs, Lord, and steel our feeble harts,  
 Against the sting of temporary Smarts:  
 Draw, draw our Soules neer to thy Self, O Lord,  
 With powerfull Touches of Thy Spirit and Word.

Guide, guide our Steps still in thy Gracious Way,  
 During our Durance in This house of Clay;  
 That when This Prison shall be broken down,  
 We may with Thee receiue a Glorious Crown.

So shall We ever, with a voyce Divine,  
 Sing *Halleluias* to th' ETERNAL TRINE;  
 Record thy Mercies, which all Thoughts surmount;  
 And Thus the Glory of Thy Deeds recount:

S<sup>V</sup>permall Lord, Eternall King of Kings,  
 Maker, Maintainer, Mouer of All things,  
 How infinite! How excellently-rare!  
 How absolute! Thy Works, Thy Wonders are!  
 How-much Their Knowledge is to be desir'd!  
 How, THOV, in All, to be of All admir'd!

FINIS.



Micro-cosmo-graphia:  
 THE  
 LITTLE-WORLDES  
 DESCRIPTION;

OR

THE MAP OF MAN

(From *Latin Saphiks* of that Famous, late,  
 Preacher in London, M<sup>r</sup>. HENRY  
 SMITH.)

Translated;  
 &  
 Dedicated

To the Right Honourable,

HONORIA,

Lady HAY.

By

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.





TO THE  
Right-RIGHT HONORABLE  
HONORIA,  
Wife of JAMES, Lord HAY, Sole  
Daughter and Heire of ED-  
WARD Lord DENNY.

**E**qually bound, in humble Gratitude,  
To Two deer Equals (to You equall Deer);  
Vnable (yet) with Both at once to cleer,  
Vwilling yet, with Either to be rude:  
Faine would I craue to haue my Bond renew'd,  
For a more Happy, or more Hopefull Year,  
When gracious Heav'n shall daign to set me free  
From old cold Cares, which keep my Muse immew'd.  
Would You be pleas'd (Madame) to interpose  
Your gentle breath, I would not doubt to speed:  
Such vertue hath Your Vertue still with Those.  
Therefore in Hope of Your kinde Help (at need)  
This simple Pledge I Offer at Your Feet;  
Altar of Loue, Where both Their Vowes do meet.

Your Honorable Vertue's

humble Votarie,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.



## THE MAP OF MAN.

*Sing not, but (in Sighes abrupt)*  
*Sob-out the State of MAN, corrupt*  
*By th' olde Serpent's banefull Breath;*  
*Whose strong Contagion still extends*  
*To euery Creature that descends*  
*From th' old Little World of Death.*  
Dread-deer Creator, new-create  
Thy Creature: Saviour expiate  
This, and all our Owne Addition:  
O Sacred Spirit, Our Spirits renew;  
Informe, reforme, and tune Me trew,  
To condole Our sad Condition.  
In Earth, Man wanders (Pilgrim-wise)  
Hopes, doubts, desires, faints, freezes, fryes;  
Crossed, tossed to and fro:  
Hee turnes, he windes; he findes no good:  
Heay complains that Evill's Flood  
(Farre and wide) doth over-flowe.  
His Birth (in Sinne) begins in Tears:  
His Life is rife in Paines and Fears;  
Will-Hee, nill-Hee, spoyling sport:  
His Death with groans, in doubtfull case,  
Sends him, God knowes, vnto what place:  
Blest none rest, but in the Port.  
The Flesh against the Spirit rebells:  
The Spirit againe the Flesh repells;  
Ever striving, never still:  
And sodenly, while these contend,  
Their common Foe, the cursed Fiend,  
Findes advantage Both to kill.  
Earth (Step-dam-like) sharp Rods doth yield,  
To scourge her Sonnes: the Sea is fild  
(Both aboue and vnder too)  
With hideous Horrors, past report:  
Th' Aier whirling in Tempestuous sort,  
Beats, and threats All to vndoo.

The



The Countrey's rude, and foe to Fame;  
 The Court more braue, and more to blame;  
 Painted Faces, graces fain'd;  
 The Citie (There, O! bad's the best)  
 Seat of Deceit, and Misers nest;  
 Gold their God, vngodly gain'd.  
 Jarre at the Barre: Stews at the Stage;  
 In Way-fare, Theeues: in War-fare, Rage:  
 Noyseabroad: Annoyes at home:  
 In Churches, Purchase, Profanation,  
 Fiends seeming Saints; Abomination:  
 Euery-where, no Feare of *Doom*.  
 The Throae's not given vnto the Iust:  
 The Faithfull is not put in Trust:  
 Prophets are not held for true:  
 Nor loyall lov'd, nor learned grac't,  
 Nor weary eas'd, nor Worthy plac't:  
 Nor hath any heer his dew.  
 The impudent, the insolent,  
 The Foole, the Friend in complement,  
 And the fly, we see (by prooffe)  
 Held eloquent, magnanimous,  
 Right pleasant, kinde, ingenious;  
 And the Wealthy, wise enough.  
 Reward is heard: words are but winde:  
 Each Art is long; Life short confin'd:  
 Might makes Right in every Cause.  
*Physicke* is vile, and vilely vs'd;  
*Diuinity*, disdain'd, abus'd:  
 Vnder-foot, men tread the *Lawes*.  
 The Rich with rage, the Poore with plaints,  
 With hate the Wise, with scorne the Saints,  
 Evermore are curstly crost:  
 With painfull toyle the Private-man,  
 The Nobler states with Envy wan,  
 Without end are torne and tost.  
 If good, hee fares no better for't;  
 If bad, no worse they him support;  
 Fortune serueth all alike:  
 Though she simper, though she smile,  
 Though she laugh outright awhile,  
 She is alwayes slippery-sleeke.  
 Who lately serued, Lords-it now:  
 Who lately beeked, now doth bow:  
 Valleyes swell, and Mountaines sink:  
 Who lately flourish, now doth fade:  
 Who late was strong, now feeble made,  
 Feeding Worms, in Dust doth stink.

So, Lowely rests: so, Lofty rues.  
 Say that one might his fortune chuse,  
 Vnder Heav'n to haue his will;  
 'T would be a Doubt, among the Wise,  
 Whether it better were to Rise  
 To High state, or to Sit still.  
 Phant'sie conceiues, Reason receiues,  
 Passion repugns (and Patience reaues).  
 What I wish, What I desire,  
 I see: and Sense importunes so,  
 I couet, I commend it too:  
 Then againe it doth retire.  
 Sense, whither now? 'Tis griefe to see  
 What flits so fast, so suddenly.  
 Reason, whither roams thy reach?  
 What hurts, were better still be hid,  
 And still vnknowne; O! ill-befid!  
 Poor in store, in Wealth a wretch.  
 When Fortune comes, she means our Wrack;  
 And when she goes, she breaks our back:  
 Comming, going, all is one.  
 For, What she gives she takes away,  
 Vnkinde and blinde, inconstant ay;  
 Frank to few, and firme to none.  
 Oft haue I canvas'd, whethers Cause  
 Is Worst; the Fall'n, or th' ever-Bafe:  
 Yet, scarce can I it decide.  
 The Fall proues plainly for the first:  
 Want Pleads, that ever-Want is Worst;  
 Partiall to their proper side.  
 It irks the Fall'n to haue been High;  
 Th' ay-Poor could wish he had been By:  
 Either others state would glad.  
 If euen in gladness sadnesse growe,  
 Were not I somewhat glad also,  
 How extreame should I be sad!  
 If Care we take, it health impaires:  
 If not, it takes vs vn-awares:  
 Whether should we seek or shun?  
 Whether (to passe vnto the next)  
 The good or bad be most perplex,  
 Is another Question.  
 The Guilty suffers for his Fault:  
 The Guilt-less doubts no less assault  
 By Mis-fortune: both desire  
 To liue on Earth, to draw this breath:  
 Both feare to Die; and, after Death,  
 Torment of eternall Fire.



Hence, slowe Dayes labour wears vs thin:  
 Hence, lightly, Nightly fears begin:  
 Hence, rathe Rising and late Rest:  
 Hence, toughest storms, and roughest streams:  
 Hence, griping Cares, and ghastly Dreams,  
 Waking, sleeping, doo molest.  
 Winter's too-colde: Summer's too-hot;  
 Autumne too-moyst (which breeds the Rot)  
 All the hope is in the Spring.  
 The lively Spring is louely faire:  
 But if keen Ice then chill the Aier,  
 Little pleasure dith it bring.  
 Seas drowne the Vales: the Windes do heaue  
 The Hills to Heav'n; the Rocks they cleaue.  
 Bolde Ambition stands amaz'd,  
 Expecting where to build a Fort  
 So strong, and rampyr'd in such fort,  
 That it never may be raz'd.  
 Peace is too-droun'd in Lust and Sloath:  
 Warre is too-drunk with Blood and Wrath:  
 That, too-gawdie; this, too-grim.  
 Mens mindes are all so delicate,  
 So soft, and so effeminate,  
 Small things, all things, grievous seem.  
 Either the Head doth alwaies ake,  
 Or Palat slip, or Palsie shake,  
 Or our Belly roars within:  
 Or else with Choler we abound,  
 Or else with Phlegm, or else (vnfound).  
 Tumour's humours, scald our skin.  
 What dread of Death, What greedy Lust,  
 What Surfair, Sloath, and Deeds vniust,  
 Daily plunge in Perills rise;  
 What Sword consumeth every houre,  
 And what the Plague doth quick deuour,  
 Lengthens Physick, shortens Life.  
 Where's now *Aeneas*? Where's his Son?  
 Where's *Hercules*? Where's *Salomon*?  
 Where is *Dauid*? Where is *Saul*?  
 Where's *Cyrus*, *Cesar*, and the rest?  
 Ah! He and They are all deceast:  
 I must follow: so must all.  
 Hark: Thou, whom most the People hailes;  
 The wisest errs: the iustest failes:  
 Strongest limpeth now and than:  
 The humblest swells: the sobrest slips:  
 The holiest sins: the wariest slips:  
 God is fault-less: neuer, Man.

Too

Too-curious or too-carelessly,  
 Too-lavish or too-slavishly,  
 By the Foole or by the Knaue;  
 Too-craking or too-cravenly,  
 Too-hatefull, or too-gratefully:  
 Hastie or wastie marrs all we haue.  
 Ambition's end is Rule and Raigne:  
 Crueltie's, Conquest: Guile's, is Gaine,  
 To growe Rich by hook or crook:  
 Tuggling, and struggling, strife in all:  
 No Triumph without Fight will fall;  
 War-less, none for Peace may look.  
 We think, but never can intend,  
 Good thoughts well to begin, or end  
 If perhaps they be begun:  
 Or, if we end them, never finde  
 (How-ever rare, in any kinde)  
 Recompence when we haue done.  
 Our heart it hath an in-borne Guest,  
 Will-ill (it hight): it posteth prest  
 To the Tongue, ill Words to vent:  
 Desire, then, rushes to ill Deeds:  
 Vengeance anon the Fact succeeds.  
 Thus comes Ill to Punishment.  
 If safe, this Snake we choak or charm;  
 Within, againe We hug it Warm,  
 Daring, doubting, vp and down;  
 Till Lust, as lighter, vp doth surge;  
 And th' horror of the fearfull Scourge,  
 Fall, as heavier, to the ground.  
 Come flesh, be frolike, take delight,  
 Let's revell now: 't will once be night:  
 Shall a little Gour, or Colick,  
 Or sudden Qualm, or sullen Care,  
 Or raddle Fit of idle Feare  
 Mar thy Mirth? Come Flesh, be frolick.  
 What seeks, we shun; What shuns, we seek:  
 What helps, we loath; What hurts, we like:  
 Bird in-hand we leaue, for bush.  
 For, What we Want we panting craue;  
 And loofely lavish what We haue:  
 Brag, of that should make vs blush.  
 With-childe with mirth, we bring-forth Scorn,  
 We bring-up Furie; over-born  
 (Moov'd and mooving) either way;  
 Too-sorry, or too-merry-mad:  
 The happy Meane is never had,  
 While we Wretches heer doo stay.

Lzz z

We



We reigne and serve : we want and flowe :  
 We ioy and inourne : wee freez and glowe :  
 Vowes we make and break (together) :  
 We build and batter ; ioyne and iarre :  
 We heap and scatter ; make and marre :  
 And we flourish, and we wither.  
 We look to Heaven, and leap to Hell :  
 Our Hope and Fear (by turnes) rebell ;  
 Plunging down, or puffing-up :  
 Please would we faine, but finde demurre ;  
 Please might we well, did Will concurre :  
 Sloath doth stay, and Lust doth stop.  
 So, still we stand, and whine the while ;  
 Nought Labour boors, nor loue, nor wile :  
 All is lost, when 'tis too-late.  
 Evills to th' euill and the good  
 Are daily sent : and if with-stood,  
 We but faster foster Fate.  
 I will at once give-over quight  
 Both to be Wicked and Vpright ;  
 To doe either Right, or Wrong :  
 For, Goods well-gotten, growe but thin,  
 Get hardly vp, come slowly in :  
 And th' ill-gotten last not long.  
 What shall I doe ? If I forbear  
 My Cause-less Foe, I blush, I fear  
 His Despight, and my Disparage.  
 If, to revenge me, I resolue ;  
 It satisfies, when I reuolue  
 None 's all-Fault-less, in all Cariage.  
 When I haue spar'd, I wish t' haue spoke :  
 And when I speak, I would reuoke ;  
 Better pleas'd t' haue held my peace :  
 Would God I could (as Wiser-ones)  
 Both speake and holde my peace at once ;  
 So to liue at Quietness.  
 Deare Minde, how doost Thou ? Frayle and sick,  
 My Flesh implores thy Succour quick :  
 Canst ? O ! canst Thou cure her grieft ?  
 O ! daign (I pre-thee) then with speed  
 To helpe thy Servant now at need ;  
 Send her Reason for reliefe.  
 For, Faithfull Minde's firm Resolution  
 Cures often-times th' ill Constitution  
 Of a Bodie sick-inclin'd :  
 But, then the Bodie (late deplored  
 For weake estate) to Health restored,  
 Growes a Burthen to the Minde.

O Sin-bred Hurt ! O in-bred Hell !  
 Nor full, nor fasting, never well ;  
 Never found ? What shall I say ?  
 Once all was well, and would be now  
 Better then ever, if that Thou  
 Cursed Sin wert quight away.  
 But now (alas ! ) all Mischiefe lies  
 In Ambush with all Miseries,  
 Mans Confusion to conspire :  
 Desire and Feare at-once torment :  
 Feare is a Tyrant ; Mal-content,  
 And insatiate is Desire.  
 Who fears ? who mourns ? who wants ? who wanders ?  
 Ah ! only Men ( Wils ill-Commanders ).  
 Man alone abounds therein.  
 Lowd Lamentations, Lasting Terrors,  
 Hart-wounding Wants, and wilfull Errors,  
 Had not been, had Man not been.  
 Heer Pestilence, there Hungers Iawe,  
 Heer Drink, there *Duel*, there the Lawe,  
 Snatches one or other hence.  
 Heer Crosse, there Care : or (better blest)  
 Who hap These Haps to scape the best,  
 Age deuours with-out Dispense.  
 Perpending This in minde perplex,  
 The Miserable (Envie-vest)  
 Cries, O Beasts, O Fowles, O Fish !  
 You happy, harm-less, storm-less things,  
 Precise in Natures Lessonings,  
 Liue You long : You Life may wish.  
 But, I think, better not be born ;  
 Or, born, hence quickly to return  
 To our Mothers dusty Lap ;  
 Then living, daily heer to die,  
 In Cares, and Feares, and Miserie,  
 By Miss-heed, or by Miss-hap.  
 While Hunger gripes mee gut and gall,  
 While burning Thirst for Drink doth call,  
 While for Cold I quake : alas !  
 In languor long I linger-on.  
 O ! happy Those, whose Woos, whose Monts,  
 Ridding quick doth quickly passe.  
 The Stout, the Coward, and the Meek,  
 All skirmish vnder Fortune like,  
 Stryking all with Mischiefs aye ;  
 The Stout repugns, the Patient prayes,  
 The Hare-like Coward runnes his wayes ;  
 Fortune differs not, but They.



Too-peeuih This, too-pleasant That,  
 (Too-fierce, or too-effeminate)  
 Golden Mean can hardly stand  
 Betwixt these Two Extreames, vpright;  
 'Tis worne so weak, and waigh'd so light:  
 Error playes on either hand.  
 Wedlock, with Wife and Children cloggs:  
 The Single-Life, Lusts heavier Loggs  
 (Rare's the Gift of *Continence*).  
 The Young-man stalks, the Old-man stoops,  
 That over-dares, This ever droops:  
 Th' Infant crawles through Impotence.  
 Masters taxe Servants, proud, flut, slowe;  
 Servants, Churle Master, Mistresse Shrowe:  
 Either Others Fault can finde.  
 The Daughter thinks her Mother froward;  
 Mother her Daughter deems vn-toward:  
 Kit (they say) will after Kinde.  
 Princes doe enuy Subiects Wealth:  
 Subiects doe enuy Princes Health:  
 Each doth enuy Others Good:  
 All, all doe enuy *Learnings* Honour  
 (If any be conferrd vpon her)  
 O! o wicked, wretched Mood!  
 The Souldier likes the Rusticks Calm;  
 The Clowne affects the Souldiers Palme:  
 Thus doth *Enuy* inly fret-her:  
 Our Pastures parch, our Heards be poore;  
 Our Neighbour thrives in every store:  
 Others Crop is ever better.  
 Fond Lovers languish at their Eyes:  
 The Wrathfull fosters and defies  
 Frenzies, Furies, (wayward Elues):  
 What need we call for Whip or Scourge?  
 Their punishment what need we vrge?  
 Their Selfs Errors scourge themselves.  
 Feare hunts the Coward at the heel;  
 The Cruell, still Revenging steel;  
 Ruine Him that Ruine seeks;  
 Heavy Revenge on haynous Crimes:  
 Yea, in the Sin, the Plague some-times;  
 Heavens iust hand so iustly strikes.  
 Sorrow and Shame, for what is past;  
 Care, of the present; Feare (fore-cast)  
 Of the danger yet to-come;  
 Make all false Pleasures shorter seem,  
 And sharper too in pain extreame,  
 Then euen Paine it selfe to some.

If I be merry, I am mad  
 (Say the Severe): if Sober-fad,  
 Merry Greeks me Meacok call.  
 Is't possible for any-Man,  
 At-once to please (doe what hee can)  
 God, Himselfe, the World, and all?  
 Who *Greatnesse* hautily affects,  
 Who *Great Things* happily effects;  
 That is hated, This enuy'd:  
 But, hoping *Greatnesse*, who so haps  
 To faile (or fall in After-Claps)  
 Him the Vulgar dare deride.  
*Virtue* is vanquish't by her Foes,  
 Whose Triumph euen their Fore-head shoves,  
 'Tis a shame to be ashamed.  
 But shall I tell (and tell thee true)  
 Thy Fate (the Fruit that shall ensue  
 Shame-lesse shamefull life untamed):  
 This Fate then falls to be Thine owne,  
 Such shalt thou reap as thou hast sowne:  
 Wages like thy Work expect.  
 Who heere their Dayes in Euill spend,  
 Shall suffer Euills, with-out End;  
 Such is *Minos* Doom direct.  
 Then, swagger, stagger, spend and spoile;  
 Steale and conceale, and keep a coile;  
 Quickly shalt thou all forgoe:  
 Kill, conquer, triumph; down againe  
 Shalt thou bee cast: bouz, beat, disdaine;  
 Th' End's at hand, and comes not slowe.  
 The Wise bewaile Mens Follies rise,  
 And faine would cure their Vicious life  
 With *Receipts* of heavenly Skill:  
 But Sin-sick Fooles (what-ever prick,  
 Benumbd by Custome) lethargike,  
 Care not, feare not, feele no ill.  
 Who knoweth much, much ill he knowes:  
 Who little reaks, much good forgoes.  
 Hence, perplexed Doubts hee casts;  
 What is great Knowledge? What so much  
 Of Learning? or of Book-skill such?  
 But great Blazes, and light Blasts?  
 While *Plato*, sportiue, doth despise,  
 The fullen *Cyniks* Sloven-guise;  
 Hee, as fast (on th' other side)  
 Doth *Plato's* Pomp as much condemne  
 And trample-on: Were both of them  
 (Who can tell me?) VVise, or VVide?



*Democritus* heer laughs a-good :

*Heracitus* there weeps a Flood.

Glad and sad would mend vs faine :

But now, so stubborn-stiffe is Man,

That Teares, nor Tunes, nor Ought else can

Faults restore, nor Fares restrain.

Sloth never wanteth Want, for Mate;

Thrift, Sweat and Labour macerate;

Either in their issue languish :

So, Health is never without Sin,

Nor Sicknes without Paine with-in :

Outward Ache, or inward Anguish.

Service is to the Lofty minde

A Curb, a Spur to th' abiect Hinde;

Seld or never stoops the Will :

The Vulgar voyce, the Common Cry

Is, *Welcome, Welcome LIBERTY*;

Good for good, but ill for ill.

A Griefe it is alone to bee,

But more, to haue ill companie :

More or lesse (alas!) by This,

Appareth plaine, when all is donne,

(As Prooffe hath found) that vnder Sunne,

Heer's no full, no perfect *Blisse*.

Who never yet himselfe could please,

What can content? What vse? What Ease?

What availeth Wealth at will?

Needy and naked heer I liue :

To die, it doth me nothing grieue;

But to perish, and liue still.

I looke to Heaven, and there (alas!)

With Feare I see my Iudges Face,

Auditing my Summes of Sin :

I think of Hell, and then I burne

Like *Æna*: then to Earth retume,

Cares and Feares there never lin.

This feeble I, thus I iustly fare :

O Man! learne quickly, and haue care

Sacred Duties to obserue.

This Life is rife in Troubles sore :

But yet (alas!) a Million more

Our Rebellion doth deserue.

Much like, or worse then *former* Age,

The *future* Face we may presage :

Better seldome comes, they say.

Now Right, now Wrong; now Good, now Ill;

Now Fiend, now Friend; now God, now Will,

Seem to haue alternate Sway.

Nothing is *gratis* given nor got :

Each labours more or lesse (God wor)

With the hand or with the head :

None without Art or Vertue thrue;

Nor Art, nor Vertue all atchieue :

Onely, these, not alwaies sped.

What should I seek or sue for much,

To liue at Rest? Content is Rich.

*Fortune* often is too-free,

And often kils where shee's too-kinde :

But, had we once an equall Minde,

Wee should all contented bee.

But every one is too-secrete

In sunny Dayes; and in obscure,

Too-deiect in Desire :

Hence, ouer-faint, or ouer-full;

Too-pyned, or too-plentifull,

Fry we all with inward Fire.

Now, Dust her dustie Brood expects :

*Come, Earth to Earth* (of either Sex).

Pleasure trembles at her Call,

Cries-out of Haste, complaines of Heaven :

But Paine and Sorrow (narrow-driven)

Are well pleas'd, and eas'd withall.

Who gives me grace to gush-out Teares,

And lends me space to poure forth Prayers;

Yet, both seeming to neglect?

'Tis God the dreadfull, Sinners Scourge;

The gracious God, which oft doth purge

Ills with Pils, in his Elect.

Behold me, Thou that didst bestow

Thy Son on Mee; Forgive me, Thou

That didst suffer for my Sin :

Assist and stay me evermore

Thou, Thou that heer so oft before,

In my brest a Guest hast bin.

Regarde vs, Lord, vnworthy though;

Thy Glory seek, thy Mercy shewe;

Enemies approach apace :

We faile, we fall, we cannot stand,

Our Foes will haue the vpper hand

But Thou helpe vs with thy Grace.

Witness my Selfe that heer lie slain,

But, by Thy Touch reviv'd again;

Glad to liue, to liue to Thee :

And yet desire to be dissolv'd

(When my due Date shall be revolv'd)

As more happy fare for Mee.



Shew me the *Holy Land*, which flowes  
 With Milke and Hony (*Saints Repose*).  
 Train mee in the new Commerce,  
 In the New Art of *Better Life*:  
 Then fare-well *Muses*, fare-well Strife:  
 In Thy Courts I will converse.  
*I cannot strike Appollo's string,*  
*Study for Heav'n and timely ring*  
*Sacred Aaron's golden Bell;*  
*Nor sing at-once the Thespian Songs,*  
*And serue my Countrey, as belongs:*  
 Therefore, M<sup>v</sup> s s beer Fare-well.

FINIS.



### CERTAIN EPIGRAMS of the same M<sup>r</sup>. H. S.

Translated;  
 &  
 Dedicated

To my deer-affected, due-respected,  
 D<sup>r</sup>. HALL, & D<sup>r</sup>. HILL.

**O**we You Each a larger Summe:  
 Why bring I then to Both a Crumme?  
 To shew you Both, my Shifts, to line;  
 Euen saue to Borrow what I giue:  
 But Better so, then blusplest) Reale  
 Others Concepts; or Debts conceale.  
 Till more my Might, diuide this Myte.  
 A Larke (they say) is worth a Kye:  
 Some Greater, greater things present,  
 of lesser Worth, or worse meant.  
 God measures not our Work, but Will:  
 Doe You the like: and loue me still.

I. S.



### EPIGRAMMS.

1. Of a King.

<sup>1</sup> Exirp, <sup>2</sup> extoll; <sup>3</sup> knowe, <sup>4</sup> keep; <sup>5</sup> loue, <sup>6</sup> learne (from High)  
<sup>1</sup> Bad, <sup>2</sup> Good; <sup>3</sup> Thy Self, <sup>4</sup> The Lawes-path; <sup>5</sup> Peace, <sup>6</sup> to Dye.

2. Of a Lawyer.

<sup>1</sup> Line inft (Iustinian) still: <sup>2</sup> shield, <sup>3</sup> shun, suppress;  
<sup>1</sup> Good-mens Good Cause, <sup>2</sup> Bribes, <sup>3</sup> Brawling-Peerishness.

3. Of a Physician.

<sup>1</sup> He that can Cure the Sick, and Keep the Sound,  
<sup>2</sup> Shall be My Leach (Whether He Kill, or Wound).

4. Of a Divine.

<sup>1</sup> Know GOD; <sup>2</sup> know'n, teach Him; as thou teachest, tread:  
<sup>3</sup> So shall thy Folk be as well taught, as fed.

5. Of a Iudge.

<sup>1</sup> Both blinde and lame I iudge Thee best to make;  
<sup>2</sup> Least that thine Eyes mis-giue, thy Hands mis-take.

6. Of a Husbandman.

<sup>1</sup> Good-morrow bids the Cock, th' Owk bids Good-night,  
<sup>2</sup> To Countre-Cares: I bid, GOD speed them right.

7. Of a Captaine.

<sup>1</sup> In War and Peace, CHRIST is the sole Commander,  
<sup>2</sup> To lead to God-ward: follow still His Standard.

Of all the Seauen.

<sup>1</sup> So Rule, <sup>2</sup> Plead, <sup>3</sup> Practise, <sup>4</sup> Preach, <sup>5</sup> Doom, <sup>6</sup> Delue, <sup>7</sup> Direct;  
<sup>1</sup> Climes, <sup>2</sup> Causes, <sup>3</sup> Cures, <sup>4</sup> CHRIST, <sup>5</sup> Crimes, <sup>6</sup> Turnes, <sup>7</sup> Troups select.

FINIS.





THE  
MAIDENS BLVSH:

OR

JOSEPH,

Mirror of Modesty, Map of Pietie,  
Maze of Destiny,

Or rather

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

From the Latin of *Fracastorius*,

Translated;

&

Dedicated

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Wales.

By

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

TO THE HIGH HOPEFULL  
Happy Prince, CHARLES Prince of  
Wales, DUK of Cornwall, and Earle  
of CHESTER.

**A**mong the Presce that to Tour Presence flowes,  
With toy-full Honours, as this time requires;  
In stead of costly Suites, of curious shewes,  
Of precious Gifts, of solemne Panegyres:  
Accept a Heart which to Tour Highnesse owes  
Whole Hecatombes of Happy-most Desires;  
Praying, All prosperous to your blowing Rose,  
In All, to equall or excell Tour Sire's:  
That in All Vertues of a Prince complete,  
All Princely Glories may attend you still:  
All that may make a KING as Good as Great:  
All IOSEPH'S Blessings (from th' Eternall Hill)  
Whose Happy Legend comes to gratulate  
Tour High Creation, and Tour Birth-dayes Date.

PRINCE ARTHVRS CASTLE,  
Chieft ARTS CHAST LVRE;

Now, Now, or Neuer, Daign my  
HARTS LAST CVRE.

**L**ike sad Arion on his Dolphins Backe,  
Amid the Ocean of my Carefull Feares,  
Nigh stript of all, Now slept in hoary haire;  
Sit I (poore Relique, of Tour Brothers wracke.)  
My Harp-strings quauer, while my Heart-strings cracke:  
My Hand growes weary, and my Health it wears;  
To stirre Compassion in some Powerfull eares,  
At last to land me, and supply my lacke.  
You, you alone (Great PRINCE) with Pities grace  
Have held my Chinne about the Waters brinke:  
Hold still, alas! hold stronger, or I sinke.  
Or haile me up into some safer place,  
Som Priuie-Groom, some Room within your Doores:  
That, as my Heart, my Harpe may all be Yours.

In Effect, as in Affection, To Your Highnes  
seruice, Euer humbly deuoted;

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

Aaaa

THE





## THE MAIDENS BLVSH:

O R,  
IOSEPH.

**H**aste *Muse of Muses*, that in sacred Layes,  
With straines vnwonted, dost delight to raise  
From blacke *Obluion's* sad and silent Tents,  
Th' Heroick Gestes and Noble Monuments  
Of antike *WORTHIES*, and their fames reuiue

Through every Age to All that shall suruiue;  
Now, Now reuolue th' Authentickall *Records*  
Of th' *Holy Nation*, whom the Lord of Lords  
Chose for his Owne, (Whose Line directly came  
From Princely Loines of faithfull *ABRAHAM*):  
And sweetly tun'd to th' sacred voyce of Truth,  
Sing That Religious, That rare-Modest *Youth*  
(Good *Isaac's* Grand-child, and great *Jacob's* Son)  
Whom *God* indu'd, by *Dreames* of things yer done  
To tell the issue: Tell, O! tell Thou All  
That He indu'd through swelling *Enuies* Gall;  
Till at the last, triumphing of his Foes,  
Through *Pharao's* grace to Princely Place he rose  
(As *Egypt's* Viceroy) by diuine Decree  
Fore-sent, a Friend and Founder there to be  
Of th' happy People, and the holy Seed,  
From Whence, should Hope of future Life proceed;  
And whence *Saluation* should be freely giuen,  
Through th' heavenly Key that should re-open *Heauen*.

And, O! Thou Glory of Great *STUARTS* Stemme,  
Great *Iacobs* Heire, Great-Brittaines Joy and Gemme,  
*CHARLES*, King of Hopes, and Hope-ful Prince of Men,  
My great Meccenas, to encheere my Pen,  
Assist Thou also: and with gentle Gales  
Of Helpe-ful Fauour, fill my Hopefull Sailes:  
That maugre *Enuie's* Rocks, and Fortunes Stormes,  
My sacred Voyage I may safe performe,  
To th' only glory of my Ghostly Guide,  
His Churches Profit, and Your Praise, beside;  
While, vnder *IOSEPH's* Wondrous Temperance,  
His Pietie, His Prudent Governance,

*I prophesie Your Princely Vertues Crop*  
(*Your Parents Prayer, and Your Peoples Hope*)  
*God say Amen.* But, Tide for none doth stay:  
I must aboard, I must mine Anchor waigh.  
Away to Sea: the Winde is wondrous good:  
Spread all our Canuas: O how swift we scud!  
Through all the Western, and the Mid-land Seas,  
Arriu'd already to descry (with ease)  
The Coast of *Ioppa* and *Samaritan* Hills,  
With wealthy *Sichems* goodly Groues and Fields.  
Already (running twixt his winding banks)  
*Jordan* begins to wash our wel-come Planks,  
Where *Hebron's* valley our glad Welcome sings,  
And euen *Mount Tabor* with the Eccho rings.

Th' old Serpent knew (for, Much to know is giuen  
Vnto that Hell-god, by the *God* of Heauen)  
It was decreed by euer-lasting Date,  
And promised, that there should propagate,  
From *Abraham's* happy Stocke, a holy Stem  
Which should confound th' Infernall Diadem.  
In doubt whereof, perplext and vexed sore,  
His Ielousie of *Jacob* grew the more.  
The more he enuies *Sichem's* Shepheard-Prince;  
As well because, with duer Reuerence  
Did None obserue and serue th' Eternall Lord,  
Nor iuster liu'd, nor righter him ador'd;  
As for the goodly Blessings of his Bed,  
(Twelue lusty Sonnes) likely alone to spread  
Into a People holy and deuour.

Therefore he labours, and he layes about,  
With all the Engines of his hellish Hate,  
That, That deere Issue to exterminate.  
Especially, that louely Lad (whose Birth  
Had happy Stars, presaging holy Worth);  
*IOSEPH*, the darling of his Fathers age,  
Borne of his (first-lou'd) second marriage:  
Whom, *Nature-grace*, the *Graces* nurtur'd fine  
In liberall Arts, and loue of Law diuine;  
Inspir'd his Soule with skill of future things;  
His minde aspiring with celestiall wings:  
To Elders Modest, to his equalls milde,  
With *Piety* and *Prudence* past a Childe.

Now, as from flowres whence Bees their hony make,  
The loathsome Spider doth his poyson take;  
Hence did the Fiend in th' other Brethren hatch  
Close deadly Hate, him harm-lesse to dispatch:  
Nor would He let the first occasion slip  
That might aduance his wily workmanship:

Aaaa

For



For, for the most, to each mans Inclination,  
He knowes in time, to offer his Temptation.  
It hapned then, vpon a Summers day,  
When as the Sunne had with his parching Ray  
Driven all the Brethren all their flocks to driue  
To the coole Couert that the Woods would giue;  
Them-selues set round vnder a shadie Oake,  
Yong Ioseph thus gently the rest bespoke.

Brothers, I'll tel you my strange Dream to night:  
Heare it, I pray (what euer meane it might,  
It was an odde one.) Early, when the Stars  
Were all call'd in (excepting *Lucifer's*,  
Dayes daily vsher) slumbring sweet this morne,  
Me thought VVe all were in a field of Corne,  
All binding Sheaves; and when we each had One,  
My Sheafe, me thought, stood bolt vpright alone,  
And all your Sheaves did instantly incline,  
And lowely bow their bended tops to mine.

Then *Judah*, nettled with no little hate  
Against the Lad, began him thus to rate:  
VWhy, saucy Boy, VWhat phant'sies dost thou fable?  
Is this your Dreame, you deeme so admirable?  
Hath not perhaps some Spirit inspir'd you so?  
No doubt there hath: the spirit of VVine, I trowe.  
But, pray, VWhat *Augure* doth your wonder bring?  
That you (belike) shall of vs all be King.  
Good King of Crickets, line thy Crown with Baies,  
Lest drunken Vapors some Rebellion raise.

The rest concurr'd to gird the harmlesse Boy  
With flouts and shouts of *O God giue you ioy:*  
*God save your Grace, Your maiesty to come;*  
And tell, in Scorne, their Father all the summe.

Hee, good old man, (not without *God* within)  
He ponders all that he had heard and seene;  
As if discerning somewhat in the Lad  
Of higher straine, than euery stripling had:  
Yet, to conceale it from the rest he seemes,  
And bids the Boy beware of guilefull *Dreames*.

But, He, to whom *God* greater Honors meant,  
Sonne after dream'd of grauer Argument.  
Him seem'd, that, set in stately Eminence,  
Before his Feet, with humble Reuerence,  
The Sunne and Moone and Eleuen Stars he saw,  
Stooping vnto him in obsequious Awe.  
VWhich well recording (for by heauenly grace  
That Gift he had) within a little space  
He tells his Brethren of his second Transe:  
Who, re-incens'd with ragefull Arrogance,

Soone

Soone shew their Father, with his fatall *Dreame*,  
Their rancor, spleene, and cank' red spite extreame.  
*Jacob*, at first amazed, calls his Sonne;

And, as interp'ring, thus to chide begun:

What! Sirra; shall I, and your Mother too,  
And all your Brothers bow our Necks to you?  
Shall you be mounted on your Chaire of State,  
And Wee come All base Beggars to your Gate?  
If such a folly haue besun'd your brain,  
And fill'd your phant'sie with presumption vaine,  
With idle Hopes: away with those Conceits;  
Trust not to *Dreams*, list not to such Deceits  
So reason-lesse, ridiculous, and light;  
Monsters, *Chimera's*, shadows of the Night:  
Which (if not good) it is not *God* doth send,  
But some Illusion of the subtile Fiend,  
To traine our Weakness to some sinfull Trap;  
Or, to betray vs to some dire mis-hap:  
As from his Cels false Oracles hee wrests,  
From flight of Birds, and Tripes of mangled Beasts.

Hast thou not heard of *Belus*, *Anubis*,  
*Opt*, *Hecate*, and other *Deities*,  
Whom the blinde *Heathen* in their Temples haue,  
Frequent their Altars, and their Rites obserue;  
Waiting their Answers with the humblest Awe,  
All which is hatefull to our *Holy-Law*?

Therefore be Wise: and looke henceforth we heare  
No more such *Dreames* of such phantastike geare.

He, thus dismiss, the rest he milde bespake  
To calme their storme, and kindly bade them take  
The Flocks to Field, and driue them soft and faire  
To *Sichem* Woods, to feede in cooler aire.

Their Fathers bidding they est-soones obey'd  
(Yong Ioseph yet at home with him he staid)  
Passing the fruitfull Vales and flow'ry Greenes  
Of plentious *Hebron*, to those shadie Screenes.

But, nor the Verdure of those Hills nor Dales,  
Nor song of Birds, nor shade of Woods, nor Gales  
Of whispering Winds, could kill or cancell quite  
Those odious *Dreames* they dream-on day & night:

Rather, they gather daily more Dildaine,  
Sharpen their Enuy, giue their Rage the raine,  
With Threats & Vows; while the euil spirit, too nigh,  
Still stirs and spurres their hatefull Ielousie.

Now, twice the Sunne had run his Iourny swift,  
When the next morning they prepare to shift  
To *Dothan's* pleasant Downs for fresher Feed,  
And to be further off from home (indeed);

Aaaa3

And



And so the longer ere they could reuert;  
Which they euen loath'd, and hated at the heart.

Wherefore (night after night, day after day)  
When, past their wont, their Father saw them stay;  
In musefull care his Ioseph calls he quicke,  
And bids him Thus; I pree thee Boy goe seeke  
Thy Brethren out (on *Sichem* Downes they feed,  
Or neere about) and bring me word with speed,  
VWhat vncouth Reason of their stay there is:  
My minde mis-giues me somewhat is amisse  
With them, or with their Cattle: hyc thee, Lad.

Away scuds Ioseph (no lesse swift then glad)  
As far as *Sichem*: but there looking round,  
Neither his Brethren, nor the Flocks he found.  
Perplexed then, he calls them one by one;  
Hoaw, Brothers! *Ruben*! *Leui*! *Simeon*!  
Then, whoops and hallooes with a Treble throat,  
So loud and shrill, that, to his warbling Nore  
With doubled *Echoes*, Woods and Caues reply:  
But, not a Brother answers Eare or Eye.

By chance, a Wood-man that an Oke did shrowd,  
Hearing the Lad, and knowing, call'd him lowd,  
And told him thus; I heard your Brethren say  
They would to *Dothan*: Thither, that's the way,  
There shall you finde them with their Cattle safe,  
In better Pasture then is heere by halfe.  
Thanks thinks the Lad: and *Sichem* out of sight,  
As swift as Roe he runs to *Dothan* right.

When, from a Hill, his Hatefull Brethren spi'd  
Him yet farre-off: O! yonder comes (they cry'd)  
Our King to-come, whom both the Sun and Moone,  
And all the Stars must serue and worship soone.  
We, We base Hindes, borne but for Heards & Neat,  
Drudging all Day in the Suns scorching heat,  
Lodging all Night in holes or hollow Trees,  
Clad but in Lether, or in coursest Freeze,  
And meanly fed with Bread and Water, most;  
While He is set-up with his Sod and Roast,  
His Messe of Goats-Milke, and his fill of Wine,  
In change of Coates, pranked and painted fine;  
Snoring all night vpon his ease-full bed,  
Where, from the Forge of his phantastike head,  
He feignes these *Dreames* in meer disdain of vs:  
But, Brethren, shall we, shall we suffer thus  
Him and his Scorning? Shall we be so blinde  
T' indure him still, till growne a Man, his minde  
Growne big withall, and bearing proud vpon  
His Fathers fondnesse, He supplant anon

Our

Our Haps and Hopes, vsurping All our due,  
And so (in fine) ful-fill his *Dreames* too-true?  
O! We are Buzzards, Blockheads, Cowards all,  
Why rather heere, where none desery vs shall,  
Where all things sort, where he is come so pat,  
Shall we not kill him, and make sure for that?  
For, in this Pit we may him deepe interre,  
And say (at home) some hungry Wolfe or Beare  
(VWhereof the Desarts, not far off, haue store)  
Him quicke deuoured, and to peeces tore.

While these dire Counsels they together cast,  
*Ruben* (who all, in yeeres and pittie, past)  
Cry'd, G o d defend, O Brethren, G o d defend,  
Against our Brother we should so offend:  
O! in his blood doe not your hands imbrue,  
Lest Heau'ns drad Vengeance that dire fact pursue  
On Vs and Ours. Though no man witnesse be,  
G o d, G o d himselfe is witnesse, and doth see  
And here vs all: from him is nothing hid;  
Hee's all an Eye that neuer closeth Lid.  
But, if you needs will of the Lad be quit,  
Sans blood or slaughter, put him in this pit,  
There leaue him to his Fate. This he aduis'd;  
That, relen'd thus from present death deuic'd,  
He, late at night returning to the Caue,  
Might hale him vp, and th' harmles stripling saue,  
To bring him safe vnto his aged Sire,  
And calme at length his Brethrens enuious Ire.

Their Elders Words them All a little mou'd,  
And his aduice they all at once approu'd:  
Him downe vnslaine, into the pit to slide,  
His worse or better Fortune to abide.  
Then *Ruben* said; Be VVitnesse G o d for Me,  
How cleere I am from this your Cruelty:  
And as he spake, him from them far withdrew  
Into the Woods, to wait what would ensue.

By this, was Ioseph (full of liuely cheere  
For hauing found them) euen arriv'd neere;  
When, fell and furious, they inclose him round,  
Lay hands on him, his tender hands they bound,  
With brauing Threats; Now shall you see (say they)  
Your *Dreames* fulfill'd: Must not we all obey  
Your Mightinesse? Our sheaves must stoop to you:  
Yea, to your State, Sunne, Moone, and Stars must bow.

Wondring, and frighted with their vncouth guise,  
In vain (alas!) in vain he calls and cries  
To them for pittie of his Innocence;  
While inly Rage, with more Impatience

Still



Still egg'd them on, with fell *Erynnis* brands :  
And hellish *Pluto* ( who too-ready stands,  
Weening to crosse the *Destinies Divine* )  
Doth all their Edge 'gainst him alone incline.

When he perceiu'd ( poor Boy ! ) no vows, no tears  
Could mollifie those stony hearts of *Theirs*  
To hold their hands, already heauing him  
With violence vnto the *Dungeons* brim ;  
His Eyes lift vp towards th' *Empyreall Pole*,  
Thus, loud he groned from a greeued soule.

Great *God* of *Abraham, Isaac, Jacob*, too,  
Who kennest all things, and canst all things doe ;  
If I sincerely haue ador'd thee still :  
If I haue gladly done my Parents Will :  
If I haue liued pious and vpright ;  
Lord looke vpon me in this wofull plight.  
Or, if it please Thee, that I heere expire ;  
Yet spare, O Lord, O spare mine aged Sire.  
And, O ! my Brethren ( whom, with due respect  
Of Eldership, I euer did affect )  
How-euer Me you pittie not, I pray  
Pitty our Father ( least vntimely gray  
His hoary head come to the graue for greefe )  
Let not him heare it : rather say some Theefe,  
Or knot of Theeues, Mee ( by the way ) bereft ;  
That some false hope may of my life be left,  
To lengthen his : though heere ( alas ! ) I lye  
Dead in these sands, and hid from any eye :  
And as he spake, his Teares so fast did fall,  
They stopp'd his speech, and almost staid withall  
His Brethrens rage ; till *Ruth-lesse Issachar*  
Re-sand the fire. Nay, hauing gon thus farre,  
We may not now, We cannot, safe desist ;  
For why ? whereon I need not now insist ;  
Your selues ( said he ) can quickly ghesse, I trowe,  
Mischiefs enow, if now we let him goe.  
Let vs therefore go on as wee decreed,  
Let's let him downe. Heereto they all agreed,  
With heart and hand, and did it instantly ;  
And then Remorselesse, on the Grasse hard by  
Made no more bones, but fate them down to dinner.  
O ! the dull Conscience of a hardned sinner !  
But, from th' *Empyreall* through th' *Ethereal Pole*,  
*God* looking downe vpon the harmlesse Soule,  
In tender Pittie, and eternall Loue  
Towards his Owne, among the Troops ( about )  
Of winged Heralds that are ever prest,  
Expecting gladly his Diuine Behest,

To

To one he beckens, and he bids him Thus ;  
Right Trustly, hy thee, hy thee down from vs,  
Toward *Samarra*, well thou knowest where,  
And whom thou know'st one day ordain'd to bear  
A glorious Part, in honorable Place,  
Good *Isaac's* Grand-Child, now in pitious case,  
Crying for succour from a darke deepe Cell,  
Against his Brethrens enuious Furie fell :  
Goe comfort him, poore heart ; but in what kinde,  
I need not say. Thou seest, thou know'st my min'de.

So, with his gracious All-directing Nod,  
Th' Angel, dis-mist, in th' instant spreads abroad  
Ethereall wings on his *Aëreall* sides,  
And through the woundlesse Welkin swifter glides  
Then *Zephyrus* ; or, then ( when mounted high  
VWith many Turns, and towring in the Skye )  
The stout *Ger-Faulcon* stoopeth at the *Herne*,  
VWith sodaine Soufe, that many scarce discerne :  
Such was the speed of this Celestiall Bird  
( To prosecute, and execute the Word  
Of his great Master ) towards *Dothan Downe*,  
Alighting first vpon *Mount Tabor's Crowne*  
Amaz'd to see his Groues so sodaine greene,  
And Lawnes so fresh, with flowery tusis betweene,  
The Hill-born *Nymphs* with quauering warbles sing  
His happy-Well-come : Caves and Rocks do ring  
Redoubled Ecchoes ; VVoods and VVinds withall,  
VVhisper about a ioyfull Madrigall.

But th' Heavenly Herald, from the Mountain eying  
The Vale about, sees there the Brethren lying  
Along the Grasse, and busie at their Vittle,  
And, from a Hill ( thence distant but a little )  
Th' *Arabian* Merchants with their Camels, hard  
( As *God* would haue it ) driuing thither-ward :  
Thence instantly he casts his gentle Eye,  
On wofull *Iosaphat* ; and immediately  
Descending swift, stands on the dungeons brim,  
Now shining bright with sodain light from him.  
VWhere with the Lad at once dismaid and ioy'd,  
The sacred Torch-man ( to that end employd )  
In louely Shape, with sweet and liuely grace,  
Thus cheeres the Lad ( himselfe a Lad in Face )  
Feare not, deere *Iosaphat*, deere to *God* aboute,  
Thy Fathers *God*, who All doth guide and moue,  
Hath sent me hither from his heauenly Throne,  
To comfort and confirme thee, in thy Mone.  
First, Hence thou shalt be fre'd ; yet, behold,  
Twise, as a Slaue, thou shalt be bought and sold,

Trans-



Transferr'd to *Memphis*, and for many a yeere  
 Shalt live a Seruant and a Prisoner there.  
 But if thou still haue in abomination  
 Strange Womens Loue, and strange gods adoration:  
 If still with all thy strength, with all thy heart  
 Thou serue the Lord, and from him neuer start:  
 If in his Waies thou walke, and doe his Will,  
 He will be with thee, for thee, in thee still:  
 So that where-ere thou goe, what-ere thou doe,  
 Favour and Fortune shall attend thee too.  
 And that thou maist with greater confidence  
 Contemne thy wrongs, and trust his Providence,  
 Knowe for a certaine, he hath destin'd thee  
 A high Estate, and glorious Emperie;  
 And time will come, when Thou with me shalt view  
 Thy former *Dreames* in euery part proue true;  
 When as thy Brethren with selfe-guilty brow,  
 And thy good Father shall before thee bow:  
 When thy Compassion, paying good for ill,  
 Shall saue their liues that meant thee first to kill:  
 Shall feed their mouthes that thought thee once to sterue,  
 And buy them seats that sold thee forth to serue;  
 And not alone receiue themselves to grace,  
 But them and theirs within thy Kingdome place;  
 That grown at length in number like the sand,  
 Thence the Almighty with a mighty hand  
 (In spight of *Enuie* and *Ambitious* sway)  
 May bring them dry-shod through the Crimson Sea,  
 Directed safe in all their vncouth Way,  
 By Fire by Night, and by a Clowd by Day;  
 Through the drye *Desart*, plentifully fed  
 With Quails from Heauen, and *Manna* (Angels bread)  
 Into a Land where Milke and Hony flowe;  
 The happy signe of happier substance though:  
 Where, in due Time (O hastye Times away.)  
 A *Goulden Age* shall see a glorious Day;  
 A Day full oft to be fore-typ't, fore-told,  
 Fore-promised by Prophets manifold;  
 When from the Bosome of th' Eternall *Sonne*,  
 Th' Eternall *Sonne* (What may we so admire!)  
 (The *Sonne* is a *reshadowing* of a *Virgin-Mother*)  
 Shall take Man's Nature, and become your Brother;  
 Old *Adam's* Guilt, and Yours to expiate,  
 And wide re-open Heauen's long-locked Gate.  
 Concluding heere, to Heau'n the Angell hy'd.  
 I *os* *eph*, though first distract and stupef'd,  
 With such a Glory (and confus'd a space)  
 Him re-collects, and re-erects his Face;

Inlie

Inlie reioycing, deeply ruminating,  
 All in his minde maturely pondering.  
 And future Hopes confirme him passing strong,  
 Gainst present feares, and all his Woes and Wrong;  
 That cheerely thus, with heart and hands erect,  
 His holy Vowes he doth to Heauen direct:  
 Great King of Kings, that rulest All-abroad;  
 My Fathers, Grandfathers, and Great-grandfathers God,  
 Almighty Guide and Guard, still gracious be  
 To Vs and Ours, whose trust is all in Thee.  
 Especially, thy fauour, Lord I craue  
 Towards my Father, ready for the Graue:  
 And as for mee; how-euer please thee, deale  
 Me sowre or sweet, or send me Woe or Weale;  
 It shall be welcome, and I well content.  
 Onely deere Father, if that Death preuent  
 Mine eyes (vnworthy) of that wished Day,  
 That long long-hoped, happy *Holy-Day*,  
 When from thy Throne (whose Glory hath no End)  
 Thine onely *Sonne* shall into *Flesh* descend;  
 At least vouchsafe me, though in shadow dim,  
 As in a Glasse to see and knowledge Him;  
 And (thorough Faith) to feele the *sauing Sauiour*  
 Of this thrice-sacred, gracious, pretious *Lauer*.  
 So, with an inward and deep sigh, he ceast.  
 The while, *Arabians* (Merchants of the East)  
 With Camels loaden with their Countrey Ware,  
*Myrrhe*, *Storax*, *Incense*, the most choyce and rare,  
 Comming from *Madian*, towards *Egypt* bound,  
 Were passing by, where on the grassie ground,  
 The Shepheard-Brethren sate to eate and talke;  
 And busie yet, their Teeth and Tongues did walke,  
 Till on the sodaine they descry'd the Men.  
 Whence *Iudah* thus begins: O Bretheren,  
 Behold how G o d doth better farre prouide,  
 Then we could plot (more safe for eyther side).  
 For, to these Merchants if we sell the Lad,  
 First, a good peece of Money will be had;  
 Next, of our Brothers bloud we shall be cleere;  
 And last of all, be sure no more to heare  
 Or newes, or noise, or name of *Ios* *eph* here,  
 Whether to *Memph's* or *Marmarid's* they wend.  
 Therefore, forthwith one to them let vs send,  
 The Mart to offer, and the Price to make,  
 As of a Slaue; and bring their answer backe.  
 They all agree, and one is sent away  
 To driue the Bargaine; while the rest assay  
 About a Tree-trunke fastning fit a rope,

And



And letting 't downe, to hale their Brother vp,  
And vp he comes as fresh as Maying Rose,  
Or Daffadill that in a Garden growes;  
As lively Forme as yest, as lovely Face,  
Shining with signes of Gods assisting Grace.

By this, the Marchants with their Broker came,  
To see the Ware; and did so like the same,  
They stood not hucking, of the price to bate  
(So good, and so good cheap, who would not ha't)  
But, who would ween (*good God!*) that euer He,  
That was pre-destin'd to such dignitie,  
To whom such Wealth and Honor should befall,  
Should thus be fould, and for a price so small?  
Sawe that my *Sauour*, Heire of Heauen and Earth,  
That *God*-begotten, holy *Virgins* Birth,  
Whom Angels serue, whom Cherubins adore,  
To *Iewes* his *Judas* sold for little more;  
(Woe to His Soule, Woe to my Sinnes therefore!)

As, *Twenty Pence*. O base and cursed Thrall!  
But, both sides pleas'd, *Ioseph* must suffer all.  
Now must he mount on his new Masters packe,  
Vpon his Camels double bunched backe;  
To trot to *Nile*-ward (neuer heard-of *Nile*)  
As proud and glad of such a Load, the while  
His gentle Beast, now easiest of the Troope,  
Aptest to stop, humblest at need to stoop  
To this new Rider, with a cheerefull Neigh,  
Lifts light his feet, and still he leads the way.

Well: Now the Brethren haue their Brother rid,  
How shall his Fate, how shall their Hate be hid?  
Who, to their Father the sad newes shall bring?  
This is the doubt: This they are hammering.  
In fine, they iump, first to send home his Coat  
(For they had stript him) and in bloud of Goat  
Deepe dipping it, *Dan* is instructed fit  
In this sad manner to deliuer it  
To aged *Iacob*, doubting nothing lesse,  
Than His mis-hap, or Their so Hatefulnessse.  
Father (said *Dan*) ranging within a Wood,  
Our Cur did find this Coat, thus stain'd with bloud.  
Not knowing therefore, whence, nor whose it is,  
Nor how it came, we thought it not amiss  
To shew 't you first, and after harken further,  
As you thinke fit, in case of Maime, or Murder.  
But, Father *Iacob* had no sooner sp'yd  
The spotted Coat, with bloud and durt bedy'd,  
But, drown'd in Teares, he teares his hoary haire,  
With Ashes sprent, and rent his garments there,

And

And cries, Alas! deere *Ioseph*, staffe and stay  
Of all mine Age, so sodaine rane away!  
O! O! My Sonne, Who? How? What did befall,  
To murder Thee, to murder Me withall?  
Doubtless, no Man: some sauage Beast it was,  
Some hungry Boare, some hairie Beare, alas!  
Where are your Brethren? Quickly all of you,  
Through all the Woods go take a thorow view:  
You may perhaps at last yet light on him,  
Or finde at least some Part, some mangled Lim,  
Some wofull Relique, which I pray bring home,  
That I may giue it his last Rites, a Tombe:  
Or rather, let me goe my selfe to seeke,  
And finde my dead Sonne, or a Death, his Like:  
And saying so, downe in a swoone he slid;  
With much a-doo to be recovered.

On th' other side, sad *Ruben* towards night,  
When th' Euening Star began to twinkle bright,  
When Sheep and Shepherds to their Cotes were gone  
All but himselfe, himselfe comes all alone  
Vnto the Caue, and calling twice or thrice,  
Why! *Ioseph*, *Ioseph*; when as none replyes,  
Dismaid, and doubting, lest in their disdain,  
His Brethren there the silly Lad had slaine;  
He makes a shift to cut a Holmen Pole,  
And by that help, gets downe into the Hole,  
Looks round about; but finding nothing there,  
Gets vp againe, as full of greefe and feare:  
Then, hopeles, leaues that search to seek the others;  
And by the Sheeps trackes, tracking of his Brothers,  
Soone findes them out; and out of them will know  
Both how, and where, they *Ioseph* did bestow.  
They tell him truly how it did befall.

A little eas'd (though little pleas'd withall)  
To heare the Lad was yet aliue and safe  
(Though for his thraldome he did inly chafe)  
He thus aduises; Brethren, let vs hye  
Hometo our Father, and our best apply  
To comfort him; Let vs informe him this,  
That the *Arabians* (as their manner is)  
Spying the Lad alone vpon the VVay,  
Pursu'd him, tooke him, stole him quite away;  
And while he struggled from them to haue got,  
With a light hurt he bloudied all his Coate.  
Which let some Shepheards boy or other bring  
(As hauing found it) to auer the thing;  
For there be many can affirme (no doubt)  
They lately sawe *Arabians* heere-about.

Bbbb

This



This fitted thus, together home they goe,  
And doe their best to cheere their Fathers woe.  
But though perhaps with some smal hope relieu'd,  
Perpetually (alas!) he mourn'd and grieu'd,  
Nor could the Torrent of his Teares retain,  
Nor outward Solace inly entertaine;  
But day and night a bitter life he led,  
Mostly alone, although aliue, as dead.

Meane-while, the Marchant well content & glad,  
Holds on his Iourney, beares away the Lad;  
Wondring to see all things so sute his will,  
Weather so temp'rate, and the VVindes so still,  
The Waies so dust-lesse, and so durlesse faire,  
The Sunne so friendly, and so fresh the Aire;  
About their VVont: for, hauing Heauen to friend,  
With Ioseph, Graces, Hope, and Hap do wend.

Now, hauing past *Iudea's* confines quire,  
From a steepe Hill, they haue anon the sight  
Of stately *Memphis* lofty Towers and Walles,  
With glittering roofes of high & sumptuous Halls.  
Amid a rich and pleasant Plaine, repleat  
With goodly Heards of Cattell, Sheep, and Neat,  
With goodly Corne-fields, heere & there between:  
And, neere the Citie, on a spacious Greene,  
They might behold, as in some Martiall Muster,  
Thousands of Youth in federall Troops to cluster;  
Attending all, Some, manly Exercise;  
Some, light and speedy, running for a prize:  
Some, strongly active, wrastring for a fall,  
Some, hurling Sledges, till they sweat withall:  
Some, on swift Horse-backe to out-swim the winde;  
Some, to shoot backward at their foes behind:  
Some with their Launces ready coucht in Rest,  
Wheeling about, to charge in Flanke or Brest:  
Some, at the Tilt, in strong and steddye course,  
To breake their Staues, or beare down man & horse.  
Whereon th' *Arabians*, with th' *Isaacian* Lad,  
(Now very neer) stood gazing, as right glad,  
And all most greedy of so various sorts  
Of Manly Proems, of so warlik sports.

An *Eunuch* of the Kings, one much esteem'd,  
And Master of those Martiall Games (it seem'd)  
Seeing those Strangers, with so much delight  
Stand still so long in viewing all the Sight,  
Sends to inuite them kindly to come neere;  
And then perceiuing that they Marchants were,  
Began to aske, What Ware, what rare deuice,  
They had to sell? Nothing, said they, but Spice,

And

And this yong Lad; VVhom, if Your Lordship like,  
Accept as Yours, and freely, we beseeke:  
Or, if you will accept him *gratis*, prize  
As please your selfe; your fauour shall suffice.

Yes, said the *Eunuch*, I accept your Loue,  
And of Your Present I so well approue,  
And prize it so, You could not bring me better:  
The more my hope, the more am I your debter,  
Such grace his Face presageth to my minde;  
So shall you neuer me vngratefull finde,  
Said *Potiphar*: and then he takes the Lad;  
And causing him to be right seemely clad,  
In Silken suit, giues him a Liuory  
Of Purple, garded with Embroderie.  
Then on a goodly Horse he sets him vp,  
The stillest, yet the starest in the troope.

Ioseph right ioyfull, from a bashfull Brow  
Returns dumbe *Homage*, with a gracefull Bow  
Vnto his Lord: then, re-erect, appeares  
Taller and trimmer then were all his Peeres.  
Him, home before (thus furnisht) with a Guide,  
Sends *Potiphar* vnto his louely Bride.

Now *Hesperus* the Euening on did bring;  
When, leauing Fields, the youthfull troops do ring  
About their Captaine, and attend, in State  
To guard him home triumphant to his Gate.  
And louely Ioseph, hauing had by this  
A view of his faire *Lady-Mistresse*,  
And of his Office, tutored at large,  
VVhat him belond in his *Lords Chamber-charge*,  
Him humbly ranked (of his owne accord)  
Among his fellowes to goe meete his Lord.

As burnisht Gold amid a heape of Sand,  
Or Orient Pearle among the Pebble Strand,  
Such seemed He, among tenne thousand Squires,  
VVhom Men and Matrones, yong and old admire:  
His pale so graue, his Face so gracious,  
His eyes and Feet still so officious  
About his Lord, as fixed still on Him,  
VVith stadie Looks, and with as ready Limbe:  
No lesse within doores then he was without,  
Active and apt in all he went about;  
On all occasions, in what-euer kinde,  
Of Bodie's Labor, or of Birth of Minde.  
But about all, his faithfull diligence,  
And mature VVisdome in all Managements,  
So well accepted and admired are,  
That not alone vnto his Trustie Care

Bbbbs

His



His Lord committed what before he had;  
 But ouer All, him onely *Steward* made.  
 For, *Potiphar* perceiu'd that vnder Him,  
 What-ere he had did thriue and prosper trim:  
 His Fields and Flocks more fruitfull then before;  
 His Fauours greater, and his Honours more:  
 All which, inspired by some secret Test,  
 To this young *Ioseph* he ascrib'd, as Blest.  
 And th' *Oracles* of *Egypt*, then a-foot,  
 Seem'd euen to point at, and perswade vnto't.

There was a *Peach-Tree* growing then amid  
*God Camosb* Temple, to him consecrated,  
 Which, brought from *Persia* long agoe, they say,  
 When *Isis* yerst did all the World suruay,  
 By her owne hand was planted, for Posterity,  
 To be a famous Monument of Verity.  
 Heereon, arriuing from farre wanderings,  
 Bright-shining *Apis* with change-colour'd wings,  
 Faire *Apis* settled; after whom did muster  
 A mighty Swarme, which hung all in a Cluster  
 Vpon one Bough. This wonder blowne abroad  
 Among the *Bards*, they vouch that it did boad,  
 Some Stranger should from forrein parts arriue;  
 And after him, a mighty people hyue,  
 Through whom the house of *Potiphar* should rise  
 To wondrous Wealth and goodly dignities.  
 Weening therefore these *Augures* all fulfilld  
 In *Ioseph* now, him euery one well-will'd,  
 Him euery one accordingly respected,  
 Him euery one for this the more affected.

But, faire *Jemphar* (wife of *Potiphar*)  
 Aboue the rest, his Parts did high prefer;  
 Him more then All shee inlie did admire,  
 And still beholds him with a young desire.  
 Yet, ignorant what furie would ensue  
 The pleasing Passion shee did so pursue;  
 VVhat wily *Godling* to beguile her, sought  
 To snare her freedome in a seruile thought;  
 As yet she vented neyther Sigh nor Teare:  
 All yet was sweet, no bitter Fit, no Feare.

Which th' enuious Prince of *Seyx* and *Acheron*,  
 Malignant Father of confusion,  
 Mans deadly Foe, obseruing; and beside,  
 That *Isaac's* seed still happy multipl'd:  
 In fell despight, and full of desp'rate rage,  
 He calls a bird of his infernall Cage,  
 A cruell Harpy, full of wicked VVile,  
 A thousand waies the wisest to beguile.

Go.

Go, hye, saith He, my darling, hye thee quicke  
 To faire *Jemphar*; she is *Phant'sie-sicke*  
 Already. Therefore so insinuate,  
 That more and more thou her intoxicate:  
 Breathe in her bosome, blowe in new infection,  
 Kindle the Tinder of her light affection  
 To such a flame, that neither Gods nor men  
 May be of power to put it out agen:  
 And, doe thy best (for that I most desire)  
 If possible, let *Ioseph* (too) a fire:  
 But, if on him, thou nothing canst preuaile,  
 Returne to her, her *Phant'sie* re-assaile,  
 Fill her with *Phrenzic*, and with *Furie* double  
 Still burne her fell, till all her Friends she trouble:  
 Till with disgrace, disdain'd, and desperate,  
 She turne her deere Loue to as deadly Hate:  
 Till then, desist not; but persist and ply  
 To play thy Part with Art and Subtilty.

He, glad and ready for the worst of Ills,  
 VVith *Stygian* puddle halfe a Viall fills,  
 Blending some bitter, sharp-sweet wine withall.  
 Then snatching quicke one of the snakes that craule  
 About *Alecto's* grim and ghastly Browes,  
 Away he hies to *Potiphar* his House,  
 Within his bosome hiding what he had,  
 And formally iust in the Form him clad  
 Of *Ischicle*, the Lady *Jemphars* Nurse;  
 With better credit, to beguile the worse.  
 Then, to her Lady hauing made a ducke,  
 Sweet *Madam* (said she, sic on all ill lucke)  
 What sad disaster, what misfortune rise,  
 Hath made poore *Ioseph* weary of his Life?  
 My selfe, of late, haue seene him oft, forlorne  
 Sit sole and sighing, and haue heard him mourne,  
 Wishing for Death. And when I sought to knowe  
 The secret cause of his exceeding woe:  
 O! Mother (said he) whether I conceale it,  
 Needs dye I must, or whether I reueale it.  
 Inquire not therefore; for, tis better end,  
 With my sad life my sorrowe's cause vnkend.  
 Not so, my Sonne (said I) for oft a VVound  
 Discover'd, is recouerd, and made sound;  
 Which, hid a while, would gangrene to the bone:  
 Tell boldly (Lad) art thou in loue with none?  
 If that be cause of thy distresse; Why Boy  
 Be of good cheere, Thou shalt thy Deare enioy.  
 Hope well, and haue well: So shalt thou; or else  
 He charme *Loues Passion* with some stronger spels.

Bbb3

With



With bashfull Blush, then said hee, Yes, I love :  
 Bee witness, *gods*, how earnest I have strove  
 To strangle it ! How I have labour'd long !  
 How loth (alas!) my Lord in thought to wrong :  
 More wishing Death : Death, now make good my triall :  
 Happy were I to live and dy so loyall.  
 And, saying so, on his fair Checks hee pours  
 A Sea of Tears, in Pearl and Crystill shows :  
 So that, I see, without quick Remedy,  
 For love of you, *Madame*, the Youth will dy.

Alas ! then said the Lady, Woe is mee  
 For his Misfortune and his Misery ;  
 To mee right tragick is the tale you tell :  
 For, truth to say, I love him but too well,  
 And would enjoy him if I could or durst ;  
 But, O ! I cannot : O ! I may not : first,  
 For sacred Lawes, for *Hymen's* secret yoke,  
 (Which never any yet, vnpanisht, broke)  
 For fear of danger, and dishonours brand,  
 And dreadfull vengeance of my Husbands hand.

Why, my dear Daughter, damned Nurse replies,  
 The gods doo laugh at Lovers injuries :  
 And with thy Wedlock thou maist well dispense,  
 On so good ground of so great consequence,  
 As is the saving of a Life so yong,  
 So innocent, that never yet did wrong ;  
 Unless it bee a wrong to love too much,  
 Ordy for Love (Who would not dy for such ?).  
 Lovers must dare, and Wise-men must not dread  
 The worst of Dangers that is threatened :  
 For, even the *gods* have Lovers in their guard,  
 And Love and *Pity* they will still reward.

I have a *Water* of a soverain vse  
 (Th' extracted Spirit of many a *Chymick* *luyce*)  
 Which, inly tane in a perplexed Case,  
 Expels the Doubt, and shews *Truth's* naked Face ;  
 That, far from *ambage*, th' undistract affection  
 May of the better freely make election.  
 If therefore, *Madame*, yet you stand divided,  
 What Part to take ; to have your doubts decided,  
 I'll give it you : and, as thee spake, thee gave  
 The hellish *philtre* made of *Stygian* wave.

Thanks, dearest Mother, said her Ladiship :  
 And, taking all, not with a fearfull sip,  
 But full Carouse, lifting her hand on hy,  
 Quast off the poison, drew the goblet dry.  
 This don, the *Damon*, with a Beldams face,  
 Towards *Ioseph's* chamber hies with hobbling pace ;

Where

Where he was praying, and devoutly praying  
 The God of Gods, for his so gracious raising :  
 But when the false Fiend in his Portall spid  
 A heavenly Warder (both his Guard and Guide)  
 With threatfull brandish of a shining Blade,  
 More speed then good, headlong he downward made  
 In dreadfull Maze ; and, as the fowlest Fowle,  
 Transformes him quick into a *Schrieking-Owle*,  
 Night's horrid Monster, howering long aloofe,  
 At last pearcht on *Iemfars* Chamber roofe.

The wretched *Iemfar*, having quastd vp  
 The brim and bottome of the *Stygian* Cup,  
 Now all alone, she feesles her all a-fire,  
 Bloud, Bones, and Marrow, burning in desire ;  
 Sad, silent, sighing, in a wondrous Fit ;  
 And all for *Ioseph*, nigh beside her wit,  
 Now on her bed she falls, and by and by  
 Flings vp againe ; and to and fro doth fly  
 From place to place ; soone weary of the best ;  
 Runs euery where, and no where findeth rest ;  
 Like one whose brest a burning Feuer fryes,  
 Or whom some Serpents sting doth agonize :  
 At last she breakes out ; and Alas ! quoth Shee,  
 What, what is this that thus tormenteth me ?

O ! is it Loue ? or was it not the Drinke  
 Iooke right now ? No : it is Love I thinke,  
 'Tis surely Love, Love in extremitie,  
 And but faire I o s e r h gently help, I dye.  
 Then help, Sweet-heart, come, be thou boldly mine :  
 Come be my Loue, and I will still be thine.  
 Both living louing, wee'll die guiltlesse both  
 Of cythers blood : Be witness gods how loth  
 I would incur so fell, so foul a staine,  
 To kill such Louer with vnkind disdain.  
 Duly and truly, while I ought and could,  
 I serued *Hymen*, till (alas !) contrould  
 By higher Godheads more Imperiall Right :  
 He fauour me, as now I feele his might  
 Farre, farre exceed weake Womans opposition.  
 He will no doubt ; and daigne vs both Tuition :  
 Sith wont, himselfe, to loue, he as a Louer  
 VVill pity Passions, and our pleasures couer.

Thus hauing said, impatient of delay,  
*Efren* she calls ( *Efren* a Maid, that aye  
 V'd, as most trusty, diligent and charie,  
 Her Mistresse Errands to and fro to carry )  
 Goe quickly *Efren*, seek me I o s e r h out,  
 And if the businesse he is now about

Be



Be not too earnest, and too instant too,  
But what he may as well heereafter doe,  
Bid him forth-with to come and speake with Mee.

Wingd with her words, about it straight runs she:  
And, after summons, Ioseph comes anon  
Vp to his Lady, who then all alone,  
First with a Blush, and bashfull glasse among,  
From quivering bosome, with a shiuering tongue,  
Thus breakes the Ice (still bidding him come neerer)  
Deare, my deare Ioseph, then mine own Eyes deater,  
Shall I intreat thee, what I might command,  
To answer truly what I shall demand?

Madame, said he, Should I be false to you?  
What ere it be, I sweare to tell you true.

I heare (quoth she) that thou art deepe in Loue:  
If it be true (thou must thy Truth approue)  
Thou maist not hide it; though my selfe were she,  
For whom thou sufferest, thou must tell it me:  
Confesse it freely: and I must confesse  
As much to Thee; for, Thee I loue no lesse:  
So, louing Both, we shall haue mutuall Fewell,  
Nor Thou to Mee, nor I to Thee be cruell:  
Ioyne hands, ioyne hearts, how happy manifold!  
How great! how gract! how will I heape thee gold!  
Thus she protests, and with a sodaine kisse  
Vpon his Lips she seales her Promises.

He, red for shame, selfe-sadly ruminates  
His Heauenly Angels sacred Caneas  
Against Temptations and Attempts vniust,  
Of Idoles seruice, and vnlawfull Lust:  
Internall praying for supernall Strength,  
In modest manner Thus replies at length:

Madame, what euer of my Loue you heare,  
How-euer feruent, or how deeply-deere;  
If you haue heard it, as (perhaps) impure,  
Vnchaste, vn honest Loue; I you assure  
None loue I so; nor wish I (I protest)  
So to be lov'd: and of my Lady, least.  
My Lord, you knowe, hath nothing from me kept,  
I all command, onely your selfe except:  
And shall I then, disloyall, Traitor proue  
Vnto my Lord; and to My God about?  
No, God forbid: No, rather let me dye;  
And in the sands vnburied euer lye,  
A prey to Birds and Beasts: and as he spake,  
Her and her Chamber did he quick forsake.  
Shee, seeing then her Hopes so sodaine dashd,  
Her selfe deluded; as with Lightning flashd,

Scands

Strands first a while moucellesse, amaz'd and mute;  
Then grinde a Groan, and many sighes pursue't;  
Then wrings her hands, falls backward on her bed,  
Distract in minde, her colour pale and dead.

All which obserued by that Diuell-Owle,  
Vpon the Roofe, he putteth off the Fowle,  
And re-puts-on Nurse Iphicle a space,  
To visit *Sempar* in so pitious Case.  
Alas! quoth she, What ailes my Lady deere?  
My tender Nurling, What hath hapned heere?  
Why are you daunted and deiected so?  
Be of good Cheere; be of good Comfort: Lo,  
I, I am heere; looke, on me, looke, my Lamb,  
Your helpe at need, your louing Nurse I am.

At name of Nurse, her somewhat she erects,  
And with these Taunts a frowning glance reflects:  
Nurse, once a Nurse, or Mother more then Nurse,  
But now a Step-dame, or some Furie worse.  
Thou, thou hast kill'd mee, thou hast quite vndone me:  
Thou toldst me, *Ioseph* was enamoured on me  
Deep, to the Death; and when I come to proue him,  
Alas! he loues not, nor will let me loue him:  
Nay, Prayers, Proffers, Presents cannot moue him.  
Thou, thou hast made me make my selfe a mocke;  
To shame my Name, to staine my House and Stocke,  
To wrong my Lord, to breake my Faith, to fall;  
Thou wert the Author, thou the cause of all.  
What wanteth more, but with a murderous blade,  
This guilty Soule to send to endlesse shade?

False Iphicle doth her as sharpe reprove;  
Ah, foolish woman, vnexpert in Loue:  
What wonder was it, if a bashfull boy,  
Vntraind, vntoucht (as Virgin) first were coy  
To heare of Loue, a Nouice, yet a Stranger,  
Doubtfull of you, perhaps; fearefull of danger.  
'Twas not the course: you haue miscarried it.  
Then be not hartlesse, neither hopelesse yet;  
For I will once more vndertake the matter,  
He chide his rudnesse, and instruct him better  
How to behaue him: Haue you Patience  
But for three daies, and on the fourth from hence  
Will reigne a gracious Starre, whose milde Aspect  
On Loue and Louers gently doth reflect;  
Vnder whose Radiance, in Coniunction sweet,  
Hymen and Cupid in one instant meet.

With these her Words *Sempar*, part re-heard,  
Her sinking heart againe a little rear'd:  
Then Goe, said she, the Gods grant better speed:

And



And that we may the better now succeed,  
VVe will the while the sacred Powers implore,  
Frequent their Altars, and their Shrines adore.

Next morning therefore, by what time the Sun  
VVith glittering Rayes had gilt the *Horizon*,  
*Temp'sar* decks her, goodly to behold,  
In Scarlet, set with Jewels and with Gold  
(But much more goodly for her lovely grace,  
And native Beauties of her Forme and Face)  
And to the Temple with a Traine she tends,  
Of Matrons, Maidens, Seruants, Neighbors, Friends.

Among the rest, the Steward also went,  
Faire-featur'd *I o s e p h*, with his Eyes downe bent,  
As inlie pitying with a grieve vnshowne,  
His Ladies Passions as he did his owne:  
For, he suppos'd her gait to Church had bin  
To seeke for Mercy, and forsake her sinne:  
But, nothing lesse; Shee all the gods requires,  
To friend her loue, and further her desires:  
And so the next day, and the next ensuing,  
And every day still greater Gifts renuing,  
The reaking Entrails of her Offrings viewing.  
But, when the fourth, long-wished, wel-come day  
*Tytan* gan burnish with his burning Ray,  
Haile, happy day (said shee) haile holy Lights,  
That fauours Louers, and that loue delights:  
And by your power and gracious Iussence,  
Preserue the VVorlds perpetuall Increments.  
And then she sends for the beloued Lad:  
Who, selfely good, suspecting nothing bad,  
Suppos'g now his Miltresse minde reclaim'd,  
At least from daring what before she aim'd,  
Comes instantly: Shee, by the Nurse seduc't,  
Presuming All to her content conduc't;  
No sooner spies him, but she springs for haste,  
About his necke her Ivory Armes she cast:  
Shee holds him, hugs him, sayrng, Welcome Mine,  
Mine, Mine thou art, and I am onely Thine:  
Then, VVhy delay we? VVhy defer wee thus  
Our ioynt delights, sith none can hinder vs?  
VVhy burn we Day-light? Hence with Feare and Slorb.  
Let's mixt our Loues. This Bed will serue vs Both.  
She leaps vpon't; and like a Nay-lesse Wooer,  
Holding his Cloake, she puls him hard vnto her.  
The goodly Youth, as beautifull as blamelesse,  
Amaz'd, asham'd, to see his Lady shamelesse,  
Replyes, Alas! (Thus sharpe reproofing her)  
Late Noble VVife of Noble *Potiphar*,

What

What mood, what madnes hath obdur'd your mind,  
To dare these Pranks, vncomely and vnkinde?  
To shame your Selfe, your Sex, your House, your State,  
To wrong my Lord, and me vnfortunate?  
These are the fruites of Ease-full Idlenesse,  
Of wanton Pride, of wastfull Pamprednesse;  
From whence the Fiends (our foes) aduantage cull,  
To kill our Soules, and fill our Sins-sacke full:  
For, 'tis not *Iphicle*, your Nurse, your Friend,  
As you suppose: no, 'tis a hellish Fiend,  
A Hag, a Furie sent from Sulphury *Styx*,  
That thus deludes you with deceits and tricks:  
Shee dar'd, and did attempt to tempt me too;  
But, God forbad: shee me no hurt could doe.  
I saw her shrinking out as I came in:  
I know the fained forme she masketh in:  
I feele the Sulphury fume, the filthy Sent  
She left behinde her, when away she went.

He hauing spoken; from behinde the dore,  
The subtle Fury (lurking there before)  
VVith sodaine rush did crush the posts in sunder;  
And comming in, fills all with feare and wonder;  
When ghastly squinting, griezly, Thus she spake  
VVith hellish voyce: Indeed you do mistake.  
False, *Iphicle* I am not: I am one  
Of th' Odious Sisters, sent from *Acheron*,  
I'll make you proue it now: then forth she drew  
A poysonous Snake, and it at *I o s e p h* threw:  
But, th' Heauenly Warder still repeld it back,  
And all th' endeouours frustrate still did make.  
Vnable therefore Him to hurt at all,  
Towards *Temp'sar* doth it softly cawle,  
With slippery windings, wriggling to and fro:  
Into her skirts at length it twineth so,  
That vp it creepes, and quicke into her gets,  
Gnawes all her bowells, and despitefull spets  
His hellish poyson in her inmost heart.

The Lad, thus frighted, quick away did start,  
To his owne Chamber: and perplext in minde,  
Forgetfull he had left his cloake behinde.

Seeing him fled, and feeling in her wombe  
The fretting Venome; wholly ouercome,  
In ragefull fury, sodainely she falls,  
And, *Help, Help, Help*, with a loud Cry she calls,  
So loud and shrill, that all the Court it heard,  
And all the house, and neighbours neere, it scar'd;  
As if within had been some sodaine fire  
Which instantly would to the rooofe aspire.

Help,



Helpe, Women, Help, quicke, quickly. O! the Slave,  
The Iew, the Rascall, the yong Hebrew knave,  
Euen now (O Gods!) finding me here alone,  
(O the bold Villaine! Hath the like been knowen?)  
Dar'd t'haue desil'd great *Potiphar* his Bed;  
And, but my Nurse me timely rescued,  
Had rauish'd me (O, horrid thing to thinke!)  
But hearing Helpe, away the Slave did flinke,  
And left, for halfe, his Cloak behind him heere,  
With Hue and Crye, pursue him far and neere,  
Lay hold on him, and lay him fast in Hold;  
And let my Lord of his Abuse be told.

Thus fell *Potiphar* her complaint prefers.

All which, and more, false *spiegle* auers,  
And aggravates, adiudging him exempt  
From pitie, fit to hang for such attempt  
So insolent, so impudent; and whets  
The hearers hearts. Then close away she gets,  
Vseene, and *dowle-like* in a Clowd inuolv'd,  
Her borrow'd Body into Aire dissolv'd;  
Descending swift from whence she came, to tell  
Her good-ill service, and successe, in Hell.

Poore *Ioseph* then his fellowes felly seaze;  
And, hasty, hurry him towards Little-Ease:  
Faine would he speake, but none would hear a word;  
None, none at all, and least of all his Lord,  
Whom the Report already had incens'd;  
Yet not with Death to haue him recompenc'd:  
But, in a Dungeon (worfe then Death) to dwell,  
For worst Offenders the most loathsome Cell;  
There, kept Close-Prisoner to be barely fed  
With puddle-water, and with Barly-bread.

But, better kept by his supernall keeper  
(Yet, more his dear, the more their woes be deeper)  
A winged Watch-man shining heauenly bright,  
Is sent to *Ioseph* (when the first sad Night  
With sable Courtin had beclouded all)  
Who entring (through the Wicket and the Wall)  
Into the Prison, with a new-come Ray  
Lightning the dungeon, driving Night away,  
With spirituall Comforts, and with speeches kinde,  
Cancels his feares, and well confirms his minde.

This, from a Tower th' Egyptian Keeper spy'd:  
Some God, some God is in the Light, he cry'd.  
I know, such Splendor, and the speech I heard,  
If it be God, it must be needs inferd  
This Lad is guiltlesse of the crime pretended.  
For, Innocence iust *IOVE* hath aye defended.

Thence

Thenceforth, to *Ioseph* bare he great respect;  
A kinde of Reverence, with a kinde Affect;  
Took off the Irons from his hands and feet;  
Fed, lodg'd him better, made his prison sweet;  
Visits him oft, intreats him friendly faire,  
With loving Comforts, lets him take the Aire.

Now, twice foure Roundles *Phabe* had compleat,  
When, on suspicion of some treacherous fear  
Of poysoning *Pharao's* Bread (as went the Fame)  
Two were committed from the Court (by name,  
The Kings chiefe Baker, and chiefe Butler, too)  
To the same Gaile where *Ioseph* hath to doo.  
For, now his Keeper trusted him so deep,  
He made him Keeper, and of nought took keep.

In short time after, Either, in one night,  
Dreamed a Dream; whence the next morrow light,  
Pain'd and perplexed, what they might portend,  
Too sadly serious seem'd they to perpend.  
Which *Ioseph* noting: Gentlemen, I pray,  
How hap (quoth he) you are so sad to day.

To-night (sayd they) we dreamed each a Dream,  
But none we finde that can interpret them:  
And that's our trouble. Can you tell them me?  
Come, let me heare them, if you can, quoth he;  
It may please God we may haue sight therein.  
Right gladly, said the Butler, I'll begin.  
Me thought I saw a green and goodly Vine,  
With three faire Branches, budding, blowing fine,  
Then flowring fresh, then swelling Clusters blash,  
Whose spumy Iuyce in *Pharao's* cup I crush,  
Which with my hand into his hand I raught,  
Whereof the King took in his wonted Draught.

Then, thus the Lad: I'll tell your Dreams Portent.  
First, by that goodly Vine your Life is Meant;  
The Buds, Flowers, Fruits, be fruits your selfe haue bore,  
Your Services, your Vertues here-tofore,  
Which shall be guerdon'd, you restor'd to grace;  
The three faire Branches are but three dayes space,  
When in your wonted manner you shall bring  
The wonted Cup vnto your Lord the King.  
Then, when with *Pharao* you shall gracious be  
(If I be worthy) but remember me,  
And that vnworthy I am heer detain'd.

The Baker, hearing This thus right explain'd,  
Said, let me also, if you please, I pray,  
Report my Vision; and your Verdict say.  
Me thought I had three Baskets on my head:  
Two full of Flower, the third of finest Bread,

Cccc

Made



Made with most Art and Cunning that I might;  
But, all anon the Birds devoured quite.  
Then sayd the good Interpreter: Things to come  
Are known to Gods; Men often faile in some:  
Yet, what I ghesse and gather of this matter,  
I'll tell you true: I cannot, may not, flatter.

That which you saw the Baskets filled with,  
Of diuers kinds, your Life betokeneth:  
The Flower your former, simple and sincere;  
The Bread, your later, compound (as it were)  
Of all deceits, Theft, Plotting, Poysoning,  
Treason, and all discover'd to the King;  
Who, for reward of these fowle Crimes, by Law  
Will hang you vp: and then the Birds you saw,  
Rav'ns, Vultures, Eagles, Kites, and carren Crows,  
Shall eat your Carcass, peck your Eyes and Nose.  
Whithin three dayes, your Baskets number notes:  
Yet I may erre, and you may change your Lots.  
For, Gods doth change, when Men doo change from ill,  
His mediate Work, not his immediate will.

This past, their Parts both diuers pondering,  
On the third day came Warrant from the King,  
To cleare and to declare the Butler Quit,  
And hang the Baker, at first sight of it.

Accordingly, from Prison both are brought;  
But, to a diuers End, with diuers thought:  
Th' one with reproach, th' other with good report;  
Th' one to the Cart, th' other to the Court;  
Th' one to the Gallows, th' other to be grac't  
Of Prince and Peers, and in his roome re-plac't;  
With Caps and Claps, with cheerfull shouts and songs  
Welcom'd, rewarded, honor'd for his wrongs.

Thrice through the Zodiac had Hyperion pranc't,  
And fourthly now his fiery Teem advanc't,  
When quiet stretcht vpon his Ivory bed,  
In sweetest sleep, well toward Morning-sled,  
To mighty Pharo the Almighty sent  
A double Dreame, of so deep Consequent,  
That wondring much, the King awoke withall,  
Conceiving it some high Prognosticall.

Wherefore, forth-with he summons farre and wide,  
Through Egypt and Chaldaea, from each side,  
All that had knowledge in Astrologie,  
Cunning in Spels, or Skill in Prophecie,  
Or could fore-tell by Magick from below;  
Or from above, by Oracles fore-show;  
Or by in-sight of Sacrificed Heards;  
By Fire, by Water, or by Flight of Birds,

Or

Or by their Songs; by Sand, by Geomancy;  
Or by what-ever Heathen Fear or Phantie.

Then swarm'd the Court with Sages of all sorts,  
Of diuers habits, and of diuers ports.  
Som on their Heads wore Hornes, hairy & horrid,  
Som with thick Turbands did surround their forehead,  
Som with high Miters, som with trayling whoods,  
Som with rich Garlands, set with precious Studs;  
But, broad long-bearded all, adown their Chin,  
With sad aspect, and of a fallow skin.

Whom when before him Pharaoh had admitted,  
He tels his Dreams, first, then (as him befitted)  
Propoundeth Honors and rich Recompence  
To whom-soever shall expound the sense,  
And sets them dayes, and nights, and times, and houres,  
To bring their Answer: But (beyond their powers)  
Daies, Nights, Times, Houres, they break none doth appeare  
To explaine the Dreame, or the Kings doubt to cleare:  
Neither their Spheres, Spels, Circles, Sorceries,  
Birds, Beards, nor Miters, could decypher This.  
Angry therefore, and thence forth giuing deep,  
The King would heare none, but did private keep.

The Butler then remembering (at the last)  
During his Durance what before had past,  
(Which hitherto, as Courtiers, yet, for most,  
Good Turns receiv'd, he had forgot, or crost)  
How truly Iosaphat by their Dreams did tell,  
What to the Baker and himselve befell;  
Fell on his knees, and cries vnto the King,  
Pardon, My Liege, my stolid lingering  
To tell your Highness, in this manner moov'd,  
What (late) in prison I both saw and proov'd.  
Your Maiesty (nodoubt) remembers yet,  
Your Baker and my selfe you did commit  
To your High Marshals Tower; where then we found  
An Hebrew Youth, a Prisoner (on false ground,  
As may be ghest) late Page to Potiphar.

Both growne in time with him familiar,  
Both of vs dreamed in one very night;  
Both of our Dreams to Him we did recite;  
Both he expounded; and both did succeed  
To both of vs, as he of both did reed.

To me, sayd hee, Thou shalt in three daies space,  
Returne to Court, recover Place and Grace:  
But, to the Baker; Thou (said he) that day  
Shalt be hangd vp, for rauening Birds a Prey,  
Vnlesse thy faults thou canst so quick repent,  
That change of life thy threatned death prevent:

Cccc 2

(For



(For, God doth change, when men do change from Ill,  
His mediate Work, nor his immediate Will.)  
All which, for True, before your Eyes is cleer;  
The Baker hang'd: and I your Butler, heer.  
Vpon my Life, my Lord, your hidden Dream  
That Lad will read: he hath som Spirit supreme.  
Herewith the King re-cheerd, and inly glad,  
Commands him straight, Go, quickly fetch the Lad,  
And in Our Name him instantly enlarge.

Forthwith he hies him to perform his charge;  
Gets forth the Prisoner, shifts him, suits him prest,  
Of his owne cost, and hath him barb'd and drest;  
And then conducts him, bashfull, to the King;  
Who well beholds the Lad, likes every thing;  
Then questions thus: They tell me, Youth, that you  
Interpret Dreams; now, tell me, Tell they true?

My gracious Lord, said Ioseph, God alone  
Immediately knowes Dreams; and other none,  
Save onely such to whom that sacred Gift  
Th' Almighty daignes: I may my Prayer lift  
Vnto my God for you, my Lord, and shall:  
It may be, He will grant this grace withall.  
For, ay with speciall care he guides the things,  
That long to Kings; as onely King of Kings.  
A while then inly did he meditate:

Then, prayes the King his Visions to relate.

Me thought, said Pharaoh, by Niles bank I stood,  
And suddenly from out the silver Flood,  
Came seaven faire Kine, which ranging far and wide,  
Fed in the Meads along the Rivers side,  
On Ox-lips, Cowes-lips, Trifole and the rest,  
Which for the Altar fat our Beasts the best.

Scarce had I turn'd mine eye, when on the shore,  
Me thought in th' instant came vp seaven Kine more,  
With staring haire, too weak to stand alone,  
Ill-favoured, lank, and leane, bare skin and bone;  
As, poorly fed, With Holly, Broom, and Hearth,  
Anatomies, or living Formes of Death.

Amaz'd with this, yet was I more anon,  
When these (me thought) for hunger, set vpon  
The former seaven, and so to work did fall,  
That suddenly they had devour'd them all.

Heerwith I waked: and anon agen  
Sweet Quiber caught me, and I dreamed then  
I saw seaven goodly full fair Eares of Corne,  
Rise from one straw, scarce able to be borne:  
And by and by, seaven other Ears there sprung  
Light, chaffie, blasted, thin and closely clung.

Which

Which in like manner greedily did eat  
And quick consume the seaven full Eares of Wheat.

These were my Dreams, which I have oft propounded  
To many, yet by none can be expounded.  
Now, if for Thee this Honor be reserv'd,  
If Thee alone my deeper Dreams deserv'd;  
Then, happy Youth, reioyce with all thy hart,  
Eternall Fame shall trumpet thy desert:  
And, with Reward we shall so richly store thee,  
That in all Egypt none shall be before thee.

Great King, said Ioseph, both your Dreams be one,  
Sent down from God, to be reveal'd by none  
(How-ever wise, how-ever full of Parts,  
How-ever compleat in all dep'h of Arts)  
Save by som Vessell of his owne Election,  
To whom he daignes the grace of his direction:  
And therefore could your Sages nothing show,  
Not knowing God, though All-things else they know.  
Know this, O King: God by This Vision sends,  
To let you know what shortly he intends.

Your seaven fat Bullocks are seaven fruitfull yeers,  
Which through all Egypt shall orestowe your shiers,  
While Nile, far fatter than to-fore he wont,  
Shall farder spread his slimy Sweat vpon't;  
When happy Memphis shall such Plenty see,  
That your old Barnes shall, all, too little be:  
Your Ricks, your Garners, and your Bartons, All,  
Too narrow for your Crops, too short, too small:  
And, to confirme it, that it shall be so,  
Your seaven full Eares but the same thing fore-show.  
Now be you pleas'd, my great and gracious Prince,  
To heare the rest with heed and Patience:  
For, seaven poor years these seaven rich years shall follow,  
Whose Penury their Plenty soon shall swallow;  
When Nile shall shrink into his Chanell, nye  
Leaving the Ridges and the Furrows dry,  
Fields scorched, parched, burned even to dust,  
Both Solstices like dewles and adust:  
No Torrents gushing from the Mountain tops,  
Nor (vnder Cancer) on the Ethiops  
Any return of Winter's Moist again,  
Nor any help of sweet and timely Rain:  
So that the Husband cannot plough his Land:  
Or if he could, he should but plough the sand,  
And cast his Seed amid the same to burn,  
Without all hope of any Crops return,  
Or of increase: but rather prest, for need,  
To quit his Plough, and on his Oxen feed.

Cccc 3

Your



Your seven leane Bullocks, and seven slender Eares,  
 Deuouring, shew these seven deuouring yeeres.  
 This is your Dreame, O King; and doubled Thus,  
 That, more assured, more solicitous,  
 More speedily you may provide before  
 (Thus warn'd by God) a Salue vnto this Sore.

Which, how to doe, (of me if you demand :  
 I would aduise you first through all the Land,  
 To build new Garners, long and large enough,  
 From time to time to store vp all the stuffe,  
 That may be spared throughout all your State,  
 During those Yeares of Plenty fortunate;  
 Allowing onely for each Households need,  
 And for their Land, a Competence of Seed.

You must haue also Treasure ready still  
 To buy this Store, if well proceed you will.  
 And to this end, let there a man be sought  
 Discreet and wise, to wield it as it ought.  
 Let him haue power as in your Royall Name,  
 Through all your Kingdom to dispose the same;  
 And vnderneath him to subordinate  
 Sub-Officers, to serue him and the State.

Thus Iosaph counseld: & the while the King,  
 With silence, all maturely pondering,  
 At last breakes out in ioyfull admiration,  
 There is (no doubt) a Diuine Inspiration  
 In this yong man. Without a spirit Diuine,  
 Of future things, none could so deepe define:  
 There is none like him, none to match him neere,  
 In all Chaldaea, nor in Egypt heere.

Then, on his necke, shedding a showre of Ioy,  
 The King imbrac't, and kindly grac't the Boy;  
 Then, thus bespake him: Seeing God hath giuen  
 Thee this to know, and to foreshew, from Heauen;  
 I know not one so wise and so discreet,  
 Nor for this Office than thy selfe more meet.  
 Thee, next to Me, shall all my people serue,  
 And call thee Sauour: Thou dost them preserue.

Then, on his backe a Purple robe he dons,  
 Embossed round with rich and Orient Stones;  
 About his necke a massie Chaine of Gold,  
 And on his finger (as they wont of old)  
 A royall Signet, a most precious Ring  
 (Not to be worn by any, but the King,  
 Or his Vice-gerent, whom he doth esteeme  
 And will haue deemed *Second vnto Him*)  
 Which Pharaoh there then plucked from his owne,  
 To put on Iosaph, that he might be knowne

To

To be the *Second to Himselfe*, in all.

Then, on a Steed, the second in his Stall,  
 (Or second Chariot) in this solemne Pompe  
 He makes him ryde; and with the sound of Trumpe  
 Proclaimes before him, that they bow the knee  
 To his Vice-gerent, to This *Second Hee*,  
 To this Preseruer of their State; or rather  
 To this (adopted Sonne) their Countries Father;  
 This Prince of Worth; this more then Man, this Miracle,  
 This happy, holy, Heauen-inspired Oracle;  
 Who, the Kings Dreames in time interpreting,  
 Had sav'd themselves, their Country and their King.

With all these Honors, and with Wealth conferr'd,  
 With all applause good Iosaph is prefer'd,  
 To rule all Egypt: which with great Dexteritie,  
 Wisdome and Worth, Care, Courage, and Sincerity,  
 He executes: And first, his Circuit rides  
 O're all the Land; Barnes euery where provides,  
 Which in those Plentious Yeeres he fills with Store,  
 Of euery kinde. And, such it is no more  
 Vertue to purchase than preserue what's got,  
 He slips no time, but prudently doth plot  
 To kill all Vermine, cut off all Excesse  
 Of Gluttony and beastly Drunkenesse;  
 Abates their need-lesse Beasts, Dogs, Mules, and Horse,  
 Kicks idle Roagues and Vag'rants, that be worse;  
 And rather buyes-in, from the Coasts about,  
 Than by a Licence lets a Corne goe out.  
 Thus he proceeds: and God so blest his hand,  
 That all things prosper'd ouer all the Land.

There was a City call'd *Heliopolis*,  
 (Whose Surname from the Sunne deriu'd is)  
 Whose Prince (a Priest too, to *Apollo's* Grace)  
 Had one faire Daughter, (faire indeed of face  
 And outward Feature; but, much more diuin'd  
 For inward Beauties, Graces of the minde)  
 Whom *Phabus*, oft consulted with, had shov'n,  
 Not to be matcht to any of their owne:  
 But, by a higher Fate, reserv'd to be

A Strangers Bride, with greater Dignity  
 To raise her Name, and honor her posterity.

This Oracle at Iosaph points in Verity,  
 Thinks *Phabus* Priest and great King *Pharaoh*, too:  
 And to this end th' *Isaiah* Prince they wooe.  
 When Egypt now seven happy yeeres had had,  
 All plentifull, all prosperous and glad;  
 It pleas'd the King, with Royall Pomp and State,  
 These Nuptiall Bands to knit and consummate

With



With sumptuous feasts; and to (prolong their ioyes)  
With Tilts and Tourneys, Dances, Maskes, and toyes,  
So long, that now the seaven rich Years, at last,  
Were ended all, and all their Plenty past.

And now, *Sal's* Palfreys, having past the Twins,  
Were posting hotly towards *Cancers* Innes,  
When the Egyptians could no more perceiue  
*Nile's* over-flood, nor any mud to leave;  
But, pure, vnpuddled on the sand to slide,  
And in his Bottom him well-neer to hide:  
Their whilome fertill soyl now serely riuies,  
Yawnes wide for thirst, no hope of Harvest gives:  
If any seed be sowne, it never springs,  
Or never buds, or never bears; or brings  
Vnhappy Darnell, or dry Poppy seed,  
Or is devour'd by Vermines hungry breed,  
So that they live of former Years remains,  
Which hardly yet the first hard Year sustains;  
But men are faine to Grafs and Rats to fall,  
To harmlesse Creatures, vnclean Beasts and all.

Then, to the King, Citie and Countrey fly  
To sue for Comfort, and to seek supply:  
He to his *Vice-roy* *Ioseph* them refers;  
He, instantly to vnder-Officers,  
Who (by His Order) furnisht all their Wants,  
At equall Price; yet do so high advance  
The Kings advantage, that from farre and nye  
The Wealth of all runs to his Treasurie;  
His Checquer's full: yet had they past (alas!)  
Scarce foure hard years, and had three more to pass.  
What shall they do, poor soules? How will they thift?  
Now nothing haue they, but their bare Lands left:  
Those they would sell; but, Who (Alas!) should buy?  
None hath the Purse, except the King. They try  
The Prudent *Vice-roy*: who approues the thing,  
Bargains and buys a Fift part for the King.

This Famine raging fiercely every where,  
Fame bruits abroad (which came to *Jacobs* care)  
That yet in Egypt they were stor'd so well,  
That they had Corne enough, and som to sell:  
Old *Israel* therefore calling vp his Sons,  
You see, saith he, our short Provisions:  
You see how like we are to starue and pine,  
And perish all, without the hand Divine:  
I heare there's Come in Egypt to be bought;  
Me think ere now, you should your selues haue thought  
It time to goe: Goe, get you quickly thither,  
Take Coyne and Sacks: goe hye you all together,

Sauc

Sauc *Beniamin*. The other Ten agree,  
And, furnisht fit, set forth immediately.

Arriv'd in Egypt, they est-soons enquire  
The Great *Corn-Master*; lowring lowe, desire  
Corn for their money. *Ioseph* knows them brim  
To be his Brethren: but they know not Him.  
He well remembers their vnkindnes past,  
(And, wrong receiv'd, draws strong revenge too fast.)  
Yet, for Gods sake, his Fathers, and his Brothers  
(Young *Beniamin's*) he spareth all these others;  
And speaks to Them, but strangely and austere:  
Whence? what are you? you (Sirs) that cluster there?

My Lord, Your Servants are one *Jacobs* Sonnes,  
We come from *Canaan* (where our Father wonnes)  
Compeld by Famine (which there rageth sore)  
To seek your Favour; of your happy Store,  
To daign vs for our Money what you may.  
Our Father hath great Household to defray,  
Himselfe, Eleven of Vs, our Little Fry,  
Shepheards and Bondmen a great company:  
And therefore hither are we come, my Lord,  
To crave the Help your Favour may afford,  
To saue so many liues, that may be able,  
And shall be willing (som way seruicable)  
To thank your Lordship: for, our Father raighs  
As King in *Sichem*, and hee stocks the Plains  
With goodly Flocks of many Thousand Sheep,  
And store of Cattle of all kindes doth keep:  
Vouchsafe vs therefore of your Corn, we pray,  
That we may liue, what euer price we pay:  
For, we come hither, not to beg, but buy.

To buy? said *Ioseph*; nay, I doubt to spy:  
Spies are ye all; so many sturdy Clownes  
To troop at once through all our Forts and Townes,  
To view and to survey our Strength and store,  
And so the weakness of the Land explore.  
Yet tell me of your Father and your Brother:  
But, I beleue neither the one, nor other:  
Where's your Commission? Where's your Fathers Test?  
Why came not that one Brother with the rest?  
Or why came you so many? It is clear  
You come to spy: and you shall buy it dear.  
Thus, though his heart doth melt, his bowels yerne;  
He faines him fierce, and bears him roughly sterne.  
They, prostrate all, beseech him not suspect  
Them any such. Our comming was direct,  
We sweare (say they): The witness we implore  
Of th' onely God our Father doth adore,

Our



Our Father sent vs; Famine droue vs hither;  
 For Come we come: and that we come together,  
 Our need, our number, and our distance, craue  
 At once as much as we at once can haue:  
 Our other Brother is but yet a Lad  
 (And all the comfort that our Father had)  
 Too young to travell such a iourney yet;  
 Which, vpon vs our Father laid, more fit.  
 We thought on no Commission: for, indeed  
 In such a case we thought there none should need.  
 Be good vnto vs, good my Lord, we pray,  
 Pittie our Father, and (if pittie may  
 Pearce you at all) pittie our Brothers case,  
 Pittie our Babes, the hope of all our Race.

Twixt ouer-joyd, his eyes will needs run over;  
 Which, yet a while, he turnes aside to cover:  
 Then, thus returns; Your cunning answer shewes  
 That you are false. Truth needs not such a Glose:  
 I am resolv'd; and can beleue no other.  
 By th' Life of *Pharaoh*, till you fetch your Brother,  
 You shall not hence, one Hostage shall remaine,  
 The rest shall goe well loden home with graine:  
 This favour will I doe, expect no other,  
 Nor moue me more, vntill you bring your brother,  
 To testifie your Stories are not lyes:  
 Else, by the Life of *Pharaoh* you are Spies.  
 (Heer, Sirra, Marshall, take them to your charge,  
 Look none of them be let to goe at large)  
 I'll giue you three dayes Respit, to reuolue;  
 Then let me heare what herein you resolue.

They (inly prickt in their owne conscience  
 For cruelties committed, now long since,  
 'Gainst this their vnknowne Brother, now a Prince)  
 Among themselves debating what was best  
 (Seeing the *Vice-Roy* did so deep protest)  
 Thought most expedient, and resolue in brieft,  
 To send home Nine, loden with such reliefe,  
 To fetch their Brother; leaving one behinde:  
 Which Part, by Lot, to *Simcon* was assign'd;  
 Whom they for Hostage to the Prince present,  
 (Vpon the third day) with their full intent.  
 Then he commands their Sacks with Corn be fill'd:  
 They pay for it, but, secretly he will'd,  
 That each mans money should againe be put  
 Into his Sack, and then the Sack re-shut.

So, now their Hostage in safe custodie,  
 They lade their Asses, and full heavilie  
 Leau'e Egypt and their Brother, hying home,  
 Vnto *Samarita*: where no sooner come,

But, their olde Father, forthwith missing one,  
 Cryes, Where's your Brother? Where's my *Simcon*?  
 What, is he sick, or dead (I doubt me rather)?  
 Neyther, said *Juda*, dead, nor sick, good Father:  
 Hee's well in Health, but doth for pledge remaine  
 In Egypt, till we all goe back againe,  
 And bring with vs our Brother *Beniamin*:  
 For, such conditions must we enter in,  
 Or else we could haue brought you nothing thence.

The Man we dealt with, a Great Man, a Prince,  
 Next to the King, at our arrivall there,  
 Askt many questions, whence, and what we were:  
 Whether we had a Father, or a Brother,  
 In what estate, how olde; and many other.  
 We, doubting nothing, told him truly all:  
 Then, more austere, and more maiestically,  
 Now I perceiue (saith he) that you are Spies,  
 And all your Answers are so many Lyes:  
 You come but to suruay our Strength, and Store,  
 To finde our Weakness, and our Wants explore:  
 You tell me of your Father and your Brother;  
 But I beleue neither the one, nor other.  
 Where's your Commission? Where's your Fathers Test?  
 Why came not that one Brother with the rest?  
 Or, Why came you so many? It is cleare,  
 You come to spy, and you shall buy it deare.

We answerd for our selues the best we could:  
 All would not serue: Th' issue was this; we should  
 Leau'e one for Hostage, and the other Nine  
 Should bring home Come, and bring him *Beniamin*,  
 Or never to returne vnto that place,  
 Or never dare to looke him in the face:  
 For, by the Life of *Pharaoh*, we were spies,  
 (That is his Oath) and all our Words were Lyes.

Good Father *Jacob*, having heard all this,  
 With many a sigh (as sorrowes manner is)  
 Is there, saith he, vnder the Heav'ns bright Ey,  
 Another Father so distrest as I?  
 One Sonne is lost; another, Prisoner left  
 In a strange Land; another, now bereft  
 (By your device, or your advice at least)  
 And all of you (I doubt me) all the rest  
 To be extinct, while I suruiue in feares  
 Of so bad news to come to my sad eares.  
 First would to God (so God were not displeas'd)  
 My dayes were ended, and my sorrowes eas'd.  
 Thus speaking wept he, and thus weeping spake.  
 His Sons with Comforts seeke his Care to slake,

Saying



Saying, The Godly should not feare so deep,  
 Sith God his servants will more safely keep.  
 Then to their Sacks: Each having his vnknit,  
 Each findes his money in the mouth of it.  
 Amazed all: sad *Jacob*, there-upon,  
 Sons, Sons (said he) there lackt but this alone:  
 This is enough to kill all Hope (as vaine).  
 For, if to Egypt you returne againe,  
 The mighty Man that fain'd you Spies before,  
 Will finde you Theeues now; and what need he more,  
 Having so sifted, and so sought your Coat,  
 To finde a hole, that he might cut your throat?  
 No, no (I sweare) my *Beniamin*, my Boy,  
 Mine onely comfort left, mine onely Ioy,  
 I will not hazard on so tickle ground:  
 You, you shall goe that are so promise-bound,  
 If you think good, and God will haue it so:  
 And when you are determined to go,  
 I'll giue you all the golden good I haue,  
 Jewels and Coyne, your brother to vn-flaue  
 And saue your selues; and to bestow in Come,  
 If God be pleased that you shall returne.  
 On th' other side, against his Fathers Feares,  
 Sad *Judah* thus intreats him, even with Tears.  
 Deare Father, heare vs first; and then I pray  
 Haue Care of vs, and of your selfe this day.  
 For, how shall we vnto that Man returne,  
 Who solemnly hath by his *Pharaoh* sworne,  
 Except we bring our brother *Beniamin*,  
 Nor we, nor he that is there coop'd in,  
 Shall be dismiss'd: nor shall we haue the grace  
 To heare his voyce, or ever see his face;  
 Where, God he knowes, what shall of vs become:  
 And how much better shall you be at home?  
 How will you liue? Where will you haue to feed  
 This multitude, if there we doe not speed?  
 Father, for Gods sake follow my aduice:  
 Vpon my perill, stand nor off so nice.  
 This Lad will saue both vs and you, and all;  
 And, on my life, no hurt shall him befall:  
 Two tender pledges leaue I heer of mine;  
 If he miscary, let Them pay the Fine.  
 Then doubt nor, Father, lay your feare aside,  
 And prudently for you and yours prouide.  
 That thus our money was return'd; no doubt,  
 By his direction it was brought about:  
 But, for a pit-fall, or for Pirie, rather,  
 It is vncertaine: this is certaine, Father,

He is reported, over all that Coast,  
 To be a good man, and a godly-most;  
 And, if the Whole be partly ghest by Part,  
 We saw some tokens of a tender heart:  
 For, while to him we there did sad relate  
 The sad distresses of our present state,  
 Of you and of our Brother, and our Brats;  
 Our miseries he so compassionates,  
 That he even wept: which though he thought to hide,  
 And turn'd away, yet many of vs spy'd.  
 Wherefore, good Father, let vs lose no time;  
 Prolong no longer, neither doubt the Clime,  
 Nor feare the man, nor faint for any thing:  
 We shall be safe vnder th' Almightyes wing.  
 This, vrg'd with teares; the Old man, overcome,  
 Cryes, Go on Gods name, God re-guide you home:  
 Goe when you will, and with you take the Lad,  
 And some best Presents that may heer be had  
 In this hard time; *Myrrhe*, *Storax*, *Almonds*, *Hony*,  
*Gumme*, *Cinnamon*, and therewith, double Mony,  
 Both for the former which you brought againe,  
 And for the New, if Now you shall obtaine.  
 And We the while will pray and pay our vows,  
 To th' everlasting Patron of our house,  
 The Lord of Hosts, our Fathers God and ours,  
 To prosper and protect you with his pow'rs.  
 Blushing *Aurora* sweetly peeping out,  
 When *Sol* againe had brought his Teem about,  
 The Father and the Sonnes, together all,  
 All vp and ready, on their knees doo fall  
 In due Devotion, as they daily wont:  
 Then to their Breakfast (not to dwell ypon't)  
 Furnisht of what their Iourney did require,  
 Gifts, Money, *Beniamin*. Their tender Sire,  
 Weeping, Him kissing, and imbracing, Thus  
 Bids sad *Adieu*: Deare Son, Ay prosperous  
 Thy Iourney be. If Fates thee safe restore,  
 Then wish I life; for Teares he could no more.  
 Then to the rest; imbracing, blessing all,  
 While all for Blessing on their knees do call.  
 They to their long-hard Iourney settling them,  
 Leaving *Samariah* and *Ierusalem*;  
 Past *Idumeas* Palmy Groves, and past  
*Sybonian* Moors, *Arabian* Desarts vast;  
 At length arrive on *Egypt*s wealthy Coast,  
 And reach at last their *Menphis* wished most.  
 Whom gladly *Io* entertaineth there,  
 And instantly lets out his Prisoner.



Admitted then to gracious Audience,  
 Thus *Ruben* spake: When we, Right Noble Prince,  
 Returned home, had to our Father done  
 Your high Commands, touching his younger Sonne,  
 Whom you required to be hither brought;  
 Opening our Sacks to shoot the Corne we bought,  
 In every Sack we found our severall Summe  
 (Which God he knowes, we know not, how should come.)  
 Our Father hearing what was come to pass,  
 And, seeing it, deep-sighing, cry'd, Alas!  
 Alas! My sonnes, I see some sad Mis-hap  
 Hangs over vs: and all our old good hap  
 Is crost and cancell'd. Sees Heav'n's glorious eye  
 Another Father so distrest as I?  
 Twelue sonnes I had, and one (alas!) is lost;  
 Another, Prisoner in a forren coast;  
 Another, now (mine onely comfort left)  
 Surrepted Thus, and You withall bereft:  
 And all of you to goe I wot not whither  
 (Made Theeves) perhaps to perish all together.

We comfort, We thus press, with all our powers;  
 O Father, trust our Fathers God and ours.  
 And for the Man that now in Egypt swayes,  
 He is most iust, most gentle. Him they praise  
 For their Preserver, and their Father there  
 Pious and pure: then, What is thence to feare?

\*Wonne with our words, at last with much adoo,  
 He granted vs to bring his Darling too.  
 Go then, sayd he, God to and fro direct you;  
 And with his wings of Favour still protect you.  
 Take with you *Beniamin*, and take withall  
 (Such as our Countrey yeelds) these Presents small,  
*Gumme*, liquid *Storax*, bitter *Almonds*, *Honey*,  
*Myrrhe*, *Cinnamon*: take also double money,  
 To pay both for the Corne you had before,  
 And for as much as now you shall bring more:  
 And to that iust Man (as you say) commend  
 Me and my Sonne: pray him to stand a friend,  
 To pittie Him, and You, and Me, and All.  
 So all good Hap to Him and you befall.

While this he spake; The Prince, with much adoo  
 Refraining Tears, cries, Welcome all of you,  
 Your Selues, your Presents, and your Brother heer,  
 Who quits you from suspect: Be of good cheer,  
 Goe wash your weary Limbs from soyl and sweat,  
 And soon I pray come sit with me at meat.

Thus said the Prince. The servants, som prepare  
 Bath for their Feet; som, Vessels; som, their Farc;

Bussy

Buttry and Pantry, som; som spread the Table;  
 And other-som, as busie in the Stable.  
 Him-Selfe the while dispatcht affaires of State,  
 Heard Suits for Food, appointed each their Rate;  
 And then returns vnto his Guests again;  
 Showes them his stately House, his Stuff, his Train,  
 His gold and silver Plate, ingrav'n, imboist,  
 Couches and Carpers of a wondrous Cost;  
 And round about, most sumptuous to behold,  
 Deep Arras Hangings, all of filke and gold,  
 Of sundry Stories there so lively wrought,  
 That, almost, living were the Figures thought;  
 Such sprightly Postures, and so speaking Gestures,  
 So native Vilages, so naturall Vestures.

Faith-famous *Abra'm*, after Heav'n's behest,  
 Leads heer his *Isaac* to be kill'd, as Beast.  
 The Lad heer loads the Ass with Holmen sprays:  
 The Father makes the Pile: Hereon he layes  
 His bond-led, blind-led Son: his hand, heav'd vp,  
 An Angell holds, and there is held a Tup.

There, *Jacob*, flying his rough Brothers wrath,  
 Hyes him amaine towards his native Path,  
 His Fathers ancient Seat, and happy Realm,  
 Betwixt swift *Tigris*, and th' *Euphratean* Stream;  
 There, at a Well his Vncle's Daughter aides,  
 Drawing vp Water for the tender Maids:  
 There, on the Downes he tends their Fathers sheep,  
 Serving for *Rachel* double Prentiship.

While *Isr'els* glad Sons (at this wealth amaz'd)  
 Now full of Hope, on these things greedy gaz'd,  
 Great *Isaiah* calls (for, Supper was gone vp.)  
 Come, give vs Water: It is time to sup:  
 Then, tall, he sets him in his Ivory Chaire,  
 And bids them sit, and treats them wondrous faire.

Heer, Death preventing *Fracastorius*,  
 This, late begun, He left un-ended Thus.

FINIS.

Dddd 2

THE





THE  
PARLIAMENT  
OF  
VERTVES ROYALL:

(Summoned in France; but assembled in England)

FOR  
Nomination, Creation, and Confirmation

of  
The most Excellent Prince

PANARETVS.

{ A Praefage of Pr. DOLPHIN:  
A Pourtrait of Pr. — HENRY:  
A Promise of Pr. CHARLES: }

Translated,  
&  
Dedicated

TO HIS HIGHNESS,

By  
IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

To the Honourable, Sir Robert Carie: Sir James  
Fullarton: Sir Robert Carr: Sir David Foulis: Master  
Thomas Murray.

Rave Guides and Guards of Hopefull CHARLES his Wayn,  
Left I incur the least of Your Disdaigne;  
If, without Leane, I (over-rashly rude)  
Vsurp Your Rooms, or on Your Rights intrude;  
I humbly craue Your Licence; and Your Loues,  
For My Address, When My Access behoves.  
I know, the Field of His Yong HIGHNES heart  
So duly till'd by Your deep Care and Art  
(Adding His Fathers Royall golden Writt;  
And goodly Praefice, to demonstrate it:  
His (late) rare Brother's Pattern, of Renowne:  
With Honest Quin's new-cast Prince-Worthy Crown:  
And holy Promptings of that reverend Payre,  
Milborne and Hackwill, from the sacred Chaire)  
That little needs Hee the Stagyrrian's store,  
The Corduban's, or the Attik-Muse his Lore:  
Much lesse (alas!) My silly Muses Myre,  
With borrowed Feathers to aduance his Flight.  
Yet, sith, too-often, to a tender Eare,  
Too-serious Lectures sound but too-severe;  
Especially, to Princes dainty Tasse,  
They seeme but harsh, and will not down in haste  
(As holefom't Dishes, if but homely drest,  
Some queasie Stomachs hardly can digest):  
Let me presume (with your good leaues) a while  
To imitate Physicians honest Guile;  
Who, oft, in Sugar sheathe their bitter Pills,  
The better so to Cure vnwilling Ills,  
When wayward Patients, for the Sugars sake,  
Take in their Health, which else they would not take.  
Sad Rules of Patience, Abstinence, Austerity,  
Humility, Frugality, Sincerity,  
Religion, Labour, Care of Common-Wealth,  
And Minie, meet for Prince and Peoples Health;  
Which hardly can, in their Owne Likenes, sink  
In Youth-full Mindes (scarce in their Eares, I think)  
How grauely oft, with greatest Diligence  
Prest; and imprest with Tullian Eloquence:  
Sweetly disguis'd, in artificiall Sutes,  
Dauncing the Measures after Delphian Lutes,  
Washed in Nectar, wrapt in sugred Verse,  
Enter more easily, and more deeply perce.  
This I endeavour: and to This Intent  
I summon CHARLES to Vertues PARLAMENT.

Dddd3

TO





TO THE HIGH-HOPEFVLL  
CHARLES, Prince of Great-  
Britanne

**W**Here witty Bertault (in his Fancy) meant  
But a faint Prælage of His Prince of France;  
Our Hopes of Ours the better to aduance,  
We haue presum'd to cal a PARLAMENT;  
Where Royal Vertues from Olympus sent,  
By seuerall ACTS of sacred Ordinance,  
Conform, confirm Your future Gouvernance;  
So please it Heav'n Your hart and hand consent.  
O. please it Heav'n, You may be pleased Thus,  
These Works to imitate, These ACTS to act;  
To prone your self, This same PANARETUS,  
When future Age shall see our Hopes in Fact.  
Which, while I pray; sweet Prince, in humblest sort  
I cite your HIGHNES to This Soverain Court.

To Your Highnes Service

humbly-devoted,

IOS. SYLVESTER.



TO THE RIGHT HONORA-  
ble Lords Spirituall and Temporall:

The Knights and Burgesses of the Lower-House:

And to all generous and ingenuous Readers.

**R**esuming all Your Lordships will appear,  
Nor by your Proxies, but in Person, Heer;  
And in your Turnes say (Every-one) Content,  
To Every ACT, in Vertues PARLAMENT:  
I humbly bring You Every-one A Brieft  
Of every Bill; or, at the least, the Chiefe.

An ACT against Duels, desperate Combats and Roaring Boyes.	Page. 852
An ACT for better Execution of the former ACT.	855
An ACT against Hypocrisie.	856
An ACT against Superstition.	857
An ACT against Abuses in the Courts of Iustice.	859
An ACT for some Mitigation of the former ACT.	860
An ACT for due Execution of Iustice in generall.	874
An ACT against Persian State, in proud Retirednes.	878
An ACT against profuse Prodigality.	878
An ACT of exceeding Loue and excellent Resolution.	879
An ACT of rarest Pietie in a Prince.	879
An ACT for Imitation and continuance of the former ACT.	879
An ACT for right Imployment of Publike and Priuate Treasure.	878. 879
An ACT against Ingratitude.	880
An ACT against King-Killers, Powder-Traitors, and their Abettors.	880
An ACT for Clemency, and against Impunity.	881
An ACT for Propagation of Princely Piety.	881
An ACT against the Mixred-Monarchy.	881
An ACT of Admiration.	882
An ACT for Reading of Histories.	882
An ACT against ignorant and ignominious Chroniclers.	882. 883

**T**Hese All are Publike ACTS: Priuate, This Session  
Hath passed None: but in the next Impression,  
Your ACTS of Bounty, and the rest of Mark,  
Shall be recorded,

By Your Under-Clark,

IOSYAH SYLVESTER.





# NAMES OF THE NOBLES in This Parliament,

Interpreted.

PANARETVS:	ALVERTVOVS.
Andria:	Prowesse.
Phronesia:	Prudence.
Pistia:	Fidelitie.
Eumenia:	Clemencie.
Euergesia:	Liberalitie.
Hypomone:	Patience.
Cateria:	Constancie.
Aletheia:	Truth.
Dicca:	Iustice.
Eusebia:	Pietie.

## Interpretation of other rearmes vsed in This Parliament.

Dysfidaimone:	Superstition.
Eridea:	Contention.
Merimne:	Carefull vexation.
Dapania:	Charge or Cost.
Adicia:	Iniustice.
Oval:	Crownes for vnbloudy Victors.



# PANARETVS.

**Y**E ARE timely Turns, vnto a Lustre run,  
Brought forth at last the long-long wished Sun,  
Whereon our Hopes our iust Desires pursewd,  
To see our PRINCELING with a Name indewd  
(Which, Since WE saw, or heard that happy sound,

Saturn's slowe Teem had trotted twice the Round)  
When, lo, Th' Etern All-Maker's Maiestie,  
Quick-darting down his All-discerning Eye,  
Whereby his Goodness all his Works doth guide,  
And seeing prest the sacred Pomp and Pride  
(As in so solemne Mysteries is wont)  
T' adorn the Altars and the hallowed Font;  
In th' instant summons with a gracious beck  
Nine nimble Scouts, which scudding light and quick,  
Dispatch more speedy then a Thought the things  
Above inoynd them by the King of Kings,  
Who, with a mildly-most-maiestick gest,  
In heavenly words, his pleasure thus exprest:

The young French DOLPHIN is euen ready Now  
To take the Name my fore-Decrees allow:  
A frequent Name of Kings, and famous farre;  
Wonders in Peace, Thunders in dreadfull Warre;  
And, One of them, more excellent in Grace,  
Among my Saincts hath iustly held a place.  
But yet, besides that Name, which France affects  
For one Man's vertue, and for due Respects;  
Besides that Name, which onely Men have given,  
I'll give him one my Self, as sent from Heaven:  
And such a one, as one-day, by Events  
Shall proue it a true Praefage of that Prince;  
And, in One Word, mysteriously contracts  
The Historie of His succeeding Acts.  
Go therefore, quickly from all Quarters cite  
The rarest Vertues, and most requisite  
For Royall bolomes, that did ever rest  
Within the Closet of a Kingly brest.

Tell



Tell them, it is Our pleasure and Decree,  
That to This Prince they All God-mothers bee:  
And Shee among them that is found most fit,  
And best behoues in Crowned soules to sit,  
Shall at the Font, her sacred Name impose;  
And from thence forth inspire him, as he growes,  
With all her Powers, to correspond the scope  
And full Extent of that great Empires Hope,  
Whose Limits yet vnlimited appear,  
Where Sire and Son to me are equall dear.

I see th' *Egean* streams, and *Thracian* strand,  
Already trembling vnder his Command:  
And th' horned *Crescent* (which hath scorn'd to vail)  
Before the Beams of This new Sun growes pale.

To greatest Ships (as Guides of all the Fleet)  
The cunning'st Pilots evermore are meet:  
Mine, most Immediate, seems the soverain care  
Of *Soverain Kings* (who but My Subject are);  
And therefore, I, that have behight This Lad  
An ampler Rule then ever Monarch had,  
As, of the *World* to make him *Emperour*,  
I'll haue his *Vertues* equall to his Power:  
I'll make them so: and to approue it, all  
The Earths foure Corners I to witness call.

This publisht thus: efi-soons the winged Posts  
Addresse them quick to these inferiour Coasts:  
And (swift as Arrow) hee that took to finde  
Faile *Andria*, or great and goodly minde,  
Among the many Idols of our Dayes  
That counterfeited her fashion and her phraze,  
Spy'd her at last, for her heer slight account,  
Ready to leaue vs, and aboue to mount  
A winged horse, in hope else where to get  
A new Renowne, 'mid stranger Nations yet.

Her Helmet (ever as her head she stirs)  
Seem'd to twinkle with a thousand Stars:  
A stately groue of azure Plumes did wave,  
And proudly shadowed her gilt Armour brave:  
The bright keen Blade that by her side she wore,  
Inur'd to blood in Battails long before,  
As it were, weary of that rusting rest,  
And greedy longing for his wonted feast,  
Seem'd discontent, and his proud Sheath disdaind  
(The golden Prison that him still detain'd)  
Whereon were grav'n (with *Arts* Art-passing strife)  
By such a hand as could giue Metall life,  
The noblest feats of *Valour* (most extold)  
In later Times, and in the Dayes of old,

Of greatest Monarchs that yet ever were,  
Whose marks the World (vnto this day) doth beare.

There, by the Banks of *Granio* dy'd in graine  
(As then: no Banks, but rather Hills of Slaine)  
*Philip's* Great Son (in spite of multitude)  
To his sole Scepter the whole World subdewd.  
There, valiant *Cæsar* (*Rome's* first Emperour)  
Quashing the Senats and the Peoples power,  
And stooping all their Lawes to his Sword's Law,  
Tramples the Tropheis of his Son in Law;  
Who pale without, and all appall'd within,  
Fflies from *Pharsalia*, and his Hoast, vnseen.

Why fflies Great *Pompey*? so (at once) to lose  
Th' Honors so oft wonn from so many foes?  
Because Thine fainted, must Thou faulter too?  
O yes! with *Cæsar* thou hadst heer to doo.  
There's thy Excuse: and though Thou lost the Game,  
Thy Victor yet some-what abates Thy Shame.

There (on the Chape of massie gold, vnmixt  
With other Metall plain or wrought, betwixt)  
Our owne, Great *Henry*, smear'd with blood and dust,  
Pursues th' *Iberians* with keen fauchin iust;  
And iustly keening his courageous sp'rite  
Against those daring *Demi-Moors* despite,  
Beats out of breath the bravest of their Troupe;  
Who, bleak for fear, begin to faint and droue:  
The gold, there loose, seems even to fly and (more)  
Looks pale in faces full of pride before.  
But Hee (well mark'd by his wilk-white Plume)  
With Kingly scorne, disdainning th' odious fume  
Of vulgar blood, in valiant fury runns  
Vpon the proud Commanders *Dukes* and *Donns*,  
Who (either proud of Port, or rich Attire)  
Had by his hand a sudden death for hire.  
Their royall Patterne all his Troopstake-after,  
And of the rest they make a glorious Slaughter:  
Whence streams of gore that to their Center feud,  
Met in a Ruby, make a Lake of Blood.  
Such costly Sheath sheath'd in such workmanship  
The sheen keen Blade on *Valour's* brawnie hip  
(Hung in an azure Scarf, all ouer-sow'n  
With Crowned-Swords, and Scepters ouer-throw'n.)  
A thousand other famous Battails, fought  
At sundry times, with Cunning-coft were wrought  
Within her Crimson Bases, waving lowe  
About her Calues, in Buskins white as snowe.  
Shee seem'd like *Pallas*, 'gainst the Giants prest;  
Or (on Mount *Ida*) against *Mars* addrest.



At sudden sight of Heav'ns bright Messenger,  
In mylder port she straight compos'd her;  
And when He briefly to her heedfull thought  
Had done the sacred Arrand that he brought,  
And (by the way) had question'd her (beside)  
Whither her Haste was bent, she thus replyde:

Cœlestiall Herald, While th' Heroick Prince,  
Whose gentle Yoak his *Celticks* so contents,  
Carv'd with his Sword a Statue to my Name,  
To stand triumphant in the House of *Fame*,  
Nothing could hold me from his steps, a-part;  
My hand did guide his hand, my hart his hart:  
Yea, I was with him, nay, within him, prest,  
His spirit's familiar, and perpetuall guest.  
But lieth *Peace* Him now hath quite disarm'd,  
And keepeth *Mars* within her Temple charm'd;  
I did giue way to my keen Swords Request,  
(Which can no longer lie and rust in Rest)  
And, while his heart, now all in loue with *Peace*,  
Hath left His hand, for me, no business,  
I meant to seek some other *Strand* for Stage  
To act my Wonders, in Warres dreadfull rage;  
That in brave Battails I againe might reap  
The Palms He wonted on my head to heap.

For, with the sparkles of my glorious fire,  
Th' incens'd brests of Younglings to inspire,  
I can no more finde in my heart; sith they  
So rashly rush to cast themselves away,  
So oft, for Trifles (bred of idle breath)  
So madly run to an untimely death;  
So daily sacrifice their Life and Soule,  
In some so foolish Quarrels, som so foule,  
That, in the issue (fatal for the most)  
The Victors self may rather blush then boast;  
And such, as for such to vsurp the Sword  
(Besides the Conquest's euen to be deplor'd)  
Is nothing else but to profane the same,  
And to blaspheme mine honor and my Name.

Not that I blame (where Blood and Nature bindes)  
In point of *Honor* (Idol of brave mindes)  
A Cavalier, so sensible of wrongs,  
To hazard Life and all that him belongs;  
Sith, voide of Honour, he is voide of sense,  
That holdes not Life a deadly Pestilence.  
But I would haue them tightly learne before  
(Not, of a heart meer valiant and no more;  
But, of a heart valiant at-once and wise)  
Wherein that Point of precious Honour lyes,

For which, hee's happy that his Life shall lose;  
And curst hee that care-lets it forgoes.

For, such a cup-fume over-flows the brain  
Of such whose Soules this Error entertain,  
That One will ween his Honour interst  
To bear a Word, though spoken but in jest;  
Who never thinks it tainted with a Ly,  
Nor toucht with base and wilfull Perjury:  
Nor with his Treason, when for som pretense  
Hee hath betraid his Countrey or his Prince,  
Or yeelded vp som vn-distressed Place,  
Or fled the first to save a Cowards case.

So th' Hypocrite, through Superstitious Error,  
Thinks hee hath don som Sin of hainous horror,  
When, by mis-heed, or by mis-hap, hee comes  
*vn-ballow-washt*, into the Sacred Rooms;  
Yet, makes no Conscience, yet hath no Remorse  
To have vndon, or don to death, by force  
Of vn-just Doom, or fraud of Evidence,  
Amany poor and harm-les Innocents:  
Nay, laughs at Widows and at Orphans tears,  
By his deceit, dispoild of all was theirs.

Those valliant *Romans*, Victors of all Lands,  
They plac't not *Honour* there where now it stands;  
Nor thought it lay, in making of the Sword  
Interpreter of every private word;  
Nor stood vpon *Puntillios*, for Repute,  
As now-adaies your *Duellers* pursue't.  
But from their Cradle, train'd in Rules more fit,  
They neither knew th' abuse nor vse (as yet)  
Of *Challenges*, *Appells*, and *Seconds*-aid.

But, when the Lawes their Bridle loose had laid,  
For Publike Gloiy 'gainst a Publike Foe,  
There Honors point, there Valors proof to shoue.

But, when behoov'd, bravely and first to front  
An Armies force, or bear their sudden Brunt;  
Or, larded thick with darts, victorious, dy  
Vpon a Breach, or on a Rampire high;  
Or, leap alive into a yawning Hell,  
To save their City from Infection fell;  
Liv'd never Men that lesser feared death,  
More-daring Valor never yet had breath.  
Witness (vnto this day) th' vndaunted harts  
In *Curtius*, *Decius*, and *Horatius* Parts:  
With many Worthies more, Immortaliz'd,  
Which, for their Countries have Selves sacrific'd;  
And whose brave deeds, whose honours, whose deserts,  
Move more Despair then Envy in Mens harts:

E e e

For,



For, dying so, Garlands and glorious Verse,  
Not Cries and Tears, honour'd their happy Herse;  
Their Flower of Fame shall never, never shed,  
Because their Death, their Country profited:  
Whereas the death which brings now brain-sick Youth  
Vnto their Grave, deserves but Tears and Ruth;  
Their Courage casts them even away, for nought;  
Without Memoriall, save a Mournfull Thought,  
Which, banning but the fury that inflam'd them,  
Honours enough, if that it have not blam'd them.

O what a number of Courageous Knights,  
Abortively, have in These *Single Fights*  
Lost the fair Hope the World conceiv'd of them,  
Have idly frustred, of their Valours gem,  
Their gracious Prince, who justly might expect,  
Against his Foes, their forward Worths effect;  
And, sacrilegious, to their Wrath have given  
And heady Rage (whereby they have been driven)  
The Sacrifice, which (with more sacred zeal)  
They ought to God, their King, their Common-weal!

Ynow to make (could they return from death,  
Such as they were, when heer they lost their breath)  
Not a sole Squadron, but an Hoast of Men  
Whose Acts alone would furnish every Pen;  
An Hoast of *Hectors*, and *Achilleses*,  
*Casars* and *Scipios*, who, by Land and Seas,  
Following Great HENRY for their Generall,  
Mought (if hee would) have made him Lord of A L L.  
Where, now, they ly in an inglorious Toomb,  
Longing for Light untill the Day of Doom:  
Or lower, in eternall Dungeons dwell,  
With Ghosts and Shadows skirmishing in Hell.  
This mischief therefore, springing day by day,  
And spreading so, as nought his course can stay;  
And seeing (too) mine Honour blurr'd with blame,  
When these rash Mad-caps doo vsurp my Name;  
To bee, from hence-forth, from the Rage exempt  
Of such as turn my glory to contempt,  
And thus deface my Vertues grace with Vice,  
I hop't else-where some holier Exercise,  
And rather would, hearts so intemperous  
Should not enjoy mee, then imploy mee thus.

Heer *Andria* ceast: The Angell, gracefully,  
Humours her Anger with this milde Reply:  
Certes, fair *Nymph*, your Plaint hath Right and Truth;  
But yet, excuse the boiling heat of Youth;  
Perhaps, 't is harder then you ween (precise)  
To bee at-once a *French-man*, *Tong*, and *Wife*.

This

This Evill from This in-born Errour springs,  
Thar a *Brave Minde*, when wrong'd in any things  
Hee weens himself (if so hee *Armes* profess)  
Must no-where seek, but in his Sword, redress:  
And that an Eye, a No, a Nod, a Nick,  
's enough to offend a Noble sense and quick.  
Pernicious Error, which dooth vndermine  
Both *Martiall* Thrones, and *Civill*, and *Divine*!  
For, to no end the *Publike* Sword shall serve,  
If every man may with his *Private* carve.  
And then, in vain are Soverain Princes Lawes,  
When Subjects dare Themselves decide their Cause.

But I beleeve, This Madnes will no more  
Precipitate their courage, as before.  
The curb of Law, which by their prudent Prince  
Is now new made against This Insolence,  
Will bar their bouldnes, and (directing mean  
How (This dear Honour saved whole and clean)  
A gallant Spirit, wrongd in any kinde,  
May lawfully his Satisfaction finde)  
Will binde their hands, and even glue-in their blades,  
Till, when som Foe their Common Right invades,  
In forward Zeal of their dear Countries good,  
It shall bee honour (even) to dive in blood.

Disposed therefore to expect Amends,  
Dispatch the Order which Heav'ns Monarch sends;  
And goe not hence, where thou art so renown'd,  
Till all the world bee but This Empires bound:  
Were it for nothing but That *Rising Sun*,  
Whereon all Eyes already have begun  
(Both Friends and Foes) to fix their Hopes and Fears,  
Thar brave *Tong Prince*, who from his cradle bears  
Thine Image in his eyes, and in his arms,  
Thine Exercise in every kinde of Arms.

Surely, said *Andria*, 't had been hard to finde  
A stronger Charm heer to arrest my minde  
(Chiefly, heer living my Soules *Sympathy*,  
His Father; rather, thar same other I):  
For, as in th' one I am a Miracle,  
So will I bee a match-les Spectacle  
In th' other too, when to his Ancient Right  
His daring Sword shall make his Claim by Fight;  
Whether his Armies royall-Front aspire  
Those craggy Hills whose Name is tane from Fire;  
Or tend vnto those fruitfull Plains which spred  
Toward *Bonies*, and *Hyperions* Bed,  
Whose Princes, in their Fables Antique-fram'd,  
Counts among *Kings*, *Kings* among Counts are nam'd.

Beee 2

After



After these words, pronounc't with voice and gest,  
As Oracles are wont to bee exprest,  
Both took their flight through the thin cryshall Air,  
Towards the Place appointed for Repair  
Of all the rest of *Royall Vertues* Band,  
Which were conuented by Heav'n's high Command.

*Royall Eumenia* was already come,  
And simple-manner'd *Pistia* (thought by som  
Long-since exiled from the World), and Shee  
Who from afar doth all Events fore-see.  
There was (apparant by illustrious things)  
Fair *Eueresia*, Ornament of Kings,  
And firm *Hypomene*, with her Twin-sister  
*Carteria*, and Shee whose Patrone and Assister  
Are often shent, *Alethia*, little known  
To mortall men (no, scarce among her owne)  
With vails and cloaks they doo be-cloud her so,  
Whose spotless Self should rather naked go.  
In brief, of all the *Vertues* summon'd heer,  
There wanted none but *Dicea* to appear,  
And *St. Eusebia*, in her Shadowes hid,  
That long it was yer Her the Angell spid.

For, heer among vs a queint *Idol* haunts,  
Whose simple habite, whose sad countenance,  
Whose lowely look, whose language mildely-meek,  
Whose zeal-like gestures, and whose postures like,  
So counterfeit Her, with the Mask it makes,  
That many times the wisest it mistakes.

You 'ld think, her heart had onely God for Ioy,  
Her Exercise onely to fast and pray;  
That shee abhors the World; and, lodg'd therein,  
Lives as the Fish that out of water bin;  
That burning Zeal of Heav'n consumes her so,  
That all seems bitter that shee tastes belowe.  
Yet all the while, This hollow *Holy-Tricks*  
Doats but of Honours, dreams of Bishopricks,  
Thirsts for Promotion, thrusts for Primacy,  
Hunts glory still, yet seems it to defy,  
Never does good but for som great applause,  
Nor ever did good, for meer *Goodnes* cause.

This Baen of Soules, and that same Foppery  
(Of old) surnamed *Dysdaimonie*,  
Whose heart, deject with Terrors over-strong,  
To fear God's Justice, doth his Mercy wrong  
(Right *Servile Fear*, with Errors foolish'd)  
Have driven *Eusebia* hence, else-where to bide;  
Because th' one loves not, th' other mis-beloves  
What best to fear, and least presume behoves.

The

The Angell therefore ferrets every nook,  
And narrowly her wonted haunts doth look,  
In every Cloister, and in every Cell,  
Where Folk beleeu'd that Shee did ever dwell:  
Yet nothing findes hee of her, any-where,  
Save som old track or footing heer and there;  
No, though hee visite the aulterities  
Of famous *Abbeies* and fair *Nunneries*:  
But, in Her stead, hee meeteth evermore  
One of These Hags in every *Convent* Door,  
Drest in a habite of so humble shoue,  
That hard it was the difference to knowe.

Yet, at the last, prying on every side,  
Her (as conceal'd) in a by-place hee spid,  
Where, with incessant tears, shee staid to rew  
And to bewail our Errours old and new;  
Amid an humble Troop, whom like Desire  
To loath the World, and from it to retire,  
Had made preferre a poor and mean estate,  
Yea Want it self, in place so separate,  
Before the Wealth, the Honours and Delights,  
Wherewith the World inveigles, as invires:  
As choosing rather heer to lose all These,  
Then lose thereby their Soules eternall Ease.

In this sequestred place, prostrate in Praier  
(Best *Antidote* gainst *hopes* pride and *Despair*;  
The Two grand Poisons of Soules Faculties)  
The Angell found *Eusebia* on her knees.  
Their Talk was short, the Time importun'd so:  
In brief therefore hee doth his Message shoue,  
Acquaints her quickly Whence, and Why he came.  
Then Shee eftsoones consenting to the same,  
Away they post in a swift Aerie Coach  
Towards the place where all the rest approach,  
The generall *Rendez-vous* for all This Act:  
Where yet (alas!) the Ladie *Dicea* lackt.

For, th' Angell, tasked to goe seek her forth,  
Sees her no more conuersing on the Earth,  
Nor findes her sitting (as shee wont of-old)  
On Princes Thrones, and Prelats, vncontrould;  
Nor among Magistrates, which are the Tongue  
And Life of *Lawe*, t'interpret Right and Wrong.  
Where-at amazed, and desiring more  
To found what reason Men could yield therefore,  
Assumes a Bodie, bearing in his hands  
A bagg of Writings and seem-Deeds for Lands:  
Comes to a Hall, all full of Murmuring  
Of people pricked with the angrie sting

Eeee3

Of



Of *Erdea*, who her Venome sheds  
Euen into Boores and Paisants harts and heads,  
By Her keen furie (as with Brizes) stung;  
And by *Merime* and *Dapania* wrung:

In This great Hall, vnknow'n vnto Repose,  
Stalks that stern Furie, either among those  
Of her owne Frye, or 'mong the wretched Crew  
Whom Her hard Gripes had made (in vain) to rew.  
A Rank of Seats, each vnto other fixt,  
And euery-one a sundrie Name affixt,  
Bordred the V Valls, sinoakie with age, and foule;  
Perches of manie plumie-pownced Fowle,  
Whose nimble Quills haue leard to flye for that  
Rich Minerall, which makes men peace and prate.  
There was no Order: a lowd-buzzing Presse  
With whirling Eddies hurty'd without cease,  
Full of all Sorts; of Priests, of Gentlemen,  
Merchants, Mechaniks, Grooms and Husbandmen:  
Each iustled other, crowding to and fro,  
As heer and there the stream did ebb and flowe.

This yauld, that brand, ano her beat the Barr;  
One woo'd the Iudge, ano her vrg'd him farr;  
This proues *Default*, That pleads a *Warrantie*;  
This auoides *Witness*; That, *appeals* more high;  
Another, fleeing dooth his Aduerse flowte.  
With Rod in hand the *W*herstrudge about:  
A world of *Lawyers* swarm'd; yet some had leasure  
(As least imploy'd) the Places length to measure.  
All boyld with *Discords*; one no sooner don,  
But instantly another New begun;  
With such a Noise as soundeth neer the Shoare  
When towards a Storm, the Sea begins to roare.

Hard-by this Ocean, which Night onlie stilled,  
Appeerd an Old-man (as one deeplie illd,  
And inly galled for some grievous Losse)  
With eyes lift-up, pale cheeks, and armes acrosse;  
Whom th' Angell spying, towards him he speeds:  
And (seeming Mortall by his Shape and weeds)  
Good Father, sayd hee (so to found his minde)  
Where might I (think you) Lady *Dicea* finde,  
Whom I haue sought alreedy far and neer,  
And surely thought now to haue found her heer?

*Dicea*, my sonne, said the Old-man (well-nigh  
Gushing out Teares which stood in either eye;  
And sending forth a deep-fet Sigh, before)  
*Dicea*, alas! is in the V World no more.  
That Fire which only Death hath power to quench,  
That sel Desire no Deluge else can stanch;

The

The burning Thirst of Worldly Goods and Gold,  
And all Sins, taught to warre against her, bold,  
Haue forgt her to forsake this wretched Frame,  
And fly again to Heaven whence first she came.  
Or, if in Earth she yet haue anie Stance,  
Tis with the *Cinois*, *Turkes*, or *Scythians*:  
But in This *Climat* hardlie dooth appeer  
Anie small signe, to shoue she hath bin heer.  
Cruell *Adicea* in her Roome is sett:

*Hate*, *Fauour*, *Fraude*, and *Madame Counterfait*  
(Out of all Courts hunting all *Conscience* quight)  
Make of Right Crooked, and of Crooked Right.  
*Art* and *Deceit* keep there their open Schooles:  
*Reason* and *Lawe* are but the phraze of Fooles.  
For, *Law* and *Reason* are now waigh'd (by Sleight)  
In *golden Scales*; where, only *Gold* is waight.

Thus, the Old-man proceeding still complaind;  
Till th' Angell, thus his Blasphemies restraind:  
Alas! good Father, your fresh Grief (I see)  
For some great Suite, late lost unhappily,  
From your sad lipps this bitter Language drawes;  
Excusable (perhaps) for your Grief's Cause:  
But th' eye of Passion ill discernes the truth.

This hauing spoken; the Celestiall youth  
Turns to another, lesse disturb'd in minde;  
And likewise asks, Where he might *Dicea* finde.  
Hee, more discreet, and milder-spoken farr,  
Replies: My Sonne, sure verie few there are  
(Yea of the wisest, who best vnderstand)  
That easily can answer thy demand.

For One perhaps will think her to be there;  
Whereas, another (seeming wroogd) will swear  
By Heau'n, and all that in it Heau'n contains,  
That not a spark nor mark of her remains:  
Each holding her, present or absent, still  
As his owne Cause hath thryud well or ill.  
But I'll assure thee (and past all Appeal)  
That in this Place shee dooth not alwayes dwell.  
Sometimes shee comes, and brings for Companie,  
*Honor*, and *Faith*, and old *Integritie*:

But the strange Tricks of a bold babbling Dame  
Call'd *Quiddi-quirk*, as barbarous as her Name,  
Molest her so, that soon they driue her hence;  
For, Both at-once haue no-where Residence:  
And *Plutus* too, her many-times dismaies;  
With that sweet Power whereby the world he swaies,  
Causing her oft return with heauie cheer:  
And that's the Cause she styes so seldom heer.

Of



Ofte haue I seen her on the souverain Seat  
In that high *Senate*, whose *Edicts* compleat  
Sway all the Kingdome; and (if anie-where)  
I sure believe, you yet shall find her There,  
If those Abuses whose bold Tyrannie  
From other Thrones hath driven her openly,  
Haue not crept-in by some close Golden Port:  
But, far bee That from such a reuerend Court.

Heer ceased Hee: and instantly, withall  
Losing his sight, the Angell leaues the Hall;  
His aerie Bodie to the Aier repayes.  
And while he takes to other Courts his wayes,  
Hee happily the wished *Lady* meets:  
Who, inly ioyd (which outward gesture sweet)  
Because in Iudgement shee had overthrow'n  
Wrongs proud Support, and giuen poor Right his own,  
Came from deciding of a Cause of waight,  
Before the Peers and Councel of Estate.

But, her Content was doubled when she heard  
Heav'ns sacred will (as th' Angell had auerred)  
And His high pleasure (whose Omnipotence  
The Heav'ns adore) for *surname* of the Prince:  
With him therefore Her speedie she directs  
Towards the Troupe which only her expects.

Now all these *Nymphs* assembled seemed prest  
(All diversly with loy and Hope posselt)  
To take their Flight to that King-fauour'd Place  
Where (pre-ordained for this VVork of grace)  
They should impose the Royall Infants Name,  
The Worlds main Hope (as most conceiue the same)  
When soudainly there did among them bide  
A noble strife, which stayd their forward speed;  
Though great desire to see the radiance  
Of that young Sunne which should enlighten *France*,  
Hasted their haste: and though on euerie side  
As well the sacred Pomp as ciuill Pride,  
The King himselfe, Princes and Princely Dames  
Glittering in gold, sparkling in pretious Flames,  
And all the Court adorn'd in rich Array,  
Seem as offended at the least Delay.

But yet, because Heauens Monarch had decreed,  
That of the *Vertues* Shee which should exceed,  
As most conducing to Kings happie state,  
Should with her Name this Princeling nominate;  
When one of those high Heralds vrg'd them on,  
Among themselves This to consult vpon,  
Consult: said *Andria*: Why consult about  
A Point, whereof (I think) was neuer doubt?

Mine

Mine, Mine's this Honour: for, among vs all,  
Who more adorns a Kings Memoriall,  
Or better keeps a Sceptres Majesty  
At his full Height in Royall hands; then I:  
I fill his Name with Glory and Renown:  
I make him fear'd abroad of every Crown:  
I with the terror of his Arms, deterre  
Ambitious Tyrants that they dare not stir  
Offensive War against Himselfe or His,  
How ever spur'd by Spite or Avarice;  
His famous Valour gaining This, for Meed,  
That at the last hee seems it not to need:  
Vnlesse hee list his Conquests to extend  
Throughout the World; then is it I that bend  
The proudest Mountains vnder his Command,  
The strongest Holds I render to his hand:  
I fill with fear, I chill with trembling Ice,  
The boldest hearts of oldest Companies  
That dare resist his quick and thick Alarms,  
With th' onely lustre of his glittering Arms.  
I often onely with his Trumpets sound  
(Without a stroak) his Enemies confound;  
And, dreadfull, make the most redoubted heer  
Think it no shame to flee his fierce Career,  
As if (no Steel, of proof to ward his blowes)  
'T were Rashnes more then Valour to oppose.

Such were of-old those hardy *Heroes* found,  
For Prowels, Then for *Demi-gods* renown'd:  
Such, Hee whose shoulders shou'd *Olympus* walls:  
Such, Hee who conquer'd th' Empire of the *Gauls*:  
Such, that Great *Macedon*: and such (again)  
Those famous *Paladines*, whose Fables vaine  
(Yet vse-full Tales) th' old *Romants* faine so fit,  
That even they seem by *Morpheus* fingers writ.  
But what they had *Ideally* from Art,  
That *Really* I to a Prince impart.

Who knowes not, that I, onely vs'd in Field,  
Serve all the *Vertues* both for Sword and Shield:  
Your Selves indeed seem to agnize no less,  
Although in words you shame it to confels.  
For, when the fury of Wars dreadfull Stowrs  
Begins to thunder neer Your dainty Bows,  
All pale for Fear, all trembling, all dismayd,  
To mee yee flee, to mee yee cry for Aid;  
Vnder my wings yee creep to keep you sure:  
Where (and but there) you think your selves secure.  
And, rather I, then Any (who expose  
My Self alone against the Hail of Blowes)

Begin



Begin Estates, beget, and bring them forth,  
And plant (in blood) the Empires of the Earth.

Th' admired height of *Romes* great Scepter yerft  
(As that of *Greece*) was but My work, at first;  
And that same Other famous, glorious Throne,  
Whose Greatnes, Yet, doth in its Cinders grone.  
For, though by War, with Fire and Sword, I waste  
What Heav'n's Decree hath doom'd to bee defact;  
Even while I raze, I raise; and, of the Rubble  
Of petty States, I build One hundred double:  
As horrid Dragons growe so hugely great  
Of many Serpents that alive they eat.

You are indeed extold (and worthily)  
For knowing well, to use a Victory:  
But, without Mee, You can have none to use;  
Without Mee then, your Knowledge nought accrues.  
Therefore, your Honour's less; at least, 't is such  
As (at the best) on Mine dependeth much.

In brief, in all the sacred Works wee doo,  
Our Merit's diverse, and our Honour too:  
You rule the humble, I the proudest tame:  
You adorn Kingdoms, and I conquer them:  
You can direct, and I protect, a Crown:  
You doo besiege, I dare assault, a Town:  
You shew the utmost of Mans Wit and Art,  
I act your aims with valiant hand and heart:  
You (lastly) plot, in shady Chambers fi'd,  
What I perform, abroad, in bloody Field.

But, in all These, I pass you All, as far,  
As to subdue the stoutest Foes in War;  
To see about one (Lightning-like) to flash  
Millions of Shot, Millions of Swords to clash;  
To hear no noise but Canons roaring Thunder,  
Divorcing Soules from Bodies pasht in funder;  
To march in blood even to the Knees; and yet  
In all vndaunted, nor dismaid awhit,  
Is both more painfull and more Princely too,  
Then clearing of a cloudy Fraud, or two;  
To shield by counsell Equity oppress;  
To gain the Fame of Wisdom with the best;  
To fast and pray, or give abundantly,  
Or get the name of gracious Clemency.

Then well fare *Valour*: and, long live the Story  
Of valiant Princes in the Fane of Glory:  
No humane *Virtue* hides, so well as I,  
Obnoxious stains when Princes step awry;  
An *ALEXANDER*, *ARISTIDES* seems,  
Because the splendor of my spreading beams

Wah

With radiant lustre dazles so the sight,  
That nought is seen but *Great* and glorious Light.  
Where, if hee lack my Raies, or my Renown;  
Boast hee of double or of trebble Crown,  
Bee hee benign, bee hee munificent,  
Just, wise, religious, learned, eloquent,  
Precise of Promise (both to Friend and Foe)  
Princes abroad little regard him though;  
Yea, might hee justly all (else) *Virtues* vaunt;  
Yet, wanting mee, hee seemeth all to want.

His Hare-like heart at Wars least noise doth quake,  
And to his Beads hee doth him all betake:  
His Fear strikes Fear in his best Refuges,  
And his no-courage doth discourage His.  
In brief, as blest with *Peacefull Virtues* rare,  
Hee seems far fitter (in a time of War)  
With *Keies* and *Crossiers*, a *Pope's* Part to play,  
Then *Sword* and *Sceptre*, as a *King*, to sway.

As *Andria* had ended heer her Part;  
Shee, in whose School wee learn the heedfull Art  
Of never fondly Vndertaking ought;  
Soft, soft, said shee: To boast our selves, wee ought  
Not blame our Equals; nor (with proud Exchange)  
To our own Praises their Dispraises change:  
*Andria*, I grant, Thy merit's great; but Mine  
Is, if not greater, full as great as Thine;  
Sithens, to raige in Soule of *Majesty*,  
There is no *Virtue* to bee matcht with Mee.

For, let a King bee full of High-deseigns,  
Let him bee Valiant, as your *Paladines*;  
Let him bee gracious, just, and liberall,  
True of his word, and so devout withall,  
That at his Feet all Vices prostrate ly;  
If Mee hee lack, that am all *Virtues* Ey,  
Blindfold hee uses (nay, well-neer abuses)  
These divine Gifts, which bountious Heav'n infuses:  
And right resembles a fair Ship, for Sea  
All ready rigd, and furnisht every way  
With every Needfull; Men, Munition, Beef,  
Beer, Biscuit, all: onely shee wants (the Chief,  
The Life and Soule, the Sense, the Lawe, the Light  
Whereby shee lives, moves, stirs, and steers aright)  
A skillfull Pilot, with *Discretion's* hand  
Her winged Manedge rightly to command  
With hempen Rains, and wooden Bridle, so,  
That never wry shee sail, nor wrong shee rowe:  
Without whose guidance, if the puffing gales  
Into the Deep transport her huffing sails,

Shee



Shee runs at random, and with rusefull Knock  
Soon splits her self vpon som Shelf or Rock.

Even so it fares with Princes, when they make  
Or Peace, or War, and not My Counsell take;  
Or, without Mee, as it were blindfold, vse  
Their other Gifts the gracious Heav'ns infuse  
They thrive so little, that (as in a Wrack)  
Their owne rich Burden often breaks their back.  
Their forward Valour but sad Fruit doth yield;  
They win the Victory, yet lose the Field;  
They bravely fight, and yet are bravely foil'd:  
Som Error still hath all their Actions spoil'd.  
Their Bounty bindes not, but vnbindeth, hearts:  
Their Clemency, much more then Rigor, smarts:  
Their Zeal it self prooves to themselves pernicious;  
And, vnto others, blinde and superstitious:  
Their Vice and Vertues them so inter-nex,  
That scarce can one distinguish their Effects.

Not that *Ill* still is not *Good's* Opposite;  
But that, They, wanting Mee, their onely Light,  
Doo (even) Good evill; or doo, out of season,  
A Good, which is not good, done without Reason;  
And, of fair *Vertues*, fruitfull Seeds of Glory,  
Reap blasted Buds, which stain their goodly Story.

What famous Conquest ever yet was got,  
Which to the Victor I prepared not?  
Thou fightest bravely, and in Victories  
Of bloody blades, getst the first Crown, for prize:

But I, by th' art of Providence, dispose  
To glorious issue thy courageous blowes.  
I wisely take the fit advantages  
Of Time and Place, to second Courages:  
I skilfully the Squadrons range and rank;  
I marshall them to shew their Front or Flank  
As best befits (by warlike Stratagem)  
T' inclose their Foes, to clip, or curtall them;  
Or, brest to brest (as angry Lions wont)  
With brave encounter, charge them full afront:  
I, by an Ambush, laid with lucky speed,  
Opprest with number, help thee at thy need:  
I many times prevent thy like mis-hap,  
When seem-flee Foes would train thee to the trap:  
I, to bee brief, with ever watchfull brain  
Assist, to make thy Valour never vain.

But, if a Prince must needs want one of vs,  
And mought not bee both *Wise* and *Valourous*;  
Sure, Reason would our glorious parts assigne;  
Thine, to brave Souldiers; to great Captains, Mine;

Because, my Powers are proper to Command,  
As Thine to Execute with hardie hand.

But though our humors so farre diuers be,  
Yet may wee Both, in one braue Spirit, agree:  
And, for This Age, wee need no Witnes els  
But famous *HENRY*, who in both excels;  
With so great Wisedome ruling on the Throne  
Which with such Valour hee hath made his owne:  
His victories, yet, making Men dispute,  
To which of Vs, they should them best impute.

Yet hundred Laurels never widow-curst,  
And hundred *Ovals*, which no skin haue burst,  
Proue I haue often Conquer'd without Thee:  
But neuer wert Thou Victor without Mee.  
For, I haue oft scene Armies dissiped,  
And proud, strong Cities often rendered,  
(Well mur'd, well manned, & well stor'd with food)  
Without the spilling of a drop of blood;  
Vsing no other then the ancient Wile  
Of wasting fields, where Publique losse (the while)  
Return'd This Gaine, to stoope by Famine Those  
Which could not else haue been subdu'd dy Blowes.  
Besides th' off-cutting of all *Pallages*,  
As well of Succours, as of Forrages;  
Is even to conquer by vncauall course,  
Fight-lesse to fight, and without force to force.

Great Captaines therefore did Vs neuer part:  
Sith either, sole, is as a head-lesse Dart;  
Or (if not head-lesse) heed-lesse thrown (as ill)  
From feeble Caster, without aime, or skill.

'Tis said of *Pallas*, in the *Troiane* Broyle,  
That Shee in fight stern *Mars* himselfe did foyle;  
To shewe how farre *Wise-Valour* doth excell  
A rash Excesse of *Courage* boiling fell;  
Whose fume-blind force, wanting Discretions beame,  
Resembles right a sightles *Polyphem*.

But, whether ioynt or severd be our Powers,  
My Cunning still yields fairer fruits and flowers,  
Then doth Thy Violence (though oft it spread  
Bright vertuous rayes about Thy glorious head).  
For, onely then are Thy stille armes imploid,  
When stubborn War dares to haue all destroyed.  
But, when sweet *Peace* fills Crownes with Coronets,  
Thou art lockt vp in Princes Cabinets;  
Among the Corselets, which, now waried  
Through loue of *Peace*, they haue new layd aside;  
Or those, which idly (through Times alteration)  
Hang by the Walls, both out of Vse and Fashion.



But I, indifferent, serue in *War* and *Peace*;  
I breed her, feed her, and her yeeres increase,  
By prudent Counsailes, provident Decrees,  
Kind turns, calme Treaties (fitting all degrees);  
In brieft, by all means meet to render Kings  
Mutually friends; and rule their Vnderlings:  
Whence to their States if happy fruits accrew,  
Th' honour of all to Mee alone is due.

But, in the World, what State hath euer thriuen;  
Or rather, which hath not to Wrack been driuen,  
Where lackt My Condukt, and where onely *Chance*  
Hath steerd the course of Publique Gouvernance?  
What humane Action, what Design, what Thought,  
Without Mine aide hath euer com'n to ought?  
What Priuat stock, what Publique stem of Blood,  
Without my Rules hath sprung, or long hath stood?  
All noblest Arts, all nimblest Works of worth,  
Which humane brains conceiue, and hands bring forth,  
Hold they not Mee for rich and fruitfull Wombe,  
From whence their births (both first and second) come?  
The kindest Counsailes, without Mine among,  
May wee not call them Treasons of the Tongue,  
When blind and bad Aduice (though malice-les)  
Ruins the Friend to whom it meant Redress?

Nay nothing, nothing vnder Heav'n, may misse  
The Minds-guide rayes of my Resplendencies:  
I am the true Sun of all humane acts;  
Without Mee, *Fortune* all their praise exacts.  
If ought I leaue to *Fortunes* doubtfull deed,  
It shall appeare well let, though ill succeed:  
But where My Sceptre hath a soueraine sway,  
*Fortunes* false Die hath little power to play.

Then, bee't on Cedar, with a Pen of Gold,  
For *Memorie* and *Glorie* too inrolde,  
That Of all Soule-adorning Gifts diuine,  
The *Maiestie*, the *Monarchie* is Mine:  
That I, Their *Queene*, life of Their lawes and Spring,  
Am, of all *VERTUES* worthiest of a KING.  
To whom, I seem so much more requisite  
(Being both his Guide and Eye to giue him Light)  
As hath a Guide (so iudge the most discreet)  
More need of Eyes, then either hands or feet.

Heere ceast *Phronesia*: *Andria* instantly,  
Weening her wrong'd, seemes willing to reply,  
And to her Selfe already soft shee sayes,  
Shee hath lesse skill in Phrases then in Frayes;  
But, to maintaine the honour of her Cause,  
VWhere need requires, not words but swords she draws.

Then

Then *St. Eusebia*, joyntly raising fair  
Her Soules pure Zeal, and her sweet Voices air,  
See, see, said Shee, how proudly insolent,  
Vain Men, admiring and too confident  
Of Their fond *Wisdom*, and frail *Fortitude*  
(Forgetting Heav'ns quick Ey and Arm) conclude,  
That their owne strength, or their owne providence,  
Hath foil'd their foes, or given their owne defence:  
As silly children (set on fourm or stool)  
Whose hands are (first) held at the *Writing-School*,  
Forming som Letter, vaunt it for their Owne,  
And think their Art-les fingers skilfull growne.

But, O fond Mortalls! Neither is't your Art  
Of mystike State, nor your high hand and hart,  
Which in your Borders Peace and Plenty brings,  
Or ends your Battells in your Triumphings:  
But Heav'ns Right-hand, invisibly addrest  
To rescue You, hath death it selfe represt;  
Repell'd all Perils, put-by all Mis-haps  
(Ready to quell you with tempestuous claps):  
And then retorting all vpon your Foes,  
In lieu of *Laurels* (which They did propose)  
Sends Terrors, Errors, or Disorders rise,  
Or Mutinies, or other Civill strife,  
Or other Mischief, which confounds their powrs  
With their owne Swords, or makes them fall on yours:  
So that your hands, victorious Thus, doo bear  
Right glorious Palms, and Olives every where  
Adorn your Coasts with their rich oily tresse,  
And all with you is *Victory* or *Peace*.

Yet you, ingrate the-while, through blinde Self-love,  
Not seeing, that these Gifts com from above,  
Sacrifice to your Selves, confer the honor  
Of all, to all, save to their owne right Owner.

O cursed Soil! O barren Sand and dry!  
Not betterd ought by any husbandry;  
Hardned with Heav'nly dewes, the more the worse:  
More worthy nothing then a heavy Curse.  
O wretch! refer, refer aright, and bring  
These sacred Streams birth to their sacred Spring,  
That perfect Good, which can no more desist  
To doo thee good, then Thou Him to resist.

Through all thy Province let his Name bee prais'd:  
If to a Crown his favour have thee rais'd,  
Rear Him an Altar in thy Soule anon;  
And, for Burnt-Offring, lay thy heart thereon:  
His powr (alone) adore, implore and trust;  
And in thy Self kill every kinde of lust:

Ffff 2

So



So shalt thou not, what-ever Hap succeed,  
Neither so much Courage nor Counsell need.  
For, covering thee with his protecting hand,  
Did all the World in Arms against thee band,  
Besiege thee round, assault thee in such sort,  
That nought could save thee; neither Force, nor Fort:  
Amid all dangers which might fright thee there,  
Hee, hee would free thee from all cause of fear;  
And Thine, preserv'd from death and deadly Foes,  
Would bee amaz'd to conquer without blowes.  
Thy Prayers would put a hundred Hosts to flight,  
Had each a *Cesar* to command them right:  
Yet, fighting on thy knees, with arms across,  
Thou, thou (alone) shouldst conquer, without loss.  
Again, His Angell would assume the Sword  
Wherewith sometimes th' *Assyrian* swarms hee gor'd;  
Again, *Senacherib's* braving Blasphemies  
Should finde a King, with water in his eyes,  
To vanquish him with vows: and, as with charms,  
Thou shouldst doo more with tears, then hee with Arms.

Why then thus vainly dare Wee heer consult  
Of others Right, or of our Owne insult?  
Shee, shee that gives to God (nay, giveth God)  
On Her of right this Crown should bee bestow'd;  
Sith, her possessing, they All Good possess:  
But, wanting her, All else is emptiness.

Let neither *Prowess* then, nor *Prudence*, ween  
Her Self *Kings glory*, neither *Vertues Queen*:  
I have seen Valiant Kings, and Prudent too,  
And such as knew in all turns what to doo,  
And such whose Constancy was incomparable,  
Live wretchedly, and dy as miserable:  
Yet, never saw I but a happy End  
Of Pious Princes, which on God depend;  
And in all doubts, all dangers (from their Birth)  
Have (sacrificing vnto Heav'n the thoughts of Earth)  
With eyes ay-fixt on That *Sunne's* sunny side,  
Beleev'd his Love their Guard, his Lawe their Guide.

Not that I would a Prince, secure and idle,  
Should so let-go his Empires Rains and Bridle;  
To cast on God the Cares, the Managings,  
And glorious labours that belong to Kings:  
Nay, rather would I, that with Vigilance,  
Constancy, Justice, Wisdom, Valiance,  
And all else Vertues which his God hath giv'n,  
Hee second still th' assisting hand of Heav'n;  
Ay well assur'd, that God will not neglect  
Iust-armed Prayers of his owne Elect.

But, to His onely Bountie must they give  
Th' honor of all the fruits they shall achieve  
By their most noble Cares, most Royall Paines:  
Not to the depth of *Machiavian* Brains,  
Nor to the vaine Effort of humane force,  
Nor Mariall Courage, mowing Men and Horse,  
Which in effect (how glorious Name it beare)  
Is but a Publique, (lawfull) Massacre.

In briebe, what Worth, or Wit in King may bee,  
Heav'n's King commands he make Them wait on Mee:  
Make That, the Spur; Me, Raine of each Intent;  
This, of his Counsaile; Me, the President:  
Credit Them often, Me continually:  
That They inspire his Hart; his Iudgement, I.  
And, that in nothing They with Mee compare;  
Nor any else (how Royall) *Vertues* rare:  
But make Mee sit in Honors founne the first;  
Yea, without Mee, esteeme his State accurst:  
Hold Them for *helpfull*, Mee for *necessary*:  
And firme believe, when Times are aduersary,  
Rather to faile, with *Prowes* and *Policy*,  
Nay fall, with All; then flourish without Mee.

Through such a *Faith*, that great *King- Prophet* yest,  
With little force, so many Foes reverst:  
So oft escap't so many Snares of Death,  
Which Envies hand had set to stop his breath:  
So fortunate, in everie ieopardie,  
Hee almost seemd t' have wedded *Victorie*.

What Monarch would not gladly be the Heire  
Of these high fortunes of His *Vertues* faire?  
Who would not purchase at the deereft rate  
Of all his Paines, the glorious Praise He gate:  
And yet, the *Vertue* which advanc't Him so,  
And on his Acts such honors did bestow,  
Was not his *Prowess* (though he durst enough)  
Neither his *Prudence* (though of famous prooffe);  
But his religious *Pietie* and *Zeale*  
To serve the Lord, the God of *Israel*:  
*Zeale*, which consuming Him with heavenly flame,  
Made him to consecrate his Facts, his Fame,  
Himselfe, his Sword, his Sceptre, and his Song,  
At the Authors feet, to whom they All belong:  
As still esteeming that hee held his Crown,  
By his support who had it first bestow'n;  
Not by the *Prowess*, or the *Policy*,  
Of his owne darefull hand, or carefull Eye.  
Let noblest Princes imitate this Part,  
This pious zeale of his religious hart:

Ffffj

And



And let them know, that nor their Heed in sway,  
Nor their Good-hap (which seem's t'attend them ay)  
Their Knowledge, Courage, nor Victorious fame,  
About their heads so glorious Garlands frame,  
Neither from heav'n so many blessings bring,  
Neither so much doe magnifie a King,  
Nor dignifie the Sceptre in his hand  
So many millions iustly to command;  
As I, who, after this worlds *Diadem*,  
Find them a-new, in new *Jerusalem*:  
That God himselfe vouchsafes to watch Their state,  
Becoms Their *Counsailer*, Their *Confederate*,  
Their Rock, their Refuge from their Enemies,  
And gets them daily glorious victories:  
That, without Mee, no *Vertue* is compleat;  
And that, in That which maketh truly Great,  
I passe the rest, and all the best They can,  
As farre as God in Greatnes passeth Man.

*Eusebia* heer concluding her discourse,  
*Dicea* began her Title to enforce:  
I haue (saide shee) long lent you care a-like,  
Yet from your Reasons, and your Rhetorike  
I gather nothing, from the most of you,  
But Vsurpations of Mine honors due;  
While mine owne Nourling from my side you steale:  
Wherein, with *Iustice*, you scarce iustly deale.

For, if of *Vertues* any worthy bee  
To raige, as Kings eternall Companie;  
And with more lustre their great Names do grace,  
I, I am Shee may iustly claime that Place;  
As shee alone, who, by One duery, doo  
Make happy Kings, and happy Subiects too:  
Shee, that of all the Graces from above,  
Acquire them most their Peoples hate or loue:  
Shee that the Stock of Traytors doth extinguish,  
Shee that good Kings from Tyrants doth distinguish:  
Shee that to Each due Recompence imparts  
According to their good, or bad Deserts:  
Shee, without whom, the rife-full strife-full sound  
Of *Mine* and *Thine*, would all the World confound.

Not that I am so inly blunt, or blind,  
As not to value *Valours* valiant mind;  
Or not to see, What Benefits to Kings  
Sacred *Eusebia*, and *Phronesia* brings:  
But saue *Eusebia* (whom I honour more  
Then all the Greatnes Worldlings most adore)  
Not one of you produceth her effects  
So fortunate and free from all defects,

But oftentimes some euill them succeeds  
Which equalls oft their Good, sometimes exceeds:  
Much like some Herbs, of doubtfull fame and force,  
Which cure one Griefe, and cause perhaps a worse.

'T's a glorious Work triumphing worthily,  
To win by force a famous Victory,  
To flowre a field with dead, to swim in blood,  
To glasse ones Valor in a Crimsin flood:  
But, what's all This, but a meer Massacre  
Of furious Lions (not a humane War)  
Vnless the Right of the bright Sword victorious:  
Make the Cause iust, and the Effect as glorious?  
And are not those so bloody Palmes, (the while)  
Gathered in Countries, ruin'd with the spoile  
Of Wars dire fire, flaming on euery side  
Of those sad fields, forsaken far and wide?  
O bloody *Vertue*, for Watre onely fir,  
And for the Mischiefes that do wait on it!

Yet left (alas!) her thirsty Steele should rust  
Within her Sheath, too-long restrained; must,  
Must men with Tears see their deer Countries spoil'd,  
Their fields with heaps of slaughter'd bodies pyl'd,  
Their Cities sackt, their Houses all inflam'd,  
Their treasurs shar'd, their wines and daughters sham'd,  
Their tender babes (which haue no helpe, but cryes)  
Brain'd, broached, broyl'd, in horrid Sacrifice?

Sure, Noble Furie of heroick harts,  
The hideous Stage wheron thou act'st thy Parts,  
Is too-too-costly to a State; too-deer  
Are all thy Palms; thy Glory walks too-neer  
Deep Miseries, Pains, Perils, Dolors, Deaths,  
And dire Euent; which not alone the breaths  
Of Foes bereaue, and Forraine States vndo;  
But wrack with all rhine owne Domesticks too.

For, what Effects, but such nefarious things,  
Haue been the fruits of thousand *valiant* Kings?  
Whose memories so ring of Battails yet,  
That euen with blood their Stories may be writ:  
Leauing their Names, iust Argements of terror,  
Loading the Earth with Monuments of horror,  
Filling both Land and Sea, with Gore, with Gall,  
And, to no purpose, topsie-turming All:  
Sith all the gaine of all their Victories,  
Is but a fame of Valiant Robberies;  
Reproachfull praise to Souerain Potentates,  
To *Supreme Pastors*, to high Magistrates:  
Yet, most of These haue reapt no other fruit,  
From bloody labors, but This odious Bruit:

Wheras



Whereas They should (only) their Powers imploy  
To save, to save; and neuer to destroy.

One onely King (no further Name is need)  
Iustly constrained to arme, and mount his steed,  
By force to enter to his Own by Right;  
Hath sacred all his Art, his Hart, his Might,  
To's Empires good: and, chasing War away,  
Makes Peace approu'd his Valois daughter ay.  
The rest, still greedy of new *Isles*, new *Indes*,  
Haue rais'd such storms with their Ambitious windes,  
As in their own Seas haue nigh sunk Themselues,  
And cast their Subiects vpon Rocks and shelues,  
Where (through more woes) they, euen with tears, behold  
How ill it is to haue a King too Bold.

Now, for your Prudent (but, meer Prudent) Kings,  
Too-much Discourse, which from their iudgement springs,  
Of makes them timorous, loth to take-in-hand;  
To lose their time, while waiting Time they stand;  
And, daring nothing, but Discoursing still,  
To erre as much as those that dared ill:  
Or, makes them, more (in Worldly matters, heer)  
Subtile and sharp, then loyall and sincere.  
So that as they of dangers heedfull are;  
Of Them, no lesse behoues it to beware.  
I will not not say, that many times the grounds,  
VWhereon the worlds blind, foolish wisdom founds,  
Are Contrarie vnto the solid Base

Which heav'n's true wisdom euery where doth place.  
So that, one Thought neuer it selfe extends  
(Not can) at once, to two so diuers Ends:  
No more then can the sight of mortall eyes  
In one same instant, Heav'n and Earth comprise.

What shall I say of Thee (and doe thee right)  
Sweet *S. Eusebia*, Gods own deere Delight:  
Thou fillest Kings, indu'd with Thy desires,  
With sacred seruour of Celestiall fires;  
Thou mak'st their Lives a lively speaking Lawe,  
To rule their Subiects more by Loue then Awe;  
But yet, thou mak'st (if Thou alone be Theirs)  
Them too-too-slack in other Kingly Cares;  
Too-mew'd in Peace, in VVar too-scrupulous;  
And think so much of Heav'n, that Earth they lose.

And, *Euergetia*, prailing Thine Effects,  
Amid the best well may we doubt defects:  
For, what in Kings more Heav'n-like seems to all,  
Or God-like more, then to be *liberal*?  
Yea, *liberal* Princes seeme euen Gods on Earth,  
Com'n-down from Heav'n to hunt Despaire and Death,

Curt.

Care, Indigence, Incomber, and the rest,  
Where-with poore *Verine* often is oppress'd.  
Yea, euen as Gods, Their Names are honord heer,  
And, for their Service nothing is too-deer.  
(The ground of which so great Beneuolence,  
In some, is Hope; in some, Experience):  
So that all Vowes, all Voices end in Them,  
And as the Sun, Their Sceptres brightly beam.

Yet, oftentimes, those *Bounties* of thy hand  
Proue *publique Burdens*, bitter to a Land;  
VWhen fluent Princes (least their Favours source  
Should be exhausted) haue too-oft recourse  
To Tributes, Imposts; and some worse withall;  
Whence *Flowers* to few, to many *Thornes* befall:  
And *Avarice* her selfe vniustly fills  
VWith what *Profusion* over-fondly spills.

Nor thou, *Eumenis*, though extold so high  
As linelest Type of Heauenly *Clemencie*,  
And onely Shield of such as dare infringe  
My sacred Rules, to save them from Reuenge:  
Thou canst not cleere thee from the confluence  
Of Euills vs'd to follow *Indulgence*.  
For, by too-sparing, Thou doost Vices spread;  
Thou lovest sound, to saue corrupt and dead:  
And filling Cities with home-Enemies,  
Thy *Pardons* turn to publique *Iniuries*.

But I, by practice of vnpartiall Rigor,  
Maintain good Orders, keep the Lawes in vigor:  
Make Kings at-once belou'd and feared too  
(Feared, alone of those that euill doo).  
Their Subiects (set on happy Plenties knee,  
In their possessions from Oppressions free)  
Blesse them, adore them, hold them (euer deer)  
Their Countries Fathers, nay their Gods wel-neer.  
In brieft, no Blessing can befall a Realm.  
But Theirs inioy, from, by, or vnder Them.

For, as it is, of the *Wilde-Asb-tree*, said,  
That th' only fauour, nay the onely shade,  
Instantly kills (by strong *Antipathie*)  
What euer Serpents vnderneath it lye:  
Such, to the Snakes of Vice, those Princes are  
Which 'gainst *Injustice* haue proclaimed VVar,  
With no lesse Care to make My Rules to raigne,  
Then their owne Scepters in their hands sustaine.  
Can no Rebellion spring at least, none speed  
In their Dominions, neither Factions breed;  
Sich gracious Heauens vouchsafe them this Accord,  
For hauing vs'd so equally My Sword

(To



(To all Degrees, in City, Field and Town)  
 In Civill War they shall not wear their Owne.  
 Their People, feeling in Their happy Sway,  
 What Hap, what Rest, what Freedom they injoy,  
 Deeming them as their gods, and meting (rise)  
 Their length of Blis by their dear length of Life,  
 Watch for Their Safeties; and can suffer nought  
 'Gainst them to bee mis-don, mis-said, mis-thought;  
 No more then 'gainst their Publique's Prospering,  
 Whereof they hould Their *Justice* onely Spring.

For, of all rarest Vertues that may meet  
 In a just Prince, They onely taste the sweet  
 Of Mine Effects; and of that *Equall Care*  
 Of not surcharging more then they may bear.  
 What boots it that their Majesties bee *meek*,  
*Magnanimous, frank, pious, politique,*  
 And of a spirit surpassing each Extreme?  
 Misse they but Mee, They little reck of them:  
 They love them not, they listen far and neer  
 Som welcom news of their wisht death to hear:  
 When, if they vse My sacred Exercises,  
 Though they bee stain'd (perhaps) with other Vices,  
 They hould them perfect; and, in spite of Fate,  
 Even after death, their Names they celebrate;  
 As living *Reliques*, still preserv'd above  
 In *Fames* fair bosom, and their Peoples love.  
 Witnes, vnto this day, that *Norman* Prince,  
 Brave *Rollo*, still belov'd (though dead long since)  
 Still cald vpon (as for His *just* Revenge)  
 When som new Wrong doth their old Right infringe.

Henceforth therefore, O Princes, that desire  
 To have your Names to highest *Fames* aspire,  
 To leave behinde you Monuments of Worth,  
 To give your Glories, after death, new Birth;  
 Endeavour not to dazle proudest eyes  
 With Towers of Marble mounted to the skies;  
 Neither by War (whose Train is Plague and Dearth)  
 With fire and blood to mingle Heav'n and Earth;  
 To thousand Perils to expose your lives,  
 Whereby your Greatnes, not your Goodnes, thrives.  
 Onely, love *Mee*; let *Mee* bee reverenc't  
 Through all your lands, by all your hands defens't:  
 Let *Mee* sit by you on an Awfull Throne,  
 To daunt the Leudest with my looks alone:  
 And with my Sword still drawn to prune-away  
 Luxuriant Twigs that break my *just* Array:  
 Let My *Tribunals* bee the Poors Refuges:  
 Let thercon sit no mercenary Judges:

Let

Let *Innocence* finde there her surest Fort;  
 And who wants Right, there let him want Support:  
 There let My *Balance* be impawn'd to none;  
 But, as his Right is, let Each haue his Owne:  
 In brieft, with You let *Mee* be set so high,  
 That absolute as you doe Raigne, may I:  
 And I shall more enrich your lasting Stories,  
 Then all your golden Towers, your Conquering glories,  
 Your precious Gifts that with full hand you give,  
 Or ought besides, whereby your Names can live.

*Dicea* as yet did her Discourse pursue  
 (Though milde *Eumenia*, loth to lose her due,  
 Loth longer to endure her Vaunts so high,  
 With open mouth was ready to reply;  
 And so her Sister *Energesia* cek,  
 Some little choler colouring her cheek)  
 When from th' *Empyreall* (right *Imperiall*) Court,  
 Came a new *Nuntio* with a new Report,  
 A trustie Truch-man of supernall *Reals*,  
 Their gentle Larres thus gently to appease.

Immortall Beauties of past-humane Soules,  
 He, that both Globes in his one hand-gripe holds,  
 Dooes you to weert, that His high pleasure is  
 (To quench for euer all your Differences)  
 You All haue th' honour to impose the *Name*,  
 To Whom he means such fauour and such Fame,  
 PANARETVS (for an auspicious Signe  
 Y'haue markt him All with all your Types diuine)  
 That, All transform'd into that *reuerend* Clark,  
 Heav'ns hallowed Organ, for this sacred work;  
*Eusebia*, Thou (Whom Hee resembles best)  
 Shalt *Name the Child*, in name of all the rest;  
 After that He hath six times sounded tho  
 That other *Name* his *Nation* fancies so.

Hy, hy ye then: Time calls you; for the throng,  
 These *Rites* expecting, thinks each minute long.  
 And I, the while, with no lesse speed must spy  
 Th' vnholosome Den where *Pestilence* doth ly,  
 And in Heav'ns name, her straitly countermand,  
 That Shee presume not once to lift her hand,  
 Nor from her *Quiuer* shooe one Arrow out  
 At any of the Royall Courtly Rout  
 Assembled for the sacred *Mysterie*,  
 During the Pomp of That *Solemnity*.

Heer with the Angell henc't, and bent his flight  
 Tow'rd Our sad Citie, which then deeply sigh't  
 Vnder the fury of that Monster fell.  
 Hee found her out in a hot-humid Cell,

About



About to Arm her, and to scout abroad,  
 Euen towards the Place which now the Heav'ns forbode.  
 Foule seam-rent rags (which some old Robe had bin)  
 Cast heer and there her yellow-fallow skin,  
 Where-in hot fierie *Carbuncles* were fixt,  
 With poisonie *Rubies*, heere and there betwixt:  
 A quench-lesse Thirst, with a continuall Feauer,  
 Broild in her brest, boild in her body euer;  
 Her verie Breath was as a deadly stroak:  
 Her curst Stance ready with stink to choak:  
 So close it was, that neuer Wind could fan,  
 Saue th' vnreth'd autumnall *African*,  
 Whose noisome aire a stuffing fogge did pen  
 With multie Vapours of a moistie Fen.

All round about her, by her side did ly  
 All sorts of Fruits that soonest putrefie,  
 Millions of Millions; Peares, Plums (passing numbers)  
 Most-humor-poysoning, crudie-cold Cucumbers;  
 Green Grapes; and that soft *Persian* fruit (so deer)  
 Banefull at home, and little better heer.

The Angel, wonted to Heav'ns Bliss-full Hall,  
 Made little stay in this vnholly som Stall:  
 But, loathing soone that thick contagious aire,  
 He speedily dispatcht his Message there;  
 And Heav'n-ward quickly from the *Furie* flew,  
 Whose horror yet so seemd him to pursue,  
 That he had fainted to haue bin so nigh her,  
 Had he not felt him of th' immortal Quier.

Th' immortal *Sisters*, in one troope, the while  
 (Which from their Owners euery Vice exile)  
 Transported swift vpon a winged Clowde,  
 By their Arrivall made the Palace proude.

The pompous Scaffold, for this purpose reard,  
 Seemd at their sight to tremble (as afeard):  
 The stately Towers of th' antique Edifice,  
 The massie Porch, and Arch and Frontispice,  
 Seemd round about to lighten smiling flames,  
 As at their Entrance to adore these Dames.

They, shuffling them (vnseen) amid the throng  
 Of those *Good-Great*, whom (as they past along)  
 A soft sweet Murmur, for their Vertues, blest;  
 Strued with Them (each in her office prest)  
 That goodly *Rising Sunne*, whose Rayes, new spred,  
 So rathe a Spring of flowring Hopes haue bred:  
 And, after both his fauour'd *Names* were giuen,  
 The humane first, then that they brought from Heauen,  
 All, in a ring, about him did appeer  
 (Vnder the form of some faire Princeesse neer,

Or some great Prince then present there in view)  
 To doe his Name the Honors iustly due;  
 Each cheering Him to follow for direction  
 The Propertie Shee brings to Kings perfection.

Maist Thou (said one, as his sweet Eyes she kist)  
 Great-little Prince, be of the Heav'ns so blist,  
 That, though *Augustus* fortunes Thine surpass,e,  
 Thy Fortunes yet may giue thy Prudence place:  
 Mayst Thou abound in royall Bountie so  
 (Another said) that *Traiane* thou out-go:  
 May (said another: how my Hopes aspire!)  
 Thy Valour, one-day euen excell thy Sire:  
 May there (said one) one-day appear in thee,  
 Thy Martiall fathers match-lesse Clemencie:  
 And, maist Thou fro thy Child-hood (said another)  
 Exceed in Zeale thy Mother and God-mother.  
 In brieft (*Pandora*-like) Each offered there  
 Their precious Gifts, in Praeface (as it were)  
 Till with aduantage gracious Heav'ns produce  
 Their wished-*Counsails* in Act and Vse.

Grant, God Almighty, King of Kings, that Hee  
 When on These Thrones his royall Turn shall bee,  
 Hee may haue care to accomplish euery-where  
 What all our Hopes haue for him dar'd to swear;  
 And what his Looks, Words, Manners, Motions, seem  
 In euery part, to promise still for Him.

May Hee, his People tender, loue, protect;  
 Delight in *Iustice*, yield them her Effect:  
 May hee forbear to over-charge their backs  
 With novel Tributes, or with need-lesse Taxe:  
 And let them see that of all Tides giuen  
 To all the Kings that haue been vnder Heav'n,  
 Hee holdeth *Good* the best; better then *Glorious*,  
*Warre*-thunderbolt, *Earths-Terror*, *Great Victorious*;  
 Whose loftie sound makes Princes oft become  
 Abroad more feared then belou'd at home.

High swells the Ocean, when the Moon's at full,  
 And with proud Billowes threats both Hill & Hull;  
 But sinks againe, and shrinks into his Bed,  
 VWhen *Cynthia* mutes her neuer-constant Head:  
 So (swelling proud; so, surly browd the while;  
 So, temper-lesse; tempted with Fortunes smile)  
 Ignoble Natures are too lightly pufft;  
 And with her Frowne as basely counterbufft.  
 Parre other be His firm and generous Mind,  
 Wh ether his Fate be curst, or be the kinde;  
 Yea, a wne-shee, frown-shee, (firm indeed to none)  
 Be He, still like him Selse, *The same, still one*;

Gggg

Still



Still bountifull, still milde-maiesticall;  
 And still vouchsafing free Access to all:  
 So that no Barre (a *Barbarous* deuice)  
 But due Respect doo seuer Him from His.  
 For, be a Prince neuer so mighty *Great*,  
 If betwixt Him and His a Bar He set;  
 At length he sets one (which scarce ought repaires)  
 Twixt their Affections and his own Affaires.  
 Leauē He, to th' idle Pomp of *Presler-lans*,  
 To miss-proud *Sophyes*, and soft *Asians*,  
 That Care, to keep their tawny Maiesties,  
 From Subiects sight (saue once a yeere, or twice)  
 And let Him daily (like the Sunne) goe out  
 To clect and cheer the clowdie World about;  
 To doo the poore oppressed Widow right,  
 To help the Orphan, ouer-born by might;  
 To ease the iust sighes of sad Labourers:  
 And alwaies (like that best of Emperors)  
 Think That no Day, or think it lost (for nought)  
 VVherein he hath not some such Action wrought;  
 Or that he liues not then, or liues in vaine;  
 Or as a Subiect, not a Soueraigne.

Consume not Hee in frivolous Expence,  
 What gold a iust Loue's gentle violence  
 Shall for his Succour (in extreame Affaire)  
 Force his poore People from their hands to spare  
 (Nay, from their mouthes, nay rather from their bellies)  
 Perhaps, drawn-dry with Pump of former Tallies.  
 But rather, counting it (with some Remorse)  
 Not Gold, but Bloud; may He with greater force  
 Abhor to lauish, vpon idle Vaines,  
 His Subiects soule, and th' humor of their Veines.

That great *King-Prophet* (so renowned for Song)  
 Once for the water of a VVell did long,  
 Which at the Postern of a Citie rose,  
 Amid an Hoast of his most deadly Foes:  
 Three of his *Worthies* (in despite of death)  
 Brake through their Armie, euen to vnderneath  
 The very wall whereas the VVell did spring;  
 Whereof they drew a portion for the King.  
 Then, off againe they brauely come their waies  
 (Cover'd with wounds, but more with worthy Praise)  
 And re-arriv'd in their owne Camp, their Prize  
 Vnto their Prince present in humble wise.  
 But He, bethinking through how many deaths  
 Those dreadles Champions had then fetcht their breath,  
 In fetching of that wished Water so;  
 For all his thirst, hee would not drink it tho:

For

For, what is This (said he) but the hart-bloud  
 Of these that Thus haue ventur'd for my good.  
 So to Gods will, His, willing to accord,  
 Hee offers it on th' Altar of the Lord.

So, may Our Prince another-day employ  
 The publique Treasure, which with carefull Ioy,  
 His louing Subiects shall (as ought the loyall)  
 Yield to support his Port and Charges royall.  
 May Hee present to th' in-sight of his Thought,  
 With how much Sweat and Sorrow it is bought:  
 What Rigor (vsed in his Name perhaps)  
 Extorts it from oppressed Widowes laps,  
 From wretched Crafts-men, from hard-racked Swains,  
 Whom Pouerty at her owne Mells maintains;  
 And, in Compassion say (with tender griefe)  
*This is my Subiects bloud, my Peoples Life:*  
*This must not then in idle Pomp and Play*  
*(As water spilt) be spent and cast away.*  
 Then (doubting lesse the damage then th' abuse)  
 Vow it to God, as to the rightfull Vse.

And, 'tis to consecrate, and vow it right  
 (And in a fashion pleasing in Gods sight)  
 To poure it out in Royall (right) Expence;  
 Either in War-works for his Realms defence,  
 Or for his Honor; to all Times to seale  
 His King-like Bounty, Prouidence, and Zeale.

Close-fisted therefore may He neuer be  
 To the true Seed of sacred *Memorie*;  
 To Those whose lustre doth adorne Renowne,  
 And honors Kings more then their orient Crown:  
 To stately Structures, speaking Eminence,  
 So as their Vse match their Magnificence:  
 To wall High-waies; to heaw-down harmfull Ridges:  
 To parallel Eld's Aqueducts and Bridges:  
 Found Hospitals, or to endow them founded:  
 To stop Sea-Breaches where they haue surrounded:  
 To fence with Peers and Piles of sundry sorts  
 From *Neptunes* furie his importing Ports:  
 To build faire Shops for th' *Helyconian* Loomes,  
 T'advance Their *Arts*, and giue chiefe Parts chiefe Roomes;  
 And (as with living Nets) by Benefits,  
 To catch both *Valiant* Spirits and *Learned* Wits.  
 Millions of Verse haue sounded loftily  
 The Prudence, Prowesse, Pitie, Pietie,  
 And sacred Iustice of our Soueraign Sir,  
 As diuerse gales their diuerse Sables did stir:  
 But not a Voice, in lowe or lostie vaine,  
 Hath of his Bountie euer sung a straine:

Gggg

Yet



Yet yearly from his *liberal* hand hath come  
 A million (a more then Royall Sum)  
 Among those (happy) whom his Goodnes graces,  
 Or whom their owne in his opinion places,  
 Which of his Predecessors (first or last)  
 In Gifts or Guerdons these faire limits past:  
 Not one of them did euer reach so high;  
 Yet Vulgar bruit (halfe false, halfe flattery)  
 Gives some of them the great and glorious Name  
 Of *Liberal* Princes, of illustrious fame.  
 And shall not wee then, beare through th' Vniuerse  
 His worthy Praise vpon the wings of Verse?  
 Shall not wee say that his renowned hand,  
 As worthily (in Peace) with Bounties band  
 Can binde vnto him whom he worthy knowes,  
 As brauely conquer (in the Field) his Foes?  
 Be mute that list, and muzzle they their stile,  
 On whom his Bounty neuer daign'd to smile  
 (Were't through their own mis-fate, in hauing none,  
 Or hauing Vertues, not to haue them known.)  
 But I, whose hap hath been to march with those  
 Towards whose laps This golden Riuer flowes,  
 My Voice and Verse shall tromp-it farre and night  
 To modern cares, and to Posteritie.  
 And (without Flattery) say, that all the scope  
 Of Wishes wayting on our future Hope,  
 And all our Prayers for a Compleat Prince  
 (As in the rest of Royall *Ornaments*)  
 Need of the Heav'ns no greater Hap require,  
 But that in This, the Son be like the Sire;  
 And that he may (observing Golden mean)  
 Giue like a King that means to giue againe:  
 Yet, with such seruour to This glorious Part,  
 That still he giue lesse with his hand, then hart.  
 Vouchsafe th' Eternall Destinies-disposer,  
 Kings sole Advancer, and Kings sole Deposer,  
 That maugre Tyrants wrath, and Traytors wile  
 (*Whose Maister-peece we Heer haue seen yet-while*)  
 Hee may wax old (after his aged Sire)  
 In Peacefull Raign, vntill his Raign expire:  
 And neuer but at Tilt, or Tourney, fede  
 The combrous burthen of a Case of Steele;  
 Or, when iust furie shall inflame his sp'rite  
 Against Vsurpers of His ancient Right.  
 But, whether law-lesse Need, or Glories loue,  
 Him driue or draw, h's Force in Field to proue,  
 May He in Counsaile, Courage, and Successse,  
 Match his great Parents constant Happinesse,

So as there be no need to spur Him forth,  
 With braue Remembrance of His match-lesse worth.  
 But, *Laurell* burnt, crackles in vain; and of-it  
 Champing the Lease alone, makes not a Prophet,  
 If that his Tutors haue not more to do,  
 To hold him from, then to incite him to;  
 To coole, then kindle, that courageous heat,  
 Which makes men feare no death, no dangers threat:  
 But, as once *Theseus*, ready to be kild,  
 Was known to be the Kings sonne, that so wild;  
 By his gilt Sword and signe engrav'n thereon:  
 He shall be known to be His Fathers Son,  
 By the Exploits of His, in such a Rank,  
 As would haue made the two first *Cæsars* blank.  
 Be He Benign, so as his Indulgences  
 Breed not Bad-Boldnes, Feed not Insolences:  
 Like to some Winters, ouer-milde and warm,  
 Which neither kill the Weed, nor chill the VVorm;  
 But breed the Plague, Pox, Murrain and the rest,  
 That rotten Humors may, in Man and Beast.  
 Not, but I know it farre more honorable  
 To saue then spill (in Cases tollerable)  
 Sith heer a World of Dust-bred Creatures live,  
 Can reauce Mans life, which onely God can giue:  
 But too-oft Pardoning oft too-mary drawes  
 Thase need, of Pardon, through contempt of Lawes  
 And Magistrates, whom the Audacious eak  
 But Bogs, and Bridles to base minds and weake.  
 In Mildnes then, be Hee so moderate  
 (For his owne safety and the publique State)  
 That neither Horrortaint his Executions;  
 Neither his Fanoours harbour Dissolutions:  
 And, too-remisse, by His too-oft Reprives,  
 Turn Pitties Temple to a Den of Thieues.  
 May He fear God, loue worship, seek, & serue him;  
 Know, it's He sole doth stablish and preferue him:  
 That Kings, as his Anointed, haue Regard:  
 That but He guard them, little boots their Guard.  
 May hee beleue His VVord, honor, obey;  
 Take it, for Compasse in this Worldly Sea,  
 Make it the Measure of Kings Power, in all;  
 And, counting That of Lawes the principall,  
 Haue it ay written in his hart's deep rooms,  
 But, as a Prince, not as a Priest becoms.  
 Vnder th' old Law (now abrogat long since)  
 One might be both a *Pontife* and a Prince,  
 For nothing seemed then to hinder them  
 From matching so Mitre and Diadem:



But now their Functions are diuided far,  
And Monkish Kings, now but contemned are:  
There Man and Maister but *Hail-fellow* is;  
And subiects play the kings, where Kings play Priests.  
May He be loyall, constant in sinceritie;  
In soule, abhorring lyes, and louing veritie:  
That as his Deeds shall (for the most) be Miracles,  
So may his Words be altogether Oracles.

Th' Almighty grant, that during all His daies,  
All sparks be quencht which Factions wont to raise;  
For, for the most (to double Miseric)  
There be Two Kings where two great Factions be.  
But, if there should (which God forbid) succeed  
Such Mischiefs heer as heer-to-fore there did,  
May hee not want found Counsailes happy Light,  
To guide him in his Fathers steps aright:  
Who, reauing th' eldest Emperors their Palmes,  
Suddainly tuind such Tempests into Calmes,  
By Means so milde, that it was rather thought  
By heav'nly Hap, then humane Wisedom wrought.  
But, were it Wisedome, were it Happinefs,  
Match He our *Wishes*, and His *Wise success*:  
Th' one of Himselfe, th' other from Heav'nly hand,  
That Peace may prosper ouer all his Land.

I know, that Princes beeing born for th' Arts  
Which Counsailes, Camps, and Dangers schoole imparts,  
The Books most needfull and peculiar Theirs,  
Are *Politiques*, of State, and State-affaires.  
But, fith so few yeers doe our *Age* comprife,  
That euen the greatest of the greedy-Wise,  
Should knowe but little, if no more they knew  
Then from Experience of one *Age* they drew:  
That He, at once, may see all Accidents  
Of all *past Ages*, with his own's Euent;  
May Hee propose and ser before his eyes  
The goodly Tables of all Histories;  
And there contemplating all the true Records  
Of other Monarchs, mighty States, and Lords,  
Obferue their Acts, their Counsailes, their Discourse,  
All (notable, or rare) in all their Course;  
Both what to follow there, and what to shun,  
And whether Fame or Shame their lines haue won:  
May He there glasse himselfe, and mark it brim,  
Whether the same shall not be said of Him.  
For heer, Our *verses* smoothly sing and smile:  
But *History* will *hisse*, in other stile:  
And Kings that heer haue been compar'd to Gods,  
Entomb'd once, though vnder golden Glods,

If in their Lines they haue deserv'd it, first;  
Shall haue their Names torn, & their Fam's accurst.  
*What may I add vnto These Wishes more?*  
*No more but This; that All heer wish before,*  
*And All presaged of the DOLPHIN heer,*  
*CONCERN CHARLES: that all His Parts appeere*  
*A living Picture of all Parts of Worth*  
*Of all those Worthies whence Hee takes his Birth;*  
*That grations Heav'ns (which promise euen as much)*  
*In all These Vertues daign to make Him such,*  
*That really hee giue royall Assent*  
*To all the Acts of Vertues PARLIAMENT:*  
*That in his Turn, the Ages after vs,*  
*May finde, and know him for PANARETVS:*  
*And, fith That Name must needs Immortall bee,*  
*That no prophane hand blur His History:*  
*But some sweet Daniell, or some sacred Hall,*  
*Or ciuill Hayward, (milde-maistike, all)*  
*With purest faith, in a peculiar stile,*  
*A glorious Work of His great Works compile:*  
*Or, if that Any of more worthy Skill is,*  
*Bee He the HOMER to this new ACHILLES.*  
*GREAT BRITANS great Hope of Great Hap to come;*  
*Phoenix arising from a Phoenix Du't:*  
*In whom the Heav'ns (as mercifull, as iust)*  
*Restore our great losse, in Great HENRIE'S Tomb.*  
*Long long and Happy (in thy Brother's roome)*  
*Succeed Thou CHARLES, euer as Good as Great:*  
*Deriuing, old, to thy old Fathers Seat,*  
*Wise, Great, Good STUARTS, till the Day of Doome.*  
*Which while I pray, sweet Prince, vouchsafe a space*  
*To read and rne Tour humble Bead mans Case.*

Heer







**E**er (like LEANDER in the *Hellepont*)  
 Tost in a Tempest in the darkest Night,  
 Distract with Feares, divorc'd from the sight  
 Of My High Phas<sup>is</sup> which to guide me wont:  
 Spying Bootes in your HIGHNES Front,  
 For life I labour towards your hopefull Light  
 (May neuer Care beclowd that Beam so bright,  
 Come neuer Point of least Eclipse vpon't)  
 Yet, though (alas!) your gracious Rayes haue show'n  
 My wracked limbes a likely way to land:  
 Vnlesse (by Others Help, or by your Own)  
 The tender Pitty of your Princely hand  
 Quick hale mee out, I perish instantly,  
 Hal'd in againe by Sixe that hang on Mee.

**S**ix-times already, ready euen to faint,  
 With grievous Waight of guiltles Want oppress,  
 BARTAS and I haue bow'd and vow'd our best  
 Before the Altar of our Souerain Saint:  
 And yet, he Eare that heareth euery Plaint;  
 The Heart that pitties euery poore Distrest;  
 Alone (alas!) seems Deafe to My Request;  
 And only, is not mou'd with My Complaint.  
 Yet must I needs (NEED still importunes so)  
 Importune still, till some milde Soule relent:  
 But (vnder Heav'n) no Help no Hope, I know,  
 Saue Y<sup>ou</sup> alone, my Ruine to prevent:  
 Y<sup>ou</sup> onely may, Now onely, if at all:  
 Past Help, past Hope, If Now Y<sup>ou</sup> faile, I fall.

Your Highnes's  
 most humbly deuoted,  
 and obseruant Seruant,  
 IOSEPH SYLVESTER



THE  
 SECOND SESSION  
 of the  
 PARLIAMENT  
 of Vertues Reall

(continued by Prorogation)

For better Propagation  
 of all true Pietie,  
 &  
 Vtter Extirpation  
 of

{ ATHEISME, & HYPOCRISIE;  
 { AVARICE, & CRUELTYE;  
 { PRIDE, & LUXURIE. }

(From th' Originall)  
 Transcribed,

&  
 Inscribed

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,  
 Prince of Great Britaine,

By

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.





A  
 DIVINE & TRUE  
 TRAGICOMEDY:  
 IOB  
 TRIUMPHANT  
*in his Triall:*  
 OR  
 THE HISTORIE  
 OF  
 His Heroicall Patience,  
*In*  
 A measured  
 METAPHRASE.



*	*
To AR- THUR'S CASTLE (call'd by ART'S CHAST LURE) *****	My Hope Heere Hastneth, For My HART'S LAST CURE. *****
Sir, You	A SWEET
have seen,	I D E A
In My PA-	Of---Our
WARRYS,	hopes in You:
Heer (more HEROICK, and more HOLY-True)	
I bring Your Highness	(Past all the Patterns
Yet A Higher Peace	of old Rome & Greece)
Faith's PATIENT Châpion,	in His Triumph due.
Farre bee His Crosses	Neer bee His Courses
From my Prince, I pray:	(As the most complete
In sacred GRACES that beseech The GREAT)	
Towards God & Man; in cleer or cloudy Day;	
So much More needfull	By How Much Satan
In This Sin-full Age,	(near his end) doth rage:
With VVhom and His,	the better Aye to wrastle,
Great Michael guard & strengthen ARTHUR'S CASTLE;	

*praises*

*Prostrate*

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.





To the Right  
Reverend FATHER,  
GEORGE ABBOT,  
Lord Arch-Bishop  
OF CANTERBURY.

\*\*\*\*\*

IN Grace-full HONOR  
of your MANY Gifts  
of GRACE & NATURE  
(Apted to your Place)  
This DORIE Pillar  
My DEVOTION lifts;  
To shew Heere—After,  
What We owe your Grace:

Both, for Your Prudence,  
And Your Pious Zeale;  
Learning And Labour  
In Your Double Charge;  
Swaying The CHURCH,  
Staying the Common-Weale;  
Most STUDIOVS Ever

EITHER to Enlarge;  
And Last (not least) of all,  
For CONSTANT standing  
On Right's weake Side,  
Against the Tide of wrong;  
When PHILISTINES,  
And Daliladies banding,  
With Armes or Charmes

Would bind or blind the Strong:

In Honor of these Honors, this I bring  
To Reverend ABBOT, & His Second, KING  
V E S T E R—S Y L—V E S T E R  
Deditissimus.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

the Lord ELKSMORE, L. High Chancelour of England.

\*THOMAS EGERTONS: (Anagramma)

\*NESTOR THEOMAGYS.

**R**are, \*GOD-WISE NESTOR; Neuer did a Name  
(Sane A IVST MASTER) better speak a man  
(As Court and Councell, with mee, witness can)  
Than doth your Owne in This your Anagram.

Should I A Volume of your Vertues frame,  
Broad as my Brest, and Thicker then my Span;  
Could I say More, more True, more Duly, than  
The Character concluded in This same?

For, \*Pious-Prudence cannot but be Iust:

And Iustice cannot but be Temperate:

And Temperance from Courage issue must.

So that your Name doth your whole Life relate,

So NESTOR-like, for grace-full, \*Godly-Sage,

That Nothing wants, but (what we wish) His Age.

Ex animo exoptat

IOS. SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

WILLIAM HARRERT, Earle of Penbroke,  
Lord Chamberlaine, &c.

**P**ATIENCE prevailes (when Passions are undon)  
This doth This Volume truly intimate:  
So doth Your Vertue, firm, and fortunate,  
Now cheer'd with Radiance of our Royall Sun.

O! long and Happy may Hee shine upon

So Noble a Plant (no Such to propagate)

So Grace-full, Vse-full, both in Court and State;

Help-full to All, Hurt-full at-all to None.

Among Those Many whom your Worth hath won

(Of either Sexe, of every Age, and State)

With glad Applause to congratulate

The worthie Honour of your Charge begun

(Though not, perhaps, so long and loud, as Many)

Accept My AVE, as Devout as Any.

Your Lordships most obliged,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

Hhhh

TO





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
Sir EDWARD COKE, Knight; Lord  
Chief Justice of England, and one of his Majesties most Honorable  
Privie Councill.

\* EDVARDVS COCVS:

(Anagramma)

\* SVCCEDO, ARDVVS.

**H**ardy and Happy may You long Succeed,  
In all the Courses of your Christian Zeale,  
To scourge Abuse, and purge the Publike Weale,  
Of vicious Humors, with auspicious Speed.  
Hardy and Happy Neuer more did need,  
To meet with Malice, and with Might to deale;  
And sist the Drift the Serpent would conceale.  
How happy, Heav'n You for these times decreed!  
Hardy and Happy may you still proceed,  
Vntill You finde confound and suffocate,  
The Viperous Vermin that destroy the State.  
Hardy and Happy, be your Minde, and Meed  
With GOD and Men: applauded and approov'd  
Of Prince and People; of All Good, below'd:

Ex Animo Exoptat

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
Lords Spirituall and Temporall;  
The Knights and Burgeses of the Lower  
House;

And to all generous and ingenuous Readers.

**O**ur prest Assistance and Assistance, past,  
Vouchsafed, Heer, when you were summonsd last,  
Binde and imbold mee once more to present  
My humble Briefs, in form of PARLIAMENT;  
Hoping no lesse Consent of Your Good-wills  
In passing These, then of Our former Bills;  
So-much more Need-full in this Weed-full Time,  
By How-much Vice doth ouer Vertue clime.

An Act against Atheisme and Irreligion.  
An Act of pious and humble PATIENCE.  
An Act conformable to the former.  
An Act confirming Both.  
An Act of humane Frailty, to teach the Best, Humility.  
An Act of the V Weaker Vessell.  
An Act of Imitation, with better Application.  
An Act (of many Branches) concerning the Iustice of GOD in his Iudgements.  
An Act of Exhortation to Repentance and Humiliation.  
An Act against Presumption of our selves.  
An Act touching GOD's Omnipotence, Omniscience, Al-regencie, Al-Sufficiencie.  
An Act against rash and erroneous Censures.  
An Act against Partiality in Iudgements, false VVitnesses, Suborned Evidence.  
An Act, intimating the Comfort & Confidence of a good Conscience.  
An Act auerring the Shortnes of Life, and uncertaine Certainty of Death.  
An Act against Saduces and Epicures.  
An Act against Puritisme.

Hhhha

An



An *Act* intimating the effects of an euill Conscience.  
 An *Act* against the Security and Insolence of fat and Easefull Epicures  
 and Oppressors.  
 An *Act* against Hypocrites.  
 An *Act* against Briberie, Brokerie, Vsurie.  
 An *Act* against uncuill Indiscretion in visiting of Friends, Especially against  
 Aggragation of Griefs.  
 An *Act* for our Imitation.  
 An *Act* against Flattery.  
 An *Act* of Terror to the Wicked in their sodain & fearfull Fall. *An. 1617.*  
 An *Act* against Ambition, conformable to the former.  
 An *Act* against Vnkindnesse of Kinsmen, Neighbours, Friends, Servants,  
 Wives, &c.  
 An *Act* of liuely FAITH, against all Saduces, Epicures, Atheists.  
 An *Act* of Animaduersion, that wee stumble not at the Prosperity of the  
 Wicked.  
 An *Act* for the Last Assise, & final Sentence & Execution of the Vnready.  
 An *Act* against Merit of Works.  
 An *Act* against Works of Supererogation.  
 An *Act* against the Children of Darknesse, Murderers, Adulterers, Bur-  
 glers, &c.  
 An *Act* against all greedie Wringers, VWrongers, Vsurers and Op-  
 pressors.  
 An *Act* of Meditation on the manifold Manifest Works of GOD, mighty  
 and maruelous.  
 An *Act* of Inuincible Faith and PATIENCE.  
 An *Act* against Tyrants, Extortioners, Rackers, and all Vnrighious and  
 unrelenting Rich.  
 An *Act* limiting Mans Wit and Industrie from th' illimitable Wisdom  
 and inimitable VVorks of GOD.  
 An *Act* against loose and idle Education of Youth.  
 An *Act* against VVandering and VVanton Eyes.  
 An *Act* against Pride and Vanitie of all kindes.  
 An *Act* against Couenage, Concupiscence, Cruelty, Briberie.  
 An *Act* against Adulterie.  
 An *Act* against impious and imperious Masters and Mistresses.  
 An *Act* against dilatorie Almners and solitarie Nabals.  
 An *Act* against th' Vncharitie of our Dayes, suffering so many Poore to die  
 without Doores.  
 An *Act* against all Iniurie, Inhumanity, &c.  
 An *Act* against Auarice and Infidelity, Superstition and Idolatry, Se-  
 culedge and Surcuidry.  
 An *Act* against insulting ouer Miserie.  
 An *Act* against all manner of Extortion and Cruelty.  
 An *Act* touching the right vse and happy issue of Almsdeuons.  
 An *Act* of the pronenesse of Mercy toward the Penitent.  
 An *Act* against empty and idle FAITH.  
 An *Act* (by implication) against the Popes depriving and degrading of  
 Priners.

An *Act* containing a Diuine Lecture of Naturall Philosophy, To the last  
 Chapter: which is the Last Act of This Holy PARLIAMENT:

**VV** Hese feuerall *Acts*, of sweet and souerain Vse  
 To cherish Vertue, and to check Abuse  
 (Too rough transcribed, by too rude a hand,  
 For so high Statutes of the HOLY-LAND)  
 Are heere presented, as fit Precedents  
 Of sacred Rules for your High Parliaments;  
 By (th' once, least Moat in th' Vpper-Houses Sun)

Your Funder-Clarke,

Vnworthily Vndon

(By ouer-trusting to a starting Bow-  
 Ter-while too-strong, to my poor VVrong and VVoe)

IOSVAN SYLVESTER.

Hhhh3

IOB







# IOB

## TRIVMPHANT

*in his Triall.*

The Proem.

**A** Solid Rock, farre-seated in the Sea  
 (Where many Vessels haue been cast away)  
 Though blackest Storms of blustering Winds doth beat,  
 Though boistrous Rage of roaring Billowes beat;  
 Though it be rakt with Lightning, and with Thunder;  
 Though all at once assault, and Each asunder;  
 With massie Bulk of it Selfes Marble Tower,  
 Still still repells th' inenitable Stower;  
 And seemes still firmer, and more permanent,  
 The more the Tempest hath been violent:  
 Right so the Faithfull; in whose humble Brest  
 Religious feare of God is deepe imprest;  
 What-euer Stroak of Fortune threat his State,  
 What-euer Danger him discomodate,  
 What-euer Mischiefe that betide him shall,  
 What-euer Losse, what-euer Crosse befall;  
 Inflexible, inuincible, pursues  
 The sacred Footings he did euer use:  
 And yet more constant and confirm'd is He,  
 The more extream his sad Afflictions be.  
 If any Spirit inspir'd with holy-mood,  
 Carefully-curious of the Publike Good,  
 Would liuely linne th' immortall Excellence  
 Of such a Pattern of such PATIENCE,  
 As neither Elements displaced quight,  
 Nor enuious Starres, nor angry Foes despiight,

Nor all the Fiends insatiate Furie fell  
 (By fraud or force) could euer quail or quell;  
 Twere labour lost, to fable (Homer-like)  
 The strange long Voyage of a wily Greek;  
 The Paines, the Perills, and extream Disease  
 That he endured, both by Land and Seas;  
 Sith sacred Truth's Heav'n-prompted Books present  
 In Constant Iob a worthier Argument.

Thou then, Vrania, to whom right belongs  
 The sacred Consort of Celestiall Songs,  
 Tune Thou my Voyce, Thou teach me to record  
 Who did incite, what did inuite the Lord,  
 With Miseries so reu'sfull and so rife,  
 So to disturb his quiet happy Life;  
 What haynous Sin, what horrid high Offence,  
 The Almighty's Vengeance mought so deep incense:  
 Or else what Cause, what Obiect else might stir it.  
 Boiles there such Wrath in an impasune Spirit?

**B**UT O Presumption! Why haue I begun  
 (Alas! no Prophet, neither Prophet's Sonne;  
 No Priest, no Leuite; nay, no Israelite  
 (Such as Nathanael) but a Cananite  
 Full of Corruption, foule of hand and hart)  
 To touch the Ark? to vnder-take This part?

Al! pardon Lord; O! purifie mee all  
 From all Prophanenesse; from Sinne's bitter Gall:  
 And as yee while it pleas'd thee to infuse  
 In mine vn schooled and vn skilfull Muse  
 (By vertue of Thine All-sufficing Grace)  
 Immediat power du-BARTAS Track to trace:  
 So as (how-euer weak, and Art-lesse, I)  
 That Worke findes Welcome with the grauest Eye:  
 Now more good Lord, my Wits and Words refine,  
 To treat diuinely Matter so Diuine:  
 O! sacred Spirit, now sanctifie my Stile;  
 Let not my Sensuall, thy pure Sense defile:  
 But tune mee right, to Eccho, as belongs,  
 Thy HEBREAN'S Sighs, and then Thy IESSEAN'S Songs.  
 And to that end, vouchsafe me (at thy pleasure)  
 Lesse Need-full Life, in a lesse Care-full leasure.

**N**EERE where Idume's dry and sandy Soile  
 Spreads Palmful Forcits, dwelt a Man yee-while,  
 Of life vnblotted, and vnspotted Fame;  
 God-fearing, Iust, Sin-aying, Iob by Name.  
 With due respect to Heauen's and Nature's Law  
 In Wedlocks sweet Toake did he seemly draw:  
 Whence, by that Bountie, whose all Blessings bee,  
 Seauen Sonnes he had, and louely Daughters Three.

Great



Great was his Substance: for, of fleecie Sheep  
Vpon the Downes seav'n Thousand did he keep;  
Five hundred yoke of Oxen did he owe;  
Five hundred Ass-shees, Camels six times so:  
Great Train within doores, & great Train with-out,  
Made him esteem'd through all the East about.

His Sons, by turns, their Sisters did invite  
And feast each other, in a Daily Rite:  
I o b blest them every Even; and every Morn  
When first *Aurora's* rosie beames return,  
The good Old-man, to G o d, in humble-wife,  
For each of them did offer Sacrifice:  
Lest They might haue *mis-don, mis-said, mis-thought,*  
Or (in their Feasts) offended G o d by ought.

While happy I o b thus brought the yeere about,  
It came to pass one day when all the Rout  
Of Light-full *Angels* did themselves present  
Before the Foot-stoole of th' *Omnipotent*,  
There also came the Executioner,  
Th' ambitious Prince, Malicious *Lucifer*:  
With whom the L o r d expostulating, Thus  
Said; *Sathan*, say, Whence comest Thou to Vs?  
I come, said He, from walking in and out,  
And compassing the Earthlie Ball about.  
Hast thou not then suruey'd my Seruant I o b  
(Reply'd the L o r d) whose like in all the Globe  
There is nor found; so full of louing-fear,  
So faithfull, fruitfull, rightfull, and sincere?

Is it for Nothing, said the subtle Foer,  
That I o b adores, and loues and fears Thee so?  
Hast thou not hedg'd him safe on euery side?  
Hast thou not heapt him Blessings far and wide?  
But, for awhile with-hold thy Favour's stream,  
With-draw thy hand, and hide thy Bounties beam,  
Then shalt thou see (or double my Disgrace)  
Hee will anon blasphemeth thee to thy Face.

Lo, said th' *Eternall*, from this instant hower  
All that he hath is in thy hand and power;  
All, but Himselfe, Himselfe I sole exempt.  
*Satan* eftsoones assumes his bold Artempt.

As all his Children were together met,  
Their elder Brothers hartie Cheere to eat  
Came one to I o b running, and breathless nigh,  
Scarce could he speak, yet weakly thus did cry,  
Ah! woe is me to be the Messenger  
Of so sad Newes as now I bring you, Sir:  
As all your Oxen vnder painfull yoke,  
Their pointed Iourneys in your Fallowes broke;

And

And as your Asses in the Meads did feed,  
*Sabeen* Thieues came forth with furious speed  
And tooke them all, and all your Seruants slew,  
Lonely scap't, to come and tell it you.

While He yet spake, there came Another in,  
Hared and hor, and Thus did He begin:  
Sir, from the Heav'ns a suddaine Fire did fall  
Among your Sheep, and hath consum'd them all,  
And slaine your Seruants yet they could eschew;  
Lonely scap't, to come and tell it You.

While He yet spake, Another came, amaz'd,  
And sadly said; Sir, while your Camels graz'd  
In your owne Pastures vp and down the lands,  
The proud *Chaldeans*, in three armed Bands,  
Surpriz'd them all, and all your Seruants slew;  
Lonely scap't, to come and tell it you.

While He yet spake, Anoither came and cryde  
In pious Fright (as if himselfe beside)  
O Sir! your Sonns and Daughters (all the rest)  
Were met to day at my young Masters Feast,  
VWhere, from beyond the Vilderness anon  
A suddain VWhirle-wind, rose, and rush't vpon  
The corners of the House, and shooke it so  
That instantly it fell from Top to Toe,  
And with the Fall them altogether slew;  
Lonely scap't, to come and tell it you.

Then starting vp, I o b gan his clothes to rent,  
Shaues his hoare haire, his head with ashes sprent;  
As in a swoune falls to the ground with grones,  
And sadly sighing Thus himselfe benones  
Ah! Naked came I from my Mothers wombe,  
Naked I shall returne vnto my Tombe:  
The L o r d hath taken what himselfe hath giuen:  
Blessed be G o d, th' Almighty L o r d of Heauen.

Yet did not I o b, for all that him mis-fell,  
Murmur at G o d, nor inly sink or swell;  
Nor sinne against th' eternall Providence,  
But suffred all with humble *Patience*.

Another day, when all the sacred Bands  
Came all attending their high Kings commands,  
Came also Hee, whose Envie (since Hee fell  
From Heav'n hath striu'n to hale down Man to Hell;  
With whom the L o r d expostulaterh Thus:  
Now *Sathan*, say, Whence comest Thou to Vs?  
I come said He, from walking in and out,  
And compassing the Earthlie Ball about.  
Then, Hast thou found, replies the *Omnipotent*,  
In all thy Circuit, Man more confident,

Or



Or minde more Constant, or more faithfull Soule,  
Then I o b my Seruant : whom thine Enuy foule,  
Late, yrg'd my Leauē by sharp Assaults to trye:  
How hast thou sped? What hast thou got thereby?

Alas, said Hee, I rest him but the things  
That flie from Men with transitory wings;  
And therefore he regards his losse the lesse:  
But would thy Power him somewhat neerer presse,  
Would'st thou permit me touch him to the quick,  
I yeeld me conquer'd, if he doe not kick;  
If more he serue, trust, pray, or praise thy Grace,  
If he, in fine, blaspheme not to thy Face.  
Pinch but his Body, and then, *Skin for Skin*,  
Hee'l wince without, and sodain flinch within.

Go Fiend, said G o d; sith th' art so obstinate,  
Fall on my I o b, him felly cruciat:  
Touch not his Soule; his Body only touch.

Hence *Satan* hies, glad that he might so much.  
Without Delay then, with the most Despight,  
He sets on I o b; and in most pitious Plight,  
With vlcereous Anguish filis his body so,  
That crusted all in Scabs from top to to,  
Amid the Ashes, sad and desolate,  
Scraping his Sores with shels (or shreds) he fate;  
Yet Constant still, still calmly *Patient*,  
Without a word of grudging Discontent.

Then said his Wife, VVhat helps Integrity?  
What boots it, Man? alas! curse G o d, and die.  
Go, foolish Woman, the good man reply'd,  
Thy rebell heart doth thy rash tongue mis-guide:  
Shall we, from G o d, of Good receiue our Fill;  
And, at his pleasure, not partake of Ill?  
So I o b as yet, for all that him mis-fell,  
Displeas'd not G o d, but bore it wondrous well.

By This, the light-foot, feather-tongued Dame  
Had farr and wide spread and disperst the fame  
Of I o b's Mis-fortunes (from the first begun)  
That He was halfe dead, and was whole vndone.

His Friends then, *Eliphas the Themanite*,  
*Bildad the Shuite*, the *Naamathite*  
*Zophar* (as others) hearing this report,  
As soone as might be towards him resort;  
Resolu'd with Comforts, to relieue in part  
Their Friends Affliction, and assuage his Smart.

But, there arriv'd, at the very sight  
Of his so wofull and so wretched Plight,  
They all amaz'd, their Garments sadly tore,  
Their heads with Ashes all besprinkled o're;

And

And for seav'n dayes and nights in Sorow drown'd,  
Lay grieuing, by him, groueling on the ground,  
Without word speaking, lest vntimely trouble  
Amid his Anguish should his Dolours double.

I O B therefore straining his obstructed voice,  
Began Thus, sadly with a shiuering noise:  
O! Wo be to the Day when I was born:

O! be it euer of the Light forlorn:  
O! may it euer vnder Darknes lie,  
And neuer Sun vouchsafe it cheerfull eye;  
Nor G o d regard it: let a deadly Shade  
O're-clowde it aye, as euer Dismall made.

O! wo be also to the Night wherein  
My Mother my Conception did begin:  
Lightning and Thunder thrill it euermore,  
Whirle-wind and Tempest may it euer roare:  
Of Fogs, of Frosts, of Showers, of Snowes, of Haile,  
Of Mists, of Mil-deawes may it neuer faile:  
May it no more in *Calendar* be plac't;  
But, from the Role of Months and Yeares be rac't:  
May th' Euening Stars be dark: No light returning:  
May it no more see th' Eye-lids of the Morning,  
Because it clos'd not, at my wretched Birth,  
The fruitful Doore that brought me weeping forth,  
But let me passe into this woefull Light,  
To vndergoe so miserable Plight.

O! Why, when shapelesse in my Mothers Womb  
I lay as dead, VVhy did not Death strike home:  
VVhy not (alas!) amid the bearing Throes,  
VVhen I began to feeble Mans feeble VVoos:  
VVhy did the knees support me? VVhy the Brest  
Supply me suck? VVhy was I swath'd and drest:  
Sith else (alas!) I had now lien at ease,  
Had been at rest, had slept in quietnesse,  
Among the high and mighty Potentates,  
Kings, Counsellors, great Lords, and Magistrates,  
Who in the World to leaue their Names Renowne,  
Hane built them Bowers which others shall pul-downe:  
And those rich Princes that haue heapt of-old  
Their houses full of Siluer and of Gold.  
Or, VVhy (alas!) as an Abortiue Birth,  
VVas I not hid and buried in the Earth:  
There, Tyrants cease from their imperious Pride:  
There, Vertuous VVorkers at their rest abide:  
There, Prisoners rest from their Oppressors Braule:  
There, Slaues are free from their fell Masters Thrall:  
There, High and Lowe (without Dildain, or Dread)  
Rest all together in one Common bed.

O!



O! wished Death (more to be wisht then Life)  
 Thou breakst the Force of Enuies Engines rise:  
 Thou cuttest-off our Trauails Tedioufnesse:  
 Thou kilst our Cares, Thou calm'st our most Distresse.  
 O! to the wretched why is Light imparted?  
 Why Life (alas!) vnto the heauie-hearted?  
 (Who longs for Death: and if it linger long,  
 Would fainer seek it then euen Gold (among)  
 And gladder find it (as of Ioyes the Chiefe)  
 Within their Graue to burie all their Griefe)  
 Especially, to Him whose Way is hid:  
 Whom G o d hath shut-vp, stopt and streightened:  
 Sith, yer I eate, My Sighes refell my Food,  
 My Roarings gush out like a raging Flood.

For (though my Plenty, neuer made me proud;  
 My Power, imperious; nor to pleasure bow'd:)  
 What most I doubted I endure, (alas!)  
 And what I feared is euen com to passe.  
 For Care and Feare, I had no rest before;  
 Yet Trouble's come, and trebbles more and more.

Cap. 4.

**I**O B ceasing so, began the *Themanite*,  
 Inly perplext, an Answer thus to dight:  
 If We presume to comfort thee, deer Friend,  
 Will our Discourse (I feare it will.) offend?  
 Will thy Disease our kinde Good-wills disdain?  
 But, in this Case (alas!) Who can refrain?  
 Who so hard-hearted, or vnciuill-bred,  
 That can vmoued see thee thus bested?  
 To see and heare Thee in this deep Distresse,  
 Who can keep silence? Who can hold his peace?  
 Why! Thou wert wont, in thy Prosperities,  
 To stay weak hands, and strengthen feeble knees;  
 To counsell those that in their Course had stray'd,  
 To comfort those whom Crosses ouer-lay'd:  
 Now that Mis-hap on thine owne head hath hit,  
 Now that the Storm hath thine owne vessell smit,  
 Now that the Case is Thine, How art thou sunk  
 From thine owne Succor! From thy self how shrunk!

Where is, alas! Where is thy Confidence,  
 Thy Constancy, thy Hope, thy *Patience*,  
 Thy Piety, thy Faith, thy Feare of God,  
 And th' vpright Path which Thou hast euer trod?

O! ponder this: Who euer Innocent  
 Hath perished? Hath the Omnipotent  
 Eternall Iustice euer plagu'd the Iust;  
 Destroyd the Righteous who Him only trust:  
 As I haue seen Those that haue plough'd and sow'n  
 Iniquity, reap sodenly their owne;

When

When with the Blast of G o d they blasted fall,  
 And with his Breath are quick consumed all:  
 G o d, in his Fury starueth in distresse  
 The roaring Lion and the Lionesse;  
 Their rauening Whelps are scattered far away,  
 Their Teeth are broken, and they pine for Prey.

I'll tell thee more: Once, in a certain Night,  
 Silent, I heard a Voyce, and saw a Sight.  
 (About the time when Sleep begins to seaze  
 Our drowzie Lids, our Daily Loads to ease)  
 Amaz'd with Feare my haire began to heaue,  
 My heart to tremble, euey part to leaue  
 His proper Part; When to mine eyes a-space  
 Appeerd the Image of an vnknowne Face:  
 One stood before me, Whence (yet more dismayd)  
 I heard a *Voyce*, and Thus (methought) it said:

Shall Man be iuster then his G o d (said He):  
 The Creature purer then his Maker be?  
 Behold, he found not in his Angels bright  
 Firme Fealty, but Folly in his sight:  
 How much more, then, in Those whose habitation  
 Is but of Clay, but Dust their best Foundation:  
 Whose brittle Vessels heer so little last,  
 That yer they know them they are often past:  
 Whose fickle Garment (how-so-euer loath)  
 Shall be destroy'd and done, before the Moath:  
 Whose doubtfull Daies, yer they begin, be gon;  
 Cut downe by Death, when least they think thereon:  
 Whose Dignities (how-euer great, or Great)  
 Shall die with them, and Them the Wormes shall eat.

**N**OW call thou lowd, if any will reply:  
 Among the Saints where wilt thou turne thine eye?  
 Two sorts of Fooles (th' Idiot and Enuious) die;  
 Of Anger th' one, th' other of Iealousie.  
 I haue beheld the Foole faire rooted yerst:  
 Yet haue I soon his Habitation curst;  
 Because his Children succour-lesse shall suffer  
 By *Iustice* Doom, and none shall Pittie offer:  
 Him Selfe withall confounded, void of Hope,  
 To gather-in his long expected Crop,  
 Which th' hunger-staru'd from the Thorns shal snatch;  
 The Thirstie shall his substance all dispatch;  
 A Misery, which G o d doth oft permit:  
 For, th' Earth it selfe is not the Cause of it;  
 Sith, were not Sin it should not barren be:  
 But, Man, for Sin, must toile him seruilelie,  
 In Sweatfull Labour, borne for Labour's end  
 As properly as Sparkles to ascend.

Cap. 5.

Iiii

But



But were My Case, as Thine; in this Distresse,  
 Rather to Go d would I my selfe addresse:  
 Him would I seek, of Him would I enquire,  
 Whose Works are great, whose Wonders all admire;  
 Vnspeakeable by Man;  
 Immutable, Inscrutable to scan:  
 Who on the Earth the raine at pleasure powres,  
 And in the Streets distills the liquid Showres:  
 Who lifts the Lowely vp, brings downe the Lofly;  
 And reares sad Mourners vnto Health and Safety:  
 Who dissipates the craftiest Policies;  
 And dis-appoints the Counsellors of the Wise:  
 Who takes the wariest in their proper Wiles;  
 And Wicked ones in their owne Guile beguiles;  
 So that they meet with Darknes in the Day,  
 And, as at Midnight, grope at Noon their way:  
 But He preserues the Poore, from sword & tongue,  
 And cruell hands of Tyrants, prone to wrong:  
 So that the Poore shall haue their blessed Hope:  
 But Wicked ones their cursed mouthes shal stop.

Lo, then, how happy he whom Go d correcteth!  
 Repine not therefore that he Thee afflicteth.  
 He wounds, and heales; he strikes, and he restores:  
 He sendeth Plagues, and Plaisters for the Sores:  
 He in six Troubles, shall deliuer thee;  
 And in the seauenth, thou shalt be danger-free,  
 He will preserue thee from sel Famines rage;  
 And from the Sword of War thee dis-ingage:  
 Thou shalt be safe from scourging tongues of Momes,  
 Nor shalt thou fear Destruction when it comes:  
 Nay, thou shalt laugh at it, and dearth deride;  
 Not dreading Beasts of fellest Pawes and Pride.  
 Stones, thornes, and thistles shal be friends with thee:  
 With thee the Beasts in constant league shal be.  
 And, as without, thou shalt haue Peace within  
 Thy house; thou shalt behold it, and not sin.  
 Thou shalt perceiue thy Seeds seeds seed to spread  
 As Grass in Fields, and Flowers in euery Mead.  
 In a full Age to thine own Graue shalt Thou,  
 As, in due time, Come to the Barne or Mow.  
 Lo, This is Truth; and Thus we daily try-it:  
 Consider it, and to thy Selfe apply-it.

O B then reply'd: O! were my Sorows waigh'd,  
 And with my sufferings in iust Balance layd,  
 They would exceed the Seas wet Sands in poize:  
 Therefore (alas!) they swallow vp my voice:  
 Forth' Arrowes of th' Almighty, keen and quick,  
 Haue thrilled me, and still within mee stick;

Cap. 6.

Their

Their Anguish makes my spirits faint and quail me.  
 Alas! the Terrors of the Lo d assaile me.

Braies the while Ass if he haue grass his fill?  
 Or lowes the Oxe if he haue fodder still?  
 Vnsauory things who without Salt can eat?  
 In whires of Eggs is there a taste of meat?  
 Yet am I faine, alas! and for c't (indeed)  
 Of what my soule abhorred most to feed.

O! that the Lo d would daign me my desire,  
 Grant me my Longing, grant what I require:  
 Which is but This; that He would end my dayes,  
 Let goe his hand, and let me goe my waies.  
 So should I yet haue Comfort (though I burn  
 In bitter pangs of Death, I will not spurn.  
 Let him not spare me) for yet do not I  
 The holy Word of th' Holy One denie.  
 But O! What Power haue I to persist?  
 What may ensue, if I shall long subsist?  
 Am I as hard, as tough, as strong (alas!)  
 As strongest Stones? or is my Fleish of Brasse?  
 Nay, am I not already Impotent,  
 My spirits consumed, and my strength all spent?

In Crosses, comforts should Friends most afford:  
 But men (alas!) haue left to feare the Lo d.  
 My Brethren haue deceiu'd mee, as a Brooke.  
 As rising Clouds, they haue me soone forsooke;  
 Which, foule and deep, in VVinter all o're-flow,  
 Or, crufted thick with Ice, no moisture show;  
 Or else, in Summer, by Sol's thirsty Ray  
 Are lick'd vp, and quicklie dry'd away,  
 While Trauailers to Thama, and Saba thought  
 To water there, and for their succour sought;  
 But failing quite, and frustrate of the same,  
 They are confounded, and they blush for shame:  
 Even such are you, you see me ill appaid  
 In dismall Plight, and you are all dismayd:  
 Why are yee so? When haue I bid you bring,  
 Or out of yours supply me any thing?  
 Or crav'd of you auxiliarie Bands  
 To rescue me from Foes, or Tyrants hands?  
 Shew me mine Error, where I haue gone wrong:  
 Tell me my Fault, and I will hold my tongue.  
 But, bold and free 's the speech of Innocence:  
 Which of you can reprove; and what Offence?  
 Thinke You aduantage of my words to haue,  
 As if Affliction made me wildeley raue?  
 Then on the Orphan doth your furie fall,  
 You dig a Pit to catch your Friend withall.

I i i i

Therefore,



Therefore, vouchsafe me better to revise;  
Wrong me no more: My words be neither lyes,  
Neither my deeds (as you shall find, I trust;  
If you returne) in that behalfe vniust.  
Complain I causeless? Do I counterfaine?  
Is not my mouth with Anguish all repleat?

**H** Art not Man's warfare his set limits heere,  
As hath the Hireling (by the day, or yeere)?  
As toyled Seruants for the Night attend;  
And weary Taskers for their Labors end;  
So haue I looked, but (alas!) in vain,  
For end of Sorrowes, and for ease of Pain.  
Perpetually my fruitlesse Months proceed;  
My tedious Nights incessantly succeed:  
No sooner layd down but I long to rise,  
Tired with tossing, till the Morning spies.  
My Flesh is clad with Worms, with excrement  
Of lothsome dust, my Skin doth rot and rent:  
My Dayes slit faster then the Shuttles slide  
From Weauers hands, whipping from side to side,

Consider, Lord, my Life is but a Blast:  
Mine eye no more shall see the Goodnes past:  
Who now beholds me, shall no more, anon:  
If Thou look-on Me, I eke-soones am gon.  
As Clowdes do passe, and quite away do slit,  
Whoso descends, ascends not from the Pit;  
Neither returnes vnto his wonted owne;  
Nor of his place is any more be-known.

Therefore (alas!) I will not spare to speake;  
I cannot hold, needs must I silence break,  
Amid the anguish of my Spirits distresse,  
And in the depth of my Soules bitterness.

Am I a Sea? or Whale? that with a Gard  
Thou girtest me, and keep'st me in so hard?  
If I haue said, In silence of the Night  
(When drouie Humor fiels vp every Sight;  
When All, aboue, in, vnder Aire, Earth, Seas;  
In quiet Slumber seem to take their Ease)  
It may be that my painfull Pangs shall cease:  
It may be that my Passions shall haue peace:  
With fearefull Visions then thou doost affray me,  
With Dreames and Fancies dreadfully dismay me:  
So that my Soule had rather chuse (at once)  
To die, then liue in Durance of my Bones.  
Wearie of life, liue alwaies shall I not;  
Then leaue me, Lord, alas! my dayes are nought.

O! What is Man that thou extoll'st him so?  
That Thou on Him doost euen thy heart bestow?

That

That euery Morning Him thou visitest?  
And euery Moment Him examinest?  
How is it that Thou leaue'st me not a little?  
Alas! nor lett'st me swallow in my spittle?

O! Thou Preseruer of Mankind, I knowe,  
And I acknowledge I haue sinn'd; but, O!  
What shall I say? What shall I do to Thee?  
Why in thy Wrath doost Thou encounter Mee?  
Why mak'st Thou Me (alas!) the Mark and White  
To thy Displeasure, in my Self's despight?  
Remit, O Lord, what I haue ill omitted:  
Remoue (alas!) what I haue mis-committed.  
For, now I goe down to the dust, to lie:  
And, if Thou seek, to morrow, none am I.

**B** Ut Bildad then (loth longer to refrain)  
Said; I o b, How long wilt thou this Plea maintain  
VWith words, as high as Tempests vehemence,  
Blow'n by the breath of thine Impatience?  
Dar'st Thou averre, that G o d doth Right subuert?  
Or that th' Almighty, Iudgement doth peruert?

Though, sith thy sons had sinned them he sent  
To the due Place of their sinnes punishment;  
Yet, if Thou early vnto G o d repaire,  
And to th' Almighty make thine humble Prayer,  
If Thou be pure, and in his sight sincere,  
He will again awake to Thee: and reare

Thy mind State; thy righteous House restore  
With Peace and Plentie, manifoldly more.  
Aske of the Ages past: inquire (I pray)  
Of th' Ancient Fathers (for, of yesterday  
We Nouices knowe nothing in effect;  
Our dayes are but a Shadow in respect)  
Will not They teach thee (without wiles of Art)

And truly speak the language of their hart?  
Can Rushes spring: are Sedges seen to grow,  
Where is no moisture; where no waters flow?  
Say that they should: yet would they sooner wither,  
Though neuer cut, then all else grasse together.

Such is the way of all that G o d forget:  
So failes the Hope of th' Holy-Counsell's fait:  
His Hope shall be cut off: his Confidence  
Like busie Spider's brittle Residence:  
He shall be leaning on his House, but it  
Shall not be able to support him; yet  
He shall hold fast, and thereon fix him sure;  
But that (alas!) shall neuer long endure:  
As doth the Tree, which growing in the Sun,  
O're-spreads an Orchard with fresh Boughes, anon,

Iiii3

His



His happy Roots among the Fountaines winding,  
And round about the rockie banks them binding:  
If from his Place to pluck it any ween,  
It will denie; as safe as if not seen:  
Lo, by this meanes it will reioyce, the while  
Thar it may prosper in another Soile:  
So, G O D will neuer the Sincere reiect.  
Neither the wicked by the hand erect.  
Till he haue filld thy mouth with meriment,  
Thy lips with triumph (in intire content)  
Thy Foes shall all be with confusion clothed,  
Wrapped in shame, disperst, despisd and loathed;  
Th' vngodly shall be razed to the ground,  
Their Tabernacle shall no more be found.

Cap. 39

**I**O B then reply'd: I know, I grant you This;  
In G O D's respect, that No Man righteous is.  
No: if He argue, if He question;  
O! Who can answer of a Thousand, one?  
What heart so constant! O! what soule so clear,  
That dares for Iust before that Iudge appeare?  
He is All-prudent, and All-powerfull too:  
VWho thrives, that strives with what he minds to doo?  
He mounts the Vallies, and he vailes the Mountains:  
He shakes the Earth; he opes and stops the Fountaines:  
He bids the Sun shine, and forbids it soon:  
He scales the Starres vp; he conceales the Moon:  
He spreads alone the Heauens large Canapey:  
He treads vpon the bound-lesse ground-lesse Sea:  
He makes *Arcturus* Starre, the \* *Stormy yowth*,  
The *Pleiades*, and *Climats* of the *South*:  
He worketh mighty things and manifold,  
Miraculous, and more then can be told:  
He passeth by me, and repasseth so,  
Vnseen of me, and vnperceiued tho:  
He, when him pleaseth, if a Prey he take,  
Who can compell him to restore it back?  
Nay: who so bold into his Acts to pry?  
Or, Who dares question What he doth, or Why?  
His Anger is not stopt, nor stoopt a whit;  
But strongest helps are faine to stoop to it.  
Then, how-much-lesse; O! how-much-lesse am I  
Able (alas!) with Him my Case to try?  
No: were I iust, I were not absolute;  
But, to my Iudge would I make humble Sute:  
And, to my Cry if he reply, yet hard  
Can I beleue that He my voyce hath heard.  
For, with a Tempest he destroyes me sterne;  
And wounds me Cause-lesse (for ought I discern);

\* Orion.

Nor

Nor suffers me so much as breathe at all;  
But fills me still with Bitternesse and Gall,  
If Strength we speak of; Who is strong but He?  
If Iudgement; then, Who shall mine Vmpire be?  
If I would iustifie my Selfe (with Him)  
He by mine owne Mouth will me soon condemn:  
If I would plead me perfect and vpright,  
He, He would iudge me wicked, in his sight:  
Though I were perfect (to my Selfe) from Sin;  
Alas! I know not mine owne Soule within.  
Therefore (Thus vexed and perplexed rise)  
I loath alas! and I abhorre my life.

Yet, grant I not; but that the Lord doth smite  
(Which you deny) both Wicked and Vpright.  
Else, when He strikes a People (old and young)  
Would He seem smile at Good mens Stripes among?  
Would He bestowe vpon th' Vngodly-most  
Earth's Soueraintie, and let them rule the Rost?  
Would He permit profane Bribe-blinded ones  
With blunted Sword to sit on *Iustice* Thrones;  
While that the Vertuous to the wall are thrust?  
While th' Innocent are troden in the Dust?  
For, Who, but He, directs, acts, orders All  
In all the World, what euer doth befall?

My Daies far swifter then a poste haue past;  
Past without sight of any Good (to-last):  
As swiftest Ships, so haue they slid-away;  
Or as the Eagle hasting to her prey.  
If that I say, I will forget my Griefe,  
Forgoemy VVrath, and yet re-hope Reliefe:  
Ah! then my Torments all afresh affright,  
VVith Terrours, lest Thou wilt not quit me quight.  
For, if I be Vngodly, all in vaine  
I cry to Thee, and to no end I plaine:  
Or, if Vnguilt, Cleane, and White as Snowe  
(In mine owne sight) in Thine I am not so;  
But in the sight of Thy pure Eyes, as soild,  
And with the Garment that I weare defil'd.  
G O D is not Man, as I (in equall Sute)  
That I with Him should argue or dispute:  
Nor is there (should we meet) a Moderator,  
Twixt Him and Me to arbitrate the Matter.  
Let him leaue-off his hold, take-off his Rod,  
Lay-off his Awfull Maiesty, as G O D;  
Then will I speake, and freely, voyd of Feare:  
But, as it is, I must, I will forbear.

**A**S dead aliae, vpon my Selfe I'll lay  
My sad Complaint; and in mine Anguish pray

Cap. 40

Thus



Thus to the Lord : O Lord, condemne me not ;  
But show me, why thou huntst me so hot.  
Lord ! art Thou pleased to oppresse me Thus ?  
O ! dost Thou iudge as do the Vnrighteous  
( Vnheard, vntry'd, and vn suspect ) to trip  
And cast away thine owne hands Workmanship :  
Seest Thou, as Man ? or hast Thou carnall Eyes ?  
Years as Mans Year : Daies as Mans Daies, who dies ;  
That thus Thou rack'st Me, and protract Me still,  
Searching and sifting to find out mine Ill ?  
I cannot sin, Thou know'st, but Thou must see :  
For, from Thine hands can None deliuer Me.

Thy hands haue made Me, all, and euery part :  
And wilt Thou now thine owne hands Work subuert ?  
Remember, Lord, how traile and bridle stuff  
Thou mad'st me of ( then vse me not so rough )  
Euen of the Clay, as is the Potters Crust :

And wilt Thou then re-crush me into Dust ?  
Thou pou'd'st me out as Milk ( within the womb )  
Thou mad'st me there, as Cheese, a Crud becom ;  
With Skin and Flesh Thou cloth'd'st me fair and fit,  
With Bones and Sinewes fast together knit :  
Inspir'd'st me Life and Soule, Reason and Sense ;  
And still prefer'd'st me by thy Prouidence.  
These Things as hidden in thy Bosome bee :  
But well I know, that it is so with Thee.

If I haue sinned, Thou wilt lift me neer ;  
And of my Guilt Thou wilt not hold me cleer,  
If VVicked I haue been ; then Woe to Me :  
If Righteous ; Yet still will I humble be ;  
Though deep confounded, and amazed much,  
To see, and feele, my sad Affliction Such.

But, be it more : come, Lion-like set on me ;  
Returne and show Thee maruelous vpon me :  
And so ( indeed ) Thou doost : for, Thou renew'st  
Thy plagues on me : and me more fierce pursu'st :  
Changes of Woes, Armies of Paines extreame,  
Afresh inuade me, and me round behem.

Then, Why ( alas ! ) VVhy didst thou bring me forth  
From fruitfull VVomb ( being no better worth ) :  
O ! that I there had perished, vnseen :  
And that I were as if I had not been,  
Brought from the Womb ( one Tomb, vnto Another )  
To Earth my Mother, from my Earthly Mother,  
Is not my Glass nere out ? My Date nere done ?  
O ! let him cease, and leaue-off laying-on ;  
That I may take a little Comforts breath,  
Yet quite I goe to to the dark land of Death ;

A Land of Darknes, Darknes Selfe ( I say )  
And Shade of Death : where is no Light, no Day.

Then answered *Zophar, the Naamathite* ;  
Should words preuaile ? Shall prating pass for right ?  
Should all be mute ? Shall no man dare reply,  
To mock thy Mocks, and giue thy Lie the Lie ?  
For, Thou hast said ( and that, too-vehement )  
My Words, and Deeds, and thoughts, are innocent ;  
Pure in Thine eyes. But O ! that G o d would speak ;  
That He would once His sacred Silence break )  
To shew thee wisdom's Secrets : Thou might'st see,  
Thou merit'st double what he layes on Thee ;  
And surely know that ( in his *iustice* strict )  
After thy Sins, He doth not Sores inflict :  
But seems to haue forgotten, or forgien  
Thy Trespases against Him Selfe and heauen.

Canst Thou, by searching, G o d's deep Counsel find ?  
Conceiue th' Almighty ? Comprehend His mind ?  
Reach His perfection ? It doth Heauen excell  
In Height ; in Depth exceeds the lowest Hell :  
Longer then Earth : larger then all the Seas.  
O ! What ? When ? Where ? How wilt Thou measure These ?

If He cut-off, shut-vp, collect, reiect ;  
Who can diuert Him ? Who his Course correct ?  
He knowes vain Men : He sees their harts that hard them  
In Guiles and Wiles, and will not He regard them :  
That foolish man, made wise, may be reclaimed ;  
Borne brute and dull, as an Ass Colt, vntamed.

If therefore, by Repentance, thou prepare  
Thine humbled heart : if that, in hearty Prayer,  
Thou stretch thine hands vnto his Throne about :  
Though thou haue sinn'd ; if Thou thy Sin remoue :  
If Thou remoue it, and permit no more  
Iniquity to dwell within thy Doore :  
Then shalt Thou, doubtlesse, free from Fault and Feare,  
Settled and safe, thy Face againe vpreare :  
Then shalt thou sure forget thy Misery ;  
Or, but esteem it as a Streame past by :  
Then shall thy Daies be then the Noon more bright ;  
And Thou shalt shine, as Morning after Night :  
Then shalt thou rest secure and confident,  
Hopefull and Happy, in thy proper Tent,  
In thine owne Dwelling : where, for Eminence,  
Sutors shall flock, with seemly Reuerence.  
But, as for stubborn, wilfull Wicked-ones,  
That still run-on in their Rebellions,  
Their Helps shall faile, and all their Hap shall fall ;  
And as a Gaspe, their Hopes shall vanish all.

Then



Cap. 12.

**T**hen said the *Husfian*: You, vndoubtedly,  
You are the Men: Wildom with you must dy:  
Yet (would yee knew it) somewhat know I, too;  
I vnderstand perhaps as well as you.  
Nor will I yeeld you in this Larre a jot:  
VWhat you haue vrg'd I know: and Who doth not?

Yee say, I lie; yee tell me that I mock:  
But I am made my Fellowes Laughing-stock:  
Who calls on God, and whom He heareth prest,  
Th' Vpright and Iust (indeed) is made a Iest:  
And He that's going downe (in state forlorne)  
Like dying Lamp, is to the Rich a Scorne;  
While (for the most) Oppressors prosper, sure;  
And God-prouokers, safely and secure,  
Haue in their hand (God in their hand hath put)  
The Horne of Plenty, them at will to glut.

Aske but the Beasts: inquire of Earth, or Seas;  
Or Fowles, or Fish: for, which is it of These,  
But knowes, and shoves, and plainly tells thee This;  
That God's their Maker: and of All that is:  
That in His hand's the Life of all that liues:  
That He alone, to All Men, Breathing giues.

Doth not the Eare try Speeches (bad or good)?  
And, for it Selfe, the Palate taste the food?  
So, Wisedom should be to the Many-year'd;  
And Vnderstanding to the Hoary-hair'd.

With Him it is (with th' *Ancient of Daies*)  
VWith Him is Counsaile, Wisedom, Power and Praise:  
Lo, He destroyes, and no man can restore:  
VWhom He shuts-up, can be let out no more:  
He stops the Streams; then dry they vp and shrink;  
He sends them forth; then all the Earth they sink.

With Him is Strength: with Him is All that is:  
Who erreth, and VWho maketh erre, are His:  
He doth distract the Counsaile of State:  
He makes the Iudges as infatuate:  
He breaks the Bonds of Kings Imperiall Awe;  
And brings them bounden vnder Others Law:  
He leads the Princes as a Captiue prey:  
Dismounts the Mightie; and, with strange dismay,  
He dulls the Learned, dumbs the Eloquent,  
And reauces the Iudgement of the Ancient:  
He powres contempt vpon the Noble-born:  
He strips the Strong: He leaues the Stout forlorne:  
He deepest Secrets soone discouereth:  
He brings to light the darkest shades of Death:  
He multiplieth People; and He mowes  
Them down again (by Famine, Plague, or Blowes):

He

Cap. 13.

He sends them forth in Colonies to spread;  
And brings them back (by wrack, lack, sack, or dread):  
He reauces the hearts of those that rule the Earth,  
And makes them roam through Desert sands of Dearth,  
Where None go by; They grope as in the Dark;  
They haue no Light, no Sight; no certain Mark;  
They stray; they stumble; to and fro they wheel:  
And He, He makes Them, Drunkard-like, to reel.

**A**L This mine eies haue seen, mine eares haue heard:  
All This my heart hath weigh'd, and well conferr'd.  
So that, in This, what you haue known, I knew;  
And am not Heerein to giue place to You.

But, as You wish, I also wish: O! would  
Th' Almighty pleas'd that I might be so bold  
(In his own Presence, at his Bar to stand)  
To plead with him the Cause I haue in hand.  
For, You, indeed, are too Sophisticall:  
Silly Physicians, for my Sicknes, all.

O! that you therefore had still held you mure:  
So might you still haue held a wise Repute.  
But, list you now vnto my Arguing:

Mark well my Reasons, and the Proofes I bring.  
Will You speak falsely forth? Almighty Lord?  
Will you for Him pronounce a Guilefull word?

Will you be partiall for His persons sake?  
Will you for Him, with Cauels vnder-take?  
Shall it auaille you? will He con you Thank  
At his great *Audit* for this double Prank?  
(Or, ween you, smoothing, these Deceits to smother?  
Or, but to mock Him, as one Man another)?

No: you shall know, He wil not brook nor beare it,  
But chide you sharp; how-euer secret were it.  
Shall not the brightness of His Face affray you?  
His Maiestie with awefull Rayes dismay you,  
Meer Earth and Ashes (daring thus to play)  
Your Best but Dust: your rest but Dirt and Clay?  
Hold you your tongues: no more your silence break:  
But (at my Perill) giue Me leaue to speak.

Why should I reare me (as one out of Sense)  
With mine own Teeth? or doe Selfe-Violence?  
No: should He slay me, I would hope again  
(Though in his sight I still my right maintaine)  
For, He himselfe will saue and doe me right;  
And cleere mee from your doome of Hypocrite:  
Sith, in His presence Such can haue no place,  
Nor hope such help of His assisting Grace.  
Giue therefore eare vnto my words; and waigh  
With due regard what I shall truly say.

Lo,



Lo, heere I stand, as ready to be try'd  
(And well I knowe I shall be iustifi'd)  
Come, who will charge me, and oppose my Pleas?  
(Alas! I die, if now I hold my peace)  
Onely, but spare me in Two things: with-drawe  
Thy heauie hand; with-hold thy glorious Awe  
From frightening me: then, from before thy face  
I shall not hide me; nor betray my Cause:  
Then, at thy choise, be in this Cause dependant  
(I am indifferent) *Plaintif, or Defendant.*

What, and How-many are my Sins (pretended)?  
Shew me Wherein, and How, I haue offended,  
That Thou should'st shun, and turn thee from me so;  
And handle me as thy most hated Foe.  
Dooft Thou vouchsafe a witherd Lease to crush?  
Against dry Scrubbe dooft Thou daign to rush?  
That in so bitter and seuerer a stile  
Thou dooft indight mee: and recite (the while)  
My sinnes of Youth (them re-recording fresh,  
VVith th' Heritage *inherent* vnto Flesh):  
And putt'st my feet into the Stocks so strait;  
VVatchest my VVaies, and at my heeles dooft wait,  
To finde some hole in my fore-acted Life  
(Scourging mine Errors with thy Terrors rise)  
VVhile, rotten-like, it wasteth, as a Cloth  
Grown full of holes and eaten by the Moth.

Cap. 24.

**M**AN, born of Man's and Womans loynes, alas!  
Hath but few dayes, and those full sad, to pass.  
Much like a Flower he shooteth vp; and fades;  
Quickly cut downe: he vanisheth, as Shades;  
Of no continuance [here]. Yet, doft Thou daign  
To frowne at Such: and strue with Me, so vaine?

Who, from Pollution, can pure thing extract?  
O! there is None; none that is so exact.  
Sith then his dayes Thou hast determined;  
Sith that his Months with thee be numbered;  
Sith Thou hast set the certain Time he has  
(To Him vncertain) which He cannot pass,  
Forbeare awhile, and from him looke away,  
Till (as the Hireling) he hath done his Day.

For, though a Tree be felled; from the Root,  
Yet is there hope that Branches will re-shoot:  
Though in the Earth the Root be old and dry,  
Though on the Earth the Trunk as dead do lie;  
Yet, by the Sent of the neer-winding Flood,  
It will reuiue, and as a Plant, re-bud:  
But Man (man's Body from his Soule bereft)  
Man down and dead; O! what of Him is left?

Sith, as Sea-waters, past, re-passe no more;  
As Riuer, dry'd, retorne not to their Shore:  
Man, Dead-asleep, shall neuer wake againe;  
Nor neuer rise, till Heav'n no more remaine.  
O! wert thou pleas'd, me in my Graue to hide,  
Vntill thy Wrath were past and pacifi'd!  
Or that there were some Time, or Term assign'd me,  
When Thou wilt cease, & in thy Mercy mind me!  
Or, shall a Man *neer* dead, *heer* liue againe;  
Still liuing-dying in continuall Pain;  
And shall I still, in this distressed state,  
Wait, all the Dayes of mine appointed Date,  
Vntill my Change (my *Renouation*) come;  
When Thou shalt call me: nor shall I be dumb,  
But answer thee: Then, then thou wilt approue  
That Thou the Works of thine own hands dooft loue;  
Though now my steps thou numbrest so exact;  
Nor'st all my Sins, and seem'st them to haue packt  
As in a Eage, safe sealed; yea, to add  
New Trespases vnto the old, I had.  
So that, as Mountains, mouldring, down do sink;  
As from their places shiner'd Rocks do shrink:  
As waters break the Stones; as Showres surround  
The dusty Earth; Thou dooft Man's hope confound;  
And triumph'st euer ouer Him, deiected;  
Transform'd in Face, as from thy Face reiected.  
Nor knoweth He, whether his deer Posteritie  
Shall poorely fare, or flourish in Prosperitie:  
But, while his Soule his Body beares about,  
That shall haue VVoe within; and This, without.

Kkkk

THE





## I O B.

*The second Booke.*

Cap. 15

**T**HIS of His (so hot and vehement)  
 Thus *Eliphas* (in the same Element):  
 Should one so wise (as thou doost vaunt thee hence)  
 Discourse so vainly? bring such idle geare:  
 Vent from the Centre of a swelling brest  
 As noysome Gales as the vnholosome East:  
 Trifle the Time (about I wot not what)  
 In idle and vnprofitable chat?  
 Nay: nullifie Religious Feare and *Pietie*,  
 Not praying to, but pleading with the *Deitie*:  
 Which thine own mouth hath witness too-too-far,  
 With subtile Cauils of a Sophister.  
 Yea, thine own mouth (not mine) shall thee conuince:  
 Against thy Selfe thy lippes giue Euidence.  
 VVhy Man! wert Thou the first man on the earth?  
 Or, wert Thou born before the Hills had birth?  
 Hast Thou alone G o d's Secret vnderstood?  
 And hast Thou onely Wisdom, in thy Hood?  
 What is 't Thou knowest, that VVe haue not kend?  
 VVhat vnderstand'st Thou, but VVe comprehend?  
 There are of Vs as old as Thou; or rather,  
 Some (I suppose) more ancient then Thy Father:  
 And doost Thou slight our Comfort (godly sent):  
 Or hast Thou of thine Owne more excellent?  
 Why doth thy heart, and whither, thee transport?  
 Why doost thou close thine eyes? that in this sort  
 Thy Spirit turns (shall I say spurns?) at G o d,  
 And from thy Lips spers words so bold and broad?  
 O! What is Man that He should clean exist?  
 Or Womans Son that He should lust persist?  
 Behold, He found, his Angels stood not sure:  
 Neither, the Heauens, in His pure sight, are pure:  
 Then, How much more, before Him, filthy stinks  
 Stock-stained Man, who Sin, as Water, drinks?  
 I'll therefore shew thee (hark, and marke me well)  
 What I haue seen; I will declare and tell

What

## T R I V M P H A N T.

What, from their Elders, Sages yest haue know'n,  
 And to their Heires successiue haue show'n.  
 Such as, indeed, haue had the Helm in hand,  
 To steer their Owne, and Strangers to with-stand.  
 The Wicked Man's in-labour, all his Life;  
 In bitter Pains, in Pangs, in Passions rise:  
 Number of yeares are seldome His, to summe:  
 A Sound of Feares still in His eares doth humme:  
 Or, if at all He seem in ease to swim;  
 The swift Destroyer shall soon seize on him,  
 Hap-less, and Hope-less euer to recouer;  
 Seeing the Sword, him euer hanging ouer.  
 Needy, indeed; or greedy still of more  
 (Pining in Plenty, staruing in his Store)  
 He wanders, seeking of his Bread about;  
 In dread of Want; of a Black Day, in doubt:  
 Trouble and Anguish shall him deep affright;  
 As royall Armies ready for the fight.  
 For, He hath stretched his proud hand at Heav'n;  
 And stubbornly hath with th' Almighty striv'n,  
 Running at Him, rushing vpon his Neck;  
 Yea, on the Bosses of his Shield so thick:  
 Because his Fat, his full broad Face doth couer;  
 And lardie Collops on his sides hang ouer;  
 And dwels in Houses, rather Townes of late  
 (By Him) dis-patron'd and depopulate;  
 By Him, re-built, re-gilt, re-glost, re-glas'd;  
 By Him, re-Named (ready to beas'd).  
 Yet, shall not He be Rich; nor in Prosperity  
 Persist; nor leaue Possession to Posterity:  
 Nor, out of Darknes euer get shall He;  
 Nor euer other then inglorious be:  
 His Branch shall wither, and with Flame be wasted:  
 Him Self shall, sodain, with G o d's Breath be blasted.  
 Then, let not (hard-beleeuing haue Humanity)  
 O! let not the Deceiued trust in Vanity.  
 For, Vanity shall be his Recompence:  
 Before his Time shall he be snatched hence:  
 His Spring shall neuer sprout, his Flowers shall fall,  
 His Fruit, yer ripe, shall he off-shaken all  
 (As Grapes and Oliues, with vntimely Frost)  
 The Lord shall shake them, and they shall be lost.  
 For, th' Hypocrites Dissembling Congregation,  
 Shall be disperst, and brought to Desolation:  
 And sodainly shall Fire consume the Tents  
 Of *Briberie* with all their Instruments.  
 For, They conceiue but Mischiefe; breed But Guile,  
 And bring forth vain Iniquitie the while.

Kkkk

He



Cap. 16

**H**E pausing heer, I o a Thus replies him, sad :  
Yet more of This ? This haue we often had.  
You are indeed a sort of Visiter ;  
A Crew of cold and wretched Comforters,  
Shall idle, addle, aiery, Words surcease ?  
Or what doth make thee dare to dwell on these ?

Could I, as you, if you were in my Case,  
And I in yours ; your Soule in my Soules place :  
Could I, against you, words haue multipli'd ?  
Insulted on you ? at you, shook my head ?  
No : I should rather haue raught you Reliefe,  
And with my speeches haue asswag'd your Griefe.

But, though I plain, my Griefe 's not mitigated ;  
Ei her, forbear I, What is it abated ?  
For, He hath wearied me : Yea, Lord, Thou hast  
Spoild me of All : and laid me wholly waste :  
The wrinkled Furrowes, on my Brow and Back  
(Bare skin and bone) bear witness of my Wrack.

My Foe's fell wrath hath rakt and rent me sore :  
He strives against me ; and still angry more,  
More eager still, gnatheth his Teeth vpon me ;  
And with his eyes keen flashing frowneth on-me.

My Friends ( alas ! ) they laugh at me the while,  
They buffet me, and bitterly reuile ;  
They gape vpon me, and together gather,  
Not to relieue me, but to grieue me, rather.  
Thus hath G o d hemm'd me with vngodly Bands,  
And turn'd me ouer into Wicked hands.

I was at ease ; When, by the Neck he took-me,  
Brake me a-sunder, and to shivers shook me :  
And ( whether for Disport or for Desptie.  
Made me his Butte, and set me as his White.  
His cunning Archers do beset me round :  
He cleaues my Reines ; and ruth-les, on the ground  
Poures-out my Gall : with doubled Blowes he crushes,  
And Giant-like, vpon me fiercely rushes.

I Haue in Sack-cloth sadly sow'd my Skin,  
In Dust and Ashes haue I humbled bin,  
I haue ( alas ! ) besmeard my Face with Teares,  
On mine Eie-lids Death's Shade hath swom, in Fears :  
For no foule Sin ; neither, for Fashions sake,  
To seem a *Saint* : pure Prayers did I make,  
Pure and Sincere : else, neuer may they come  
In Heau'n, to haue either regard or roome.  
Neither, O Earth ! if ever Blood I shed,  
O ! let it not by Thee be couered.

But lo, my Witnesse is in Heav'n above ;  
My Record there, my Conscience to approue.

My

Cap. 17

My friends contemne me, and condemne me too :  
But, drown'd in teares, to G o d appeal I doo.  
O ! that one might ( as Man with Man, in Sute )  
That, Neighbor-like, one might with G o d dispute.  
For the few Daies of my set number gone,  
I goe the Way from whence Returne is none.

**M**Y Spirit 's spent : my Daies are don ( and leaue me )  
The Graue's already ready to receiue me.  
Yet are there with me none but those that mock me :  
Doth not mine eye still see them still prouoke me ?

But, put me in a Surety, giue me Pledge,  
To answer me what I shall then alledge.  
Who'll vndertake it ? VVho will giue his hand,  
That to the Triall Thou wilt daign to stand ?  
Sith Thou, O Lord, Their hearts hast hidden quight,  
From Vnderstanding, and from iudging right ;  
And therefore wilt not, for their Arrogance,  
Admit of them, nor them so high aduance.

Not, that I would, they should haue sooth'd me neither :  
For such shall perish, and their Seed together.  
But, to the Vulgar I am made a Song,  
A Tale, a Tabret vnto euery Tongue  
( Through grief whereof, mine Eye decays and dims ;  
And as a Shadowe are my other Limbs ).  
The better sort, amazed at my Plight,  
The Innocent, iudge me an Hypocrite.  
Yet, shall the Righteous still hold on his Course ;  
And the Sincere shall still adde force to force.

Therefore, my Friends, returne, recant, re-call  
Your hard Opinions, and mis-Censures, all :  
For, of you all, not one Wise man I finde ;  
Nor fit *Physician* for a troubled minde.

My Dayes are past ; and my Designes vndon ;  
Yea, euen my Hopes ( my hearts Possessions ) gon :  
My Noone ( alas ! ) is changed into Night ;  
Small ods there is twixt Darknesse and my Light.  
What can I looke for, but among the Dead  
To make my House ? to haue my Graue, for Bed ?  
For, to Corruption, thus aloud I call ;  
Thou art my Father : to the Worms that crawl,  
You are my Mother, and my Sisters, all.

Where 's then my Hope ? How shall that Hap appeer,  
Which you yer-while did so re-promise, heer ?  
Those things, with me, shall downe into the Deep :  
And, with my Dust, amid the Dust shall sleep.

**T**hen said the *shuhite* : Will you neuer cease  
Your tedious Talking ? Neuer hold your peace :  
Forbear a while ; giue care a little now :  
Obserue our Speech, and we will answer you.

But

Cap. 18



But, why, as Beasts, are we vpbraid'd thus?  
And why so basely doe you count of vs?  
He, rather seems to be besides his Sense,  
That wounds him Selfe in his Impatience.

Why? Shall the Earth, for Thy sake be forsaken?  
The Rocks remou'd? and solid Hills be shaken?  
No, no: The Light of Wicked-ones shall out:  
His Fiery Sparkle shall not shine about;  
Within his Doores shall Darknes be for Light:  
With Him, his Candle shall be quenched quight:  
His Strength shall faile him (or be fatall to him):  
His Counsels cast him; His owne Wit vndoo-him;  
For, his owne Feet shall bring him to the Net;  
And willingly vpon the Gin shall ier:  
Him, by the heele the subtil Snare shall catch:  
Him, shall the Theeues and Robbers ouer-march:  
For him are laid the Meshes of Mis-hap;  
Traines on the ground, and in his wayes a Trap:  
Him, on all sides, sad Terrois shall affright;  
And sudden driue him to his Feet, to flight:  
His plentious Store shall Famine soon deuour:  
Destructions, Sword shall hunt-him every-hower,  
Consume his Sinewes, and vn-bar his Skin:  
And Pestilence (Death's Heire) shall rage within.  
His Hope shall hop without his expectation:  
His Confidence shall from his Habitation  
Berooted out, and razed (as it were)  
And bring him down to the drad King of Feare;  
Who aye shall dwell within His Tabernacle,  
(Because not His, nor his owne Habitable):  
Some secret Harme, som Flath, som Sulphury shower,  
Shall sudden spred amid his curst Bower:  
His Roots belowe shall rot amid the Clay;  
His Boughes aboue be cut and cast away:  
His Memorie shall perish from the Earth;  
His Name heer nameless (as before his Birth)  
He shall be driv'n to Darknes, from the Light:  
And forth the World he shall be hunted quight.  
Nor Sonne, nor Nephew shall he leaue behind;  
Nor in his Houses any of his Kind.

So that, the Ages, present, and to come,  
Shall stand amazed at his dismall Doome.  
And This is sure the Lot, the heauie Load  
Of VVicked-ones, that fear not, know not G O D.

**I**O B then reply'd: Alas! how long will Yee  
Torment my Soule, with words; and torture Mee?  
Ten times ye haue with too obdurate minde,  
Reproacht mee This: vnciuill and vnkind.

But, put the Case, that I haue sinn'd, indeed:  
Must not I beare it? Then (alas!) what need  
You load me more; and magnifie your wit,  
To amplifie my Guilt, and Griefe of it?  
Seeing you see that G O D hath cast me downe,  
And with his Net hath compass'd me round.

Lo, I cry-out of wrong and violence;  
Aloud I cry; yet haue no Audience,  
Nor Ease at all: He hath forhedg'd my VVay,  
I cannot passe: My Paths, in stead of Day,  
Are Darke beset: He hath my glorie rest;  
And from my head He hath the Crowne bereft:  
He hath destroy'd me, euery-way vndone:  
My Hope, remoued (as a Tree) is gone:  
And more, His Wrath against me fiercely fryes;  
He reckons Me among his Enemies:  
His Troupes assembled march against Me, egre;  
And, round about my feeble Tent beleguer:  
He hath disperst my Brethren from me farre;  
To Me, my Kindred as meer Strangers are;  
My Neighbors flie me; my Familiar Friend  
Hath now forgot me (as if neuer kend):  
Nay: mine own Household; Men, Maid-seruants, all,  
Count me a Stranger, care not for my Call,  
Nor will come at me; though I speak them faire:  
Nay: to mine own Wife (for the noisome aire)  
My Breath is strange, though I beseech her, sad,  
By those deer Pledges wee together had.  
The Basest scorn me; and when vp I rise,  
They spet their Spight in bitter Obloquies.  
Mine Intime-most, Those that I loued best  
Abhor mee All, and me the most molest.  
My Bones, in stead of Flesh, cleaue to my skin;  
And that not sound, saue what my Teeth grow in.  
Then pittie me, O pittie me, my Friends;  
Sith G O D on me his heauie hand extends:  
Ah! Why do you yet persecute me, rough,  
As G O D? Alas! hath not my Flesh enough?  
O! that my words (the words I now asseuer)  
Were writ, were printed, and (to last for-euer)  
Were grav'n in Marble with an Iron pen  
With Lead in-foated (to fill vp agen).  
*I surely knowe that my Redeemer liueth:  
And that He shall: This, firme my Faith belieneth.)*  
*In th' End of Time, return and rise from Dust  
(The First and Last) to iudge and iane the lust:  
And, that, I shall, when worms haue eat This Clod,  
I shall awake, and in my flesh see G O D:*



*Tea: I shall see him with These Eyes of mine;*

*And with none else: though Now in Paines I pine.*

The rather, therefore should you now retract,

And Thus Your-selves discreetly now correct:

*Why persecute We Him? Why hate Him, Wee?*

Sith This Foundation is thus fixt in Mee,

Then, be you warn'd: beware, and fear the Sword:

For Wickednes and Cruelty (in word)

Incenseth Wrath: Know, there shall Iudgement come,

To doom them right, who Others (rash) misdoom.

Cap. 20

Scarce had He done, when the *Naamathite*

Replies him Thus: Therefore my thoughts incite

My suddain Answer: therefore, am I spurr'd

(Regarding light thy sharp and shamefull Gird)

With speed to speake, vnto the Point in hand,

What I conceiue, and rightly vnderstand.

Know'st thou not This of old, through euery Age,

Since first on Earth began Man's Pilgrimage;

That the triumphing of the Wicked Sort,

The Ioy of th' *Hypocrite* is euer short:

Although to Heav'n hee mount his glorious Top;

Though to the Clouds his head be lifted vp;

Yet shall he perish, as his dung, for aye:

And who hath seen them, shal ask, Where are they?

As Dreames forgotten, shall he take his flight;

Yea chas'd away, as Visions of the Night:

Th' Eye that hath seen him, shall not see him twise,

Nor shall his Places him againe reuise.

His Children shall be fawning on the Poore,

And His Extortions shall to them restore:

His Bones are full of his Youth's finnes (his Lust)

VVhich shall not leaue him till he lie in dust:

Though to his Taste his Sin be passing sweet,

Though vnder-neath his Tongue he couer it,

Though there he spare it, and not spee it out,

Though on his Palate still it roule about;

Yet is his Meat turn'd, in his Bowells, all;

And is, within him, as the *Aspie's* Gall:

H'hath swallow'd Wealth, but G o d shall make him faim

To spue it out, to cast it vp againe:

He shall the *Aspie's* direfull Poison suck:

With Vipers tongues he shall be deadly stuck:

He shall not see the Oylic Riuers Currents,

Nor Brooks of Butter, nor the Honny Torrents:

His Labour neuer shall regain his Losse:

He shall restore whom he before did crosse;

The Restitution shall be all his state;

He neuer shall digest, nor ioy thereat;

Because

Because the Poore he crush'd, and forsook;

And Others Houses violently took.

Sure he shall haue no quiet Calm within;

Without, no Store of what he ioyeth in.

There shall be no Remainder of his meat;

And his Reuerfions none shall wait to eat:

Nay: in his Ruffe, and at his greatest Height,

He shall be stocked in full many a Strait:

Continuall Hazards shall him round enring;

Each spightfull hand shall haue at him a sling:

When he is readie for his rich Repast,

On Him will G o d his fierie Furie cast;

Amid his Feasts his drad Displeasure thrilling

In stead of Food, his brest with horror filling;

If he escape the Sword; from Bowes of steel

Steel-headed Arrowes shall him thorough thrill:

The naked Swords bright-shining terror shall

Peep through his Bosom, creep through guts and gall.

Horrors shall haunt him: and so, hard-bested,

From hiding him, all Darknes shall be hid.

A Fire vnblow'n him suddain shall consume:

And woe to them that tarry in his Roome:

Heav'n shall discover his Iniquities,

And Earth for witnesse shall against him rise;

All his Reuenues, all his state, and stay,

Shall flowe to Others in his VVrathfull Day.

This is the Portion of the Wicked: This

His Heritage by G o d appointed is.

*S*O, *Zophar* ceast. Then I o d reply'd: I pray

Heare heedfully what Now I haue to say:

Bethis the Comfort you vouchsafe, alone;

Let Me but spee k; and afterwards, mock on.

Doe I complain, or make my moan to Man?

Why doe you crosse, or interrupt me, than?

If I haue cause of Griefe should not my spirit

Be mou'd withall? Can flesh and Blood forbear it?

Behold me well; and be withall dismay'd:

And let your hand vpon your mouth be layd.

Thought of the like (else-where) would me affright,

And daunt my Flesh: How then, my present sight?

How comes it, that the Wicked liue, liue long;

Grow Rich, grow Great; wax Eminent, and Strong;

They see their Children, and Grand-children, rise

Settled about them: In their House, no Strife;

No Feare; no Foe: They feelenot any Rod,

No stripe, no stroak, of the drad hand of G o d.

Their Bullock genders, and proues euer fit:

Their Heifer calues, and neuer casteth it:

Their

Cap. 21



Their Little ones, like Lambkins send they out;  
Their Striplings play and skip, and daunce about;  
They tune their Voice to sweetest Instruments,  
Harp, Pipe and Tabret; to delight their sense:  
In Wealth and Health They live; scarce, euer, sick  
Of long Disease; but to their Graues go quick.

Yet These are Those, that to th' Almighty say,  
*Depart from vs; we will not learn thy Way:*  
*Who is the Lord? that we should Him obey?*  
*What should we profit, if to Him we pray?*

They haue not sure the power in their Owne hand,  
To get and keep their Wealth at their Command.  
Be therefore farre, be euer farre from Mee,  
Their Works, and Words, and Thought's Impietie:  
Farre be their Counsailes: far be all their VVaies:  
And farre the Peace of their so prosperous Dayes.

And yet, how often is their Lamp put-out:  
How often are They compassed about  
With swift Destruction? In his Furie strict,  
How oft doth G o d their Paiment here inflict:  
How oft, as Straw before the winde, are They,  
And as the Chaff with Tempest whist away:  
How oft doth G o d, in the Vngodly's fight,  
For Their own Guilt, their own deere Issue smite:  
Or, lets Themselues heer see themselues vndone;  
Drinking the hot Wrath of th' Almighty-one:  
For, what is it to Them? or what care They  
( Their Months cut off; Their mouths once stopt with clay)  
What hap their house, what hazard follow shall:  
What Weale or VVoe, vnto their Heires befall?

But herein, who G o d's VVisedome shall impeach?  
Or, who shall Him, that rules the highest, teach?  
One dies at ease, in Strength's perfection growing;  
His Brests with Milk, his Bones with Marrow flowing.  
Another dies in Anguish of his Spirit;  
And neuer did good Day or Night inherit:  
Both are, alike, laid in the Dust together;  
And VVormes, alike, doo ease and couer Either.

Lo, I conceiue your mis-conceits, from hence;  
Your mis-collections, and your wrested Sense:  
For, VVhere ( say ye ) Where's now the Princes Court?  
And VVhere the Palace of the wicked sort?  
Haue ye not asked those that trauaile by?  
And doe ye, can ye, yet Their Marks deny?  
That ( for the most ) the VVicked most are spared,  
Reprined heer; till That dread Day prepared  
For dire Destruction: and then ( for their Errors )  
Shall be brought-forth, in That *great Day* of Terrors.

For.

For Heer so Mighty and so Great they are;  
Who, to their face shall their Offence declare:  
Who dares disclose it? Who shall prosecute:  
And their due Sentence Who shall execute?

Nay ( notwithstanding ) to their Graue in peace  
They passe, with Pompe of solemne Obsequies;  
Accompany'd, attended ( in their kinde )  
With Mourning Troupes, before them and behinde:  
Entomb'd among their Ancestors; and rest  
In gloomie Vales, as happy as the Best.

How do You then, Me comfort, or confute;  
VVhile vainly thus, and falsly you dispute?

## I O B.

The third Booke.



H' old *Themanite*, as mou'd withall, replies:  
Can Man, to G o d ( as to Him-selfe, the Wise )

Be profitable? Any pleasure is 't  
Vnto the Lord, if Righteous Thou persist:  
If Thou be iust, if perfect, and vp-right;  
Is G o d the better? Gaiues th' Almighty by 't?  
For feare of Thee, will He reprove thee ( strict )  
Enter in Iudgement, and thee thus afflict:  
Is not thy Sin great and thy Wickedness;  
And infinite thy foule Vnrightheousness?

Yes: Thou hast ta'en thy Brothers Pledge for nothing,  
And stripped euen the Naked of their Clothing:  
Thou hast not giuen the wearie Drink, at need;  
Nor to the Hungry, wherewithall to feed:  
The Eminent and Mighty had their fill:  
They held the Earth, and swayd thee at their will:  
But silly Widowes hast thou empty packt;  
And th' armes of Orphans haue bin crusht and crackt.  
Thence is it, now, that Snares beset thee round,  
And sodain Feares thee trouble and confound:  
Or a black Darknes that thou canst not see;  
And a huge Deluge that ore-whelmeth thee.

Is not the Lord in th' High *Empyreall* Blisse?  
Behold the Stars, how high their Distance is:  
And then ( saist Thou ) What can th' Almighty mark?  
How indgeth He? What sees he through the Dark?  
Clouds couer Him from spying so far hence:  
He walketh in the Heav'ns Circumference.

But, hast not Thou obseru'd the ancient Track  
The Wicked trod, to their vntimely Wrack;

Who,

Cap. 22



Who, quick cut downe, supplanted where they stood,  
Had their Foundations swallowed with the Flood:  
Who said to G O D, Depart from vs; and thought,  
What can th' Almighty doo to vs, in ought:  
Yet, with good things He fill'd their habitations.  
But, farre from me be their Imaginations.

This see the Righteous; farse the while, and glad:  
And laugh at them, in their Destruction sad.  
For, We shall stand; our Substance not decay:  
But their Remainder shall the Fire destroy.

Therefore, acquaint thee (and that quickly too)  
With G O D; make peace: and Thou right wel shalt doo;  
Receiue (I pray thee) from his mouth Direction;  
And in thy heart, lay-vp his Words instruction.

If, to th' Almighty, Thou at-once returne;  
Thou shalt be built-vp: and shalt brauely spurne  
Iniquity farre from thy Selfe away;  
And from thy Dwellings put it farre, for aye.  
Then, as the Dust thou shalt haue Gold, at will;  
Pure *Ophyr* Gold, as Pebbles of the Rill:  
Yea, the Almighty Thy defence shall be:  
And store of Silver shall be still with Thee.  
For, in the Lord thy Pleasure shalt thou place;  
And vnto Him shalt thou lift vp thy Face:  
Him shalt thou pray-to; He shall heare thy Layes,  
And grant thy Sure; and Thou return him Praise:  
Thou shalt decree, and He shall make it good,  
(So thy good Purpose shalt not be withstood):  
And on Thy Wayes, and in all Works of Thine,  
His Light of Grace (and glory too) shall shine.  
Nay: when-as Others (as thy selfe art now)  
Shall be cast downe; re-comfort them shalt Thou,  
And Thus re-cheer them: Yet, yet may you rise;  
*For G O D will saue such as haue humbled eyes.*

Yea: on the Noxious will he pittie take,  
For th' Innocent; and spare them for thy sake.

**T**hen answered I O B: Though to this Day my Mones  
Right bitter be, my Griefe exceeds my Groines:  
How is it then, that I, as yet, am held,  
For hauing plain'd, as if I had rebeld?

O! that I knew, that some would shewe me, VVhere  
I might goe find my Souerain Arbitrer.  
That I might speedy vnto him repaire;  
And euen approach to His Tribunall Chaire.  
I would before Him plead my iust Defence,  
And fill my Mouth with pregnant Arguments.  
Then would I know what should His Answer be:  
And vnderstand what He would say to me.

Cap. 23

Would He oppose me with his Power diuine?  
No: rather would He steel and strengthen mine.  
There might the Iust in his iust Plea proceed:  
And I should ever from my Iudge be freed.

But, Whether to the West I take my way;  
Or to the pearly Portall of the Day;  
Or, to the Norward, where hee worketh rise;  
Or, to the South, the Cell of blustering-strife:  
Whether I look before me or behinde;  
On This, or That side: Him I cannot finde.

Yet, knowes He well my Way: and hath metry'd:  
And I, like Gold, shall come forth purified.  
My Foot hath walked in His steps: His Way  
Haue I observed; and not gon astray:  
Nor haue I started from His Precepts set,  
But priz'd them more then my appointed Meate.

Yet, He persisteth in one purpose still.  
Who can diuert him? He doth what he will;  
And will perform what is of me decreed.  
And many such things are with Him, indeed.

Therefore, before Him, am I wonder-smite;  
Affraid of Him, when I consider it.  
For, G O D hath suppld and made soft my heart,  
And deep perplext me in my inward Part;  
Because my Languors neither end, nor I:  
Nor can I see, nor sound the Reason, Why.

**B**Ut, can it be (How can it other be?)  
But that the Times of the Diuine Decree  
(Concerning Iudgements more or less severe;  
When, Why, and Who, and How, and What, and Where)  
Hidden with G O D, and hidden from his Owne;  
Should to the World, and wicked be vnknowne:

They shift the Land-marks from their ancient seat:  
They take by force mens Flocks, to feed, or eat:  
They driue away the silly Orphans Ass:  
They take for Pledge the Widowes Ox (alas!):  
They turn the Needy from their neereft Way:  
They make the Poor together hide them aye:  
Lo, Like wilde Asses in the Wilderness,  
They ramp about their brutish Business:  
Rising betimes for Boot (like Free-booters):  
The Desert Field yeelds Food for them and theirs.  
They reap them Each a Crop, from Others Crop:  
They gather Each a wicked Vintage vp:  
They cause the Naked without Clothes to lie,  
Quivering for Cold, no Covering but the Skie;  
Washt with the Showers that from the Mountains shed;  
Embracing Cliffs, for Shelter; Rocks for Bed:

L III

They

Cap. 24



They pluck the Pupill from the tender Brest:  
They take from Poor a Pawne of all their best;  
They leaue them Naked; Nay, the Hungry soule  
Even of his Sheaf, and gleaned handfulls poule:  
Yea; Labourers, that in Their service toyle;  
That tread their Wine-press, and that make their Oyle,  
That trudge and drudge in their Affairs; in fine  
They let them starue, and even for thirst to pine.

The Citie grones vnder their Wicked Thrall:  
Th' oppressed, slain, and wounded, cry, and call:  
Yet, 'tis apparant (as the Sun is cleer)  
God doth not alwaies smite (nor cite) them heere.

Yet, These are Those that aye the Light abhor:  
Know not her Way, nor keep, nor care it for:  
The Murd'rer rises (early) yer the Light;  
To kill the Poor: and robbeth (late) at Night:  
Th' Adulterer's Eye doth for the Twy-light wait;  
And, muffled, thinks, None sees my quaint Deceit:  
They (Burglars) digge through houses in the Dark,  
Which, in the Day, they for their owne did mark.  
But, Light they loath: Morning to Them is death:  
Death's Terror, Day; which all discovereth:  
On Waters swim they light and swift, for Fear:  
On Earth, as Vagrants, fly they heere and there  
(Their cursed portion) every-where vndon:  
By-waies they seek, and the High-waies they shun.

As Heat and Drought, dissolve and drink the Snow;  
The wicked-one the Graue shall swallow so.  
The Womb that bare him, shall him quite forget;  
And, to the Worm he shall be well-com Meat.  
He shall, with Men, no more remembred be:  
But broken-off, as is a withred Tree.  
He weds the Bairen that brings never forth;  
And, if a Widowe, leaues her nothing worth.  
Yet, by his power, He drags the Mighty down;  
And none is safe, if He in Fury frown:  
No; though, with Presents they his Patience buy,  
And build on it; on Them he casts an eye.

Such, for a little, are aloft: Anon  
As lowe as Others; as All others, gon:  
Soon taken hence, shut-yp, cut-off, and shorn  
As (with the Haile) the rusted ears of Corn.  
If Thus it be not, Who will (I desire)  
Disproue my Speech; and proue menow a Lye.

**T**O This, the *Shubite* answered shortly Thus:  
He is Almighty, Dradly-Glorious;  
Whose Power imperiall, and All-humbling Aw,  
Rules his High Places in most peacefull Law.

Cap. 25.

Is any number of His Armies known?  
What Light so bright, but His hath over-shone?  
How, then, may Man, with God, be iust defin'd?  
Or, He be Clean, that's born of Woman-kind?  
Behold, the Moon, before Him, is not bright:  
Stars are not pure in his (All-pearching) sight.  
Then, How-much-less? How-much-less Man (alas!)  
The Son of Man: a Worm, a Worthless Maile?

**I**O B, heervnto replies incontinent:  
Well haue ye said; but, How Impertinent!  
How hast Thou holp the weak and feeble wight?  
How fit defended him that hath no might?  
How sweetly taught the simple and vnwise?  
How full declar'd the Matter, as it lyes?  
To Whom doest Thou this Speech of thine direct?  
What mooues thee to it? and to what effect?

For, I (for My part) know, that, Not alone,  
Th' Eternall rules, on his supernall Throne  
The things aboue, in their harmonious Course;  
But heere belowe, the Better and the Worse.  
Beneath the Waters, dead things formed bin;  
And, dumb (their owne Inhabitants) within:  
Hell is not hid from Him: Destructions Cause,  
From His inspection, can no Covering haue.  
He, th' ample Heav'ns over the Void extends:  
He, vpon Nothing the sad Earth suspends:  
Within his Clowds He bottles vp the Rain,  
Which with it weight tears not the Clowds in twain:

He hath in-bowd the fore-front of his Throne,  
And spread his clowdy Canapey thereon:  
He hath begirt the Waters with a List  
Shall ever last, till Day and Night desist.  
The massie Pillers of the Pole doe shake  
If He but chide; and at His check they quake.  
He, by his Power, doth the deep Sea divide:  
His Prudence smites her in her fellest pride:  
He, by his Spirit, the spangled Heav'ns hath dress'd  
With glittering Signes; the Serpent, and the rest.  
Lo, These are parcels of his Waies suprem:

But, O! How little do we heare of Him!  
Who can conceiue? Who vnderstands the Thunders  
Of His more secret, and most sacred Wonders?

**W**Hile none reply'd, I ob grauely Thus goes on:  
As liues the Lord, th' Almighty *Holy One*,  
Who seems a space my *Verdict* to suppress,  
Loading my Soule with bruits of Bitterness;  
While Breath is in me; till my Spirit, inspir'd  
By God, be gon, and from me quite expir'd;

LIII 2

My

Cap. 29.



My Lips shall speak no wickedness, no wile;  
Nor shall my Tongue deliver any guile.

No; G o d forbid that I should iustifie  
Your rash mis-Iudgement. Mine Integritie  
I'll not abandon, to my Dying-day:  
Mine Innocence I never will betray:  
My Righteousness still will I fast retain;  
And, my cleer Conscience, while I liue, maintain.  
But, as the Wicked, be mine Enemies:  
Those, as Vnrighteous, that against me rise.

For, what's the Hope of th' hollow Hypocrite  
(Though He haue heaped Treasures infinite)  
When G o d shall take (in a disastrous Day)  
His Land (his Life) his Goods (his Gods) away?  
Will G o d regard, or heare his howling Cry,  
When He is compast with Calamitie?  
Or, in th' Almighty can He comfort take?  
Will he to G o d continuall Prayer make?

I'll show you, how th' Almighty hand doth deale:  
God's wonted Course I will not now conceale:  
Nay; you your Selues you all haue seen it too.  
Why talk ye then thus vainely as yee doo?

This is, with G o d, the Portion and the Part  
Of the Vngodly and the Cruell heart:  
This heritage shall impious Tyrants haue  
From the Almighty, This they shall receaue:

If many Children he shall leaue behinde,  
As many shall the Sword or Famine finde:  
Or, if that any in Remain be left;  
They, by the Plague, shall, vnbeuail'd, be rest.

If He haue heaped Silver, as the Dust;  
And Cloathes, as Clay; he may: but sure the Iust  
Shall ioy his Silver, and his Treasures share;  
And weare his Warde-robe, how-so rich and rare.

If braue he build; it is but like the Moth  
(On others ground, as that in others Cloth)  
Soon dispossest: or, like a Watch-house, soon  
To be set vp, and suddenly pull'd-down.

Such Rich, shall die; and lie without regard,  
Vngather'd to his Fathers Toomb prepar'd:  
Nothing of Him remains in Memorie:  
He vanisheth in Twinkling of an eye.  
Horrors shall seize him, as a Flood, with Fright;  
And as a Tempest hurly him in the night.  
An Eastern Storm him quite away shall chase;  
And, as a Whirle-winde, hurle him from his place.  
So pittifull, in wrathfull Ielousie,  
(While glad and faine he would his fingers flie)

Will G o d pursue him; and Good men shall smile,  
And clap their hands, and hiss at him, the while.

S Vre, there are Mynes and veinlings (vnder ground)  
Whence Silver's fetcht, and wherein Gold is found:  
Iron out of Earth, and out of Stone the Brasse  
Is melted down (into a purer mass).

Beyond the bounds of Darkness Man hath pry'd,  
And th' Excellence of vnder-ground descry'd:  
The rarest Stones, and richest Minerals,  
From deadly Damps and horrid Darks he haies:  
And, if som Torrent come there rushing in  
(Such as no Foot hath felt, no Eye hath seen)  
He can reuert it, or diuert it, soon,  
Without Impeachment to his Work begun.

Earth's surface yeelds him Corn and Fruits, for Food;  
Her vnder-folds, some burning Sulphury flood:  
Amid the Quars of Stone are Saphires store:  
Among the Dust, the precious Golden Ore  
(Where never Bird, before did Path descry,  
Where never Vultur cast her greedy Eye,  
Where savage Whelps had never never trac't;  
Nor furious Lion ever by had past):

On Cliffs of Adamant He layes his hands;  
Their height and hardness He at will commands;  
Slents them with Sledges, crops their cloudy crown:  
He, by the roots turns Mountains vp-side down:  
To let out Rills, He cleaveth Rocks insunder:  
His Eye perceiues all that is precious, vnder:  
He binds the Waters, that they shall not weep;  
And diues for Riches in the deepest Deep.

All This, and more, hath Man. But where is found  
That souerain Wisedom, sacred and profound?  
That vnderstanding of the Waies diuine,  
Of G o d's supream and secret Discipline?  
Man knowes it not; nor kennes the worth of it:  
It is not found in any living Witt.

The Deeps confesse, the Sea acknowledgeth;  
Tis not in Me; nor with Me; th' other saith.

Nor Gold, nor Silver, nor all Gems that are,  
Can purchase it, nor equall it by farre:  
No wedge of Ophir, never so refin'd;  
No Ethiopian Topaze, Pearle of Inde,  
No precious Onyx, neither Saphire pure  
(Corall and Crystall passe I, as obscure)  
No Carbuncle, no Diamant so rare;  
No One, nor All, with Wisedom may compare.

But, Whence is then, and Where is to be found  
That sacred Wisedom, secret and profound?



Sith it is hidden from all humane Eyes;  
And from the sight of every Foule that flies.  
Death and Destruction say; We of the same  
Haue with our eares but onely heard the Fame.

GOD, GOD alone, doth vnderstand it Way;  
And knowes the place where it abideth aye.  
For, He, at once beholdeth all that is  
In all the World: All vnder Heav'n he sees,  
To poyze the Winds, and portion (at his pleasure)  
Vnto the Waters their due weight and measure.

When for the Raine he stablished a Decree,  
And for the Thunder's Lightning Mutinie;  
Then did He see it, and fore-see it fit:  
He numbred, pondred, and prepared it:  
And vnto Man This *Maxime* did apply;  
*GOD'S Feare is Wisdom, and From Sin to free.*

Cap. 29.

IOB yet proceeded, and said furthermore,  
IO! were it with me, as it was of yore,  
In my fore-passed Months, my former Dayes,  
When GOD preserv'd me; when with gracious rayes  
His Lightfull Lamp reflected on my head,  
Whereby I walkt through Darknes, voyd of Dread:  
As in my younger times, when yet the Lord  
Vouchsaf't me Blessings of my Bed and Boord;  
When yet the Lord was with me in my Tents,  
And shew'd there his hidden Providence.

When, where I went, my wayes were bath'd in Butter,  
And Rocks about me Rills of Oyle did gutter:  
When I had gone vnto the publique Gate  
To take my place where all our Senate sate,  
At sight of Me, would Young men hide them thence,  
And th' Elder sort stand vp, for reuerence:  
Nobles were silent if I present were;  
And, if I spake, they turn'd their Tongue to Eare:  
And th' Eare that heard me blessed me: and th' Eye,  
That saw me, witnesst mine Integrity.

For, I delivered every Poor oppress'd,  
The Orphan and the Helpless I redrest:  
He blessed me that was wel-neer vndon:  
The Widowes heart I cheered: I put on,  
I put on *Iustice*, as a seemly Gowne;  
It was vnto me as a Robe and Crowne.  
I, as an Eye vnto the blinde became;  
And as a Foot vnto the Halt and Lame:  
A Father was I to the Poor: and where  
The Case was Dark, I would discusse it Cleer.  
I also brake th' Oppressors greedy lawes,  
And took the Prey out of his Teeth and Pawes.

Then

Then thought I, sure, to die at home, in rest:  
And said, I shall with long good Dayes be blest.  
For, by the Waters was my Root out-spread:  
Vpon my Top Heav'n's nightly Dew was shed:  
My Wealth increast, mine Honour daily grew,  
My Bowe of Health (my Strength) did still renew.

When I had spoken, every Eare was prest  
To giue me eare, and in my Counsels rest,  
Without Reply: and as the later Rain  
The thirstie Earth, my Words they entertain,  
If I had laugh't, or smil'd on any, neer,  
They took no notice, nor would change my Cheer.  
I sate as Chief, I onely rul'd the roast,  
Dwelt as a King amid an armed Host;  
And, as a Man, amid a mourning Rout,  
That, from his lips, pours lively Comforts out.

**B**UT now (alas!) My Puiſnes Me deride:  
The meanest mock me: Yea, and Those (beside)  
Whose ragged Fathers I refus'd, to keep  
My Shepherds Curs (much more to cure my Sheep).  
For, to say truth, what service could they doo:  
So idle bred (both Young and Elder too)  
Weakned with Sloath, and wicked Conversation;  
And waxen old, in wretched Desolation:  
For Cold and Hunger wandring heer and there,  
With Mallowes fed, and roots of Iuniper:  
Pursew'd as Theeues, hunted from place to place  
With *Hue* and *Cries*; and ever had in Chase;  
And therefore fain, for Shelter's sake, to creep  
In Clifts and Caues; in Rocks and Dungeons deep:  
Among the Thorns and Thickets roaring rife;  
Wilde Out-lawes, leading a most beattiall life:  
The Breed of Fooles, the Fry of basest birth,  
Of name-less Men: indeed the Scums of Earth.

And yet, to Such am I now made a Song,  
A Ballad and a By-word on their tongue:  
Yea, These despise me, and despight me too,  
Spet in my Face, and make no more ado.  
Because the Lord my Bowe-string hath vnbeut,  
And slackt my Cord, therefore these insolent  
Insulters Now loose and let-go the Raines  
Of all Respect, vnto their lewd Disdains.

Now, very Boyes doe take the Wall of me,  
Trip at my Feet; and (in their Tollurie)  
Mis-indge my Life, and of me Rumors raise,  
After their owne cruell and cursed Waies:  
They mar my Path that I haue walked in,  
Further my Woes, and haue no help therein:

Cap. 30.

As



As a wide Flood-breach they haue rushed on-me,  
And with the Ruines haue rould-in vpon-me.  
Terrors are turn'd vpon me, and pursue  
My Life as Winde; my Weale, as Vapours flew:  
Therefore my Soule, in fore Afflictions vext,  
Is poured out, and inly deep perplext.

Dayes dark and irksom haue vpon me seaz'd:  
And in the Night (when others most are eas'd)  
My very Bones within me are opprest,  
Nay, pearced through; my Sinnewes take no rest:  
My strange Disease, with angry violence  
Of th' hot Impostumes loathsome Virulence,  
Hath staind my Garments: and, with straining Dolor,  
About my Neck it gripes me as a Coller.  
Laid in the Dust, I roule the Mire among,  
Becomn, indeed, like Ashes, Durt, and Dung.

To Thee I cry, to Thee the while I call;  
But, Lord, Thou hear'st not, nor doost heed at all.  
Nay, Thou art also Cruell turn'd, to me;  
With hot Assaults, as on an Enemie:  
Thou list'st me vp, (as in a Storm, the Scubble)  
To ride a Whirle-winde, while (with Fear and Trouble)  
I faint, and fall (dissolved, as it were)  
In deadly Swoun, hurry'd I wot not where:  
But well I wot, Thou soon wilt bring me home  
To death, the House where all that liue shall come;  
Whither, thy Hand thou wilt no longer stretch;  
And Whence, no Prayers boot, nor need, to fetch.

Did not I weep, for Others Wofulness?  
Was not my Soule griev'd at the Poores Distress?  
When Good I lookt for, Evill came: when Light,  
A dismall Darknes, worse then blackest Night.  
My bowels boyled with continuall heat;  
A troublous time vpon me sudden set:  
Not with the Sun, but Sorrow, black I turn'd:  
Amid th' Assembly lowd I cry'd and mourn'd,  
With hideous Noyse (for horrid Anguishes)  
As kin to Dragons and to Ostriges.  
My Harp is tuned to a heauy Tonne;  
My Musick turned to the voyce of Mone.

I Made a Covenant with my constant Eyes,  
From gazing out on blazing Vanities:  
(Having my Choyce, whereon my thoughts were staid)  
Why should I once mis-think vpon a Maid?  
For, O! for such, what Part, what Portion is  
With G o d, aboue in th' Heritage of Bliss?  
Nay: is there not destruction still behinde,  
Strange Punishment, for Wicked (of this kinde)?

Are not my Paths apparant vnto G o d?  
Doth not He see and summe the Steps I trod?

If I haue walkt in Vanitie and Pride:  
If vnto Fraud my Foot haue ever hy'd:  
In his iust Balance let him weigh me right,  
And hee shall finde me by his Beam vpright.  
If that my Steps haue straid, or trod awry:  
If that my Heart haue hearkened to mine Eye:  
If to my Hand haue cleaved any Spot:  
If Blood or Bribes the same did ever Blot;  
Then let me Sow, and Others eat my Crop;  
Yea, let my Plant be ever plucked-vp.

If ever Woman haue my heart beguil'd;  
Or I layd wait t' haue Others Wife defil'd:  
Let mine again vnto Another grinde,  
And me be punisht in my Sins owne kinde.  
For This is sure a high and hainous Crime,  
To be condemn'd and punisht in the prime:  
Yea, 'tis a Fire, whose Fury would not cease,  
But ruine all, and root out my Increase.

If ever I despis'd my Man, or Maid,  
Debating with me, and them over-waid;  
What shall I doo? What Answer shall I make,  
When G o d, as Iudge, their Cause shall undertake?  
Did not one Maker them and me create,  
Of Matter like, in Manner like, and Fate?

If ever I delay'd the Poor's desire:  
Or let the Widowes longing Hopes to tire;  
Or ever eat my Morfels all alone,  
And gaue the Orphan and the needy none  
(He hath been with me from my Child-hood bred  
As with a Father: Shee, in Husband's sted,  
Hath ever had my Counsell for her Guide,  
My Power for Guard; my Purse her Want supply'd.)

If I haue seen or suffered any Poor  
To lie and die, Naked, or out of Door:  
Nay, if his Loynes be-blest not me from harm,  
Because my Fleecce and Cottage kept them warm:

If ever I, against the Impotent,  
Poor, Father-less or Friend-less Innocent  
(For Feare or Favour, of a Friend or Foe,  
For Gain, or Grudge that I did ever owe)  
Haue lift my hand, or him in right withstood;  
Or, when I might haue, haue not don him good:  
Then let mine Arme off from my Shoulder fall,  
And from the bone be pasht to powder all.  
For, G o d's drad Iudgements did I alwaies fear:  
Whose Highness VVrath I could nor balk nor bear.



If I on Gold haue fixt my Hope, or Heart;  
Or, to the Wedge haue said: My Trust thou art:  
If I haue ioy'd for being grow'n so Rich;  
Or for my Hands had gotten me so much:

If, when I saw the Sun or Moon to shine,  
My heart (intit'ed) in secret did incline  
To th' idle Orgies of an Idolist;  
Or (Heathen-like) my Mouth my Hand hath kist:  
Or, if, in Summer of my golden Dayes,  
Or silver Nights shining with prosperous Rayes,  
My heart in private hath been puffed too-high,  
Ascribing all to mine owne Industrie  
(Which had been impious Sacrilege and Pride:  
For, then had I the God of Heav'n deny'd):

If I reioyce at Ruine of my Foes,  
Or haue triumphed in their Overthrowes;  
Or haue so much as let my Tongue to roule,  
Or Heart to wish a curse vnto their Soule:  
Though oft, my Servants, in their rage extream,  
Would faine haue beaten, nay, haue eaten them:  
If I haue shut the Stranger out of Door;  
Or let-not-in the weary Pilgrim poor:  
If I (like *ADAM*) haue conceald my Sin,  
And closely cloakt my Wickedness with-in:  
(Although I could haue over-born, with Aw,  
Whole multitudes; the meanest Groom I saw,  
I feared so, I durst not wring, nor wrong,  
Nor wrangle with: but kept my Tent and Tongue).

O! that I had an equall Arbitrer,  
(To heare, and waigh, consider, and confer).  
Behold my Aime: th' Almighty I desire  
(A certain Signe of mine Intent intire)  
For, He, I know, would sentence on My side;  
And witness for me, that I haue not ly'd.  
Then, though against me (in his fell Despite)  
Mine Adversarie should a Volume write,  
It, as a Robe, I on my back would beare,  
And as a Garland on my head it weare:  
I would, by peece-meale, shew my Conversation,  
All so vnlike to all his Accusation,  
That clearing Me, it should him more convince,  
To come and aske me Pardon, as a Prince.  
But, if my Land against me plead or plain;  
Or, If my Furrowes cry-out, or complain:  
If, *Tithe-less, Tax-less, Wage-less, Right-less*, I  
Haue eat the Crop, or caus'd the Owners die;  
In sted of Barley, and the best of Corn,  
Grow nothing there, but Thistles, Weeds and Thorn.

Heere Iob surceast.



## IOB. THE FOVRTH BOOK.

Ere also ceast the Three fore-named Friends  
From farther Speech (as hopeles of their ends)  
Sith Iob so stifi still maintain'd his right  
Of Righteousness, in his owne proper sight.

Cap. 32.

Then angry Zeale began to swell and swell  
In *Elihu* the sonne of *Barachel*,  
The *Buzite* born, and of the Race of *Ram*:  
Both against Iob began his wrath to flame  
(Because, as tenor of his words imply'd,  
Rather Himselfe, then God, he iustify'd)  
And also Those his Foe-friends, for so strict  
Condemning Iob, vntry'd, and vnconvict.  
His modellie him hitherto with-held,  
As giving place to others of more Eld:  
But, seeing Iob to a full Period come;  
And th' other Three without Reply, as dumb;  
His Zeal burst out, and Thus in briebe began:  
I must confess, I am too young a man  
T' haue interrupted you (so old) before  
In This Dispute; and therefore I forbore:  
I was in doubt; I durst not speak (till now)  
My weak Opinion, and present it you.  
For, Dayes (thought I) and Years can farther reach:  
And long Experience Wisedom best can teach.  
Men haue a Soule, and Reason's light inherit:  
But, Wisedom is inspir'd by th' *Holy-Spirit*  
(Which bloweth where it will, and worketh free,  
Not ty'd to Age, nor to Authoritie):  
For, Great men alwaies are not wisest found,  
Nor the most Ancient still the most profound.  
Therefore awhile to Me giue care, I pray;  
And let Me also mine Opinion say.

I well



I well observ'd your words, with diligence  
I scan'd your Reasons, mark your Arguments:  
Yea, neer and narrow haue I watcht and waigh'd  
What Each of you, and All of you haue said:  
Yet is there None of you (apart, or ioynt)  
Convinces I o b; or answers to the Poynt.  
Left You should say; We Wisdom compass can,  
G o d will evince him; not the Wit of Man.  
For Me, Me yet hee never did gain-say:  
Nor doe I mean to answer him, your way.

Heer-with amaz'd, they still continuing mute  
Without Reply, or shew of more Dispute  
(For I expected yet some Speech from some:  
I waited still: and when as none would come)  
I will, said I, now prosecute my Part,  
To giue my Censure from a single heart:  
For, I am full of matter to the top;  
My Spirit within me, strains me, stirs me vp:  
My Brest is like a Wine-Butt, wanting Vent,  
Ready to burst; or Bottles, like to flent.  
I'll therefore speak, that I may yet re-spire;  
And ope my mouth, to fanne mine inward fire.

Yet None, I pray, from Me the while expect  
Smooth, soothing Titles; personall Respect:  
For, soothing Titles know not I to giue;  
Nor, should I, would my Maker let me liue.

Cap. 33.

**N**OW therefore, I o b, hark with attentive heed  
To all the Words that from me shall proceed:  
For, what I speak, premeditated is;  
Not out of Passion, or of Preiudice:  
But most sincere, and from a single heart,  
Out of cleer Knowledge (without Clouds of Art).

One and the same, of the same Mass of Mire,  
Made Me, as Thee; and did my Spirit inspire:  
Fear not therefore, if Thou haue ought to say;  
Oppose and answer: put thy Words in ray:  
I am (according to thy wish) to plead  
And parley with thee, in th' Almightyes stead;  
And yet, a Man: My Terrors shall not fright thee,  
Neither my hand with heavy Tortures smite thee.

Lo, Thou hast sayd (I heard and markt it well)  
*In mee, there none Iniquity doth dwell:  
I am Vpright, and Clean, and Innocent:  
Yet, as a Foe, Hee is against mee bent:  
Hee picks occasions to inflict mee Stroaks;  
Sifts all my Waies, and sets mee in the Stocks.  
And lo, in This, even in This saying so,  
Thou art not Iust: for (if thou know'st not) know,*

That G o d is Greater than All Men: then, Why  
Striv'st Thou with Him: whose supreme Sovereignty  
Yeelds vs no Reason, nor Account at all,  
Of His high Counsaile; Why, or How, they fall.

For once, yea twice, to Man th' Almighty speaks;  
Yet Man perceiues not (or it little reaks)  
By Dream, or Vision of the Night, in Sleep  
Vpon his Bed; or in some Slumber deep:  
Then opens He Mens eares, and him revealeth,  
And sweetly there their meet Instruction sealeth;  
To turn a Man from his intended Ill,  
And hide the Pride of his ambitious Will:  
To keep his Soule back from the brink of Hell;  
And saue his Life from Death and Dangers fell.

Some-times, Hee's also chast'ned on his Bed,  
With grievous Sicknes, from the foot to head;  
Incessant burning in his Bones and Blood:  
So that he loatheth the most dainty Food.  
His Flesh consumed, and his Bones so high  
That they appeare (as an Anatomie):  
His Life and Soule draw neer vnto the Pit,  
(The Graue doth gape, and Worms doo wait for it).

If with Him be a holy Messenger  
(One of a Thousand) an Interpreter,  
To shew to Man the *Iustice* of his G o d,  
In his Correction, with his sharpest Rod;  
And, Rightly humbled, re-advance the Meek,  
By Faith, aboue his Righteousness to seek,  
And pray to Him; He will propitious stand,  
And to his Servant He will Thus command,  
*Deliver him from going to the Graue,  
I am appeas'd: a Ransom found I haue.*

Then, than a Childe shall fresher be his Flesh,  
He shall return vnto his Youth afresh:  
Then shall he call on G o d, and G o d shall be  
Right gracious to him: He with ioy shall see  
His glorious Face. For, He will render than  
(He will impute) His Righteousness to Man.

He visits Men; and if that any say,  
*I haue offended: I haue gon astray:  
I haue mis-done: I haue perverted Right:  
O! I haue sinn'd, and had no profit by't;*  
He will deliver, from Infernall Doom,  
His Soule; his Life from an vntimely Toomb.  
Lo, all These things doth G o d doo twice or thrice  
(Ofte and again) to Man (too prone to Vice)  
To re-reduce his Soule from Death's dark Night;  
To be enlightned with the living Light.

M m m m

I o b



IOB, mark it well, And harken farther yet  
What I shall speak: saue, when thou seest it fit,  
If ought thou haue to answer, or object,  
Speak on, in GOD'S Name (for I much affect  
To iustifie and cleer thee (if I may):  
If otherwise, if nought thou haue to say;  
List, and obserue with silence, I beseech;  
And I shall teach thee Wisedom, by my Speech.

Cap. 34.

SO, he proceeded, and said furthermore:  
Heare Me, ye Sages; Men of Skilfull lore:  
For, as the Palate doth discern of Food,  
Th' Eare tryeth words (how they be bad, or good).  
Let's then debate This Matter, among vs;  
Examine it, and what is right, discuss.

For, IOB hath said: *O! I am iust, & upright;  
And yet (saith He) GOD hath bereft my Right.  
Should I belye my Cause? My shrilled Wound  
Is past all Cure; and yet no Crime is found.*

What man, like IOB, himselfe so over-thinks?  
Who (wilfully) Contempt, like Water, drinks:  
Who, with the Wicked and Vngodly walks,  
Lumps iust with Them, and in their language talks.  
For, he hath said; *Man hath no profit by't  
To walk with GOD, and in Him to delight.*

But, heare me now, all yee that vnderstand;  
O! be it farre from the All-ruling hand  
Of Iustice Selfe (th' Almighty GOD, most High)  
To doe Iniustice, or Iniquitie.

No: He to Each man his owne Work repays;  
And makes him finde according to his Waies.  
Vndoubtedly, the Lord of Hosts, the Strong,  
Nor hath, nor doth, nor will, nor can, do wrong.

Who hath to Him charge of the Earth impos'd?  
And, Who but He, hath the whole World dispos'd?  
If He but please on Man to set his minde,  
To re-assume his Spirit, his Breath, his Winde;  
All Flesh at once (if He but hold his breath)  
Shall turn to Dust; and perish all, in death.

Now note Thou this, if so thou hast a heart  
To vnderstand; list what my Words impart:  
Shall He haue Rule, that Iudgement loathes (and lacks)?  
And for vniust, wilt Thou the Iustest tax?  
Beseems it Any to a King to say,  
*O! Thou art Wicked (in thy partiall Sway):*  
Or vnto Princes (to vpbraid them) Thus,  
*You are Vngodly, you are Impious?*  
Then, how-much-les to Him that puts no Ods  
Touching the Persons of those Earthly Gods;

Nor

Nor vixt the Rich and Poor, the Great and Small;  
For, they (alike) are his owne Hands-work, all.

They (at His will) shall in a moment die;  
Yea, even at Midnight (vnexpectedly)  
The People shall be troubled and transported;  
And even the Princes, without hands subverted.  
For, evermore His Eyes are open wide  
On all Mens Waies, on every Step and Stride.  
There is no Darknes, nor no Shade of Death,  
For Wicked-ones to hide them vnder-neath:  
Nor, will he Any yet so over-load,  
That they may iustly grudge, or plead with GOD.

By Heaps, will He to peeces grinde the Great,  
And (in their steed) set Others in their seat:  
For, vnto Him, their Works are manifest;  
Night turn'd to Light: and they shall be suppress'd.  
Them, as most Wicked, smites he (as it were,  
In all mens sight, in open Theatre)  
Because from Him they did revolt and swerue;  
And would not any of his Waies obserue:  
But caus'd the loud Cries of the Poor ascend  
To Him, who alwaies doth their Cries attend.

When He gives Quiet, who dares be so bold  
To cause Disturbance? And, if He with-hold  
His Countenance, who then behold Him can;  
Whether a People, or a Private man?  
That th' Hypocrite no more may Raige (as King)  
Nor, vnder him, the shared People wring.

Vs therefore Thus beseems, to say to GOD:  
*I beare with Patience thy correcting Rod:  
I will not murmur, nor burst out therefore;  
But sigh in silence, and offend no more:  
Shew me my Sins I see not, nor perceiue;  
And, Hence forth will I all Injustice leaue.*

Or, should it be after Thy pleasure ay?  
No: will-thou-nill, He will (not I) repay.  
Now, therefore speak thy Conscience seriously;  
And let the prudent mark and testifie,  
That, voyd of Knowledge, IOB hath mis-averr'd;  
And, wide of Wisdom, his Dilcourse hath err'd.

Would therefore (Father) he might yet be try'd:  
Sith for the Wicked he hath so reply'd;  
For, to his Sin he doth Rebellion ad:  
Claps hands at vs, as He the Better had:  
And (too-too-pure in his too-prudent Eyes)  
Against th' Almighty, Words he multiplies.

LEHU, speaking, Thus moreover said:  
Thinkst Thou this right (if it be rightly waid)

M m m m 2

Which

Cap. 35.



Which thou hast spoken (or thy Speech imply'd)  
*My Righteousness is more than Gods (O Pride!).*

For, Thou hast said, *What will it vantage mee,  
 What shall I gain, if I from Sin be free?*

I'll answer thee; and with Thee, All so dreaming:  
 Look-up, and see the Heav'ns about thee gleaming;  
 Behold, how high: If therefore thou transgress,  
 And multiply thy Sin and Wickedness;  
 What hurt doest Thou to God? What Detriment?  
 On th' other side, if Thou be Innocent,  
 If Iust; What doest Thou to his *Goodnes* giue?  
 Or, from Thy hand, What, What doth He receiue?  
 Thy Wickedness may hurt a Man (like thee):  
 Thy righteousness, to Man may helpfull be.

For manifold and frequent Tyranny,  
 Oppressors make oppressed-ones to cry;  
 Yea, to cry-out for cruell Violence  
 Of Mighty-ones, of Men of Eminence:  
 But, there is None that saith (as due belongs)  
*Where's God, my Maker* (Who by Night giues Songs,  
 Who teacheth vs, hath vs more Wisdom given,  
 Than Beasts of Earth, or to the Fowles of Heaven).  
 There cry they oft; but none doth heare or heed,  
 For, th' Evils sake (who in all Ills exceed):  
 For, Vanity, God doth not, hath not heard;  
 Nor ever will th' Almighty it regard.

Now, though Thou saist, thou seest Him not, Hee's Iust:  
 With Him is Iudgement; therefore in Him trust:  
 For want whereof, his Wrath hath visited;  
 Yet not so hot as Thou hast merited.

Therefore doth I ope his Mouth in vain:  
 And voyd of Knowledge, yet, yet, mis-complain.

cap 36.

**E**lihu said: A little suffer me;  
 For I haue yet more to alledge to Thee,  
 On Gods behalfe, I'll fetch mine Arguments  
 From farre (confirm'd by long Experience)  
 To iustifie my Maker's *Holiness*,  
 Giue Him his owne, and right his Righteousness.  
 I'll speake no Falshood, nor no Fraud propound:  
 All my Discourse shall be sincere and sound.

Lo, God is Mighty; yet doth none despise:  
 Omnipotent, Omniscient; Strong and Wise.  
 He spareth not the Life of Wicked wights;  
 But, the Oppressed in their wrongs he rights:  
 His Eyes are never off the Righteous sort:  
 Them on the Throne He doth with Kings consort:  
 Them He advances; and beyond all Term  
 Doth them establish, and them fast confirm.

Or

Or, if that ever Fetters them befall,  
 Or, they be holden in Afflictions Thrall;  
 He lets them see their Works, their Wickedness,  
 Their wandring By-waies, and their bold Excess;  
 And opens then their Eare to Disciplin,  
 Commanding quick, that they return from Sin.  
 If they return, to serue and Him obey,  
 Their Dayes and Years right happy spend shall They:  
 If not; the Sword shall smite them suddenly:  
 And in their wilfull Folly shall they die.

But Hypocrites, the Men of double heart,  
 They heap-up Wrath: they cry not when they smart.  
 They die in Youth; their Life among th' Vncleane,  
 Most Insolent, most Impudent, Obscure.

He th' humble Poor in his Affliction frees:  
 Their Eares he opens, in Calamities:  
 So would He, Thee from Thy Distress haue freed,  
 And brought thee forth far from the Streits of Need,  
 To spacious Plenty; and thenceforth thy Boord  
 Should with the best and fattest haue been stor'd:  
 But, Thou, too-wicked-like, too-stiffe hast stood;  
 As their presumptions seeming to make good;  
 Not stoopt, but strutted in Contesting Pride.  
 Therefore, on Thee doth Iudgement yet abide.

Sith wroth he is, beware to tempt him more;  
 Lest with his Stoak, he sudden smite thee ore:  
 Or hisse thee hence with his all-mighty Breath:  
 Then can no Ransom thee redeem from Death.  
 Will He regard thy Goods? or reack thy Gold?  
 Thy State, or Strength (how much, or manifold?)  
 Nor with Thou (hope-less) for the (hap-less) Night,  
 When from their place People are taken quight:

Beware, regard not Thou Iniquitie;  
 Neither (alas!) through faint Infirmitie,  
 Chuse rather That, than thine Affliction's Part,  
 With humble Patience of a Constant heart.

Behold, the Lord is, for his Power, suprem:  
 And, for his Prudence, Who doth teach like Him?  
 Who hath appointed vnto Him his way?  
 Or, Who can tell him, *Thou hast gon astray?*

Rather, remember that thou magnifie  
 His publike Works, apparant to our Eye;  
 So visible, that both the young and old,  
 Them from a farre do bright and brim behold.

Lo, God is Greater then We comprehend:  
 Nor can the Number of his years be kend.  
 He makes the thick exhaled Vapours thin,  
 That down again in silver Draws they spin,

M m m m 3

From



From strouting Clouds abundantly distilling  
For th' vse of Man, the Plains with Plenty filling.

Also, can Any vnderstand th' Extent  
Of Clouds, or know the Rattling of his Tent:  
Behold, He spreadeth out his Light there-over,  
And even the bottom of the Sea doth cover.  
For, by the same He worketh divers-waies,  
Both to his *Justice* and his *Mercie's* Praise:  
That, through excess causing a fearfull Flood;  
This, temperate, producing store of Food.  
He vailes the Light with Clouds that come between,  
Forbids it shine, and lets it not be seen:

Boading a Shower, or Storms approaching rage:  
Which oft, even Cattell of the Field preface.

Cap. 37.

**H**ere-at, my Heart trembles for inward Feare,  
As if remov'd from it owne place it were:  
Hark, hark with heed vnto the hideous Noyce,  
The horrid Rumbling of his dreadfull Voyce,  
Which, with his Lightning, he directeth forth,  
Vnder whole Heav'n, and over all the Earth.  
After the Flash, a Clash there roareth high;  
He thunders-out his Voyce of Maiestie:  
And then no longer will He keep them back,  
When that is heard over our heads to crack.

God, with his Voyce, doth thunder wondrously,  
And works great things that we cannot discry:  
He bids the Snow to cover Hill and Plain;  
So, drizzling Showers; and so, his Mighty Rain;  
Whereby, From Field-works He seals vp mens hands,  
That they may know His works how He commands.  
Then, to their Den the Savage Heards do hie;  
And for a season in their Covert lie.

From Southern Chambers the hot Whirl-wind comes:  
From Northren Cels, That which with Cold benumbs.  
The Frost is given vs, by the breath divine;  
When Crusts of Crystall spreading Floods confine.  
The blackest Clowd He doth exhaust of waters:  
And, his bright Clowd (the Lightnings shroud) he scatters.  
And (by the Counsaile of his Providence)  
All This, by Turns, in round Circumference  
Is turn'd about: and ready at his Call,  
Throughout the World, to do his will, in all.  
For, He commands them come, for Punishment,  
Or Loue to His; or else Indifferent.

Harken to This, O Iob; stand still, and ponder  
The Works of God, so full of waight and wonder.  
Know'st Thou (alas!) when He disposed them;  
Or caus'd the Light out of his Lump to beam?

Know'st

Know'st Thou the Clowd's iust Poize (the high or lower)  
And wondrous works of the All-perfect Knower?  
How, when He calms the Earth with Southern puff,  
Thy thinnest Clothes thou findest warm enough.  
Halt Thou, with Him, spred forth the spangled Skie,  
That (liquid Crystall-like) strong Canopie?

If so; then shew vs, what to say to Him:  
For, what to say, we are (alas!) too dim.  
Should I mis-speak, needs any Him inform?  
Nay, should I not be swallowed vp (in storm)?

None fixly can (when clouds be clear'd away)  
Behold the bright and shining Lamp of Day.  
From out the North stream goodly Beams of gold:  
With God is Light more bright by manifold,  
More pure, more pearcing, past a mortall Eye;  
More dreadfull farre. His glorious Maiestie  
(*Dwelling aboue, in Splendors inaccessible*)  
For vs to find out, is a poynt impossible.

Hee's excellent in *Prudence*: passing *Strong*:  
Plentious in *Justice*: and doth No man wrong.  
Therefore Men fear him: Yet, for Their desert,  
Regards not He those that are Wise of heart.

**T**hen, drad I EHOVA from a Whirl-wind spake  
In sacred tearms; and Thus with Iob hee brake:  
Where? Who is He, that (to Himselfe so holy)  
Darkens my Counsailes, with contentious Folly?  
Come, gird thy loynes, prepare thee, play the Man;  
I will oppose thee: answer, if thou can.

Cap. 38.

Why! Where wert Thou, tell (if thou know'st, dis-maid)  
When the Foundations of the Earth I laid?  
Who marked first the Measure of it out?  
Or (canst Thou tell) Who stretcht the Line about?  
What Bases had it; and fixt Where-upon?  
Or, Who thereof layd the first Corner-stone,  
When Morning-Stars for Ioy together sang;  
And all God's Children cheetfull echo rang?  
Or, Who with Doores, shut-in the Sea so streight,  
When from the Womb it rushed with such weight?  
When as I made the Clowd a Clowt for it,  
And blackest Darknes as a Swathe-band fit:  
And Cradled it, in mine appointed place,  
With Bars about, and Doores at every pace:  
And sayd vnto it; Hitherto extend;  
And farther, not: Heer, thy proud Waues be pend.  
Hadst Thou the Morning from thy birth, at beck?  
Mad'st thou the Dawn in his due place to break;  
That it might reach the Earth's Circumference,  
And that the wicked might be shaken thence:

To



To stamp it (various, as the Potters Clay)  
 With many Formes, in manifold array,  
 When as th' Vngodly shall be all desery'd;  
 That *Iustice* hand may break the armes of Pride;  
 Hast Thou gon down into the Sea it selfe;  
 Walkt in the Bottom, searched every Shelve;  
 Survaied the Springs? Or have the Gates of Death  
 Been opened to Thee; and those Dores beneath  
 Death's gasty shadows? Know'st Thou (to conclude)  
 (Tell, if thou know'st) the Earth's iust Latitude?

Which is the way where lovely Light doth dwell:  
 And as for Darknes, where hath Shee her Cell;  
 That Thou should'st Both, in both their bounds comprise;  
 And know their dwellings, and their Paths, precise?  
 Needs must Thou know them: Thou wert born yer than:  
 No doubt Thou wert, Thou art so old a man.

Hast Thou the Treasures of the Snow survey'd?  
 Or seen the Store-house of my Hail (vp-layd  
 And hid in heaps, against a time of need)  
 For War-like Battry, where I have decreed?

Which is the way whence Lightning flasheth out,  
 Scattering th' vnhealthy Eastern Gales about?  
 Who hath dispos'd the ypper Spouts and Gutters,  
 Whereby the Aire his over-burthen vters?  
 Or given the Lightning and the Thunder way,  
 To cause it rain on places parcht away;  
 On thirstie Deserts, where no People pass;  
 On barren Mountains, to revive the Grasse?

Had Rain a Father? Or, begot by whom  
 Was pearly Dew? Or, from what pregnant Womb  
 Came crySTALL Ice? Or, canst Thou rightly render,  
 Who did the hard and hoary Frosts ingender,  
 When Waters creep vnder a Stone-like cover,  
 And th' Oceans surface is thick-glased over?

Canst Thou restrain the pleasant Inflowing  
 Of *Pleiades* (the Vshers of the Spring)?  
 Or, canst Thou lose *Orion's* Icie Bands  
 (Who rules the Winter with his chill Commands)?  
 Canst Thou bring forth (the fouldry Summers Guide)  
 Bright *Mazaroath* (or *Dog-Star*) in his Tide?  
 Or canst thou lead *Arcturus* (and his Train,  
 Th' *Autumnall* Signes) his Sons or *Charls his Wain*?

Know'st Thou the Statutes of the Heav'ns above?  
 Or canst Thou (here) them in their order moue?  
 Wilt Thou command the Clowds, and Rain shall fall  
 Will Lightning come, and answer, at thy call?

Who hath infus'd Wisdom in th' inner part?  
 Or Vnderstanding who hath given the hart?

Who can sum-vp the Clowds, or clear the Sky?  
 O rope Heav'ns bottles, when the Earth is dry?  
 To steep the Dult, and knead the clotted Clay,  
 Yest over-baked with too-hot a Ray?

**W**ilt Thou go hunt, th' old Lioness to help;  
 Or fetch-in prey to fill her greedy whelp,  
 When they are couchant in their Den, or watch  
 For passant Heard, their wonted Boot to catch?  
 Who, for the Raven, provideth timely Food,  
 When as her hungry greedy-gaping Brood,  
 Wandring about, and wanting what to eat,  
 Doe (croaking) call, and cry to Me for meat?  
 Know'st Thou the time when mountain Goats and Hindes  
 Doe yean and calue according to their Kindes?  
 Canst Thou keep reckning of the Months they go,  
 And how their Burdens to their Birth-time grow;  
 When they but bow them, and forthwith let fall  
 Their tender Fruit, and all their Pains withall?

Who hath sent out the Wilde Ass, free to feed;  
 Or let him loose (from serving humane need)  
 Whose house and haunt I have ordaind expresse  
 Within the brackie barren Wildernesse?  
 He scorns the Cities multitude and noyse:  
 He reaks not of the yawning Drivers voyce:  
 The craggy Cliffs his shaggy Pastures been;  
 Where, off he croppeth what he findeth green.

Will th' Vnicorn thee willingly obey?  
 Or, will hee come vnto thy Crib, for Hay?  
 Will he be brought to harrow or to plow?  
 Or, will he bring thy Corn vnto thy Mow?  
 Wilt Thou presume of Him, for strength in fight?  
 Or leane to him, thy Labour to acquite?

Didst Thou bestow the Peacocks goodly Fan?  
 Or, gav'st Thou Feathers to the Stork (or Swan)?  
 Or, to the Ostridge her delicious Treas  
 (Th' ambitious Badge as well of War as Peace)  
 Who layes her egges, and leaves them in the Dust,  
 To hatch them there, with radiant Heat adust,  
 Without her help, or heed; lest Tread or Track,  
 Of Man or Beast them all to peeeces crack:  
 Vnkindest Dam, the labour of her wombe  
 That dares annull; while Hers not Hers become:  
 So void I made her of Intelligence,  
 And kinde instinct of Natures Influence:  
 Yet, with her Wings and Feet so fast she skips,  
 That Shee the Horse and Rider both out-strips.  
 Hast Thou indew'd the Horse with strengthfull wonder,  
 And cloath'd his crest, and fill'd his brest with thunder?

Canst



Canst Thou affright Him, as a Grass-hopper;  
Whose nostrils pride snorts Terrors every where;  
He pawes the Plain, he stately stamps, and neighs,  
And glad goes-on against the arm'd Arraies,  
Disdaining Fear. For, for the Sword and Shield,  
Dart, Pike, and Lance, He'll not forsake the Field,  
Nor turn his back (how-ever thick they shiver)  
Nor for the Cross-bow, and the rattling Quiver.  
He swallowes-up the Earth in furious heat;  
Nor will beleue the Sound of the Retreat.  
Among the Trumpets, sounds his cheerfull Laugh,  
*Ha-Ha-ha-ha*: hee smelleth a far-off

The wished Battaille; hears the thundring Call  
Of proud Commanders; and lowd Shouts of all.

Is't by thy wisdom that the Hawk doth mew,  
And to the Southward spreads her winged Clew?  
Doth th' Eagle mount so high at thy Behest,  
And build aloft (so neer the clouds) her Nest?  
Shee dwels vpon the Rock and ragged Cliffe,  
And craggy places the most steep and stiffe:  
From whence, about to seek her prey she flies;  
Which, from afar, her quick keen Sight espies:  
Her young ones also, onely Blood doo suck:  
And where the Slain are, thither doo they ruck.

Cap. 40.

**M**oreover, yet, The LORD, proceeding, said  
To IOB: Shall He that dares with GOD to plead,  
Teach Him His Part? Let him (who GOD doth tax)  
Heer let me hear the Answer that he makes.

IOB sadly then Thus humbly did reply:  
O! LORD, behold; O! most-most Vile am I.  
What shall I answer Thee? What shall I say?  
Onely, my hand vpon my mouth I'll lay.  
Once haue I spoke, and twice; and too-too bold:  
But now, for ever I my Tongue will hold.

Again, the LORD out of the Whirle-wind spake,  
And said to IOB: Yes, yes; thy Theam re-take:  
Gird vp thy loyns again, and play the Man:  
I'll question thee: now answer, if Thou can.

Wilt Thou make voyd my Iudgements (iust and hie);  
Condemning Me, thy Selfe to iustifie?

Haft thou an Arme like to the Arme diuine?  
Or is Thy Voyce as Thunder-like as Mine?

Put-on thy Robes of Maiestie and Might:  
Deck Thee with Glory, and with Bewty bright;  
Dart forth the Lightnings of thy wrathfull Frown,  
Against the Proud, and bring them tumbling down:  
Behold Thou all and every one that's Proud,  
And down with Them, and all the Wicked Croud:

Trample

Trample vpon them, in their very Place:  
Hide them in Dust at once; there binde their Face:  
Then will I grant (what Thou hast vrg'd so braue)  
That thine owne Selfe thine owne right hand can saue.  
But, Now, behold (thy Fellow) **BEHEMOTH**,  
Thy fellow Creature; for, I made you Both.  
He, like an Ox amid the Field doth graze:  
In's Loynes and Navell his most Strength he has:  
He whisks his sinnewie Taile, stiff as a Ceder;  
His Stones (within) with Nerves are wreathd together.  
His Bones and Ribs be strong as Brazen Bars,  
And as vnyeelding as the Iron-Spars:  
He's of the Master-peeces of the LORD,  
Who also arm'd him with a ready Sword.  
The Mountains yeeld him meat; where night and day,  
All other Beasts doo fear-les feed and play.  
Beneath the broad-leav'd shady Trees he lodges  
Amid the Fens, among the Reeds and Sedges,  
Compast with Willowes of the Brook about:  
Where, when he enters (in the time of Drought)  
The massie bulk of his huge bodie bayes  
The Torrents course, and even the Current staves:  
There, yer he go, the River dry he drinks;  
And in his Thirst to swallow *Jordan* thinks.  
Dare any come, before him, Him to take,  
Or bore his Snour, of Him a Slaue to make?

**C**anst Thou hale vp the huge **LEVIATHAN**,  
With hook and line amid the Ocean?  
Canst Thou his tongue with steely Crotchets thrill;  
Or with a Thorn his snuffing Nose, or Guill?  
Will He come sue, by Supplications, to thee?  
Will He with smooth and soothing Speeches woo thee?  
Will He by Covenant, serue thee, at thy beck;  
Or, be thy Slaue, for ever at thy Check?  
Wilt Thou with Him, as with a Sparrow, play;  
And giue him, ty'd, vnto thy Girles, away?  
Shall Fisher-men of Him a Feast prepare?  
Shall They his flesh among the Marchants share?  
Canst Thou his skin with barbed *phons* pearce?  
Or plant his Head with groues of Otter-spears?  
Lay hold on Him: set on him: but, before  
Think on the Battell, and come thereno more.  
For, 'tis so farre from hope of Victory,  
That even His sight would rather make thee fly.  
There's none so fierce that dares Him rouze or hunt.  
[Then, Who shall safely Me my Selfe affront?  
Who hath prevented Me? To Whom haue I  
Been first beholding for a Curtesie,

Cap. 41.

Or



Or bound at all for any Benefit  
Bestow'd on Me, that I should guerdon it?  
Why? is not All Earths ample arms confine,  
All vnder Heav'n, All in the Ocean, Mine?  
I will not hide his Parts and Properties;  
Neither his Strength, nor seemly Symmetries.  
Who shall vnhood him? Who with double Rain  
Shall bridle him, with Snaffle, Trench, or Chain?  
Or put the Bit between his lawes (his Portall)  
Impal'd with Terror of his Teeth so mortall?  
His Shield-like Scales, he chiefly glories in,  
So close compact, glew'd, sealed; that, between,  
No Aire can enter, nor no Engin pearce,  
Nor any Point dis-ioyne them or disperse.

His Sneefings cause a Light, as brightly burning;  
His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning;  
Out of his Mouth flowe blazing Lamps, and flie  
Quick Sparks of Fire, ascending swift and hie:  
Out of his Nostrils, Smoak, as from a Pot,  
Kettle or Caldron when it boyleth hot:  
His Breath doth kindle Coals, when with the same  
He whirleth-out a Storm of Fume and Flame:  
Strength dwelleth in his Neck; so that he ioyes  
In saddest Storms, and triumphs of Annoyes:  
His Flakes of Flesh are solid to his Bone;  
His Heart's as hard as Wind-mills neather-stone.

To see Him rise, and how he breaks withall;  
The stoutest stoop, and to their Prayers fall.  
No Weapons of Defence, or of Offence,  
Can Him offend, or from Him be Defence:  
Iron and Brasse He waighes as Sticks and Straw:  
Sling-stones and Arrowes Him do never aw:  
Darts daunt Him not, more then they Stubble were:  
He laugheth at the shaking of a Speare:  
Sharp ragged Stones, Keen-poynted Sherds and Shels,  
He resteth on, amid his muddy Cels.  
He makes the deep Sea like a Pot to boyl,  
A Pot of Oyntment (casting scummy Soyl):  
Where He hath past, he leaues vpon the streams  
A shining Path, and th' Ocean hoary seems.

In Earth is Nothing like Him to be seen;  
So Fear-les made, so full of hawty Spleen;  
Despising all high things, Him-selfe beside.  
He is the King of all the Sons of Pride.

**I**O B, prostrate then, Thus to the Lord profess:  
Drad God, I know, and I acknowledge prest,  
That All Thou canst; and all Thou kennest too:  
Our Thoughts not hid; Thine owne not hard to doo.

*I am the Man, who (to my self too-Holy)*  
*Darkened thy Counsell, with Contentious Folly.*

For, I haue spoken what I vnderstood not,  
Of wondrous things which comprehend I could not.

Yet, Lord, vouchsafe, vouchsafe, I thee beseech,  
An Eare, and Answer to my humble Speech.  
Till now, mine Eare had only heard of Thee:  
But, now, mine Eye thy Gracious Selfe doth see.  
Therefore, My Selfe I loath, as too-too-bad;  
And heer repent in Dust and Ashes, sad.

Now, after This with I O B; it came to passe,

The Lord did also speake to *Eliphaz*

The *Themanite*; and Thus to him said He:

My wrath is kindled with thy Friends and Thee:

For None of You haue spoken of My Path,

So right and iust as I O B my Seruant hath.

Therefore go take you Rains and Bullocks faire,

Seav'n of a sort; and to my I O B repaire;

Bring for your Selues your Burnt Oblations due,

And I O B my Seruant He shall pray for you,

(For, Him will I accept) lest, lustly-strict,

After your Folly I reuenge inflict;

Because You haue not spoken of my Path,

So right and iust as I O B my Seruant hath.

So *Eliphaz*, the ancient *Themanite*,

*Bildad* the *Shuhite*, the *Naamathite*

*Zophar* (together) them prepar'd and went

And did according God's Commandement.

Also the Lord accepted I O B, and staid

His Thral-full State (when for his Friends he praid);

And turned it to Solace-full, from sad;

And gaue him double all the Goods he had.

Then all his Brethren, Sisters all, and Kin;

And all that had of his acquaintance bin,

Came flocking to his House, with him to feast;

To wail his Woes, and comfort him their best,

For all the Euill which the Lord (of late)

Had brought vpon his Person and his state.

And Each man gaue him (as best beare they could)

A peece of Money and Ear-ring of Gold.

So, that the Lord blessed I O B's later Time,

With more abundance then his flowry Prime.

For, Fourteen Thousand Sheep were now his flock;

Camels six Thousand; Steers a Thousand yoke;

Shee-Asses twice five Hundred; Familie

Iust as before: Seven Sons, and Daughters Three.

Th' Eldest *Jemima*, *Kezia* the Next:

And *Keren-Happuch* (saith my sacred Text)

Non

The



The Third he named ( Names of goodly Sense,  
Alluding to some Gracefull Excellence :

The first, as much as *Lustre of the Morn;*  
*Cassia*, the Next; last, *Alabastrine Horn* )

In all the Countrey were no Women found  
So faire as These. Iob, of his Goods and Ground,  
Among their Brethren gave them Heritage.

Yet, after This, Iob liv'd a goodly age,  
Twice Seauenty yeers, and saw his Sons Sons Sons,  
Successiue, Four Generations :  
And then He dy'd, Ancient and Full of Dayes.

*To GOD, for Him, and all his Saints, be Praise,  
And for his Succour in These sacred Layes.*

AMEN.

EPITAPHIUM IOBI.

Qui Se, qui Sæclum vicit; qui sæua Suorum  
Funera, Amicorum iurgia, Pauperiem;  
Vlcera qui carnis, qui Coniugis impia verba;  
Qui Cœlum iratum, mente tulit placida :  
Inuictum virtute IOBVM, Patientia Virgo,  
Nunc vidua, hoc Sponsum condidit in Tumulo.

*** VWha, SELE, The World, & Satan, triumph- ore;	*** Who, Wealth's & Health's & Children's ruffall, Lasse;	*** Who, Friends Rebuke, Foes rage, Wifes cursing Crosse;	*** Heuens Frowne, Earth's force, Hels Furie, Calmely bore :
--	--	--	---

Tb'Inuincible in Vertue, IOB, Her Pheere,  
The Virgin Patience (Widow now) toomb'd Heere.



# BETHVLIANS RESCVE.

THE

*Wander of Widows:*  
*Honor of VVives:*  
*Mirror of Mayds.*

Translated;  
and  
Dedicated

To

The Sovereaine of VVomen,

ANNE

Queene of Great-Britain.

By

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

Nnnnz





TO THE RIGHT-RIGHT  
Honorable Ladies,  
Lucie, Marchioness of Winchester.

Lucie,	} Countesses	of Bedford.	Frances,	} Countesses	of Hartford.
Anne,		of Dorset.	Katherin,		of Salisbury.
Frances,		of Exceter.	Susan,		of Montgo.

Barbara,	} Vi-Countesses	Lisle.
Elizabeth,		Haddington.
Elizabeth,		Fenton.

Sara,	} Baronesses	Zouch.	Eliza.	} Baronesses	Knowles.
Margaret,		Wotton.	Eliza.		Cavendish.
Honoris,		Hay.	Iane.		Roxborough.

**M**irrors of Honor, Models of Perfection,  
Lowe, to You all, bowes the BETHVLIAN Dame;  
Beseeching All but chiefly, You, by Name,  
To daign her grace and place in your Affection.  
You Noblest Lights, whose Vertues bright reflection  
Rare-richly sparkles enery way some flame  
(Diuerse in Form; in Vertue still the Same)  
On Objects worthy of your Worth's Election:  
Your kinde Address Shee craues, your sweet Direction  
Towards the Presence of Your Souerain DAME:  
Whose High Endowments by the Trump of Fame,  
Invite All Vertuous under Her Protection;  
Which IVDITH humbly prayes You, pray, for Her:  
And milde interpret Her Interpreter.



BETHVLIANS  
RESOLVE.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

**S**ing the Vertues and the valiant Deed  
Of th' Hebrew Widow, that so brauely freed  
Bethulian Doores from Babylonians Dread,  
And with iust Fauchin did behead their Head.  
Thou, that to saue, from Pagans seruile Rigor,

Thine Isaac's Heirs, didst steale with manly vigor  
Weake IVDITH's hart, my feeble hart aduance;  
Raile, raile my Thoughts in high and holy Transe:  
Vpon my Spirit, O! let thy Spirit reflect:  
Grant I may handle in a stile select  
So sacred Stuff; that whoso reads This Story,  
May Profit reap, I Comfort, and Thou Glory.

And You, great Comfort of Great-Britan's King,  
Whose Vertues here I vnder IVDITH sing;  
Thrice-royall ANNE, vouchsafe auspicious Rayes  
Of Princely Favour on These Pious Layes  
(Composed first vpon a Queen's Command,  
Disposed next into a Queen's own hand,  
Transposed now to a more Queen's Protection:  
As most peculiar to all Queen's Perfection.)  
Great-gracious Lady, let it not distaste,  
That IVDITH made not (as she ought) more haste  
To kisse Your Hands; nor deeme, nor doubt, she worst,  
Though Shee haue seen Your Royall Spouse the first:  
It was her Truch-man, much against Her minde,  
Betrayd her so to goe against Her Kinde.  
For which Offence, with other mo, to Her,  
Sh' hath got her now a new Interpreter;  
Shee hopes, more faithfull (wishes more discreet)  
To say and lay Her Service at Your Feet:  
To giue DuBARTAS (at the last) His Due,  
In Her behalfe; and in Her, honour You.



While *Israel* a happy *Peace* inioyd,  
 And, dangerlesse, with diligence imployd  
 The fruitfull Soile, which seuentie yeeres vnslow'n  
 Had ly'n before, with Thistles over-grow'n;  
 The Lord, Who often, by some Stroak seuer  
 Of iust Correction, makes his Owne (for feare  
 Least too-long Resting make them like the Horse,  
 Which standing still too-long, doth lose his Force,  
 Forgets to manege; and, too-pamperd, growes  
 Vnruly, restiue; and his Rider throwes)  
 Covers their Country with so huge an Hoste,  
 That clouds of *Arrows* darkned all the Coast,  
*Pikes, Bills* and *Darts*, seemd, as they stir'd, or stood,  
 A moouing Forest, or a mighty Wood:  
 And, of all sorts of Souldiers, rankly-rude,  
 Vnder their Ensignes marcht such multitude,  
 As euen drew dry the Rivers where they past  
 Through rich *Judea*; so that, at the last,  
 Cleer *Jordan's* Selfe, in his dry oazie Bed,  
 Blushing for shame, was faine to hide his head;  
 Because (flat Bankrupt) hee no more could pay  
 One Tribute-stream, of all hee ought the Sea.

The sun-burnt Reaper had yet scarcely rid  
 The ridged Acres of their richest Weed:  
 The needie Gleaner scarce had gathred clean  
 The scatterd Ears the Binder left, to glean:  
 And scarce, as yet the Flays vpon the Floores  
 Began to groan: When *Jacob* at his Doors,  
 Sees *Holofernes* his weak Frontires spoile;  
 In bloody Rivers drowne his fertile Soile;  
 Nor sparing fel the tender Female-kind,  
 Nor hoarie haires (already short confin'd)  
 Nor Sucklings, swaddled in their Mothers arms,  
 From insolence of his insulting Arms.

Then, as a Flock of Sheep, which sees their Foe  
 Come forth a Wood (who oft hath scar'd them so)  
 Minds no Defence; but, scudding to begon,  
 Makes, in an instant, hundred Flocks of one:  
 Th' *Isaicians* seized with a suddain Feare,  
 Thinking his Hoast behind them euery where,  
 Disperst and scatterd (like those silly Sheep)  
 Fly into Woods, in Rocks and Caues they creep.

Th' affrighted Swaines, neglecting Fields and Flocks,  
 To save their liues, clime steepest Hills and Rocks:  
 Artificers, leauing their Toolles to play,  
 Gain-greedy Chap-men, laying Trades away,  
 Hie them to hide them, in securer fort  
 In mossie Caues, then in a martiall Fort.

And

And greatest Lords hold Denms of Wolves and Beas  
 A safer Hold then Gold-lyn'd Walls of theirs.

Feare, lending wings to th' Aged, makes them ply  
 With lustie speed vp to the Mountains nigh:  
 Feare makes the Mother, all forlorn and lost,  
 Lug their deer Cradles to the Clowds almost:  
 Feare makes the Children (like so many Lambs)  
 Craule on all foure after their dabbled Dams:  
 Ther's nothing heard but hideous Cryes and Plaints,  
 Sad Lamentations, pitifull Complaints.

O Lord! (say they) wilt thou, for euer, Thus  
 Thrill down the Darts of thy fierce Wrath on vs:  
 Shall the *Chaldean* idolists again

Thy Chosen Flock in seruile Yoak enchain:  
 Shall our sad Houses, turnd to Heaps of stone,  
 With Weeds and Thorns again be ouer-grow'n:  
 Shall sacrilegious Fire again presume

Thy sacred House, thine Altar to consume:

But *Isaiah*, High-Priest of God, that tide,  
 And of the *Hebrews* then the chiefest Guide,  
 Followes the stout and expert Pilots guise,  
 Who, when hee sees a suddain Storm arise,  
 Adds not more Feare, with His Feare, to his fellowes,  
 Nor leaues his Ship to mercy of the Billowes;  
 But, hiding his distrust, opposes braue  
 His Arm and Art against the Winde and Waue:  
 For, quick dispatching (houely) Post on Post,  
 To all the Coverts of the Able-most  
 For Pate, Prowes, Purse; commands, prayes, presses them  
 To come with speed vnto *IERUSALEM*.

Since first th' *Eternall* gaue his sacred Law,  
 Vpon Mount *Sinai* (in so dreadfull Awe)  
 Th' *Ark*, which contained, in Two leaues of stone,  
 Much more sound *Wisedom*, in it selfe alone;  
 Then subtile *Greece*, or *Rome* (renownd for *Wise*)  
 In Worlds of Volumes euer could comprise;  
 Wandred from Tribe to Tribe, from Race to Race,  
 Throughout all *Jury*, without Resting-place,  
 Yea, sometimes too (O too audacious Theft!)

The sacrilegious *Philistines* it rest:  
 Till th' happy day when *Iesse's* holy Stem  
 Lodg'd it for euer, in *IERUSALEM*.

But, sith as yet, great *Dauid's* hands were red  
 With blood of Thousands he had slaughtered;  
 The King of *Peace* would haue a peacefull Prince  
 In Peacefull dayes, with all Magnificence  
 To build his *Temple*; whose high Battlement  
 Seemd Earth to scorne, and threat the Firmament,

Till



Till th' haples Day wherein a hatefull King  
 (In name and nature, iust resembling  
 This *Tyrant's* Lord) with execrable Blaze,  
 Did burne it downe, and the Foundation raze,  
 A long-while after, *Abr'ham's* sacred Stems,  
 Returnd from Shores of *Tyrant Tygris* streams;  
 Beset with Fears, with Perill, and with Pain,  
 Re-built Heer God's glorious House again.  
 Which, though (alas!) That first no more it matcht,  
 Then a Kings *Palace* a poore *Cottage* thatcht;  
 In Bignes yet, Beauty, and Height, obscur'd  
 All Pagan *Wonders* which most Fame procur'd;  
 Th' *Affyrian Queen-king's* (sometime) sumptuous *Bowers*,  
 Th' *Ephesian Temple*, the *Egyptian Towers*,  
 The *Pharians Pharus*, *Carians* costly *Toomb*,  
*Rhodes* high *Colossus*, the huge *Heaps of Rome*.  
 For, for admir'd *Ari*, This glorious *TEMPLE*  
 Seru'd *Ctesiphon* for *Model* and *Example*;  
 Lent rare *Apelles* curious *Penfill* Light,  
 And led *Lycippus* cunning *Chizel* right.

Thither, by Troops, th' *Isaacian* Tribes deuour,  
 Returnd to *Salem* flockt from all about:  
 As, when the Heav'ns, opening their Sluces wide,  
 Poure *Soddain* Showers, surrounding euery side;  
 The gurgling Rills with rapid Course descend  
 From sundry Hills, and to some River tend.

But, sad-sweet *IV D I T H* in the midst (almost)  
 Shined as *Cynthia* 'mid the *Nightly* Hoast:  
 For, God (it seem'd) her Beauties Form had cast  
 In rarest Mould of Nature (first or last).

Th' *High Primat* then, assisted with the Ligne  
 Of *Eleazar* (Priests, whose sacred Crine  
 Felt neuer Razor) on his oyled head  
 A pearly Mitre sadly setteled;  
 His sacred Body also soon hee heals  
 With sacred Vesture, fring'd with golden Bells:  
 Then burns for *Offring*, slayes for *Sacrifice*,  
 Kiddy, Lambs, Calues, Heifers in abundant wise;  
 Th' horns of the Altar with their blood bedying,  
 And lowly-lowd, thus to th' Almighty crying:

Wee come not heere, O dreadfull Lord of Hoasts,  
 To plead a *Roale* of *Meritorious* *Boasts*;  
 Nor to protest, that, in these Punishments,  
 Thou wrongst thy *Iustice*, and our *Innocence*:  
 No, wee confesse, our soule and frequent Crimes  
 Worthy worse Plagues then these, a thousand times;  
 Could'st thou forget Thy deer authentik *Pact*  
 With *Abraham*, or would'st thou (so exact)

Forcing

Forcing thy *Mercy* in thy *Iustice* Scale,  
 Our Waight of Sins with Iudgements countervaille.  
 Remoue our Cause, wee therefore (Lord) intreat,  
 From *Iustice* Barr, vnto thy *Mercy*-Seat:  
 O! holy Father, pardon vs (wee pray)  
 And turn from vs this fearfull Storm away.

Alas! what boots vs, that thy mighty hand  
 Hath brought vs home from *Tigris* hatefull strand,  
 Free from the Yoak, which wee so long (before)  
 Vnder th' *Affyrian* cruell Tyrants bore;  
 If these fat Fields, we haue but new re-tild,  
 If these faire Frames, we doe but now re-build,  
 If these (O Dolor!) our deere louing Wiues,  
 Our Babes, Sons, Daughters (dearer then our liues)  
 Must serue the *Chaldes*, *Ammonites* for Pay,  
 And be the *Persians* and sel *Parthians* Prey;  
 If this thine Altar, if these hallowed rooms,  
 Be re-profan'd with Heathen *Hecatombs*!

O! if thou wilt not pittie Vs, abhord;  
 At least, be Iealous of Thy *Glory*, Lord:  
 At least, haue pittie on This *Holy Place*,  
 Where, to no God, but to *I E H O V A's* Grace,  
 Is *Incense* burnt, nor any *Sacrifice*,  
 But to thy Selfe, of all the Deities.  
 Lord! therefore turn, O turn the *Chaldean* Torches  
 From these rich Cedar *Roofs*, these stately *Porches*:  
 Preferue these *Plates*, this pretious *Furniture*,  
 From sacrilegious *Pilferers* impure:  
 And let our Sorrow, and our Sacrifice,  
 Vnto thy *Iustice*, for our Sinnes suffice.

The Service done, Each doth his way depart,  
 And *Jochim* instantly calls apart  
 The States of *Juda*; and thus, sadly-sweet,  
 Consults with Them, how with this Storm to meet.

Graue *Peers* (said he) if your braue Zeale, of old,  
 Be not quite quenched, be not yet key-cold:  
 If Care of Wiues, if tender Childrens loue,  
 Had euer Power Your Soules deer Soules to moue:  
 If in your Brests rests any noble Worth,  
 Now, now or neuer, bring it, brauely forth:  
 For, but God aide, and your auspicious Speed,  
 Wee are vndone, Wee and our wretched Seed:  
 And neuer more shall the Immortall see  
 This Altar *Smoking* to his *Majestie*.

While th' Aire is mute, so that it scarce can make,  
 In Summer dayes, an *Aspen* leafe to shake:  
 While Seas be calm, so that, with Streamers braue,  
 A thousand Saile slide on the sleeping Waue:

While



While all the Winds be mew'd vp in their Cell,  
 'Tis hard to say, which Pilot doth excell.  
 But, when a Tempest, one-while sinks a Ship  
 Down to the Bottom of th' infernall Deep;  
 Another-while, with swelling Fury driven,  
 Tilts with her Tops against the Stars of Heav'n;  
 Raking a Shelfe now, and a Rock anon;  
 Then, and but then, is a Good Maister know'n.  
 Therefore (alas!) let now no carnall Care  
 Of goods, liues, honors (for your priuate Share)  
 Make you forget your Common-Country's Loue,  
 This *Sacred Place*, th' Honor of *G O D* aboue:  
 But humbly all into His hands resigning  
 Your Soules whole Sway, and all your Spirits refining  
 In sacred Flame, from Drosse and Mists impure,  
 Which too-too oft the cleereſt Eyes obſcure;  
 Adulſe (I pray) the beſt, in likely-hood,  
 Moſt pleaſing God, moſt for the Publique Good.

An aged Traytor then, whose breath distill'd  
 Sweet Hony Words, whose brest with Gall was fill'd,  
 VVringing false Tears from his dissembling Eyes,  
 His curſed Drift did in Theſe Tearms diſguiſe:

My Spirits faint, my Speech doth faile me quight,  
 My froſtie haireſ for horror ſtand vpright,  
 When I conſider how This Tyrant fel,  
 With Bloud-floods drowning where he coms to quell,  
 Drawes neer Vs; threatening to our Houſes Flames,  
 Death to our Selues, diſhonor to our Dames:  
 But, when (on th' other ſide) to minde I call  
 This mighty Princes milde Receipt of All  
 (Not only ſuch, as, rude and Reaſon-leſſe,  
 Serue (like him ſelfe (dumb Idols) Blockes, and Beaſts:  
 But ſuch, as matching our Zeal's holy Heighth,  
 Are *Abrah'm's* Seed, both in their Fleſh and Faith;  
 Which wiſely haue (and timely) turn'd (ſubmiſſe)  
 The deadly Edge of his drad Vengeances)  
 I praiſe the Lord for ſuch a Foe; ſo meek  
 To yielding Lambes, ſo Lyons Lyon-like;  
 As flexible to humble Tears, as fel  
 To Reſolutions that (in vain) rebell.

Sith therefore, yet we may haue Choife (for *Iurie*)  
 Of War, or Peace, his Fauor, or his Furie;  
 Winking in Dangers, let's not VVilfully  
 Follow our Fathers ſtubborn Sur-cuidry:  
 But, ſtriking Saile in ſuch Storms violence,  
 Let's liue ſecure vnder ſo good a Prince.

Yet, *None* miſ-take, that I this Counſaile giue,  
 To ſaue my Stake, as one too-faine to liue:

Alas! my Years are of them Selues of age  
 To dye alone, without *Aſſyrians* Rage;  
 Without the help of their keen Dart or Pole,  
 To launce my Hart, or to let out my Soule:  
 Where, were my Youth's Spring now re-flowr'd again,  
 And heatefull blood boyling in euery vein,  
 My Zeale to *G O D*, and to my Country's Good  
 Should ſhew me well no Niggard of my blood,  
 Might (*Samſon*-like) My Death bring Death to all  
 The *Pagan* Hoſt, and their proud General.  
 But, more I feare, leaſt, with a Zeal too-Yong,  
 We, fighting for the Law, the Law impugne;  
 Inciting ſo the Soldiers Inſolence,  
 Incenſing ſo the Fury of the Prince,  
 That they by Conqueſt of one Day vndoo  
 Deer *Iſrael*, and drown *G O D's* Glory too.  
 For, *Wee* bereft, What People, in *This Place*,  
 Truly-religious ſhal implore His grace?  
 Who, of all Nations that diſperſed Wun  
 From Shores of *Indus*, to the *Setting Sun*;  
 And from the fartheſt *Hyperborean* Coaſts,  
 To thoſe whoſe Clime continuall Summer roaſts,  
 Hath choſen only *Jacob* for his Owne,  
 And on *This Mount* His drad-deer Glory ſhowne.

But, good old *Cambris* (eſſe the mildeſt Prince)  
 Groanes, griev'd and pale with Paſſions vehemence;  
 And, interrupting That, with This Diſcourſe  
 Hartens the heartleſſe Peers and Counſellors:  
 Rather, O Earth (for which our Earthlings ſtrive)  
 Gape vnder me, and ſwallow Me alive:  
 Rather, juſt Heav'ns, with ſulphury Fire and Fume  
 (As *Sodom* yerſt) Me ſodainly conſume,  
 Than I ſhould (Saint with-out, within Malitious)  
 Give *Iſrael* a Counſail ſo pernicious.

Were it, the Head of this inhumane Band  
 Meant but our Bodies only to command,  
 Though with our Birth, to this faire Light we brought  
 Sweet *Liberty* (ſo ſweet and deer, that nought,  
 No Hopes, no Heaps may be compar'd to it:)  
 The *T E M P L E* ſay'd, I might perhaps ſubmit.  
 But, ſith this Tyrant, puſt with fooliſh Pride,  
 With heavier Gyves to load our Soules (beſide)  
 Which (only Vaffals of the *Thunder Thromer*)  
 Nor knowe, nor owe, to Any Sceptres lower;  
 Would that (forgetting Him who made vs All,  
 And of all People choſe vs principall,  
 And fatherly provides vs every thing,  
 And ſhields vs ay with Shadow of his wing)



We take for *GOD*, His proud ambitious Prince,  
 VVho *Nimrod*-like, with hellish Insolence,  
 Would climb to Heav'n, although his life be such,  
 As merits not the Name of Man, by much.  
 Let's beard him boldly, bravely stand we to't,  
 Arms against Arms, Man to Man, Foot to Foot.  
*Victory* lies not in vain-glorious heats,  
 Number of Horses, nor of Pikes, and Darts:  
 These be but Instruments th' Eternal moves,  
 To crown with Conquest whom his Goodnes loves.  
 Yet, should the Lord now suffer Heathen's rage  
 To over-run his sacred Heritage,  
 Because in life his Name we so dishonour;  
 In Death, at least, in Death, let's doo him Honor:  
 And, if we cannot *Assur* over-come,  
 Let's win, by *Patience*, Crowns of *Martyrdom*.

And, could, our Foes (as felas *Lestrigons*)  
 From off the Earth extirp our Tribes at-once;  
 They could not though *GOD*'s glorious Name interr  
 (As these Apostates fallly would infer).  
 For, He that with so sundry Nations stor'd  
 Th' vnpeopled World, from one Man; and restor'd  
 (Long after that) by one smal Bark the waste  
 The *Flood* had made, when it had All defac't;  
 Is not He able even of stones to raise  
 A People Zealous of his glorious Praise?  
 Is not He able once again to ope  
 Old *Sara*'s Wombe, and giue her Spouse (past hope)  
 More Sonnes, then Sands on *Lybian* shores be cast,  
 By ruffling *Boreas*, lowd, Cloud-chasing Blast;  
 Or twinkling Spangles nightly brightly roule  
 On fabled Circles of the whirling Pole:  
 Which, with more sacred Voice, more humble Awe,  
 Shall sound his Praises, and observe his Law?

Then rather, Fathers (foule befall You else)  
 Let vs die *Hebrews*, then liue *Infidels*.  
 Let's not preferre, too-base, and too-too-blame,  
 Profit to Duty, idle Feare to Shame.

*Cambris* Oration was no sooner done,  
 But all th' Assembly (as all ioyn'd in one)  
 Confirm'd His Counsaill both with voice and gest:  
 And *Ioachim*, (Ioy-rapt, above the rest)  
 Lifting to Heav'n-ward reverent hands and face,  
 Said, Lord wee thank thee, that thy speciall grace  
 Hath steeld our hearts, and linkt our Wils no less:  
 A hopefull Signe of happy good Success.

Then, to the Princes he the Charge commits  
 Of Townes and Provinces, as Each befits:

Lest any, spurr'd by Envie or Ambition,  
 In *Israel* should kindle new Sedition.  
 So, Each with-drawes, and bravely-bold prepares  
 To front the worst that martiall Fury dares.

Who th' *Aristean* busie Swarms hath seen  
 On *Hybla*'s Top; Whether, with Launcets keen,  
 Charging the Drones which over-neer their homes  
 Come humming out to rob their fragrant Combes:  
 Whether, collecting their delicious Dew  
 From various *Thyme*, and other Flowers not few:  
 Whether, extending, in rare *Symmetrie*,  
 With wondrous Art, their *Waxen* Canapey;  
 And arching even, so many Thousand Cells,  
 So quick, so thick; so like, as Nothing else:  
 Whether, conducting their too-full Supplies  
 Els-where, to plant their goodly Colonies;  
 Which keep, still constant, in their new Plantation,  
 Their Mother Citie's Manners, Lawes, and Fashion:  
 Hath seen the *Jewes* as busie Diligence,  
 And quick Desire to put them in Defence.

Some stop the Breaches made by Art or Age;  
 By the Heav'ns anger, or the Heathens rage:  
 Some, lest the Ram, butting with boisterous Fals,  
 Should pash to powder their too-feeble Walls,  
 With Bastions, Bulwarks, Rampiers, Ravelins, Forts,  
 Flank on all sides their Cities where imports:  
 Some to and fro trudging with Baskets fill'd,  
 In places needfull sodain Sconces build:  
 Some wanting time, or meanes their Town to wall,  
 With broad deep Trenches soon begirt it all:  
 And from a River neer they cut a Rill  
 The hollow bosom of their Dike to fill.

While Armors, in order, beating quick  
 Hot sparkling Steel on Anvils hard and thick,  
 Transform it soon to Corslets, Correllaxes,  
 Helms, Gorgets, Gantlers, Bills and Barrail-axes;  
 And some, for need (to furnish and set-out  
 Th' vntrained Shepheard, Neatheard, and the Lowt)  
 Ground the ground-flying Coulter to a Blade,  
 And of the Sickle a straight Weapon made:  
 None Yong and healthy took Repast or Rest:  
 One on his back, another on his Beast,  
 Others in Waggon carried-in apace  
 Corn, Wine, and Food to some importing Place:

Even so, in Summer (as the *wise-man* tels)  
 Th' Emmets by Troupes haste from their hollow Cels  
 To get-in Harveill graving where they gone  
 Their Diligence even in a path of Stone:

O o o o

The



The lustiest Swarms for their Provision range,  
The sick and old wait at their thrifty Grange  
T' unlode the Burthens, and lay-vp their Store  
In their great Garnier, byting yet before  
Of every Graine, least kept so warme belowe  
Amid the Molde, it after sprout and growe.

*The end of the first Booke.*



# BETHVLIANS

RES C V E.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

**N**ow *Holofernes* in the *Seythick* Fort  
Had pight his Standards; and in various Sport  
His Youthfull *Pagans* did them still delight;  
Nought less expecting then Affront, or Fight:  
When he had newes, The *Jewes* stood brauely out,  
Defy'd his Pride, and fortifi'd about.

Shall then (said He) shall then a sort of Slaves,  
A sort of Clownes & Shepheards, arm'd wit Staves,  
With Slings and Stones, presume to stop the Course  
Of Mine exploits: Which, nor the roaring scource  
Of rapid *Tigris* and swift *Euphrates*,  
Nor snowie Tops of *Taure* and *Niphates*,  
Conspir'd, could stay: You Chiefs of *Mosabites*,  
Of valiant *Ephraim*, and fierce *Ammonites*,  
You that as Neighbours (having long convert) )  
Knowe all the Nations on these Hills dispers'd,  
Say, from what People had they their Descent?  
What lies their Strength in? What's their Gouvernement?  
For, He that wisely knowes his Foe (they say)  
Hath, in a manner gotten half the Day.

Then *Ammon*'s Prince, bending his humble knees,  
Thusto the Duke reply'd right prudently

(For though in hart a *Pagan*, born and bred;  
Against his Minde, his Tongue diuinely led  
By that same Spirit which did the Se'er compell,  
Which came to curse, to blesse his *Israel*;  
Of th' *Hebrewes* State did such Relation make,  
As if in Him *Moses* and *Esdra* spake; )

My Lord, I shall, sith You so please, recite  
Th' *Isacians* Story; and will follow right  
Th' ingenious Bees, which wont not to deuoure  
All Sweet they meet, nor suck of every Flower;  
But even of those they chuse, take but the Crops.  
This People (Sir) vpon the Mountaine Tops  
Encamped heere, originally came  
From forth the Loines of famous *ABRAHAM*,  
Who, to obey the GOD of Gods, molt High  
Maker of All; of All Support, Supply;  
Came to *This Countrey* (then, in Occupation  
Of *Cananites*, the rich and native Nation)  
Where that same GOD not only heaps with Gold  
And Goods, his House; but also (though He old  
An hundred years; a third part lesse, his Wife;  
And, till that season, barren all her life)  
Sent him a Son; swearing, His seed should sway:  
Triumphant Sceptres many, many a day:  
But, when good *Abraham*'s old-old Age expects  
This happy Promise in the sweet effects,  
Th' Immortall Voice (O pitious Mysteries!)  
Commands that He his *ISAAC* sacrifice.

Even as a Ship, vpon the raging Sea  
Between Two Windes Cross-tossed euery-way,  
Vncertain knowes not in what Course to set her,  
Till one of them, striving to get the better,  
Doubles his bellows, and with boisterous blast  
Drives her (at random) where he list, at last:  
So, the *Hebrew*, feeling in-ward War (that season)  
Twixt Loue and Duty, betwixt Faith and Reason,  
Doubts what to doo; and his Perplexities  
Leane now to that hand, and anon to this:  
Til th' heav'nly loue he ought his GOD had won.  
The earthly love he bore his only Son.  
Then, having ready Fire and Fagot laid,  
And on the Altar his deer Son displayd;  
The knife he drawes with trembling hand, and had  
Even heav'd his arme about to strike the Lad,  
When GOD, in th' instant staies the Instrument  
Ready to fall on th' humble Innocent:  
As satisfied with so sufficient Trial  
Of *Abraham*'s Faith; to Him his GOD so loyal.

•••••

From



From ISAAC, JACOB; and from JACOB sprung  
Twelve sturdy Sons; who with sore Famine wrung,  
Forlaking CANAAN, for a great-good-while  
Had happy Biding by the Banks of Nile:  
Where their blest Issue multiply'd so fast,  
That they became th' Egyptian's Feare, at last:  
Yea, though (alas!) their bodies had no rest,  
And though their backs with burthens were oppress'd;  
Like noble Palm Trees, mounting stily-strait,  
The more, the more, they be furcharg'd with waight.

Therefore the Tyrant which then held the Raines  
Of that rich Soile where sad Heav'n never raines,  
Commands that all male Hebrew Infants found  
(Poore Innocents!) be quickly kill'd, or drown'd,  
As soon as Wombes had them delivered;  
That one same day might see them born and dead.

O Tiger! thinkst thou? thinks that Rage of thine  
To cut-off quite Isaac's Immortall Ligne?  
Well may it reave the scarce-born Life of those  
New-hatched Babes, and them of Light fore-close:  
But notwithstanding, Jacob's swarming Race  
Within few Years shall cover CANAAN's Face;  
And, thine owne Issue even the first shall be  
To break (and iustly) thine vniust Decree.

Pharao's faire Daughter, with a noble Train,  
For Blood and Beauty rarely matcht again,  
One Evening, bathing in the Crystall Brook  
Which thorough Gessen crawls with many a Crook,  
Hears in the reeds a ruefull Infants voyce;  
But thinking it some of the Hebrewes Boyes  
(As 'twas indeed) her Fathers bloody Law  
Stopt for a while her tender eares with Awe.  
But, at the last, marking the Infants face  
(I woat not what vnusuall Tracts of Grace  
And Types of Greatnes sweetly shining there)  
Love vanquisht Duty, Pity conquer'd Feare:  
For, She not only takes him vp from thence,  
But brings him vp, and breeds him as a Prince,  
Yea, as Her owne. O Babe belov'd of God!  
O Babe ordain'd to lighten th' Hebrew's Load!  
To lead their Bodies, to direct their Mindes:  
First, best, most Wrighter, in all sacred Kindes:  
Thou hadst but now no Mother (to be seen)  
And now for Mother, Thou hast found a Queen.

Lo, thus (my Lord) could their wise God extract  
Good out of Euill, and convert the act  
Of Persecution (bent against the blood  
And Life of His) vnto their greater good.

So Joseph's Brethren, by their Envious Drift  
To ouer-throwe him, to a Throne him lift:  
So did proud Haman's deadly Hatred, lend  
Sad Mordecai a Ladder to ascend  
To Honors Top, and trimd his neck (past Hope)  
With gracefull Chain, in steed of shametull Rope.  
One day, this Hebrew, driving Iethro's Sheep  
Vpon Mount Horeb (where he vs'd to keep)  
Sawe on the sodaine a bright blazing Flame  
Burne in a Bush, and yet not burne the same;  
From whence, anon he heard (with Fear and Wonder)  
A Voice, might shake both Heav'n and Earth in funder.

I, I that (only) A M - W A S - S H A L - B E, Who  
Made All of Nothing; and can All vn-doo,  
When pleaseth Me: I - A M, The Holy One,  
The Great, The Good, The Iust; Whose hand alone  
Sustaines, maintaines, and rules the World: I - A M,  
Th' Omni-potent, The GOD of Abraham;  
Fierce to my Foes with my Revenging Rod:  
But vnto Those that worship Me for GOD,  
Me sole, and whole in Thought, in Word, and Deed,  
Most Mercifull; to Them and all their Seed.  
Then doo my Will: dispatch thee speedy hence;  
Go, say from Me, to that unhallowed Prince  
Which ruleth Memphis, and the fertile Plaine  
Where swelling Nilus serves in steed of Rain,  
That he dismisse my People: and lest He,  
Incredulous, distrust thine Embassie;  
Cast-down thy Rod, thy Message to confirm:  
It to a Serpent shall eft-soons transform.

He throwes it down, and instantly withall  
Sees it begin to liue, to move, to craule,  
With hideous head before, and tail behinde,  
And body wriggling (after Creepers kinde).  
Re-take it vp, his GOD commands him then;  
Which, taken, takes the former Form agen:  
And, past Mans Reason (by the power of GOD)  
Of Rod turns Serpent, and of Serpent Rod.

Arm'd with this Wand, wherewith he was to quell  
The sceptred Pride of many an Infidel,  
He many a time importunes Pharao,  
In GOD's great Name, to let the Hebrews go  
Into the Desert, at their liberties  
To serve the Lord, and offer Sacrifice.

But Pharao, deaf vnto his sacred Word,  
Stiffly withstands the Message of the Lord:  
Who then, by Moses working many Miracles,  
Authorized His Orator and Oracles.



First, He not only turned into *Blood*  
*Nile's* leav'n-fold VVaves, and every other Flood  
 That fattens *Egypt*; but even every Spring,  
 Whose captive Crystill, golden Pipes do bring  
 To seive the Court: so that the King is forçt  
 With that *red liquor* to allay his Thirst.

Then, from the Fens, from puddly Ponds and Lakes  
 Millions of Millions of foule *Frogges* he makes  
 To cover *Memphis* with their ougly Frie,  
 And not forbear the Kings owne Canapy.

Then, of all Ages, of all sorts, and sexes,  
 With burning *Vicers*, and hot *Biles* he vexes;  
 So that th' *Egyptians*, in vncessant anguish,  
 Of vnknow'n Poyson, on their Couches languish:  
 Nor can their Leaches their owne Leaches be,  
 In their vnheard-of, hidden Malady.

Then on their Cattle; Flocks, and Heard, and Drowes  
 In Downes and Dales, Fens, Forrests, Fields and Groves,  
 A strong *Contagion* suddainly he spred;  
 Which rook so quickly both their heart and head,  
 That silly Shepheards neer the Rivers side,  
 Their Cattle dead, looner then sicke, esp'd.

Then turns the Earths Dust into Swarmes of *Lies*;  
 Then dims the Aier with dusky Clouds of *Flies*,  
 Of Drones, Wasps, Hornets, humming day and night  
 In every place, with every face to fight,  
 And fixing deep in every *Pagans* skin  
 Th' vnusual anger of their Steele'd Pin.

Then (when appeer'd no Threat of troubled Aier,  
 No signe of Tempest) at his Servants Prayer  
 Th' Eternal thundred down such Storms of *Hail*,  
 As with the noise and stroak did stoutest quail:  
 Heer falls a Bul, brain'd with a Hail-stones rap;  
 There sprawles a Childe, split with a Thunder-Clap:  
 Heer a huge Forrest, lately all a Clowd  
 Of tufted Armes, hath neither Shadenor Shrowd:  
 And, if the native Sap again re-suit  
 The naked Trees with comely Leaues and Fruit,  
 Again (alas!) the *Caterpillar* crops,  
 Within few houres, the Husbands yearely hopes.

Then with gross *Darknes* vailing close the Skies,  
 He so field-yp stubborn *Egyptians* eyes,  
 That for three dayes with fearfull foot and hand  
 They groapt their way (except in *Gossen-land*):  
 And *Tian*, tir'd in his long Course, for ease,  
 Seem'd then to rest him with th' *Antipodes*.

But, as the same Sun, the same instant, makes  
 The Mud to harden; and to melt, the Wax;

So had These Works, so full of admiration,  
 On diuers Subiects, diuerse Operation.  
 The humble *Hebrews*, *God's* great hand adore;  
 But wilfull *Pharao* spurns it more and more:  
 Euen as a Corselet, when 'tis cold enough,  
 The more 'tis beaten growes the harder Prooffe.

Yet, at the sad Newes of the Prince, His Son,  
 And all their Heires, all in one Night vndone;  
 Hee was so daunted, that he early bod  
 The *Hebrews* goe to serue the Lord their *God*:  
 Who, in a *Pillar of a Clowd* by Day,  
 Of *Fire*, by Night, directed right their Way.

But, soon retracting his extorted Grant,  
 The stubborn Tyrant strangely arrogant,  
 Arms all his *Egypt*, and in post pursues  
 The Arm-lesse Legions of the harm-lesse *Jews*,  
 Then lodg'd secure along the sandy shore,  
 Where the *Erythraean* ruddy Billowes rore.

Was not such Noise, when, tearing *Gibraltar*,  
 Th' *Herculian* Sea came first to spred so far  
 Twixt *Caſpe* and *Abile*, nor when *Oenotrie*  
 Sad-sighing lost her deer neer *Trinacrie*;  
 As in both Armies: Th' one insulting proud;  
 Th' other in skieches, and sad cries, as lowd;  
 Deafned the Shores: while Fifes, Horns, furious Horse,  
 With Noise and Neighes, did euen the VVelkin force.

Cursed Seducer (cry'd the *Jews*) what Spight  
 Moou'd thee to alter our Liues happy plight?  
 What! are we Fishes that we heere should swim  
 Through these deep Seas? Or, are we Fowls to skim  
 Ouer the steepest of these Mountains tall?  
 Were there not Graues in *Egypt* for vs all?  
 In our deer *Gossen*? but wee needs must come  
 In this *Red-Sea* to seeke our rewfoll Tombe?

Yet, mildest *Moses*, with his dead-live Wand,  
 Strikes th' awfull Streams: which, yielding to his hand,  
 Discover Sands the Sun had neuer spy'd,  
 And Wall'd the same with Waves on either side:  
 Between the which (dread-les and danger-les)  
 The *Hebrews* dry-shod past the *Crimson Seas*,  
 But, when the Tyrant rashly them pursues,  
 Marching the Way was made but for the *Jews*;  
 The Sea returns, and over-turns his Force,  
 Him Selfe, his Men, his Chariots, and his Horse.

O happy People, for whom *God* (so kind)  
 Arms Fire, and Aire, and Clowds, and Wanen, and Wind!  
 Whom All things serue: which haſt All things in Pay,  
 O! neuer let Time's File to fret away



So rare a Fauour & rather let the Tongue  
Of All thine Aged tell it to Their Yong;  
They to their Seed, and They to theirs again;  
Eternally These Wonders to retaine.

Them, forty yeers, G o d in the Desert fed  
With Angells Food, with a celestiall Bread;  
And from a Rock (as dry as Pumice first)  
Made Rivers gush, to satisfie their Thirst:  
Kept (euen) their Shooes, and all their Garments there,  
As good, the last, as the first day they were:  
And, fith our Soules will faint for want of Food,  
Most liberall in All, for all their Good,  
Gaued (on Mount *Sinai*) in his Sacred Lawe,  
Soule to their Soules, through sharp-sweet filial Awe:  
Teaching them all (as dutie All doth binde)  
To loue Him first, and next to Him, Man-kinde;  
That We might neuer break That sacred Twine  
Which Man to Man, and Man to G o d doth ioyne.

Graue *Moses* dead, braue *Josuah's* rule began;  
Whose happy Sword soon conquered *Canaan*;  
And in fewe yeeres into subiection brings  
The Liues and States of one and thirty Kings.  
At His command, more powerfull then the Thunder,  
The firmeft Rocks and Rampiers fall in-sunder;  
Without the Shock of Tortoise or of Ram,  
To batter Breaches where his Armie came:  
For, but with bellowing of hoarse Trumps of Horn,  
As with an Engine, proudest Towers are torn:  
As at his Beck, the Heav'n's obey his will;  
The Fire-foot Coursers of the Sun stand still,  
To lengthen Day, lest vnder wings of Night,  
His *Heathen* Foes should saue themselves by Flight.

This scourge of *Pagans*, in a good old age  
(To live in Heav'n) leauing this Earthly Stage,  
*Israel* had many Magistrates of Name,  
Whose Memories liue euer fresh in Fame.  
Who knowes not *Abud*, *Sangar*, *Samuel*,  
*Debra*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*?  
Who hath not heard of mighty *Samsons* Coile,  
Who, sole, and Arm-lesse, did an Army foile?  
What Praise with *Iephe's* might haue wel compar'd  
Had but his Rashnes his deer Daughter spar'd?  
VWhat Clime, what Time, what River, Dale or Down  
But rings of *Gedeon*, and his high Renown?

After the *Judges*; *Kings* (some good, some bad)  
The sacred Helm of th' *Hebrew* Vessell had:  
Had I their *Dauid's* holy Harp and Skill,  
Nothing but *Dauid* would I warble still:

But as (my Lord great *Dauid's* Deeds, could none  
(Yer-while) atchieue, but *Dauid's* Selve alone;  
Can none but *Dauid's* Harp, and *Dauid's* Hymne  
Resound aright the Honors due to Him:  
I will not therefore, with vnworthy Layes,  
Seeming to praise him, derogate his Praise.

But, shall I bask his Son, whom Heav'n's adorn  
With Health, Wealth, Wisdom, and All-Plenties horn:  
Whose prudent *Problems*, touching euery Theam,  
Draw thousand *Sophists* to *IERUSALEM*,  
*Arabians*, *Indians*, *Africans*, among;  
Chain'd by the Charms of his All-Skilfull Tongue:  
Or Him, whose Zeale the Idols so defac't;  
Re-purg'd G o d's T E M P L E, and his *Rites* re-plac't:  
Or Him, that sawe a heau'nly Hoast descend  
To succour *Sion*, and his Foes offend:  
Or Him, whose Army, neer to *Gerar*, yett,  
Proud *Ethiopians* swarming Troops disperst:  
Or Him, who praying for Heav'n's aide, to fight  
'Gainst *Ammon*, *Moab*, and *Mount-Seirite*;  
Saw, dy Themselues, his sad Request ful-fild,  
When, Self-incens't, Them-Selues they enter-killd:

But *Chalde's* King, by Their's Captivity,  
Put (late) an End vnto That Monarchy.  
Yet did Great *Cyrus* Them again restore  
To Liberty; and gaue them furthermore  
Leaue to elect Two *Rulers* of their Race:  
Whereof the One (who yet supplies the place)  
Was *Ioachim*; who, for his holy Life,  
Prowesse, and Prudence, is respected rise,  
Not sole in *Sion*; but with *Ammonites*,  
*Syrians*, *Sydonians*, *Madians*, *Moabites*.

Thus was (my Lord) the *Prime*, this the *Progression*,  
Of *ISRAEL*, through euery Times succession:  
And Thus the Lord hath lift them (nigh) to Heav'n  
Som-times; som-times, them (euen) to Hell hath driv'n.

But, whether *Princely-Priest*, or *Judge*, or *King*,  
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* haue had the Gouverning;  
So long as They obseru'd the sacred Pact  
G o d with their Fathers did by Oath contract;  
Ay prosperous, triumphantly they trod  
On proudest Foes: and all the World abroad,  
Conspir'd in Spight, could nothing Them annoy,  
Much lesse distract them; least of all, destroy:  
On th' other side, soon as they haue infreng'd  
His Ordinance, their G o d (to be aveng'd)  
Hath thrall'd them, now, to cruell *Moabites*,  
Anon to *Edom*, then to *Ammonites*,

Then



Then *Philistins*: and ay his Wrath hath bin  
 Heavy vpon them, when they hap to sin.  
 If so be therefore, any their Offence  
 The iealous *Iustice* of their G o d incense;  
 Mine not their Mounts, nor vndermine their Bowers,  
 Nor bring thy Rams against their rampir'd Towers,  
 Nor scale their Walls, nor lead thy warlike Legions  
 (With Resolution) to assault them once:  
 For, let them heap, on *Carmel Libanus*;  
 On *Liban, Niphate*; there on *Emmanus*:  
 Yea, in one Chancel let them muster hither  
*Indus* and *Rhone*, *Nilus* and *Rhine* together,  
*Tiber* and *Ibertos*, to fence their Coast:  
 They cannot scape from thy victorious Hoast.  
 But, if they haue not broke the *Covenant*  
 Which G o d to *Abraham* and his Seed did grant:  
 Beware (my Lord) beware how you come neer  
 This *Holy Nation*, to their G o d so deer.  
 For should swart *Auster* him dispeople quight  
 To furnish Thee with all His, fit to fight:  
 Should swarming *Boreas* from His vtmost end  
 All His tall Souldiers to Thy seruice send:  
 Should *Zephyrus* add to Thy dreadfull Power  
 His martiall *Legions*, all *Hesperians* Flower:  
 Should (lastly) *Eurus* send Thee for Supplyes  
 His Troops which first see *Phabus* Rayes arise:  
 All These, all-daring, all-devouring Swarms,  
 This armed World, or all This World of Arms  
 Could neuer conquer (in a thousand yeere)  
 The least, worst, weakest, of these Cities heer;  
 Because Their G o d will be Their sure *Defence*:  
 That G o d almighty, whose Omnipotence  
 Can with a breath confound all Kings that dare  
 (As Thou doost now) 'gainst Him make open War.  
 As th' Oceans Billowes swell not by and by,  
 When (first) the Winds begin to bellow high;  
 But, first begin to foam, and then to fume  
 Higher, and higher, till their Rage presume  
 To chide the Earth, and check the Welkins Front,  
 And bandy Hills against the Heav'nly Mount:  
 Euen so, the Princes of this *Pagan* Rout,  
 Hearing G o d's prayes, forth-with break not out  
 In ragefull Furie; but as th' *Ammonite*  
 Growes in Discourse, so grow they in Despight;  
 Till at the last, with loud, proud murmurings,  
 They euen blaspheme the glorious King of Kings.  
 Kill (cry they) kill; let's heaw and hale in peeces  
 The subtile Traytor, that with wylie Speeches,

To saue his *Hebrews* from *Rhamusias* Rod,  
 Would fight vs with a false and idle God.  
 Renowned *Generall*, send but our ascore  
 Of All thy Troops, and they shall soon run-o're  
 Those rascall Rebels; and reducethem all  
 Prostrate and humble at Thy feet to fall:  
 Ah Coward, Villain. But the Vice-Roy then,  
 Stopping their lowd outrageous Storms again,  
 Began him Selfe Thus to the *Ammonite*:  
 O, impudent Impostor! Tell Mee (right)  
 What Fiend, what Fury hath inspir'd these Spels:  
 What *Trevet* told thee, or what *Sihyl* else  
 Made thee believe the *Syrians* shall nor quell  
 Th' *Isaacian* Troop, but stoop to *Israel*,  
 Whose G o d is but their *Dream*, or *Fansie* vain,  
 Or meer *Deuice* of *Mosses* subtile brain;  
 Neither, of power to giue them Victorie,  
 Nor from Our hands to rescue Them nor Thee.  
 What G o d haue we, but the great King of Kings,  
*NABUCHADNEZZAR*: whose drad puillance rings  
 O're all the Earth: who couering far and nigh,  
 The Plains with Horse, Hills with Infanterie,  
 Shall raze these Runnagates; which, fled from *Nile*,  
 Haue heer vsurped Others Right yet-while,  
 Die therefore, Villain, die: take the desert  
 Of thy false Tongue, and of thy treacherous heart.  
 What said I, fond? No, Dastard, I disdain  
 My valiant Blade in Thy base bloud to stain:  
 Thou shalt so quickly not receiue the meed  
 Of thy disloyall and detested Deed  
 (For, a quick Death is Wretches blisse, wee know;  
 Them quickly ridding both of Life and Woe)  
 But, with thy Dayes thy Dolours to protract,  
 Thou shalt from hence vnto *Bethulia* pack,  
 Where still thou shalt, through infinite dismay,  
 Vndying, die a thousand times a day;  
 Vntill, with Those *invincible* (thou saist)  
 With thousand wounds a wretched End thou hast.  
 Why tremblest Thou? why doth thy colour faile?  
 Why seems thy heart for horror so to quail?  
 If so Their G o d be G o d (as thou hast vanted)  
 Now, by thy Face witnesse thy faith, vndan:ed.  
 Then, the Lord Marshall, in Authoritie  
 Vnder the Vice-Roy, not in cruelty,  
 Transporteth speedy, neer *Bethulias* side  
 Th' vn-pagan *Pagan*, hand and foot fast ty'd;  
 Leaving His Troops wounded with wondrous griefe  
 To be depriued of so braue a Chiefe:



Even so the Puttock in his crooked Serris  
The peeping Chicken through the Welkin bears;  
While the poore Dam, below cluck-clucking thick,  
Cryes, but in vain, and calles her rapted Chick.

The Citizens, seeing the approach of Foes,  
Soon in alarm them all to Arm dispose;  
And, with meet Number of their Men of worth,  
And choice Commanders, brauely sally forth;  
Faster then Torrents, gushing from the Hills,  
Run hopping downe into the lower Fields.  
The Foe, retiring to their mightier Bands,  
Leaves captiue *Ammon* in the *Hebrews* hands;  
Whom with a forced foot, though free in thought,  
And Will right willing, to their Town they brought  
Where, round-environ'd with a curious Crowde,  
Lifting to Heav'n his hands and eyes, aloude  
Thus hee began: O Thou great God, the Guide  
Of Heav'n and Earth, and All that is beside;  
VWhose living Spirit (spread in, and over All)  
Gives All things Life, Breath, Growth, Originall,  
I giue thee, Lord, a thousand Thanks deuout,  
That thou hast daign'd, yer death, to take me out  
Of my wilde Stock, to graft me in the Stem  
Of th' happy Tree, deaw'd with thy *Gracious* stream;  
Which (maugre Blasts, and Blastings, rough and rife)  
Of All the Trees, bears onely Fruit of Life.

And, good *Isacians*, for God's sake, I pray  
Mifs-doubt me not, as comming to betray,  
Or vnder-mine by wylie Stratagem,  
Your Strength or State; or wrong *IERUSALEM*.  
No: God doth knowe, I suffer This, for You,  
For witnessing before yon wicked Crew,  
God's mighty Arm for Your Fore-Fathers shown;  
As ready still, to saue and shield his Own.

Feare not therefore Their mighty multitude,  
Whose sight (almost) so many hath subdewd,  
Nor let their Boasts, nor brauing Menaces,  
Kill, quail, or coole, your holy Courages:  
For, should the whole Earth send her Sonnes, in swarms,  
Against you onely, all to carry Arms;  
So that your Trust be fixt in God alone,  
Not in an Arme of Flesh, nor in your Own;  
You shall, no doubt, make ruddy, *Mocmur's* Flood,  
With Idolist *Assyrian* Armies blood:  
You shall, no doubt, of Fearfull, Pierce become,  
Your strong Assailants stoutly ouer-come.  
Th' Almightyes hand, so ready bent to smight,  
Is, but to humble, not destroy you quights

And.

And, but to shew you, that in all Distress,  
Hee, only Hee, can give you quick Redress.

As from a Bramble springs the sweetest Rose;  
As from a Weed the whitest Lilly growes:  
Even so, diuinest Sighes, deuoutest Tears,  
Demurest Life, are Fruits Affliction bears.  
For, heere the Faithfull are much like the Earth,  
Which, of it Selfe (alas!) brings nothing forth  
But Thorns and Thistles, if the Plough she lack,  
With daily wounds to launce her bunchy back.  
But yet the Lord (who alwaies doth relent,  
So soon as Sinners earnestly repent,  
And, in histime, his sharp hand doth retire,  
And cast, at last, his Rods into the Fire)  
Will rid your dangers, and restore you rest,  
Even in an houre, when you can hope it least.

Then, courage, Friends: let's vanquish God with Tears;  
And then Our Arms shall quickly conquer Theirs,  
Their World of Men. And, if as yet in mee  
Rest any Strength; if any Courage bee;  
If mine Experience may in ought auale:  
If with mine Age, all be not old and fraile:  
I vow it all, and All that else is Mine,  
To your Defence, and for the *Law diuine*.

*The end of the second Booke.*

PPPP

BETHV-







## BETHVLIANS

## RES C V E.

## THE THIRD BOOKE.

**L**ame-snorting *Phlegon's* ruddy breath began,  
Reducing Day, to gild the *Indian*;  
When early wakened with their ratling Drums,  
Each *Heathen* Souldier from his Caban comes,  
Takes-up his Arms; and marching in Array,

Towards *Bethulia* tends the ready way.

In May, the Meads are not so py'd with Flowers,  
Of sundry Figures, Colours, Savours, Powers;  
As was this Hoast, with Squadrons, different  
In Language, Maners, Arms, and Ornament:  
So that th' old *Chaos* (wombe of th' *V N I V E R S E*)  
Was never made of Members more diverse.  
Yet, heer-in All agreed, for all their Ods,  
To warre against th' Eternall God of Gods,  
Whose breath, whose beck, makes both the Poles to shake,  
And *Caucasus* and *Libanus* to quake.

Heer, cold *Hyrcania's* bold and braving Seed,  
Mixt with (Their neighbours) both *Armenias* Breed,  
Wave wanton Crests. There, *Parthian* Archers try  
Backward to shoot, the while they forward fly.  
The *Persian*, there, proud of th' Imperiall state,  
With golden scales scalops his Armed plate.  
Heer would the *Mede* show, that for want of Hap,  
Not Heart, He lost His (late) *Imperiall* Cap.  
And that, nor Pomp of his too sumptuous Suits;  
His painted Cheeks, his *Phrygik* Layes and Lutes;  
His crisped Bush, nor his long, borrowed Lock,  
Had ever power his Manly mind to smock:  
*Happy-Arabians*, who their Fern-thatcht Townes  
Tumble in Tumbrels vp and downe the Downes:  
The subtle *Tyrians*, who did first invent,  
Our winged words, in Barks of Trees to print:

The

The men of *Mosab*, and the *Ammonites*,  
The *Idumeans*, and the *Elamites*,  
Learned *Egyptians*: Those that neer confine  
The swelling Coasts of swartest *Abyssine*:  
In briebe; All *ASIA* was immur'd almost  
Within the Trenches of This mighty Hoast;  
Wherein, wel-neer as many Nations clustred,  
Asth' *Hebrews* Army single Souldiers mustred.  
But, of all These, none plagu'd the *Israelites*,  
More, then their owne Apostate *Ephraimites*;  
Who, not to seem of kin to *Israel*,  
Rag'd with more fury, fought more deadly fell.  
As, in the Spring time, while a Poole is still,  
And smooth aloft, the Froggs lye croaking shrill;  
But if the least Stone that a Child can sling  
But stir the water, straight they cease to sing:  
So, while a happy *Peace* *I V D E A* blest,  
The Constancy of These stood with the best  
Among the Saints; and the Lord's sacred Praise  
Was in their mouthes daily and many waies;  
So that they seem'd like burning Lamps to shine  
Amid the Flock, devoutly-moost-divine:  
But, at the Noyse of *Holofernes* Name,  
Their famous Faith nothing but ayre became;  
Their Mouth is stopt, the Zeale they did presume  
So highly hot, is vanisht into Fume.  
Nay, turned *Pagans* (for som Profits sake)  
They, worse then *Pagans*, their poor Brethren rake.

O! what a Number of such *Ephraimites*  
Are now-adayes (Deceitfull Hypocrites!)  
With-in the Church, the while a prosperous winde,  
With gentle Gales, blowes fair and full behinde;  
Which seem with Zeal the Gospel to imbrace,  
While that it yeelds them either Gain, or Grace:  
But, if the Chance change; if it hap to puffle  
But halfe afront; if *She* be fain to luffe;  
Faint-hearted, then forth-with they cast about:  
And, with th' Almighty playing banque-rout,  
With greater Rage his Law they persecute,  
Then yerst with Zeal they did it prosecute;  
And in their Malice growe more fierce and furious,  
Then *Julian* yerst, or *Celsus*, or *Porphyrius*.

Soon as the *Hebrews* from their Turrets spy  
So many Ensignes waving in the Sky;  
And such an Hoast, marching in such Array,  
Begitt a farre their Citie every way:  
They faint for dread: not having where to run,  
Save to the GOD their Grandfathers trusted on.

P p p p 2

O



O Father (cry they) Father of Compassion,  
Whose wings is wont to be our strong Salvation;  
Sith now against vs all the World doth swarm,  
O! Cover vs with thine Almighty arm.

Thus having pray'd, the Carefull Gouvernour  
To Charge his Watches doth him quick bestir;  
And when the Sun in his moist Cabin dives,  
With hundred Fires the Day again revives;  
Watches himsefse amid the Court of Guard;  
Walks oft the Round: and weens, that over-hard  
Phœbe's black Coachman drives his sable Steeds,  
Hebrews neer Ruine hastning more then needs;  
While, opposite, the Pagans think her fast  
With her *Endymion*, in a slumber cast:  
But, Mens frail wishes have (alas!) no force,  
To hold, or hasten, the Heav'ns settled Course.

Soon as the saw *Aurora's* saffron ray  
On their *Horizon* to renew the Day;  
The *Vice-Roy* makes a thousand Trumpets sound,  
T'assemble all his scatter'd Troops aound;  
Which from all parts with speedy pases went  
Environing their Chief-Commanders Tent:  
As round about a Huntsman, in a morn,  
The Hounds do throng when once they hear his horn.

Having, in vain, summon'd the Town; he tries  
A hundred wayes, in (wrathfull) to surprise:  
Heer, th' Enginer begins his *Ram* to reare;  
Heer mounts his *Trepan*, and his *Scorpion* there;  
Bends heer his *Bricol*, there his boyllerous *Bowe*;  
Brings heer his *Fly-Bridge*, there his batt'ring *Crosse*:  
Besides high *Timber-Towers*, on rowling Feet  
Mov'd and remov'd, comorlling every Street.

Heer, Pioners are put the Ditch to fill;  
To levell Mounts, to make a Hole a Hill:  
To play the Moules, to dig a secret way,  
Into the Town their Souldiers to convey.

Heer, others must their Ladders raise the while,  
And quick surprise the Sentinels, by wile:  
Others must vnder-mine; others aspire,  
With matter fitting, every Gate to fire.

But the most part stand ready in Array  
To give Assault, soon as they see their Way  
Made meet and easie by the battering Thunder  
Of all their Engines pashing Walls in sunder.

Tower-tearing *Mars*, *Bellona* thirsting-blood,  
Fill there the faintest with their Furious-mood:  
There fiery Steeds, stamping and neighing loud;  
There *Pagans* fell, braving and raving proud,

With

With hideous noise make th' Heav'nly Vault resound,  
The Earth to eccho; and even Hell astound.

But He that keeps eternall *Sentinell*  
On Heav'ns high Watch-Tower, for His *Israel*  
Pitying his People, alters, in a trice,  
The Tyrants purpose, by a new Advice;  
Causing the Captains of brave *Moabites*,  
Strong *Idaméans*, and stout *Ammonites*,  
Thusto advise: Most noble *Generall*,  
Terror of Kings, redoubted Scourge of All;  
We would not wish (my Lord) in any sort,  
You bring Your brave Bands to assault this Fort:  
For, neither Pike, Dart, Sling, Bowe, Sword, nor Shield,  
So back the Foe, or make them slack to yeeld;  
As these proud Rocks, which, by wise Natures grace,  
Rampire the Rampires of this wretched Place:  
Which yet You scale, vndoubtedly will cost  
Ladders of Bodies; and even Tythe your Hoast.  
The Victor is no Victor, if his Gain  
Pass not his Loss; north' Honor droun the Stain.  
Wife-vaillant Prince, that Fisher, Fool we hold,  
Who for a Gull, ventures a Line of Gold:  
And, ill doth th' Honor of a Crown besem  
Th' inhumane, bloody barbarous, Head of Him  
Who rather would the Death of many Foes,  
Then Life and Safety of one Friend, to chose.  
You may (my Lord) you may, with-out Assault,  
Or Loss of Man, reduce them all to nought,  
If in yon Hillocks you but seize the Springs,  
Whence hollow Lead the *Hebrews* Water brings;  
Who, so by Thirst distressed, and so put to't,  
Will come and cast them haltred at your Foot.

The noble Lion never sets vpon  
Base fearfull Beasts, but on the noblest one:  
*Love's* sulphury Darts He seld or never thrills  
But on Mount *Atlas*, or the *Ryphean* Hills:  
And stormfull *Auster*, ever rather smote  
Clowd-cleaving Turrets then a lowly Cote:  
No more, no more let your drad Arms assail  
So faint a Foe as of himself will quail.

It is not Fear (my Lord) and much-less Pittie;  
(Fear of our Selves, or Favour to the Citie)  
Makes vs oppose vs to Thy Purpose yet:  
For, yer that We Thy happy Standards quit:  
For Thee will We desire th' immortall Gods:  
For Thee Wee'll break their Altars all to Clods:  
For Thee will We march with vnweary soles,  
Beyond the *Artik* and *Antartik* Poles:

Pppp 3

For



For Thee will We with winged Arms go fetch  
 Iovæ's Aigle down; and Neptune's Trident snatch:  
 For Thee, the Sonne shall not his Sire forbear,  
 Nor Sire the Sonne; nor Brother, Brother spare.

The *Generall*, who for Avail revolves,  
 Peizes this Counsaile; and re-peiz'd, resolves:  
 Dispatching speedy a selected Force,  
 To seize the Waters, and divert their Course.

Th' *Hebrews*, Their Drift, and their Owne Danger see  
 In that Attempt: so fallly instantly  
 To stop the Foe from stopping of the Stream  
 Which should deriue Liquor and Life to Them.

Then *Pagans* fighting for ambitious Fame;  
*Jewes*, not to die with vn-revenged Shame;  
 Bravely incounter with so fell Disdain,  
 That now the *Pagan* flies, now fights again;  
 Followes his Flying Foe: and now the *Jew*,  
 Nigh foiled, faints; now doth the Fight renew:  
 So that fair *Victory* seems long to waver,  
 As it were, doubtfull whether side to fauour:  
 Till (at the last) th' *Hebrews*, all over spread  
 With Clouds of Shot, back to their Bulwark fled:  
 Even as a Pilgrim, in the naked Plain  
 Meeting a Storm of mighty Hail or Rain,  
 Runs dropping wet some hollow Rock to finde,  
 Or other Covert built by Nature kinde.  
*Pagans* pursue them, and pel-mel among  
 Enter almost the Citie in the Throng.  
 Then every where did dreadfull Noise arise:  
 From street to street th' amazed *Vulgar* flies;  
 Tearing their haire, beating their brest and face:  
 As if the Foe had euen possesst the Place.

Why flie ye Cowards? Whither? Doe you knowe?  
 What Fortreſſes have you, if you This forgot?  
 Or, in this Citie seek you for a stronger,  
 To gard you better, or preserve you longer?  
 If now (alas!) you dare not beare you stout  
 Against the Foe, while he is yet with-ont;  
 How will you dare resist his violence,  
 Were he once Master of your weak Defence?

The People, chid thus by their prudent Chief,  
 Somewhat re-heart'ned, rescue with relief  
*Cambris* and *Carmis*; who, the while like Towers,  
 Had in the Gate withstood the Assaulting Stowers  
 Of almost all the furious Infidels.  
 For Lance, a long Mast, either strongly welds,  
 For Arms an Anvile; each a massie Targe  
 Of steel about his neck, as long as large:

Adown

Adown their shoulders from their Helms did wave  
 Thick Plumie Clouds of Colours-brightly brave:  
 Both like, in Age, in Courage, Name, and Nature;  
 Both like, in bulk, both like in Strength and Stature.  
 Both, like two Popplars which (on either side  
 Some silver Brook) their tressie Tops do hide  
 Amid the Clouds; and shaken by the winde,  
 Oft kiss each other, like Two Brethren kinde.

The *Heathen*, seeing still fresh Troops descend  
 From every side, the Citie to defend;  
 Leave-off their On-set: and welnigh disbanded,  
 Gladly retreat whither their Heads commanded.

When I consider the extream distress  
 Which thirty Dayes did the *Bethuliens* prels;  
 Song sad enough I hardly can invent,  
 So deadly Plight lively to represent:  
 My hand for horror shakes, and can no more  
 Guide on this page my Pen as heretofore:  
 Yet doo mine Eyes with Tears bedew it so,  
 It well appears a subiect full of Woe.

Thou Spirit which doost all Spirits vivifie;  
 Which didst vnloose the Tongue of *Zacharie*;  
 And, through the World thy sacred Name to preach,  
 Thy Messengers so sundry Tongues didst teach:  
 Direct my wearie Quill, my Courage raise,  
 That I, This Work may finish to Thy Praise.

Though th' *Hebrews* saw their Town, on every part,  
 Not with an Hoast, but with a World begirt,  
 Yet had they Hope the long Siege would no less  
 Consume th' *Assyrians*, then themselves distress:  
 But when the Foe had all the Pipes depriv'd,  
 Whence, Water yest the sacred Town deriv'd,  
 Alas! their Hope and even their heart did shrink,  
 As quite cut-off, and dry'd vp with their Drink.

The Rulers though (yer Bondage, Death to take)  
 Give to the People what themselves did lack:  
 To wit, a hope, Water enough to keep  
 In private Troughs, and publike Cesterns deep;  
 Both Citizens and Souldiers to suffice,  
 So that they would be moderate and wise.

So: th' Officers divide in silver measures,  
 To all, of all sorts, of these liquid Treasures,  
 This welcom Liquor, which might serve (at first)  
 To keep their life a while, not quench their Thirst.

Their Cesterns dry'd, they seek in every sink:  
 Of every Gutter greedily they drink;  
 T' appease their Thirst awhile, not please their taste,  
 With Drink whose stink was oft the Drinkers last.

O



O wretched Men! O wondrous Misery!  
Little, or much; drink, or not drink; they dy.  
Plenty and Lack of Liquor, in extreme  
Though Contraries, concur to murder them:  
With-in whose Bodies warreth Thirst, as fell  
As outwardly th' outrageous Infidell.

Street, Lane, nor Alley had this wofull Citie,  
Where-in the *Sisters*, Enemies to Pitie,  
Invented not some new and vncouth guise  
To murder *Hebrews*; and from firmest eyes  
(In signe of Sorrow) showers to extract  
Of pearly Tears, of bitter brine compact;  
'Mid all Degrees; if rested any-where  
But so much moysture as could make a Teare.

There, an Old man complaineth that a Lad  
Hath new snatcht from him all the Drink he had:  
But Thirst contracts his Throat, his voyce, and vains;  
And ends at once his Life, his Plaint, and Pains:  
A Souldier heer re-swills again (and gladder)  
Th' vsavory Water which had sweld his bladder:  
There th' wofull Mother, on her Couching-Settle;  
Her half-dead Childe reviveth with her Spettle:  
Heer the sad Lover sighes her latest breath  
With the last Sighes of her deer Love, in Death.  
For, cruell *Thirst*, comm from *Cyrenian* Strand  
(Where ay Shee lives amid the burning Sand,  
Perpetuall panting for continuall Drouth,  
Hanging her Tongue a foot without her Mouth,  
Her Face all wrinkled, both her Eyes deep sunk,  
Her Body leane and light, her Bowels shrunk,  
Her Brest transparent, and her Veins repleat  
With Brimstone, all, in steed of Blood's moist Heat)  
Blowes from her rotten Lungs a loathsome breath  
Through all the Town; infusing Fumes of Death  
In th' *Hebrews* Attires; causing every Porch  
Obscurely shine with some Funereall Torch.  
So that the Heav'ns, seeing so many Woes,  
Could hold no longer; but would faine with those  
Sad-weeping *Hebrews* Their sad Tears have meld,  
Save that their Tears the Lord of Hosts with-held.  
And, I my Self, that drown mine Eyes with Theirs,  
Vnable though well to expresse those Tears,  
Will with my Silence vaile their Countenance;  
Following that Painters learned Ignorance,  
Who well conceiving that his live-les Colours  
Could nor to life expresse the deadly Dolours  
Of *Agamemnon* at his Daughters End,  
Cover'd his sad Face with a sable Bend.

Mean

Mean-while, the few that of this Wrack remain,  
Against their sad Chiefs murmur and complain:  
The Lord, say they, in Iustice recompence  
Your wilfull Malice, and Our Innocence:  
The Lord, look down vpon the wretched Teen  
Your wicked Counsaile have heer plung'd vs in:  
For, had you yeelded to the Foes demand,  
Yer hee had entred on the *Holy Land*,  
We, happy we, had never seen our Friends  
So hap-les brought to so vnrimey Ends.  
Alas! What Comfort rests? O wretched City!  
Those that besiege thee round would show thee Pity;  
Thine Owne are Cruell: Foes would faine preserve thee:  
Thy Friends destroy thee: Those would faine reserve thee,  
Would save thy Children; thine owne Children rather  
Run headlong all on willfull Death together.

Lord, well we know, our wicked Deeds have made  
Thee (iust displeas'd) to drawe the keenest Blade  
Of thy fierce-kindled ire, which iustly sheads  
Thy deadliest Darts on our disloyall heads.  
Yer, Thou, which dost not long thy Wrath retain,  
(Against thine Owne) O turn to Vs again:  
Lord, change the purpose of our wilfull Lords,  
Who 'gainst our Bosomes whet the *Pagan* Swords:  
Or grant (at least) with thousand Arrows thrill'd,  
We rather may by *Heathen* hands be kill'd;  
Then longer Languor of this banefull Thirst  
To linger vs in living Death accurst.

Deer Brethren, 'tis our only Duty binde,  
Their Rulers said (not our sinister mindes  
Of vndermining, or of pynning Ours)  
Thus to hold out against these *Heathen* Powers.  
If You have Pain, We have our Portion too;  
We are imbarkt in the same Ship with you:  
On the same Deep we the same Danger run;  
Our Cross is common, and our Loss is one:  
As common shall our comfort be, when GOD  
Shall please to ease vs of th' *Assyrians* Rod:  
As sure he will, if Your Impatiency  
Stop not the Course of his kinde Clemency.

Then, strive not with th' All-Perfect; but depend  
On God alone: Whose Actions all do tend  
To profit His: Who, in his Season, ever  
(Almighty) can and will *Hu Church* deliver.  
Sometimes the Archer lets his Bowe, vnbeut,  
Hang idly by; that, when it is re-bent  
With boysterous Armes, it may the farther cast  
His winged shafts, and fix them far more fast:

So,



So, oft the Lord seems, in his Bosom, long  
To hold his hand; and after (as more strong)  
To hammer Those whose impious Impudence  
Mis-spends the Treasure of his Patience,  
Which (at first sight) gives all Impunity  
(As think the Lewd) to all Iniquity.

But, at the last, his heavy Vengeance paies  
Them home, for all his *Justice* long Delaies:  
As th' *Vlurer*, forbearing of his poor  
And needy Debtors, makes his Debt the more.

What though th' high Thunderer, in his Fury dread,  
Strike not in th' instant this proud *Vice-Roy* dead?  
Can all th' *Amass* of Waters which he pent  
Above and vnder th' ample Firmament,  
Seditious, so shake off his Soverain Power,  
As not to send the thirstie Earth a Shower?  
No, no: though Heav'ns, on every side so cleer,  
Boad nothing less then Rain, or moysture neer:  
They with their Tears shall shortly soak the Plain,  
As on the Day when *Saul* began to raig:  
For, all the Heav'ns, the Stars, and Elements,  
Must execute his high Commandements.

But still the Plebe, with Thirst and Fury prest,  
Thus roaring, raving, 'gainst their Chiefs contest:  
O, holy Nation! shall we, shall We die,  
Their Elderships grave Sights to satisfie?  
O! shall we die to please These foolish-wise,  
Who make themselves rich by our Miseries;  
And with our Bloods would purchase them a Name,  
To live for ever in the Role of Fame?  
No, no: Let's rather break their servile bands  
Which hold vs in: let's take into our hands  
Our Cities Helm; that freeing it from Sack,  
We wisely so may free our Selves from Wrack.

As the Physician, by the Patient Prest,  
Who, on his Bed (vnruely) will not rest;  
Permits sometimes what Art prohibiteth:  
*Oft* so, importun'd, promiserth  
To yeeld the Town, if in five Dayes appear  
No certain Signe of divine Succour neer.

The People then, their woefull past estate,  
Their present pain, and future Fears, forgate:  
Sith though it should not hap as most they thirst;  
At least, they should of Evils scape the worst.

But *Iv dith* (who the while incessant Showres  
From her sad eyes, in signe of Sorrow poures)  
With mournfull voyce now cals vpon the Lord;  
Anon, her sad Soule comforts in his Word:

Prayer.

Prayers were her Stairs, the highest Heav'ns to clime;  
God's Word, a Garden, where (in needfull time)  
Shee found her Simples (in Examples pure)  
The Carefull *Passion* of her Heart to cure.

There, *Iv dith* reading (then not casually,  
But by God's will, which still works certainly)  
Light on the place where the left handed Prince,  
Who, griev'd for *Israels* grievous Languishments  
Vnder the *Heathen*; to deliver them  
Slew *Moabs*'s *Eglon*, by a Stratagem.  
The more she reads, she marks it, and admires  
That Act of *Abud*, and in Zeale desires  
To imitate his valour. But frail flesh  
With thousand Reasons would her purpose dash;  
Proposing, now, the Facts foule odiousnes;  
Then, Fear of Death; then, Dangers numberless,  
Where-to she puts her Honor: and that (though,  
For *Israels* sake, God should the Act allow)  
Behoves a Man's hand, nor a Woman's (there)  
Much fitter for a Spindle than a Speare.

While *Iv dith* thus with *Iv dith* doubts doth wage,  
A sudden Puff turns-over that same Page:  
And, that which followes shoves, how *label yerst*  
Courageously the sleeping temples perçt  
Of that fell *Pagan*, who from th' *Hebrews* flying,  
Accursed found in his Defence his dying:  
To teach all Tyrants in all Times to-come,  
That they may fly, but not out-fly their Doome.

This last Example did so fortifie  
The fearfull Widow, that even by and by  
Shee would with Engine of Revenge endeavour  
So wicked Soule's and Bodie's knot to sever.  
But while apart Shee plots, and plots anew  
Some wylie way her purpose to pursue;  
She hears reported, by a neighbour Dame,  
The Townes Decree, much grieved at the same:  
So: to prevent Mischiefs so neer at hand,  
She sends forth-with for Those of Chiefe Command,  
Whom sharply sweet She thus begins to chide:

Why! How-now, Lordings, shall the Lord be ty'd  
Vnto your Terms? Will you th' Almighty's Arms  
Chain with your Counsaile? limit with your Charms?  
O! vnjudicious Iudges, will you Thus  
Give law to God, who gives it Heav'n and Vs?  
Will you subiect, to Times confined Stayes,  
Th' Author of Times, Months, Moments, Years and Daies?  
Be not deceiv'd; The sacred Power Divine  
No Circumstance can compass or confine:

God



God can do, what he will, will, what he ought:  
 Ought loue his righteous (whom his love hath bought)  
 This (Fathers) This my dead Hopes most reuiues,  
 That, in our Citie not a man suruiues  
 Who lifts his hands (after the *Heathen* fashions)  
 Vnto the dumb, dead Idols of the Nations.  
 All Sins are Sins: but That foule Sin, alone  
 Exceeds all blinde or bold transgression  
 That we have heapt 'gainst sacred Heav'n: for, that  
 Seems to degrade God of his Sovereign State;  
 To give his *Glory* to a Wedge of Gold,  
 Or Block, or Stock, or Stone of curious mold.

Sith then That Sin doth not our Conscience taint,  
 Of God's deer Succour let vs never faint:  
 Let's think (alas!) how now all *Juda's* Eyes,  
 Agast, are cast vpon Our Constancies:  
 Let's think, that All will (over all the Land)  
 By our Example, either stoop or stand:  
 Let's think, that All these Altars, Houses, Goods,  
 Stand (after God) on our couragious-Moods:  
 Let's think, We keep the Gate of *Israel*;  
 And that, so soon opening to th' Infidell  
 (Who hates so deadly all our *Abramides*)  
 Wee shall be held Traytors and Paricides.

We cannot, neither will we now deny  
 But that our Counsaile (Thus the Chiefe reply)  
 Was foolish, and offensive to the Lord:  
 But now (alas!) we cannot break our word.  
 But, if Thou rew our Common miseries;  
 And canst not see our Tears with tear-lesse Eyes;  
 Weep night and day: O! weep and sigh so much,  
 That thy sad Sighs and Tears with ruth may touch  
 Th' Eternall Iudge; whose gentle Eare is ay  
 Open to All that to Him humbly pray.

I shall, said Shee, and (if God say *Amen*)  
 Dis-siege this City, yer we meet again.  
 Sound me no further, but expect th' Event  
 Of Mine (I hope) happy as high Intent:  
 And, soon as Night hath spred her dusky Damp,  
 Let Me go forth into the *Heathen Camp*.

Go on, in God's Name: and where-ere thou art,  
 God guide (say They) thy Foot, thy Hand, thy Hart.

*The end of the third Booke.*

BETHV-



# BETHVLIANS

## RESCUE.

### THE FOURTH BOOKE.

**W**ITH, the while, tills Rivers from her Eyes,  
 Atters her knees, tends toward th' arched Skyes  
 Her harm-lesse hands: then Thus, with voyce devout,  
 Her very Soule to God she poureth out:

Lord! that didst once my Grandfire *Simcon* arm  
 With *Justice* Sword, r'avenge his Sisters harm;  
 Daign Me that Sword, that I may punish (iust)  
 This Tyrant fell, far passing *Sichem's* Lust:  
 Who, not suffis'd with Virgins Ravishment,  
 And Rape of Wives; is execrably bent  
 To root Thy Name out from the Earth around;  
 And raze Thy Temple, leuell with the ground.  
 Presumptuous Prince! whose whole Affiance stands  
 In Hundred-thousand Souldiers He commands,  
 In Hundred-thousand Horse, which (thirsting-fight)  
 With lofty Bounds the lowely Earth do smite:  
 Without Belief, that Thou alone (O Lord)  
 Bind'st Heads or Hands; with either *Crown* or *Cord*:  
 Strengthenest the Feeble, quickly foylst the Strong;  
 And lay'st the Power of proudest Kings along.  
 Grant therefore, grant, good God, his charmed brain  
 The curious tramels of my Tress may chain:  
 Let every look of mine be as a Dart  
 With amorous Breach to wound his willing heart:  
 O! let the little grace of Face and Form  
 Thou hast vouchsaf't mee, calm his furious storm:  
 Let the smoooth cunning of my soothing Lips  
 Surprise the fell Fox in his Suttlehips:  
 But, chiefly, Lord, let my victorious hand  
 Be Scourge and Hammer of this *Heathen* Band:  
 That all this All may knowe, that *Abram's* Race  
 Is ever covered with thy Shield of *Grace*;

Q999

And



And that no Tyrant ever toucht thy *Iury*,  
But felt in fine the Rigor of thy Fury.  
Let not, good Lord, O let not one of These  
Return to taste *Hylane* or *Euphrates*.

Thus *Ivdrin* prayes: and in the steed of stops,  
With thousand Sighes her words She interrupts.  
Then, from her sad sole Chamber, late she packs,  
Adorn'd with *Ophir*-Gold, and *Serean* knacks.

O! silver-browd *Diana*, Queen of Night,  
Dar'st thou appear, while heer below, so bright  
Shines such a sacred Star, whose radiant flame  
Would even at Noon thy Brothers splendor shame:  
Though, as vnknown, to passe vnshewn she ween,  
Her Odors made her smelt, her Jewels seen;  
Musk, Ambergris, and Civet, where she went,  
Left all along on odoriferous Sent:

A Carbuncle shin'd on her Brow so bright,  
That with the Rayes it clarified the Night:  
A silver Tinsel waving in the winde,  
Down from her head hung light and loose behinde:  
Gold bound her golden Tress; her Ivory Neck  
Rubies and Saphirs, counter-chang'd in check:  
At either Eare, a richer Pearle then yerst  
*Egypt's* proud *Princesse* in her Cup disperst:  
Her soft white Bosome (as with Curtains drawn)  
Transparent coverd vnder Cob-web Lawne:  
Her Robe, Sky-colour'd Silk, with curious Caul  
Of golden Twist, benetted over all.

The rest she wore, might haue bescem'd for Tires  
The stately Foundress of th' *Euphratean* Spires.

For, though her Selfe were *Modesty* it selfe;  
T' intice this *Pagan* to the wrackfull Shelve,  
Besides her Owne, sh' had borrowed Ornaments  
Of other Ladies of most Eminence.

*Achior*, watching in the *Court of Guard*,  
Seeing her pass so late, and so prepar'd;  
Enquires of *Carmis* (who then watched too)  
What, Whence, She was, and what she went to doo:  
So brave a Gallant, trickt and trimmed so;  
In such a Time, in such a Place of Wo.

Yer-while, said *Carmis*, in our Citie dwell'd  
*Merari*; a man heer high in Honor held:  
To whom, for Seed, God but this Daughter sent:  
His House's Ioy, This Citie's Ornament.

Gain-greedy Fathers, now adayes turmoyle  
Bodies and Soules, Heap vpon Heap to pile:  
But, have no care with the Mind's Goods to grace  
Th' heires of their Goods (which after melt apace):

Moch

Much like a Man that keepeth in his Chest  
His costly Garment, folded fair and prest,  
But lets his Body, it was made to serue,  
Naked the while, in Wet and Cold to starue.

But, as the Farmer spares no pains, nor cost,  
In husbanding his Land; but carefull most,  
Now rids the stones, anon rips vp the Ridges,  
Heer casts a Ditch, there plants, there plashes hedges;

And never is his hand or tooke there-fro:  
But chiefly careth there good Seed to sowe,  
That when the Summer shall haue ryp't his Plains,

His Crop may pay him for his Cost and Pains:  
Or, as som Damsell, having speciall Care  
Of som fair Flower, which puts-out early-rare

Th' *Incarnat* Bud; weeds, waters every-houre  
The fertill Plot that feeds her *Gilli-flower*;  
That, one-day blown, it may som Sunday-morn  
Her lilly Bosom, or her head adorn:

So wise *Merari* did endeavour fair  
To form the Maners of his tender Heir;  
That, in his Age, he thence again might gather  
Th' Honor and Comfort worthy such a Father.

For soon as ever, stutting yet and weak,  
Her tender Tongue did but begin to speak;  
He taught her not (as many Fathers doo:  
Too-many now) vein words, and wanton too,  
But som good *Prayer*, or God's *Ten-fold Law*;

That, with her Milk, she might even suck the Aw  
Of the Almighty: which not vain appears;  
For that the Damsell brought forth, in few yeers,  
Fruits worthy of such Seed: whence did ensue,

That this her Nuture to a Nature grew.  
So doth a Vessell long retain the Sent  
Of the first Liquor we have settled in't:  
So doth a Bough bend ever (when 'tis big)  
To the same side that it was bent, a Twig:  
So, Bears, Wolves, Lions; and our wildest Game,  
Bred tame with vs, with vs continue tame.

When as twelue times She twelue new Moons had past,  
This vertuous Pattern all Perfection grac't.

For, th' expert Pilot is not more precise  
To shun, in Sayling, all the *Jeopardies*  
Of *Cyane* Streight, of hatefull *Syrtes* Sand,  
*Charibdis* Gulf, and of *Capharean* strand,  
Then was wise *Ivdrin* to avoyd the Dames  
Never so little spotted in their Names:

Knowing that long conversing with the light,  
Corrupts the sobrest; or at least, though right,

Qqqq 2

Right



Right safe th' Honor be sav'd; the Names not so,  
From common Bruit (though often false) we know.  
For, haunting *Good, good* are we holden ay:  
Bad, with the Bad: *Like will to like*, we say.

*Shee*, ever modest, never vs'd to stay  
Abroad till midnight at a Mask or Play:  
Nor trip from Feast to Feast, nor Street-webs span,  
To see, and to be seen of every man.  
But rather, knowing that such fond desire  
To gaze and to be gaz'd-on (*Flax and Fire*)  
Vndid light *Dina*, and such gadding Dames  
A thousand more; their Noble Houses Shames;  
She wisely kept at home, where, Morn and Even,  
Daily she call'd vpon the God of Heav'n.

The rest of every day in dutious course  
She serv'd her Nurfers for a tender Nurse:  
As wont the Storks kinde and officious Brood  
For their old Parents to go gather Food;  
And on som high Firre (far-off having flow'n)  
Bring life to Those from whom they had their owne.

If in the Day, from Houfwifes needfull care,  
She had perhaps an houre or two to spare,  
She spent them reading of the *Sacred Book*,  
Where faithfull Soules for spirituall *Manna* look.  
Sometimes on Cloth sh' embroydered cunningly  
Som Beast, or Bird, or Fish, or Worm, or Fly.  
Sometime she wrought with silver needle fine  
On Canvas-web som *History* divine.

Heer *Lot*, escap't from that drad Flame, from High  
Which burnt his Town, with winged Feet doth fly  
To little *Zoar*: while his Wife (alack!)  
Incredulous, and curious, looking back;  
God in the instant smiting for that Fault,  
Transforms her Bodie to a Bulk of Salt.

Heer, chaste *Susanna* (slandred of dishonor)  
Seems led to Death, People seem prest to stone her:  
But, Truth appearing, soon they seem at-once  
To turn on th' Elders all their storm of stones.

Heer loyall *Joseph* rather leaves behinde  
His cloak then heart with his too-*Lady-kinde*:  
And rather chooseth (by her false disgrace)  
His Irons, then her Arms, him to embrace.

Heer, rash, rough *Jephthe* in vsacred slaughter  
Imbrews his owne Blade in his only Daughter;  
By private and improvident Annoy,  
Troubling the Publique and the generall Ioy.

Wearie of Work, on her sweet Lute she playes,  
And sings withall som holy *Psalm of Praise*;

Not

Not following such as by lascivious Dances,  
Lavish Expences, light and wanton Glances,  
Seek to be sought, courted, and lov'd of most:  
But, as the Fisherman, that bairs the Coast  
With poysony Pastes, may have a greater draught,  
And (though less wholesom) hath more Fishes caught  
Then those that only vse their Hook, or Net:  
So may these Gallants them more Lovers get,  
Then *modest* Maids; But, their immodest flame  
Fires none but Fools, Frantikes, or Voyds of shame.

Vertue alone begins, begets, conceives,  
A perfect Love; which, though it slowe receives  
His Form and Life, nor is so soon as fire:  
So, neither doth it halfe so soon expire.  
Straw kindles quickly, and is quickly past:  
Iron heats but slowly, and it's heat doth last.

Now *IVDIRH*'s fair Renown through *Juda* rings  
In every City; and great Suters brings  
(From All-form *Fashions*, from fair painted Faces,  
From *Powdred Tresses*, from *fore't Apish Graces*,  
From *Prince-fit Pompe*, from *Peacocks* strutting by  
With *Bosoms* naked to the Navel nigh)  
To woo Her Vertue. But, Loves burning Dart  
Could neither harm, nor warm her Ice heart.  
For, as hard Hammers, harder Diamant;  
She harder did resist Loves grace to grant;  
Having resolved, sole and single, rather  
To spend her dayes with her deer-loved Father.  
But at the last, importun'd long, and prest  
By her deer Parents, carefull of her Rest;  
She took *MANASSE*s, one of Noble blood;  
Rich, in the Mind's, Nature's, and Fortune's Good.

Their *Marriage* then was neither stoln, nor packt,  
Nor posted; to prevent som *Pre-contract*,  
To cheat som Heire, some Avarice to choak,  
To cover Others, or their owne *Sin cloak*:  
But duly past, modest, and reverent,  
With Either's Parents knowledge and consent.  
*Dina*'s Disasters to this day do prove  
The sad succesles of prepost'rous Love;  
Of priuy Choyce, close Matches, and vnkend;  
Which seldom bring Lovers to happy end:  
And that our Selves ought not our Selves bestow,  
But Those from whom our Birth and Breeding grow.

This happy Match begun thus holily,  
And holy carried, did so firmly tie  
This chaste young Couple, in so mutuall love,  
That both their bodies seems one soule to moue.

Qqqq 3

Th'one



Th' one never wisht but what the other would:  
Both by one Organ their one-mind vnfold:  
And, as a Hurt on the Right side (we see)  
Reacheth the Left; even so, by sympathie,  
Her Husbands Sorrows did sad IVDITH share,  
And IVDITH's Sorrows her sad Husband bare.

The Husband did not his deer Wife controule,  
As Tyrants rule: but, as the tender Soule  
Commands the Bodie; not the same to grieve,  
But comfort rather, cherish and relieue.  
Him IVDITH lov'd as Brother (or more, rather)  
Fear'd as her Lord, and honour'd as her Father.

Their House, for Order so religious,  
Seem'd more a *Temple* than a private House:  
There, did no Mayd, with *merry-tricks*, intice  
The bashfull Stripling to lascivious vice:  
There, did no drunken Groom sick Healths disgorge,  
Nor against Heav'n blasphemous Oathes re-forge:  
There, no broad leaster, no bold common Lyer,  
No Gamester, Theef, Rogue, Ruffin, Apple-squire,  
Had ever harbor: but all Servants, there,  
To their graue Rulers Rules conformed were.

MANASSEs, knowing what a Flood of Crimes  
Surrounded all, in His enormous Times;  
Especially, what Evils Confluence  
Had even corrupted sacred *Gouernments*  
(So that, for favour, or for Mony (more)  
Fools, Knaves, Boyes, Basest, highest Burthens bore)  
He modestly refus'd all Publike Charge:  
Holding him happy so, free and at large,  
Farre from the Courts of *State* and *Iustice* too,  
Quiet at Home, his Household dues to doo.

Yet notwithstanding, knowing too that none  
Was ever born so for himselfe alone,  
But that the best part of our dayes (though few)  
T' our Countrey, Kinred, and our Friends is due;  
No Magistrate, Hee daily serv'd the State  
More then a hundred that in Office sate.  
For, in His House did sacred *Iustice* live,  
And from his Lips would Shee her Sentence give.

He ever was th' afflicted Poors Protector,  
Widows Supporter, Silly-ones Director,  
Orphans kinde Father: Every Age, Sex, Sort,  
Had from his hand some kinde of kinde Support.

Never vain Thirst of the 'curs't Earth of *Inde*,  
Made Him wound Water, neither woo the Winde:  
Never did *Avarice* his Life endanger,  
With mercenarie Sword to serve the Stranger:

Never

Never did He, to Adverse-Clyents, sell  
A double Breath, blowing to Heav'n and Hell;  
But, strife-less, vsing harmlesse Husbandry,  
Took of his Land both Stock and Vsury  
Of his lent labours. For, sometimes, by Line,  
He plants an Orchard; which he orders fine,  
With equi-distant Trees, in Rowes direct,  
Of Plums, of Pears, and Apples most select:  
Heer-ther, He Crab-stocks sets, then grafts thereon  
Som stranger Slip: inoculates anon:  
Anon with keen Share the kinde Earth he shreds:  
Anon the Vine vnto the Elm he weds:  
Anon he prunes-off the superfluous shoots:  
Anon the Bodie pares, then bares the roots.  
For, neither *Dog-Dayes*, nor *December's Ice*,  
Could keep Him Prisoner in his Chamber, nice.

But, as one-day, his Reapers he beheld,  
Who, swelting, swift the yellow handfuls feld;  
*Sol*, from his head, caus'd a *Catarrh* descend,  
Which shortly after caus'd MANASSEs End.

He that can number, in *November*, all  
The withered Leaves that in the Forrests fall:  
He that can number all the Drops, in Showers,  
Which *Hyades*, *Pleiades*, and moist *Orion* poures  
Vpon the Plains: may tell the Tears She shed,  
For her deer Husband so vntimely dead.  
The Wealth and Treasure he had left her, kinde,  
In steed of easing, more afflicts her Minde:  
Th' vse of his Goods still sets before her eyes  
Their good old Owners sweet and gracefull guise.  
Had Shee had all the Gold was gather'd ever  
On all the shoal Sands of the *Lydian* River,  
Sh' had not been Rich, being bereft of Him,  
Without whom, Wealth doubled her Woes extream:  
And, with whom, glad she would have born the crosses  
Of wretched *Ios's*, sad, sudden, many Losses.

*Phabus* had thrice through all the *Zodiak* past,  
Since His Decease: Yet Time, which all doth waste  
And cures all Cares, could not her Grieffs recover,  
For Loss of Him, her dearest Lord and Lover.

Still therefore, cover'd with a sable Shrowd  
Hath She kept home; as all to Sorrow vow'd:  
For, for the most part, solitarie sad,  
Tears in her eyes, sack on her back she had,  
Grief in her heart: so, on the wither'd Spray  
The Widow-Turtle sighes her mournfull Lay;  
Sole, and exil'd from all Delights, that move;  
Chastly resolv'd t' accept no Second Love.

If



If any time *Iv DITH* went out of Doore  
(As *Dutie* bindes) is was to see some Poore :  
Som woefull Woman in deep Passions royl'd  
For sudden Los of her deer only Childe :  
Some long-Sick bodie, or some needy soule,  
With needfull Comforts of her Bag, or Boule :  
Or else to go (as *GOD* commanded Them)  
To Pray and Offer at *IERVSALEM*.

Thus, deer Companion, have I briefly show'n  
Fair *Iv DITH*'s Story : on whose Worth alone  
All eyes are cast, but cannot tell you out  
Whither she goes ; less, what she goes about.  
But, if we may, from former things infer  
A ghesse of future ; We may hope from Her  
Some Happinels : and sure, methinks, her Cheer,  
So pleasant chang'd, boads some good fortune neer.  
With this Discourse, the wakefull *Hebrew* Knight,  
Walking between, wore-out the weary Night.

*Iv DITH* the while, her Handmaid with her, hies  
Towards the Trenches of the Enemies.  
Yer from the Fort Shee had a furlong gon,  
The *Heathen* Scouts descry'd her, and anon  
Bespake her Thus : O ! more than humane Beauty,  
Whence? What are Your What cause hath higher brought ye  
Into th' *Assyrian* Camp? Alas ! I am  
(Sighing, quoth Shee) a woefull *Hebrew* Dame,  
Who, to escape so many Deaths, or Thrall,  
Come heer to yeeld me to your *Generall*.

Then to the Duke they lead her. Who-so-e're  
Hath seen, in Cities, how they flock, to hear  
Som prating *Mentibank* ; or see som *Monster*  
New brought from *Africk*, or from *Inde* ; may conster  
What press of Souldiers from all parts did throng,  
About his Tent ; and even prest in among  
To see that complear Shee, so comly deem'd ;  
Who, the more look'on, the more lovely seem'd.

Her waved Locks, som dangling loose, som part  
In thousand rings curld-up, with art-les art ;  
With gracefull Shadowes sweetly did set-out  
Her broad high Fore-head, smooth as Ice, about :  
Two slender Bowes of *Ebene*, equall bent  
Over two Stars (bright as the Firmament)  
Two twinkling Sparks, Two sprightfull Jetty Eyes  
(Where subtle *Cupid* in close Ambush lyes,  
To shoot the choyest of his golden Darts  
Into the chariest of the chastest hearts) :  
Twixt these Two Suns, down from this liberall Front,  
Descendingly ascends a pretty Mount ;

Which

Which, by Degrees, doth neer those Lips extend,  
Where *Momus* Lips could nothing discommend :  
Her ruddy, round Cheeks seem'd to be compos'd  
Of *Roses* Lillied, or of *Lillies-Rosed* :  
Her musky Mouth (for shape and size so meet,  
Excelling *Saba's* pretious Breath, for sweet)  
A swelling Welt of *Corall* round behemms,  
Which smiling shoves two Rows of orient Gemms :  
Her Ivory Neck, and Alabaster Brest  
Ravish the *Pagans* more then all the rest :  
Her soft, sleek, slender hands, in Snowe bedipt,  
With purest Pearl-shell had each Finger tipt.  
In brief, so passing Her Perfections were,  
That, if rare *Zeuxis* had but found Her there,  
Or such another ; when from curious Cull  
Of *Croton* Dames so choisely Beautiful,  
By many Beauties (severally met)  
His cunning Pencill drew the Counterfait  
Of Her for Whom *Europe* and *Asia* fought ;  
This only Piece had be sufficient thought.

*Iv DITH* no sooner came within the Tent,  
But both her Cheeks a bashfull Blush besprent,  
Trembling for Fear : untill, inviting neerer,  
The courteous *General's* gentle words re-cheer-her.

Sweet-hart, I am not, I am not so fell  
As false Report hath told fond *Israel* :  
Who Me for Father, I for Children take ;  
I love whom love my Lord their God to make :  
And who doe both, may be assur'd to have  
What ever Good, Mans heart can hope, or crave :  
Which *Israel* well should finde, would they give care  
To that Kings Favour, whose drad Power they feare :  
Then fear not Thou, my Love ; but tell me free  
The happy Cause that hither bringeth thee.

O Prince ! said Shee (with then firm Countenance)  
Supreme, for Fortune, Wisdom, Valiance,  
Of all that ever had Command in Field,  
Or ever manag'd martiall Sword and Shield :  
Although my frail Sex, and weak bodie's state,  
No longer could endure the wretched fate :  
Wants, Labours, Dangers, and the deep Affright  
My fellow Towns-folk suffer day and night :  
Yet is not That the Cause that drives me thence,  
Nor That which drawes me to Your Excellence :  
But, 'tis a never-never-dying Worm  
Which gnawes my Conscience ; a continuall Storm,  
A holy Fear, lest I be forc't to eat  
(Among my People) som vnlawfull meat.

For



For, I foresee (Sir) that our Folk, yer long,  
 With cruell Famine so extreemly wrung,  
 Will be constrain'd to fill, and 'file them too  
 With vnclean Flesh, which God forbids vs doo:  
 And that the Lord (who strikes, with iust Revenge  
 Whom-ever dare his drad iust Lawes infreng)  
 Will then, without Fight, give Thee vp their Place;  
 And one of Thine Thousands of Them shall chase.  
 Therefore (my Lord) God's Wrath and youts to fly,  
 Out of BETHVLIA, to your Camp come I;  
 Beseeching humbly, for your Honors sake,  
 That heer no Rigour, neither Wrong I take.  
 Hee's more than Wit-les that him wilfull throwes  
 (Winking) in Dangers that he well fore-knowes;  
 And when he may live, pain-les, and secure;  
 In Toil-full Fears will his owne Death procure.

Now: please thee grant me, in this Vale (away  
 From noyse and number) nightly to go pray;  
*Hebrews* no sooner shall God's Wrath incense,  
 But I, inspir'd, shall shew thine Excellence:  
 And then shall I thy valiant Legions lead  
 Over all *Juda*; and thy Standards spread  
 Shall swell in *Sion*; where not one shall dare  
 Lift Lance against thee, nor Defence prepare:  
 No, nor a Dog so much as bark at Thine  
 Arms-clashing Army, nor their Armors Shine.  
 Thy Name alone shall tame the stoutest Troup:  
 To Thee the Hills their proudest Tops shall stoup:  
 Rivers, for Thee, their rapid Course shall stay,  
 To yeeld Thine Hoste a new vn-wonted way.

The Prince replies: O, Worlds sole Ornament!  
 Lady, as fair as wise and eloquent;  
 Right-*Welcom are You*: and we wish you ever  
 In all Contentment with vs to perseuer.  
 And, if you prove in Truth and Loyalty,  
 As you are pleasing to mine Eare and Eye;  
 I shall from henceforth worship evermore  
 The mighty God you *Hebrews* do adore:  
 You shall from henceforth only *Lady* be  
 Both of my Sceptre, of my Soule, and Me:  
 Henceforth your Name with high Renown shall ring  
 Where *Heber*, *Ister*, *Nile*, and *Ganges* spring.

With Licence then, soon as the *Moon* with light  
 Of silver Rayes began to cleer the night,  
 The Widow hies to a dark Vale apart;  
 Where first she bathes her hands, and then her heart:  
 Then, from her Eyes a luke-warme Rill she showres:  
 Then, from her Soule this fervent Prayer powres:

Lord

Lord God, no longer now Thine Aidedeny  
 To those that only on Thine Aiderely.  
 Lord rescue Those that ready are to spend  
 Their bloods and goods, Thine Honor to Defend.  
 Lord, let our Infants sad and cease-les Mones,  
 Our wofull Elders deep and dismall Groines,  
 Our Matron's Screeches, Cries of Virgins fair,  
 Our sacred *Leuit's* Day-and-nightly Prayer,  
 Pearce to Thy Throne, to wake thy slumbring Ey.  
 Drad God of *Iustice*, glorious Father: Why  
 Do sulphury Bolts of thy best Thunder light  
 On *Carmel's* Top, and little *Hermop* smite:  
 And let th' Heav'n-threatning Sons of Earth alone;  
 Oa proudest *Ossa*, prouder *Pelion*!

Alas! What said I? Ah! forgive me, Lord,  
 This idle, rash, and vnadvised Word;  
 Which, in frail Passion, my fond Lips did borrow  
 From fervent Zeale of mine vnfaired Sorrow.  
 No: O, Our Lignes sole Pillar dearly dread,  
 I knowe, Thou shortly wilt their Head behead:  
 I knowe, This hand, by Thy right hand led out,  
 Shall at one Blowe, This *Heathen Army* rout.

*The end of the fourth Booke.*

BETHV-







## BETHVLIANS

## RES CUE.

## THE FIFT BOOKE.

**F**Or blood and marrow, in his veins and bones,  
The *Vice-Roy* feeds new Pains, new Passions;  
Which, while he shuns, hee seeks; feels, yet not knows,  
A dead-live Fire, which of Selfe's Cinders grows.  
For, th' *Hebrew Lady's* rapturing Rarities

Being now sole Obiect of his Soule's dim Eyes;  
Sad, peevish pale, soft, drowlie, dream-awake,  
Care of his Hoast he doth no longer take:  
Goes no more out, a-nights, to set his Watches,  
And *Courts* of *Guard* about, on all Approches:  
Comes not to Counsaile, neither gives *The Word*:  
Nor views the *Quarters* of his Camp: nor stir'd.

As Sheep, that miss their wonted Gard and Guide,  
Dispersed stray; now, by some Rivers side,  
Or gurgling Brook; now, vp and down the Downes;  
Now, in the Groves; now, on the Fallow grounds:  
So th' *Ethnik Army*, without Rule or Reine,  
Pursue their Pleasures, violent, or vaine:  
None will obey; None but will now Command;  
Each, as him listeth, dares him now dis-band.

*Hebrews*, Why stay you now mew'd in your Citie?  
Now, now or never, doth the Time besit-ye  
To sally on the Foe; whose rank Disorder  
Among themselves, themselves (in Fight) will murder.

Nay; bouge not though: of such a Victory  
God will the Honor have, and Author be.

Yer that blinde *Cupid* did this Tyrant blinde,  
To take the Town was Day and Night his minde;  
Now, day and night he mindes but how to gain  
A Lady's grace; Who, taken, is not taen  
(Her Soule being temper'd more then Fancy-prooffe):  
Yer-while, th' vndanted mighty *Theban* rough

Could

Could not have fear'd Him, with his massie Mace;  
Now, but a Glance of a weak Woman's Grace  
Dismaies him, daunts him, nay even wounds him deep,  
Past care of Cure; and doth him Captive keep:  
Yer-while *Ambition*, with Drums rattling Din,  
Awakt him early, yer the Day peept-in;  
Now *Love* awakes him; and with His Alarms  
Makes him neglect the *Hebrews* and their Arms:  
Yer-while, he had Princes and Kings at bay;  
Now, of Him Selfe hath neither Power nor Sway.

Alas! alas! Vnhappy Change, said Hee:  
Must I live Captive to my Captive-Shee?  
Is This (alas!) to live: the Body base't;  
The minde as brute; and both their Powers defac't!  
This is not Life: or is worse Life to feel,  
Then sad *Ixion's*, on the brazen Wheel  
Eternall turning: or a life (in brief)  
Most like the Life of that celestiaall Thief,  
Whose ever-never-dying heart and liver  
On *Scythian* Rocks feed a fel Vulture ever.

What boots me, I have subdew'd so many Lands?  
What, to have tam'd with my victorious hands  
All Nations lodg'd betwix: *Hydaspes* large,  
And th' Haven where *Cydus* doth in Sea discharge?  
Sith I am vanquish't, by the feeble Might  
Of Captive *Ivdrin's* Glance. What boots my bright  
Strong steeled Targe? my brazen Burguinet?  
My martiall Gard about my Body set?  
Sith the keen Shot which her quick eye doth dart,  
Through Steel, and Brasse, and Gard, doth wound my hart.  
VWhat boots my Courser swifter then the VVinde,  
Leaving the Swallows in his speed behind?  
Sith, on his back flying, I cannot flie  
The willing Chaines of my Captivitee.  
Change, change then, *Hebrews*, into Smiles your tears;  
Triumph of Me, mine Hoste, Arms, Swords and Spears:  
I am no more the *Duke*, whose Name alone  
Yerwhile with Terror shook you every-one:  
No: I am He whose Courage, late so brave,  
Is now become but Slave vnto my Slave:  
I am not come, to Warr with *Israel*,  
To burne your Cities, or your Selues to quell:  
But to intreat You, to intreat (for Me)  
Your match-les *Ivdrin*, that She milder be.  
But whither, Wit-les, whither am I born  
By Loves fond Fury; wilfully forlorne?  
Have I not Her heer in my Patronage,  
That can the Anguish of my Soule assuage?

Rrr

And



And yet with idle Plaints I pearce the Skyes,  
And thus vn-Manly melt me at mine Eyes.

Vnhappy Me! my wretched Case is such  
As His, who wants most what he hath too-much;  
A Crystill River flowing to his Lip;  
Yet dies for Thirst, and cannot drink a sip:

For, so do I respect her Excellence,  
Her Heav'n-given *Graces*; that, for Reverence,  
Mine eyes dare scarce behold her, and my Tongue,  
In steed of suing, to my roof is clung.

O that my Brest transparent Crystill were,  
That She might see my hearts dire Torment there;  
And there read plainely, what my Loves excess  
(Alas!) permits not my sad voice to express.

Since *Ivdrith* first came to th' *Assyrian* Camp,  
Thrice had the Heav'ns light and put-out their Lamp;  
And now *Aurora*, with a saffron Ray,  
Began, in *Inde*, to kindle the fourth Day:

When as the *Duke*, who Food and Rest forsakes,  
This heavy Moan, to's *Eunike* *BAGOS*, makes:

*BAGOS*, my Sonne, adopted, not by Chance;  
*BAGOS*, whom I, still studying to advance,  
Have made, of Meanest and neglected most,  
First in my heart, and Second in mine Hoste;

*BAGOS*, I burn, I rage, I die  
Of wounds receiv'd from that faire Strangers Eie.

Go, seek her out: go quickly; tell her Thou  
My loving Languor: tell her, that I vow  
To make her equal, nay above the best  
Of greatest *Dames* whom royall Crowns invest:

Especially, insinuate so, that She  
Be pleas'd this night to come and sup with Me.

Wer't not a Folly, nay a Madnes meer,  
In Me, to have the rarest Beauty heer  
This Age hath bred; and yet, too-faint a Foole,  
I should not dare my hearts hot Thirst to coole:

Would not my Soldiers laugh at it apace?  
Nay: would not *Ivdrith* blush at My Disgrace?

*BAGOS*, too-apt, too-vs'd to such a Turn;  
Thus oyles the Fire, which but too-fast did burn:  
My Lord, if Priavte men (whose otious Care  
Scarce passe the Threshold of their owne Door dare;

Whose Mindes, content with their vnhappy Hap,  
For other *Grace* or *Greatnes* never gape)  
Live not content (alas!) vnless some-while

*Venus* warme Comforts their chill Cares beguile:  
How more vnhappy then, are Those that beare  
An *Atlas* Burthen: Those that Rest forbear,

For

For Others Rest: Those that (like *Argus*) wake  
While Others, fear-less, their full Naps doo take:  
If, among all their Gall, their Toil, their Teen,  
Some (*Cupids*) Hony be not mixt between?

Then, Sir, pursue your Love: lose not the Game,  
Which of it self comes to your Net, so tame.  
And, if in like Employments, heertofore  
Y'haue found Me fit and faithfull evermore;  
In This new Trust, you shall by speedy Trial,  
Finde me more secret, diligent, and loyall.

Alas! How many *BAGOS*'s, in our Time  
In Princes Courts, to highest Honors climbe,  
More, for their Cunning in such Embassies,  
Then for Repute of learned, stout, or wise:  
Whilom, great Courts were *Vertue's* *Academy*;  
Now, Schools of *Vice*: now (rather) *Sinks* of *Realms*.

You, who, *Great-minded*, cannot be content  
To be close-Brokers for th' Incontinent:  
Who cannot brew (with too-too-dangerous Skill)  
Both a *Love-Potion*, and a *Cup* to kill:

VVho cannot, noble, your free Natures strain,  
With flattering pencil on your Face to faine  
A Face of *frownes*, or *Smiles*; of *Wrath*, or *Ruth*;  
To please the *Great* (rather with *Tales* then *Truth*):

Come not at Court; if I may counsaile you.  
For, There, in steed of *Grace* and *Honor*, dew  
Vnto your *Vertues*; you shall nothing gain,  
But that which *There* still haunts the *Good*, *Disdain*.

You, *Noble Ladies*, in whose heart is graven  
A filial Feare of th' All-see *GOD* of Heaven:  
You that more prize your *Honor's* pure Report,  
Then *Love* of *Princes*: keep yee from the Court.

But You, who, hauing neither Land nor Money,  
Out-brave the bravest: Who with words of Hony,  
And Friend-like Face, *Dissemblers*, humbly greet  
VVhom your false harts wish in their winding sheet:

Who, lavish, sel your Wives for Offices:  
Who make you Noble, by base Services:  
Who, seruing Time, can set your Faith to sale;  
Shift your *Religion*; saile with every Gale:

Who, Parasites, can put more Faces on  
Then euer *Proteus* in the Seas hath show'n:  
Who, forcing Nature, can your Manners fit  
To my *Lords* Humor; and so humor it;

Like a *Chameleon*, which, heer blew, there black,  
Heer gray, there green, doth with his Obiect take:  
Who can invent new *Toules*, new *Taxes* finde,  
To charge the People, and the Poore to grinde:

Rrrr

Who



Who, fayning to poffeffe your Princes Eare,  
Make Sutors crouch, and court you euery-where;  
And, fubtle *Shifters*, fell them deere your Smoak,  
Blinding the Wretches with a wilie cloake.

You, warbling *Sirens*, whose delicious Charms  
Draw wariest youth into your wrackfull Armes:  
You *Circes*, you whose powerfull Spells tranfmutate  
Your Loues to Stones, Hogs, Dogs, and euery Brute:  
You *Stymphalides*, whose Auarice deuoures  
The richeft Treafure of Youth's freftest Flowers:  
You, you, whose *Painting*, and *Pearl-golden-glifter*,  
Of *Priam's* old Wife, make yong *Cafior's* Sister:  
You *Myrrha's* you *Canaces*, *Semi-ram's*:

And, if there be any more odious *Dames*:  
Come You to Court: come quickly: There, on You  
A hundred Honors fhall be heapt, vn-dew;  
You, there fhall fell *Iuftice*, Preferments, Places:  
Yea, you fhall fell miſ-gouern'd Princes Graces.

But, *Mufe*, it boots not: Hadft Thou thouſand-fold  
The Strength and Stomack of *Alcides* bold,  
Thou couldft not clenſe Theſe *ſin-proud* ſhining Halls,  
Fouler by far then foule *Augeas* Stalls.

Let's back to *Ivdiſh*; who to bring about  
Her hard deſeign, ſurveys her, ſets her out,  
Be-curles her Trefles; makes her Cryſtall cleer  
Her Beauties Iudge, which had in Earth no peer.

Then comes ſhe to the Tent, rich hanged round  
With curious Arras, from the top to ground;  
Where Art-full fingers, for a Web of glory,  
Had wov'n *Medes*, *Persians*, *Syrian* Princes Story.

There *Ninus* firſt, puſht by vain Prides amiſſe,  
Vſurps the  *Eaſt*: heer comes *Simiramis*,  
VWho, fayning Her a Man, th' *Aſſyrians* ſwayes:  
And to the Clowds her *Babylon* doth raiſe.

See, ſee a Prince, with ſoft white fingers fine,  
Effeminate, ſits ſpinning Flaxen Twine:  
And, for a Launce, bearing a Diſtaſſe, ſhowes  
That more to Female then to Male he owes:  
See, how he poats, paints, frizzles, faſhions him;  
Bathes, baſks, anoints, viewes, and re-viewes his Trim

Within his *Glaſs*, which for a *Glaine* he weaves.  
See, how he ſhifts to hide his Shame and Fears:  
From Vardingale to Vardingale, he flies  
His braue Lieutenant, leaſt Hee him ſuprize.  
Yet, ſee, at laſt (to act one Manly thing)  
Hee burns himſelfe, not to out-live a King.

See, heer an Infant ſucking of a Bitch  
Vnder a Hedge, and in a ſhallow Ditch;

Who

Who, grown a Man, heer muſters in his Train  
Both bond and free, the Souldier and the Swain;  
Subdues the  *Eaſt*, and into *Persia* drawes  
The *Medes* proud Sceptre; & he giues them Lawes.

But who's That marches ſo diſ-figured there,  
Before an Army, without Noſe, and Eare?  
'Tis that good Servant, who reduc't, alone,  
Vnder *Darius*, Rebell *Babylon*.

While, with theſe Showes ſad *Ivdiſh* entertaind  
Her Eyes, but not her hart (too-inly-paind)  
In comes the *Duke*: and with right courteous cheere  
Kindely ſalutes her, hands her hand; and neere  
Caufing her ſit in a rich eaſie Chaire,  
Himſelfe, at eaſe, viewes and re-viewes her Faire.  
Then, ſeeing him ſo nigh his wiſhed Pleaſure,  
His hart 's a-fire: not hath he longer leaſure  
To ſtay for *Venus*, till, Star-crowned bright,  
On their *Horizon* Shee bring back the Night.

The VVidow, knowing Time and Place, as yet,  
For God's Decree, and her Deſeign, vnfit;  
Findes ſtill Delayes: and, to delude his Loue,  
Shee (wylie) ſtill Speech vpon Speech doth moue.

My Lord, pray tell me, What ſo great Offence  
So grievouſly your Fury could incenſe;  
What? When? Where? Why? How? and by Whom our Folk  
Could ſo the Wrath of ſuch a Prince provoke,  
So ſeparate, in Language, Land, and Law;  
Who neuer Vs, and Whom we neuer ſaw?

Vnciuil were He (*Sweet*) replies the Prince,  
Could ought deny to ſuch an Excellence.  
Then: as the Heav'ns cannot Two Suns ſuſtaine:  
No more can Earth Two Kings at once contain,  
Of equall Power and State: for, *Souerantie*  
Brooks no Co-partner, no Equality.

Witnes my *Souerain*: who, offended at  
The Power and Pomp of mighty *Arphaxat*,  
Who, high aſpire, and farre to ſpred began,  
And to the Clowds had built his *Echatane*,  
*Ninive's* Shame, and dread of *Babylon*:  
Brauely endeouours to ſupplant His Throne,  
Bereauc his Sceptre, ſack, raze, ruinate,  
His goodly Cities, and himſelfe diſ-State.

But *Arphaxat*, as valorous as ſage  
(And both, right worthy of his Crown and Age)  
Would rather venture *Media's* Royall Rings,  
Then vaile to Anie. So between Two Kings,  
Two ſtout, and ſtirring Spirits (whereof the-one  
Could brook no Peer, th' other, Superior none)

Rrrr3

Began



Began a dreadfull and right deadly War,  
Lasting (alas!) too-long, spreading too-far.

*Arphaxat* arms Those, where the Flower of *Greece*  
Fercht, not the Locks of an old *Golden Pleece*,  
But massie *Ingots*, which doe richly pave  
The happy Plains great *Phasis* Streams belave:  
The *Harmatians*, th' *Albanians*, wont to mowe  
Three times a yeer, where onely once they sowe:  
Whom *Oxus* boundeth with his swelling Tide:  
Whom *Anti-Taurus* double Horns diuide:  
Those on the Mountain, whose high-lowely back  
Bow'd to the Vessell which preferu'd from wrack  
The Worlds Abbridgement: Those along the Shores  
Where proud *Saxartes* rapid Current rores:  
In short, besides his *Medes* he had in Pay,  
All, neere the *Pontike* and the *Caspian* Sea.  
So that, already, This great King-Commander,  
Had Hopes as high as euer *ALEXANDER*.

My Prince, resolv'd to conquer, or to die,  
Omits no point of Oppor-tunitie  
For his Affaires: Hee armeth *Sittacen*,  
Levies the Archers of all *Ostrohen*:  
Those, whose rich Plains hundred for one repay,  
From *Euphrates* and *Tigris* march away:  
Fish-fed *Carmanians* (who with *Seal-skin* lacks,  
In sted of Iron, arme their warlike Backs)  
Gold sanded *Hylan's* native Shores forgo:  
You, *Parthians*, *Cossians* and *Arabians* too,  
By your sage *Magi's* deep prophetike Charmes  
Sacredly counsaill'd, take you all to Armes:  
And Thou, *Chaldea*, turn' st to Swords, and Spears  
And Shields, Thy *Rules*, *Squires*, *Compasses* and *Spears*.  
For, of his Subjects spares he not a man  
That beare a Launce, or Pike, or Crosbow can:  
Wiues, Beldams, Babes, Gray-heads (& Sickly, some)  
Through all his Countries onely kept at home.

He also sends for *Persians* and *Phanicians*,  
For soft *Egyptians*, *Hebrews*, and *Cilicians*,  
Quickly to come, and kindly take his Part:  
But *Newters*, They (more Friends in face, then hart)  
Reiect his earneest Sute, Himselfe neglect:  
And vse his Legats but with small respect.

My Lord dissembles for a while This wrong,  
Till hauing triumpht of a Foe more strong,  
Hee may with more ease, and with danger lesse,  
Their Sacrilege and sirly Pride repress.

In *Ragan's* ample Plain, one Morning, met  
These Royall Armies, of two Kings, as great

As

As euer *Mars* with Steele and Furie arm'd,  
Fury and Pride so Eithers Souldier warm'd,  
That hardly could they stay till Trumpets thrill  
Denounce the Battaile, and giue leaue to kill:  
But with stern Looks, and brauing Threats, afar;  
At hand, with Blowes; they had begun to war;  
Exchanging wounds. Two thousand *Perduz* first  
Giue brauely th' Onset: and not much dispers't,  
From suddain whirle-wind of their nimble Slings,  
So thick a storm of humming Pebbles sings  
So sad a *Dirge* of Deaths, that they suppose,  
That not one Troop, but All, had bin at Blowes.  
To second Those, then, in good ordinance,  
With waving Ensignes, thousand Troops aduance:  
Both Armies ioyned. Now fiercely fall they to't,  
Mede vpon *Chalde*, pressing foot to foot;  
Incourt'ring felly with a furious noise  
Of clashing Arms, and Angry-braving Voice,  
Lowder then *Nile*, rushing from Rocky-Coomb;  
Or then *Encelade*, when he shakes his Toomb.  
Heer lyes one head-lesse: foot-lesse there (alas!)  
Another craules among the gorie Grasse:  
One's shoulder hangs: another hangs his Bowels  
About his neck (but new bound vp in towells):  
This, in the Face, That in the Flank is hurt:  
This, as he dyes, a Flood of Blood doth spurt:  
That, neither liues nor dyes; but fees at once  
Both vpper *Love's* and neather's diuerse Thrones;  
Because, some little spirit (too-stubborn-stout)  
Still, in the Body, will not yet come out.

Yer-while the ground was yellow, green, & blew;  
Now onely couerd with a Crimsin hew:  
While one doth (heer) another deadly thrill,  
Another Him, Another Him doth kill:  
Still Rage increases: still doth Fury spread,  
Till all the Field be but a Heap of Dead.

One-while the *Syrians* by the *Medes* are chas't;  
Anon the *Medes* by *Syrians* are re-chas't:  
As one-while, from the Sea vnto the Shore,  
Surge after Surge, VVaue after Waue doth rore.  
Another-while, from Shore to Sea they ply  
VWaue after Waue, Surge after Surge to fly:  
Or as (we see) the Flowery Ears, in May  
(When *Zephyrus* with gentle Puffs doth play)  
Sway to and fro; forward and backward bend;  
Now stoop a little; and now, stand an end.

Both Kings the-while, whose Force and Fortitude  
Far past their Subjects, so their Blades imbrawd

In



In Bloud and Slaughter, that an open Glade  
Where-e'r they came, in either Camp they made :  
So that, nor Casks, Cuirets, nor Shields could saue  
From mighty Stroaks their massie Weapons gaue :  
Much like two Torrents, which with headlong fall  
From two opposed Hills, downe-bearing all,  
Banks, Bridges, Trees, Corn, Cattell; seeme to vy  
Whether of either shall most damnific.  
Especially, the *Medes* King thundred so  
Vpon our Battailes, that our Braveſt, tho,  
Began to shrink, and with that shameful light,  
Our Hoast diſ-ord' red, fell to shamefull flight :  
The Foe pursues, flayes, slashes ( swift as wind )  
Millions of wounds, and every one behind.

In brieſe, that Day had *Nimue* bin downe,  
Her King vndone ( dead, and depriv'd of Crowne )  
Had not I ( full of Force and Furie ) quick  
Like Lightning, ruſt where deadly Blowes were thick.  
Mails, Murriions, Corſeleers, Iron, Steele and Braſſe,  
Before My Sword were brittle all, as Glaſſe.  
And onely I, My hand alone, which lent  
More deaths then blowes, brought more aſtoniſhment  
Vnto Their Camp, then all Our Camp beſide.  
Their Foot no longer could my Brunt abide :  
Their Horſmen, fainting, in their Saddles ſhake ;  
Arms on their Backs, harts in their Bellies quake.  
Heer, with a down-right Blow, from top to twiſt,  
I cleave in ſunder one that dar'd reſiſt :  
There, I ſo deep dive in Another's minde,  
That neer two handfulls peers my Sword, behinde ;  
So, that the *Medes*, now more then wauering,  
In th' heat of Fight, abandon All their King.  
Who, ſeeing him ſo betray'd, his Treſſes tore,  
Retir'd to *Ragau*, all beſmeard with gore :  
There, over-taen by Ours, He brauely fought ;  
Mid thickeſt Darts a glorious Death he ſought ;  
Heawes, thunders, thrills, and of his Manly blowes  
Not one in vaine, nor one amiſſe beſtowes :  
But, yer He die, with quick, keen, Fauchin ſel,  
He ſends before, thouſand ſtout Soules to Hell :  
So the fierce Tigre, compaſt every where  
With Men and Dogs, to Fury turns his Feare ;  
Fights where he findes the greateſt danger ly ;  
Tears, toſſes, kills ; not, vnreueng'd to die.  
But, at the laſt, the vainly Valiant King,  
Wearie of killing, and of conquering,  
Thrilld with a thouſand Darts, and wounded riſe,  
Ended at once his lofty Rage and Life :

And,

And, falling, ſares as doth a mighty Oake,  
Which, planted high vpon a maſſie Rock,  
A thouſand times hath felt the Winds to beat,  
And thouſand Axes, it a Fall to threat ;  
So that the Root groan'd, and the Valley nigh  
Eccho'd the noyle vnto the ſteepeſt Sky,  
While that the Top ſtill reeling to and fro,  
Now, Theſe, now Thoſe, threatens with overthrow :  
Yet, ſtill it ſtands in ſpight of all their ſpight,  
Till at the laſt, all vnder-mined quight  
With million ſtroaks, it falls ; and with the Fall,  
Bears to the ground, Trees, Rocks, Corn, Cattell, All.

For, *Arphaxat* extinct, extinct with-all  
Was *Median's* glory : and, My Lord of All  
Raz'd *Ecbatane* ; and now grow VVeeds and Graſſe  
VWhere, late, His lofty, rare-rich Palace was :  
Where, late the Lute, and the loud Cornets noiſe  
In curious Conſort warbled ſweet their voice ;  
The voice of Screech-Owles, and Night-Ravens is heard,  
And every fatall and affrighting Bird.

My King-God, weary of Warrs tedious toile,  
In *NINE* the great, for foure months-while  
Made Publique Feaſts : and, when the Feaſt was don,  
Commaunds mee leaue a huge Hoast, anon,  
Of chiefeſt Men ; to goe and chaſtiſe Thoſe  
That had diſdaind him Aide againſt his Foes :  
And that, on All that dar'd His Hefts infringe,  
VVith Fire and Sword his Honor I avenge ;  
And that with ſpeed. But, *Madam*, ſee ( alas ! )  
How farre I am from bringing this too-paſſe :  
For, comming heere, your Nation to ſubdue,  
My Selfe am conquer'd and ſubdu'd by You :  
So that ( alas ! ) Death's draddeſt Tyrannies  
In endleſſe Night will ſoon ſuck vp mine eyes,  
Except the powerfull ſole Preſervative  
Of thy ſweet Kiſſes keepe mee yet alive.  
Nay : good My Lord, ſaid Shee, Tell-on ( I pray )  
Your good Succeſſe and Service, by the VVay.  
Then *Holofernes*, where he leſt, began  
A long Narration how He playd the Man ;  
Halfe Truth, halfe Tales : For, tis great Souldiers guiſe  
To bumbaſt oft their Own Exploits with Lyes  
Mine Hoast all muſtered and together brought,  
T' inflame their harts with martial Heat I ſought :  
Fellowes ( ſaid I ) if euer Your Deſires  
Haue thiſted Fame, to live when Life expires ;  
Go w' now to puniſh that preſumptuous Crew  
Which rudely ( late ) our ſacred Legats ſlew :

Go



Go w<sup>e</sup>, to avenge our drad-deer Sovrain Liege  
 Of that fel Outrage, nay, foule Sacrilege  
 Against the Greatest G<sup>o</sup>d came euer downe  
 From Heav'nly Spheares to sway an Earthly Crown:  
 Arm, arm you, braue Blouds, arm your either hand;  
 This, with a Blade; That, with a Fier-brand,  
 With Fire and Sword to over-run the *Welt*,  
 To lay it waste; to bear away the best:  
 To sink it all vnder a Crimson Flood;  
 Or make (at least) your Horses swim in blood:  
 Go w<sup>e</sup>, take possession of Your Valors due,  
 The whole Worlds Crown, which yeelds it all to you:  
 Take you This Honor; which, in Time-to-come,  
 Shall keep your braue Names from th' obliuious Tomb:  
 Take, take your pleasures of the richest spoils  
 Of richest Cities in a hundred Soiles  
 VWhich you shal sack. So, may you once in Health  
 Come laden home with Honor and with VVealth.  
 I ceast: and soon they second, all, my voice  
 With Caps cast-up, with clapped hands; and noyse  
 Of generall Ioy, to haue Me G<sup>E</sup>N<sup>E</sup>RALL.  
 Some six-score Thousand was Mine Hoast in all,  
 Or som-what-more: with which from *NINIVE*,  
 But three-dayes march I made to *Beethleth*;  
 Thence past I forward by *Hierapolis*,  
 Then by *Amida*, then by *Nisibis*.  
 And thence to *Charan* (at the length) I came,  
 Once happy seat of your great *Abraham*.  
 Then wan I th' Hill, whose oblique Horns divide  
 All *Asi*neer, and limite farre and wide  
 Many large Empires: Where, I sack, I slay,  
 I burn, I raze, what-euer in my way:  
 My Souldiers seem so many Mowers, right,  
 Which in a Mead leaue not a blade vp right;  
 But, by long Swathes of their degraded Grasse,  
 Well shoue the way their sweeping Sythes did passe:  
 This, *Phul*, and *Thar*sis, and all *Lydia* knowes,  
 In whose waste Fields now only Bramble growes.  
 Com'n neer the Straight which serues for Wall and Fort  
 To soft *Phanicians*, and Thiefe *Isians* Port:  
 The *Rosians*, *Soleans*, *Mopsians*, *Tharsians*, *Isia*,  
*Anchials*, *Egians*; briefly, all *Cilicia*,  
 Take-up this Gate, with all their Power; in hope  
 To stay my Passage, and my Course to stop.  
 Should I heer tell the dangerous Enterprises  
 Braue Charges, Rescues, Sallyes, Shocks, Surprises,  
 Which there befell, the day would faile (I feare)  
 Before my Speech: for, the *Cilicians* were

So fortifi'd by fauour of the Place,  
 That little could wee there preuaile, a space:  
 Nay, all mine Hoast, which had so often chas't  
 So many greater Hoasts; now stood agast;  
 Till in despight, and full of desperate rage,  
 In thickest dangers, I my Selve ingage;  
 Where, round assaild, and wounded in all parts,  
 My Shield thick bristled with a Groue of Darts,  
 I neuer shrunk: but so be-stirr'd mee round,  
 That I alone made All their Hoast giue ground.  
 Mine Army then, followes the way amain  
 Mine Arm had made, and paved thick with Slain:  
 Now our most Cowards (late) for Fear, adying;  
 Wound most, kil most, and most pursue them flying.  
*Cydus*, yer while for his pure silver Flood,  
 Cald King of Waters, wallowes now in blood:  
 And rapid *Pyram* (past his wonted Toule)  
 To *Neptune*, Shields, Helms, Horse and Men doth roule.  
 In brief, as heer your *Mocmur* stopt a while  
 By some new Bridge, or some vnusuall Pile;  
 Roars, rises, fumes, fumes, threats, beats, rages, raves,  
 Against his new Bank; and with waighty Waves  
 Waighty and strong, beares down at last the Bay,  
 And for a time, out-lashing every-way,  
 Tears, over-turns, and vndermines, much worse  
 Then when he freely hath his native Course:  
 Even so my Force, having the Force repeld,  
 Which in these Straights the struggling Passage held;  
 Burns, kils, confounds, what meets it most and least.  
 As I a, laid waste: returning to the East,  
 I conquer'd *Cale*, spoyling, pyleless,  
 The fruitfull Verge of famous *Euphrates*:  
*Rapsis* I raz'd and *Agras*, overthrow'n,  
 The Vertue of my mighty Arm hath know'n.  
 Thence, keeping still by the Sea coast, I spoile  
 The *Madianites*: then, marching North-a-while,  
 Towards double *Liban*, I *Damascus* trace,  
 VWith her neer Towns, *Gaan*, *Abyle*, *Hypapas*:  
 Thence came I (curious) to that Hill, from whence  
 The Sun, by Night, is seen; and seen from thence  
 Also to Rise: Thence, towards the Western Realms  
 Continual beaten with *Phanician* Streams.  
 Then, Those of *Gaze*, *Tyre*, *Syden*, *Asealon*,  
*Azetus* *Byblus*, *Joppa*, every-one,  
 Fear'd with my Fame; in greatest humblenes,  
 Dispatch their Legates to My Mightriness.  
 We come not heer with Force and Arms (say They)  
 To bid thee Battail, or to barre thy Way:



But rather, Mightiest Prince, in humblest awe,  
To yeeld vs Thine, to accept Thy Will for Law;  
Of Life, or Death. Thine are our Fields and Forts;  
Thine are our Cities: Thine our Ships, our Ports,  
Our Lands, our Goods, our Cattail, Corn, and Wine;  
Thine are our Children, and our Selues are Thine:  
Only be pleas'd (Sir) to accept vs so,  
And so esteem vs: and right happy tho  
Shall we esteem our Selues, to haue a Lord  
Can wield so well the Sceptre and the Sword,  
The Lance and Balance; and, besides, excels  
Men, equals Gods in euery Vertue else.

Nor did their People, nor their States disproue  
Their Embassies; but by all signes of Loue  
Both Yong and Old, crown'd all with *Flora's* Fauors,  
Of hundred Colours and of hundred Sauors;  
Came Dancing out with *Musiks* cheerfull Moods,  
To offer Me their Bodies and their Goods.

Nor did I then a *Victor's* Right abuse;  
But with all Kindness them as Friends I vse:  
Leaue them their Land: but first, their Forts I mand  
With some of Mine; with some of Theirs, my Band.  
For (*Madame*) still the farther that I go,  
My Camp, in Bands; my Bands in Soldiers growe:  
Euen as *Danubius*, first, beginning small  
Through *Raurak* Plains with shallow course to craule,  
Still swelling more and more, with three-score Riuer,  
To th' *Euxin* Sea his Sea-like Self deliuer.

I hop't, as These, so also *Israel*  
Would yeeld themselues, and not at all compel  
My iust Reuenge to threat Extremities:  
But, when I came heer to *Scythopolis*  
(The *Toomb* of Her whose happy Milk had yerse  
The twice-born *Dennis* in his Cradle nourisht)  
I was aduertis'd of this stubborn Folly;  
Which will, no doubt, vndoo the *Hebrews* wholly.

*The end of the fift Booke.*

BETHV.



# BETHVLIANS

## RESCE.

### THE SIXT BOOKE.

Er that the *Pagan* could his Story end,  
From highest Hills did dusky Night descend:  
And now the Steward full the Table fraights  
With all, most pretious, most delicious Meats;  
As if the *Vice-Roy*, to This *Iouiall* Feast,  
Had bid the Kings both of the *West* and *East*.

O greedy-guts! O Gulphs insatiate!  
A thousand Worlds, with all their delicate  
And various Cates deu's'd by th' *Abderite*,  
Cannot suffice your bound-less Appetite.  
O Belly-gods! for You (at any price)  
To the *Molnques*, must we trudge for Spice;  
To the *Canaries*, for your Sugars fine;  
To (*Ioves-Crete*) *Candy* for your choys't Wine.  
To please your Tastes, your Palats to content,  
Seas sacred Bosome is profanely rent;  
Aire is dispeopled; yea right hardly can  
The only *Phanix* scape the Lawes of Man.

O Poison! worse then Plague to Martiall states,  
Which brauest mindes basely effeminates  
While *Rome*, for Heads, had *Curio's* and *Fabicio's*,  
Whom Roots suffiz'd for dainties most delicious:  
While *Persia* was with Sallets sole content;  
They flourish Both; admir'd and Eminent;  
And Eithers Arms, triumphing euery-where,  
Fill'd all the Earth with Tropheis and with Fear:  
But, since that This, from soft *Affrians* took  
His vast Excesse of Kitchen and of Cook;  
And, since that That fel vnder the Dispose  
Of *Galba's*, *Neros*, and *Pitellios*  
(More glorying to exceed Others Excess  
Then conquer *Pyrrhus* or *Mithridates*)

SM

Both



Both haue bin oft and iustly sackt and spoil'd  
By pettie Nations, whom they oft had foil'd.  
Nature's suffiz'd with Little : Over-fil  
Deadeth the Courage, and the Wits doth dull.

Each being set; anon, full filled-out  
In massie Boules the *Malmsey* walks about :  
One drinks deuoutly in an Estridge Egge;  
One in a Lute, another in a Legge;  
One in a Ship, another in a Shell;  
Another takes a broad deep siluer Bell,  
To ring his Peal : but so his hand doth sway  
And shake, that half he sheds it, by the way.  
But, aboue all, the Prince him so behau'd,  
That, now, the more he drank the more he crau'd :  
Much like the Sea; which, though it take this-while  
Twin-named *Ister*, and Seauen-mouthed *Nile*;  
Neuer increases, nor is full therefore;  
But euer ready for as many more.

Cup calls for Cup; and when the Skinker weens  
T' haue done his Seruice, he afresh begins  
To fill them Liquor : for, till Midnight past,  
Among the Guests this Tippling game did last.  
And then away, with much adoo, they went  
(Feeling, and reeling) Each vnto his Tent;  
By th' amorous Tyrant often vrg'd before,  
Who thought each minute now a yeare and more.

When they were gon, Hee'gan embrace and busse  
The trembling Lady; who besoothes him Thus :  
Nay : leaue (my Lord) such haste what need you make  
To reap the Fruit which from you none can take :  
Get you to bed : and, if you leaue me roome,  
I will not faile you by and by to come,  
So soon as I haue but disburthened  
My Load of Cloathes, and made me fit for Bed.

If furttest Wits, and if the sobrest Brains,  
Haue hardly scaped Womens wylie Trains,  
Maruail nor, Reader, if One, fool'd at-once  
By *Semele's* and *Cytherea's* Sonnes,  
Bethus beguil'd : sith Either of the Two  
Bereauces the Bodie's and the Mindes Force, too.

Then, letting her slide from his arms away,  
He goes about himselfe to dis-aray :  
Now he vnbuttons, now pulls-off his hose;  
But, his heat hinders, and his haste foreflows;  
For (sleep-awake, blinde-seeing) while he plyes  
T' vntrusse his Points, them (fumbling) faster ties :  
Till, ouer come with Rage, and Longing, more,  
He cuts his knots, and off his Cloathes he tore;

And

And then to Bed. Where (as the Crosse-bowe-man,  
Who, for his pleasure, watcheth now and than,  
By some Crosse-path, some Coney, or some Hare;  
At euery Noise, on euery side doth stare  
Where stirs a Leaf; and leuels thither-ward,  
At the least Wren, or the least Worm that stird  
Neer where he stands, still in a Hopefull-Doubt  
Turning his Body and his Bowe about)  
The lustfull Tyrant, if he hear a Moufe  
Neuer so little stir about the house;  
Shivering for Ioy, he thinks his Mistresse there :  
Nay, though he nothing heare, his flatering Eare  
Thinks it hears something, which can nothing be  
But his admired most desired Shee :  
Lifts vp, layes-down, and vp again re-lifts  
His heauie Noule : from side to side he shifts;  
Casting the Distance, counting in his head,  
How many steps will bring her to his Bed,  
The which the-while he fall of Thorns doth think.

But, now the Fume of his abundant Drink,  
Drouzing his Brain, beginneth to deface  
The sweet Remembrance of her lovely Face :  
Alreadie wheels his Bed, alreadie shine  
A thousand Rayes before his slumbring Eyne :  
Alreadie in his Eares (now waxen numme)  
A thousand Drones with buzzing Noise do humme :  
He sees *Chimeras*, *Gorgons*, *Mino-Taures*,  
*Medusas*, *Haggs*, *Alectos*, *Semi-Taures*.

But *IVDITH's* heart still beating thick with-in,  
Felt a fell Combat in it self begin;  
Now, causing Fear her sacred Fervour quash;  
Anon, her Fervour her faint Fear to dash.  
*IVDITH*, said She, Thy *Jacob* to deliuer,  
Now, is the Time; Now to-it. *Do-it neuer*.  
O! Yes. O! No. I will. I will not, I :

Shall I profane kinde Hospitality?  
Nay, rather shall I sanctifi 't the more,  
When by the same I shall the *Saints* restore.

But, *Traitors* euer bear Dishonour, brand.  
Traitors be Those betray; not save, their Land.  
But, *Murderers* Hea'ns righteous Iudge abhors.  
Why? all Man-killers are not Murtherers.

But Hee's a Murderer who his Prince hath slain.  
This is a Tyrant; not My Sovereain.  
But, *GOD* hath now bequeath'd him vs for Lord.  
Hee's not of *GOD* that wars against his Word.  
Why, then, may All their Tyrants kill and rid?  
So *Abel*, *Iabel*, and so *Iehu* did.

S f f f 2

Yes



*Yea, but from Heav'n had They autentik Warrant.*  
 So hath my Soule (approued and apparant.)  
*But, ah! how weake art Thou, this Work to act!*  
 Whom God assisted, neuer strength hath lackt.  
*But, hadst thou done, the Sequel's more to doubt.*  
 GOD brought me in: and GOD will bring me out,  
*What, if He please leaue thee in Heathens hands?*  
 Their Chieftain dead, I fear nor Death, nor Bands.  
*But to their Lust thou shalt be left a Pray.*  
 Neuer my Minde; my Body force they may.  
 Then, in this point thus sacredly confirm'd;  
 With hands heav'd vp, her eies on Heav'n she firm'd;  
 And softly, Thus poures to the Lord her Prayer:  
 O gracious GOD, who with paternal Care  
 Hast euer kept thine *Israel*, strengthen Thou  
 Mine Arm with Thine, that it may nimbly now  
 Cut-off this Tyrant, who thus dares presume,  
 To scale the Heav'ns; Thy Sceptre to assume.  
 And, with thy grace, through thousand storms and more,  
 Hast brought my Bark in sight of wished shore,  
 O let it land: with *Poppie's* sleepest sap  
 This Tyrant's sense benum in end-les Nap;  
 That I may raise this Siege, Thy Thralls release,  
 Return Thee *Praise*; and, to thy *SION*, *Peace*.  
 Her Praier done, the Drunken Prince she heares  
 Snorting aloud. Then faire and soft She neeres  
 His Pallets side, and quickly takes the Sword  
 Which had so oft the groaning Earth begor'd.  
 But, euen about the fatal Blowe to giue;  
 Fear, from her hand did the fel VVeapon reave:  
 Her hart did faint, her strength did fail her quite.  
 O GOD (then said She) strengthen by Thy Might  
 My timorous heart's and trembling hand's Consent.  
 Then on the Duke so stiffe a stroake she lent,  
 As happily, *tri-parted* (at the poule)  
 Th' Head from the Body, Body from the Soule.  
 His Soule to Hell: his Body on the Bed:  
 In *IVDA*'s hand his grim and ghastly Head;  
 Which soon her Handmaid in her Night-bag hid.  
 Then speeding thence, suspect-les, or vnspid;  
 Without Impeach the *Pagan* Hoste they past.  
 For if that any saw them trip so fast,  
 Heav'n-blinde, they thought She went but (as before)  
 Into the Vale, bright *Diane* to adore.  
 Now, when chaste *IVDA* came to th' *Hebrews* Tower,  
 Ope, open (said She): for the God of Power,  
 Th' *Assyrian* Forces hath this Night forlorn,  
 And lifed vp his chosen *Jacob's* Horn.

The

The Town, amaz'd at her Return vn-hop't,  
 Presse to the Port, which instantly they op't,  
 Thronging about her: who a *Tarras* mounts,  
 And her Exploit from point to point recounts.  
 Then, from her Bag, for Proof of what she said,  
 She pulls the-while the dreadfull *Pagans* Head.  
 The Citizens, when in her hand they sawe  
 Th' *Assyrian's* Head's Head, full of humble Awe,  
 Extoll th' Almighty, who so mighty Foe  
 By a weak Woman had subdued so.  
 But, most of all did *Ammons* Prince admire  
 GOD's dreadfull Iudgement: and to scape His ire,  
 Who *Israel* thus, of vanquish't, *re-forciz'd*;  
 His Flesh and Heart he sodain *circumciz'd*.  
 How sweetly, Lord, Thy sacred *Providence*,  
 Mens subtlest Wildome, in their Plots, preuents!  
 For, thine *Elected* vnto Life, to guide  
 Into thy Fold (when most they seem beside)  
 Good out of *Ill* thou draw'st; making their Sin,  
 Means ('gainst their minds) their Goodnes to begin.  
 Lord! foule desire of Murther and of Spoile  
 Brought this (late) *Pagan* to th' *Isacian* Soile;  
 VVhere, meaning (first) Thy Peoples bloud to spill,  
 Now, spend his Owne for their deer sakes he will:  
 Thy mercy so from his maligne Affect,  
 Maugre his minde, brought forth a good Effect.  
 So, neer *Damascus*, mad'st thou, by thy Call,  
 Of Wolf a Shepherd, of a *Saule* a *Paule*;  
 Of Persecutor, an Apostle: (brief)  
 Of Chief of Sinners, among Saints the Chief:  
 So sodainly, that all the Saints about  
 Admir'd his *Doctrine*; Yet, his *Deeds* did doubt.  
 So, the *Saint*-Thief, which suffered with our Saviour,  
 Was led to Life by his Death-dew Behavior:  
 And, when no longer Earth could bear his Sin,  
 Was, in a Moment, made Heav'n's Citizen.  
 (O *fearful-hopeful* *Precedent* of *Grace*!  
*Such as, but One, GOD's holy Books embrace:*  
*One, that None (humbled) should despaire of Pardon:*  
*But One, that None presume in Sin to harden.)*  
 So, turn, good Lord, O turn the hearts of Princes,  
 Whose Rage their realms with Saints deer bloud berinfes:  
 O let the Sword, Thou in their hand hast put,  
 None but Thy Foes, none but Those Tyrants cut,  
 Who curfledly Thee or Thy *CHRIST* blasphem  
 (Vfurping *IVDA* and *IERUSALEM*,  
 And all Thy *Goulden Candlesticks* beside:  
 Threating the *Welt*, too, with their Power and Pride):

Sfff3

Not



Nor Those, who humbly, only, euermore,  
Thee, TRINITY in VNITY, adore.

Then, as the braue *Virago* ordered,  
A Soldier takes th' *Assyrian* Tyrants Head;  
And, for the *Hebrews* more Encouragement,  
Glad sets it vp vpon the Battlement.

There, Parents, Children, Maids, and VVidowes sad,  
Whom *Pagan* Swords but new bereaued had  
Of Children, Parents, Louers, Husbands deer,  
Twixt Grief and Anger, as distracted neer,  
Pull-off his Beard, pull out his hatefull Tongue,  
(Which had blasphem'd Hea'n and Earth so long)  
Spet in his Face, scratch and poach out his Eyes;  
And all, that Hate and Fury can deuise.  
For, lyue Remembrings of their wrongs, them make,  
On his dead Head, this dead Reuenge to take.

*Aurora*, weary of the cold Embrace  
Of her old Spouse, began in *Inde* apace  
To paint her Portal of an *Opal* hew;  
When, of *Bethulians* all the brauest Crew  
Issue in Armes: and such a Noise withall,  
(Such Shouts and Cries) as if, in th' antike Braule,  
All th' Elements, breaking the bands of Order,  
Were by the Eares; and in their old Disorder.

The *Court of Guard* (that night vnusuall strong,  
Towards the Town) hearing such Noise, so long,  
Start from their Sleep; and crying *Arm, arm, arm,*  
Giue sodainly to all their Host *Alarm*.

One, for his owne, his Fellowes Helm puts on:  
One, his right *Vambrace* on lef arm doth don:  
One, on his neck, for Launce, a Libbet takes:  
One speeds him quick: another scarce awakes:  
One mounts his Horse, yet he be curb'd, or girt;  
And, without Spurs: Others, to shew more heart,  
Would make a Stand: some neither wake nor sleep:  
Some, braue in Word; in Deed, as faint as Sheep.

Now, by degrees, this Noise comes to the Eares  
Of *Holophernes* Household Officers:  
So that sad *Bago* hies him in all hast  
Vnto the Tent where th' *Ethnick* slept his last.  
With trembling hand, once, twice, or thrice he knockt:  
But an eternall Sleep the Doors had lockt  
Of his Lord's eares; who had already crost  
The *Stygian Ferry*, not to bere-croft.

Then, hearing still th' *Assyrians* lowder shout,  
He makes the Doore fly open with his Foot;  
And, entring, findes, in gorie Bed, lowe shrunk,  
Nor *Holophernes*, but his Head-les Trunk.

Then

Then did he teare his haire, and rent his Clothes,  
And to the Clowds roars out in yelling Oathes:  
Especially, when I vnto it there he mist,  
Whom now the Murtherers of his Lord he wist.  
Then, ragefull rushing from the bloody Tent,  
This hideous Cry through all the Camp he sent:

Woe, woe to vs! Alas! this cursed Night,  
A curld Captiue hath contounded quight  
Our awefull Army; and vndone vs All,  
By treacherous slaughter of our GENERAL.

This new Affright, redoubled on the first,  
The stoutest hartis doth so dis-hart and burst,  
That all (at-once abandoning their Armes,  
Pikes, Swords, and Shields, Darts, Arrowes, all) by swarms,  
Betake them to their heels; o'r Hill and Dale,  
Flying from one death, on a worse to fall.

Then the Besieged, in great Troops descend,  
And on their backs reuenging Bowes they bend.  
Both run apace; Those fly; These follow fast:  
But those that fly, make lesse good speed then haste.  
For without losse of Man, th' *Hebrews*, at will,  
The flying *Pagans* slaughter, thrash and thrill:

Euen as a Lyon, in *German* Lawnes,  
Bestreawes the soile with fearfull Kids and Fawnes;  
Where, not a beast his Furie dares abide,  
Nor list a home against his awefull pride.

One, from a Rock himselfe doth headlong dash,  
And all to peeces all his parts doth pash:  
Other, forgetting that in deepest depth  
Fate findes vs out, into a Riuer leap th.

But, if by speed, or some good hap, perhaps  
This Mornings first fel Fury any scapes,  
He scapes not though those *Hebrews* outrages,  
Who kept (about) the Straits and Passages:  
So that scarce one of such a Rout could bring,  
To *Ninus*, the Newes vnto the King.

The Battaille (rather, th' Execution) don,  
Out of the Citie stocked euery one  
Whom Sex or Age had hitherto restrain'd;  
To see the drad Reuenge the Lord had rain'd  
So suddainly, and past all Expectation,  
On those fell Foes of His deer *Holy Nation*.

One, full of Wounds, yet gasping calls in vain  
On lazie Death, to end his lingering paine:  
One, grinning gaskly, in his visage grim,  
Showes, dead, the Rage that liuing sweld in him:  
Some mangled heer, some there, some round about:  
And euery Soule a sundry way went out:

Accor-



Accordingly as Valor, Sleight, or Chance,  
Led the dead-doing Sword, or Dart, or Launce.  
In short, This fight so truly tragick was,  
That even the Victors would haue sigh't, alas,  
Had they so vanquisht any Foe but This.

But rising long, among the Carcasses,  
At last the Body of the Duke they found  
(Though head-les, known best, by that only wound).  
Thither they throng; That, euery blade must thrill,  
And euery one that Corps againe would kill:  
A hundred Swords, a hundred Pikes, and Darts,  
Are euery moment goring all his parts;  
And euery Nerue, Vein, Muscle, Ioynt they hack;  
Till room (at last) their Vulgar Rage doth lack.  
For, were his Bulk as big as *Atlas*,  
His Limbes as many as *Encelades*,  
And strong *Briareus*; yet, yet think I, all,  
Their dire Revenge would still, still think too small.  
For, of the *Jewes*, none so base Clown there is  
But would a Gobbet of that Fleish of His.

Giue, Tyrant, giue thy Right hand to *Cilicians*,  
Thy Left to *Medes*: giue one Arme to *Phanicians*,  
Th' other to *Ismael*: and diuide thy Feet  
Between th' *Egyptian* and the *Celicianite*;  
That euery Nation, whom Thine Arms offend't,  
May, by some Part, be partly recompens't.  
Alas! I erre: for, all in Atomies  
Wert Thou diuided, all would not suffice.

But I v d i t h, nor forgetful, nor ingrate,  
Would neither bury, nor Selfe-arrogate  
The facted honor for Assistance given  
In This great Work, by th' All-work hand of Heav'n:  
But, tyming meet her Feet to Timbrells noise,  
This Hymn she sings with glad-sad warbling voice;  
Follow'd by all the Flower of Hebrew Dames  
(Maids, Widowes, Wiues) of Faultlets Forms and Fames.

Laude, laude we, lowd with verse, with voice and strings,  
The GOD of GOD's, the glorious King of Kings:  
Whose Power, alone, pulls Tyrants down, and reareth  
Meek in their Room, who H I M ay, faithfull feareth.

For, who would thinke, one Citie, in one Day,  
So suddainly could such an Hoax dismay,  
Whose high Exploits had all the World astounded,  
And, from the Indes, so Iapheth's Inns resounded?

Lnd!

Lord! who would thinke, that *Holoernes*, late  
Proud Conqueror of many a Potentate,  
Should lose his Life (for all his Selfe-affiance)  
By one weak Woman, not a Troop of Giants?

Who, who would thinke, that H E, who late posses't  
(At least, had power) from farthest East to West,  
From Pole to Pole stretching his arms all-over,  
Should not haue, left, one Inch of Turfe, for Cover?

This stately Prince, so thick attended-on,  
Now dead, (alas!) lyes, alone ground, alone;  
Yet, not alone: for, Those that seru'd him, living;  
Consort him, dead; Prooue of their Duties giving:

Nor yet, alone ground; for, the Ravens become  
His mangled Bodie's better-worthy Toomb,  
Then pretious Marble, Jet, and Iacynth gilded;  
Which, for his Bones Himselfe had proudly builded.

So, so (good Lord) from Hence-forth, let vs finde  
Thee, not our Iudge, but as our Father kinde;  
And so, Hence-forth, the Foes of *SION* rather  
Feele Thee their Iudge, then their propitious Father.

Heere I v d i t h ends: Heere also end will I,  
With thanks to G O D; and to Your Maiestie.  
To G O D, for bringing This my Work about:  
To you, for daigning to haue read it out.

FINIS.







A  
HYMN OF ALMS:  
OR

THE BEGGERS BELL;  
*heard, from beyond*

THE CHARTER-HOUSE,

*Tearing All-in,*

*To*

The Temple

*of*

CHARITIE;

*In an Eccho*

Iterated,

&

Consecrated •

To

*The right-right Reverend*

and

*Double-Honorable Father,*

GEORGE ABBOT,

L. Arch-Bishop of Canterbury,

*&c.*

By IOSEPH SYLVESTER.



TO MY LORD OF CAN-  
terbury His Grace.

**W**it, weak Orphan, weaned too-too-young  
From PALLAS Brest, and too-too-Truant-bred  
(Not, as too-wanton but too-wanting) led  
From Arts to Marts (and Miseries among)  
Had else perhaps (besides du BARTAS) sung  
Some native Strains the grauest might haue read;  
And to your Grace now gratefully tendered  
Some fitter Sound then This rude Bell hath rung:  
Yet; sub it tends to drown th' Heav'n-reaching Cry  
Of Blood heer shed by Luxe and Avarice;  
And to awake the World to CHARITIE  
(Whereof Your Life so linely Patterne is)  
Propitious, pardon mine officious Zeale,  
In This lowd Eccho of a lowder Peale.

YOUR GRACE

most bounden

and

humble Bead-man,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.





AD  
EVNDEM  
PRÆSVLEM PRÆOPTIMVM

EPIGRAMMA

Ex lat. I. O.

1611.

**S**oone, Oxford's Head; Soone, Vinton's Deane Thou wert;  
Soone, Litchfield had thee Her Diocesan:  
Soone, London had thee Hers, by Thy Desert:  
Soone, England ioyes Thee Metropolitan:  
Soone, by the King, call'd to His Counsailes High:  
What shall I wish thee late? but, late to die.

Eiusdem  
Amplissimi  
ANAGRAMMA  
Duplex.

Georgius Abbot.  
Gregis Tuba, bō:  
Subitō gregabo.

AD  
Reuerendissimum  
Dominum  
Episcopum Londinensem,  
EPIGRAMMA;

**T**hee, learned KING, the learnedst King elected  
Great LONDON's Pastor; which Thee glad-expected:  
Others are wont, that hunt for such Reward  
OF Wit and Art, sue in the SEE's Vacation:  
Thee KING, the King, th' Arch-Bishop call'd preferd;  
The Citie, too; Thou haddst thy SEE's Vacation.

Eiusdem  
Præconis discretissimi  
ANAGRAMMA.

Iohannes King.  
Ob, Igni-Cavens!



A HYMN OF ALMS.

**A**LMs (holy Gift, vouchsafed from above)  
Is a sure Pledge and Symbole of that Love,  
Which GOD, just Steward, as a Deaw pours-out  
On Earth, expos'd to empty Air about:  
For, from this Union, from this constant League,  
From time to time Mankind dorth duely beg,  
All that the Sun imparts his powrs vnto,  
Of living Creatures, and vn-living too:  
So that, our Beeing, Begging may wee call;  
Sith, of her Maker, Nature borrows all:  
'Gainst Usurers, and Churles vnthankfulnes,  
Whoto CHRIST's Members shew them Mercy-less.  
Hee that, for GOD, but a good Motion hath,  
Guiding his Minde vp to the Milky Path,  
T'admire there (nameless) what hee cannot knowe  
By th' ey of Reason (where yet shineth though  
The Sun of Righteousnes; as th' vsuall Sun  
Through Crannies shines into a Dungeon:)  
Hee, Hee (I say) that hath but Nature's sense,  
For Faith; for Law, but native Innocence;  
In his simplicity hath alwaies care  
To practise ALMS, ALMS to receive and share:  
So common 't is with sociable Man  
To give and take the mutuall ALMS hee can;  
Yea, in our Cradles, yer our Tongues can crave,  
Wee beg with Cries what wee had need to have.  
The Heav'ns, dispensing sacred Influences,  
Predominant in Birth of Poor and Princes,  
Abundantly (with bountious Over-plus)  
Pour th' Hebrews Manna, many waies, on Vs;  
To reach, that Wee, by sundry Charities,  
Should mildely ease each others Miseries.  
Even as the Opal, in his orient lustre,  
Where various colours of all Stones doo muster,  
Shewes the rare Riches of the Pearly East;  
ALMS is The Glass of wel-bred soules and blest.

Titt

Shewing



Shewing each other *Vertue's* sacred Quality,  
In the Heav'n-allied Man of *Liberality*.

*ALMS* are the Cæment of this round Theater:  
Where, in a differing kinde, Earth, Air and Water,  
Intend the same thing; *liberally to give*  
*Their ALMS* to Rocks, Plants, Creatures all that live,  
Conducing Fire withall, whose Force vnseen  
Gives frankly, too, his helpfull Heat between.

*ALMS*, in our Bodies worketh all in all:  
Th' *Eies* lend it Light; the *Hands*, most *liberal*  
Laborious *ALMNS*, bring home to the Head  
All needfull Store wherewith the Whole is fed:  
The Feet supply it with their meet Support;  
And each, each other, as their Parts comport:  
The *Liver*, Nurse of Naturall Faculties,  
First warms, then feeds, the *Nerves*, *Veins*, *Arteries*;  
Causing the *Stomach* (as His *Alms*) receive  
The Heat which first his vertue doth conceive:  
The spongy *Lungs* with gentle Sighes inspire  
The vitall Air our *Little-Worlds* require:  
Th' *Hearts*, quick and ready, with *Alms*-vowed Vigor,  
Draws to it self (against extreamest Rigor,  
For vtmost Refuge) all our liveliest Heat,  
To succour Nature, when Death seems to threat:  
The *Soule* (solely divine) Life's motion brings  
To all the Members of This *Thing of Things*  
(*ALMS* Heir apparant) to Whom, supream Sage,  
Heav'ns *Almner* gave the Earth for heritage;  
That, having free receiv'd so various Store,  
Hee should bee *frank* to th' Needy, Naked, Poor.

Bee bountious *ALMNS*, said All Bounties Father;  
Y' are not heer *Owners*, but meer *Stewards* rather:  
I have ordain'd you to provide and care  
For th' *Orphan*, Poor, that vnprovided are.  
If, narrow-hearted, You shrink-in your hands  
From th' humble *Begger* that Your *ALMS* demands,  
I'll make Your Goods (like water) leak away;  
Your Lands a Stranger shall inherit ay:  
Your Gold (your god) before you bee aware,  
Som barbarous Souldiers in your fight shall share:  
Your stately houses (stiled by your Names)  
Wars rage shall ruine, or som sudden Flames,  
Which I shall kindle (in my just displeasure)  
Against your Selves, your Seed, your Trust, your Treasure.  
The *Mercy-less*, with *Mee*, shall *Mercy* mis:  
That *Vice* alone all *Vertues* Poison is.

*Abram*, *Lot*, *Ioseph*, *Iob*, were *ALMNS* all  
(To Strangers kinde, to Neighbours *liberally*)

By sacred record, which renowns them more  
For this rare Vertue, then All else of yore;  
As if, with *GO D* (the Author of all Good)  
Their chief perfection in this Function stood,  
Sole *Soule of Vertues*, second *Life* of all  
This various vast Orb, which the World wee call.

Calling to record the Rein-searching *Ey*,  
Heer I protest, that in My Poverty  
(Though these dear Times daign *Me* so scant a Scope,  
That having *Nothing*, I can *Nothing* hope)  
Next my *Home-charge* (where Charity begins)  
My deepest Sighes (save for my *Debt* and *Sinnes*)  
Rise from Compassion and Desire to steed  
Others with Helps which yet my Self I need:  
To succour Others: to bee (like the Sun)  
Extending Light and Heat to Every-one:  
To bee to All, in som sort, necessary  
(For *Vertues* Meed, and not as mercenary):  
Rather to give, then take; to lend, then borrow;  
A Pound to-Night, then but a Crown to-Morrow:  
But, th' Heav'nly Wisdom (best, it Self knowes Why)  
Doth still th' Effect of This *Affect* deny,  
Denying Means and Matter to expresse  
Mine inward Zeal to *ALMS* and Thankfulness;  
Which oft breaks out (without a Trumpet blowne)  
To give (*GO D* knowes) more then I knowe mine Owne  
(The more my Griefe) the less my Thought of Merit,  
Or Thirst of Praise, though heer I thus aver-it;  
By th' humble Proffer of so Poor a Mite,  
Th' abundant Rich to Bounty to incite.

Vain-glorious *ALMNS* are effeminate,  
Affecting Works, but to bee wondred-at;  
Whose Vertue is meer *Faunt* (indeed)  
And heer receives their momentary Meed:  
The *Meritorious* (such as ween them so)  
Indebting *GO D* to Them for what they do;  
In stead of Heav'n, where *Humble Soules* abide,  
Shall purchase Hell, the Portion of their *Pride*.  
O! Thrice, thrice Happy Hee, whose free Desires  
To Charity a holy fervour fires:  
Who onely mindes *GO D's* Glory by his Gift,  
And Neighbour's Good, without sinister Drift:  
*Famine* (familiar vnto Rogues that range)  
Shall not com neer his Garner, nor his Grange:  
His Fields, with Corn, abundant Crop shall cover;  
His Vines with Grapes, his Hedge with Roses over;  
His Downs with Sheep, his Daery-grounds with Neat;  
His Mounts with Kids, his Moors with Oxen great;

T t t t

His



His Groves with Doves (increasing Night and Day);  
 His Hills with Herds, his smiling Meads with Hay;  
 His Fens with Fowl, his Pils and Pools with Fish;  
 His Trees with Fruits, with Plenty every Dish:  
*Content and Health* (the Best of Earthly Bliss)  
 Shall evermore remain with Him and His:  
 Him, *Pride* or *Envy* never shall molest;  
 Or *Covise Care*, Foe to Repast and Rest.  
 For, th' All-see Ey still carefully respects  
 The ALMERE'S House, and ever it protects;  
 Till finally, when *Justice* endeth All,  
 Sweet *Mercie's* Voice Him to Heav'n's Kingdom call.

But, th' *Usurer* (how-euer heer hee thrive  
 In Herds and Hoords) already dead-alive  
 (No Heat of Love, no Heart to give a Mite,  
 Except to *gain* and *gather* double by 'r)  
 Him, in That Day (to Him a Day of Woe)  
 The *Holy-One*, th' All-Knower, will not knowe.  
 Shame and Confusion shall be-spread him over,  
 Wishing the Holes to hide, and Hills to cover:  
 Eternall Fire shall fry his thirsty Veins;  
 Immortall dying in eternall Pains.  
 His Eyes, so nice to look on *Lazars* Sore,  
 Shall swim in sulphury Tears (tortur'd the more,  
 To see above, in *Blisse* and *Glory* rise,  
 Whom, Ruth-less, heer hee would not see, in life);  
 His Ears, heer deaf vnto distressed-ones,  
 Shall there hear Horror of the *Damned Groans*:  
 Nor shall the voice of *Mercy* Him salute,  
 Who, in Effect, to Needy Mones was mute:  
 Millions of *Masses* cannot him redeem,  
 Nor all *Church-Treasure* ever ransom him,  
 From all-thought-passing Pangs of *Wretchednes*;  
 As, End-less, Ease-less, and Remedy-less.

ALMS are so vsuall in the *Eastern* parts,  
 Where Heav'n, and Earth, and Air, improve their Parts,  
 That every Village there, in Winters Need,  
 Is wont the Flocks of *Wildest Fowles* to feed,  
 And break the Ice (of purpose) for their drink,  
 When crystall Crusts have glas'd the Waters brink:  
 A *Charity* of *Infidels* to Fowles;  
 Shaming som *Christians*, towards *Christian* Soules.  
 Rich *Anatolia*, and her happy Coast  
 (Th' abridged Glas of all the World, almost)  
 In her huge Cities (rather Shires wall'd-in)  
 These hundred yeers hath not a *Begger* seen;  
 (God's strict *Edict* they there observe so well,  
 Forbidding *Beggars* in His *ISRAEL*)

Sith

Sith 't is *mispriison* of the Law of Nature,  
 Nay, impious *Pride* against our All *Creator*,  
 To suffer Man (God's Image, and our Owne)  
 Whom we may succour, to bee overthrowne;  
 To starke for Cold, to starve for Food, to perish  
 In *Penury*, when wee have power to cherish;  
 For, in such Cases, where (wee knowe) wee can,  
 There not to *Comfort*, is to *Kill* a Man.

Yet, sole the *Christian* (Each a Wolf to other)  
 Disdains to look on his *Distressed* Brother;  
 And heer, in LONDON [Coaching swiftly by;  
 Or stalking on, with *Self-survaying* Ey;  
 Or strutting out, to view his *Purles* or *Lace*;  
 Or stepping-in, to see som painted Face,  
 Or Fire-new *Fashion* of a *Sleeve* or *Slop*;  
 Or to som *Tavern*, or *Tobacco-Shop*;  
 Or towards *Burn-Bull* (if not *Turnbull*) *Street*;  
 Or to *Black-Friers*, som *White Nunnes* to meet]  
 At *Doors*, on *Dunghils*, under every *Stall*,  
 Lets pined, sick, poor, naked, *Christians* fall,  
 Rame, starve and dy; for lack but of the *Price*  
 Of the least *Cross* of his last *Cast* at *Dice*;  
 Or of the *Tithe* but of his *Shoo-ties* *Cost*;  
 Or of the *Spangles* from his *Garters* lost;  
 Or of his letting the *Canaries* *Jigg*;  
 Or of the puffing of his *Periwig*.

O Times! O Manners! O mad, murderous *Vanity*,  
 In *Either Sex*, of equall *Inhumanity*!

The hideous *Cries* of the *Afflicted*, fright  
 The *suble Horrors* of the *silent Night*;  
 So that *Shee*, pearced with their *pitious Case*,  
 Cloaths them with *Clouds*, and lends them *Ease* a space:  
 The hollow *Rocks*, and hardest *Marble Stones*,  
 Weep when they weep, and eccho with their *Groans*:  
 Their *Shivering Fits*, their *Fears*, their *Feveres* make  
 The *Firmament*, the *fixed Poles*, to shake:  
 Yet heer (alas!) th' abundant *Riotous*  
 Are neuer mov'd: much less the *Couctous*  
 Rich, raking *Wretch*; the needy-greedy *Chuff*.  
 Whose (Hel-like) heart can neuer have enough:  
 Who rather grindes, then gives; and *beggars* many,  
 Ter to a *Begger* hee afford a *Penny*,  
 Or penny-worth of *All his plentious Store*.  
 When *Bags*, and *Banks*, and *Barns*, can hold no more.  
 O Times! O Manners! O mad, murderous *Vanity*,  
 In *Yong* and *Old*, of equall *Inhumanity*!  
 But, pardon, LONDON; I have over-slept:  
 I must recant, lest I bee *stript* and *whipt*.

Tert 3

Christ-



Christ Church, S. Thomas, Bartholmew (My Friend)  
 Bride-well and Bedlam, better Thee commend:  
 Besides a many of peculiar Charges  
 Of Companies; and more of Private Largess:  
 And, above All, that black Swan (SYTTON)'s Nest,  
 (From One, alone almost worth All the rest)  
 That new Zaccheus, who restored free  
 Th' old Charter-house to better CHARITY.  
 Are not These, ALMS: Are not These, Monuments  
 Of pious Zeal, of kinde Beneficence:  
 I grant they are (Give GOD and Men their due):  
 But, reverend Green-Staves, what's All This to You  
 (Unless, as Romists by implicit Creed,  
 You hope for Heav'n, by Right of others Deed;  
 Or swell with glory of your Elders Good:  
 As self-Ignobles boast their Fathers Blood)  
 That These few, dead, heere a few Hundreds cherish;  
 If living, You let many Thousands perish;  
 For want, perhaps, not of your Gift, but Gain;  
 Which some, perhaps, from others Gifts restrain;  
 Which (if time serve) when they can bould no more,  
 They will (perhaps, the tenth-tenth-part) restore  
 When they are dead; to build a Front for Five,  
 Of those five Hundred they have starv'd, alive.  
 O Times! O Manners! O mad, murderous Vanity,  
 In Every Sort, of equall Inhumanity!  
 Ethiops and Turks against Our Rich shall rise,  
 That can behould with vrelenting Eyes  
 Poor, Aged, Sick, Soules gasping out their last;  
 As little mooved, and no more agast  
 Then is the Hunt-man, when a Deer at Bay  
 Doubles, in vain, and windes to get away.  
 During th' old Golden, happy, harmless, Age,  
 When Saturn ruled (without Satan's Rage):  
 When Reason sate as Iudge on every Throne:  
 When Justice shar'd justly to Each his owne:  
 When Innocence was Cities Citadell:  
 When Charity sole swaid the Common-weal:  
 Then had the Heav'ns nothing but ALMS for Ey:  
 Then had the Earth (which now the Heav'ns defie)  
 No other Heav'n then th' onely Mantle fair  
 Of ALMS, bestow'd by Water, Earth and Air,  
 And Fire withall; from whose fell Nature, ALMS  
 Extracts the Fiercenes, and the Fury calms.  
 ALMS was the Word th' All-perfect Artift said,  
 When, out of ALMS, Hee bade, A Heav'n bee made:  
 A fruitfull Earth: A Lightfull, Heatfull Fire:  
 A Sighfull Air (though Soule-less) to respire:

A moistfull Water, waving Changeably:  
 A World (in brieft) full of all Qualities.  
 So that (in fine) of All This All-Theater,  
 ALMS is the Form, ALMS is the primer Matter,  
 So necessary for Our Lively-hood,  
 That, after GOD, it is Man's Soverain-Good.  
 Martha's and Marie's ALMS (in Bounty rise)  
 Restor'd their Brother to a second Life:  
 Shee, who so free the Fire-Coach Prophet fed,  
 Found happy Guerdon; for (her Darling dead)  
 Her Faithfull ALMS, wing'd with his fervent Praier,  
 Re-brought the Breath of her Death-seized Heir.  
 ALMS is the Glew of Friendships permanence:  
 'Tis of all Vertues th' onely Quintessence:  
 Against Heav'ns Anger, 'tis an Anchor sure:  
 Against Earth's Rage, a Rampire to endure:  
 A Rock of Honour, against Slanders Arms:  
 A Shield of Safety, against hurtful Charms.  
 For, on the Man where pious Pity dwells,  
 Malice can nothing with Thessalian Spels,  
 Nor Traitor's Poignard, nor his Powder-Wit:  
 Nor cunning mixture of a Murderous Bit:  
 Nor secret Wiles of cheating Hypocrites:  
 Nor privy Thieves, nor proud Monopolites:  
 Nor ought, nor All, that Mischief can revolve  
 To dare the Heav'ns, or Nature to dissolve.  
 ALMS calms the Windes, and gives them gentle breath:  
 The War of Waves it quickly quieteth:  
 From Shoals and Shelves, from where the Siren sings,  
 The ALMERS Ship it swift and safely brings:  
 When need requires, it Oars and Sails supplies;  
 And, past the Pole, another Pole espies  
 To steer his Course; if, what his heart doth woe  
 Abroad, at home, his loyall hand allow  
 In liberall ALMS vnto the needy sort,  
 At his Return into his wished Port.  
 The Golden Table, that Great Pompey pilld  
 From Salem, serv'd (as sacred Vengeance willd)  
 For Sword to Caesar: GOD so jealous is  
 (Though Nought Hee needs) of what is vowed His.  
 Th' High Threasure of ASIA's impious Rapt  
 Within the Temple was with Horror wrapt:  
 And, burth' High-Priest by praier succoured,  
 The Sacrilegious had there perished.  
 So may they speed, or worse then so, that spoil  
 GOD's living TEMPLES (by or Gripe, or Guile):  
 That from their Pastor, or their PRINCE, detain  
 The Tithe, or Tribute, sacred Lawes ordain:

Thac



That from the *Poor* their *ancient Rights* conceal;  
Or, in their *new*, with Them vnjustly deal:  
That have, by secret *sacriligious Theft*,  
Robd *Church*, or *State*, or holy *Almes* bereft:  
O! may they once, as high as *Haman*, mount;  
And from *Mount Faulcon* give a sad Account  
Of all the Wrongs (as *Conscience* them convinces)  
Don to their *G o d*, their *Country*, *Peers* and *Princes*;  
While *Great-ones*, blinded, or as loth to spy,  
Had oft their Fingers in the *Golden Py*;  
For private *Profit* or peculiar *Pleasure*,  
Neglecting *Poor*, *Publick's* and *Princes Treasure*.  
O *Times*! O *Manners*, Most to bee deplor'd!

O! sudden mend them, or soon end them, Lord.  
For, if poor *France* fall in an *All-Consumption*,  
Her Death's sad *Crisis* will bee *This Presumption*  
Of *Private Lucre*, without *Publike Care*;  
While Each, Self-feruing, winks at Others Share.

*G o d*, for his Mercy, grant My Fears bee vain;  
Or rid mee soon out of the *Carefull Pain*  
I suffer daily, while so few I see  
From *This Corruption's* foul Contagion free:  
Or, would I had been bred in humblest Thatch,  
Born of the loigns of one that Sprats doth catch;  
So poor in Wit, as not of power to knowe  
The impious Trains that Empires overthrowe:  
So, happily, more dull of head and heart,  
Lesse should I feel vn-feeling *France's* Smart;  
Who slaies her Self by Selfs-*Disloyalties*,  
Having no Foe but her Owne *Avarice*,  
With *Pride* her Partner, and *Impunity*,  
Their strong Abbetor: Which *Triumviri*  
Are able, sole, and soon, to ruinate  
And raze the Glory of the greatest State;  
Or bury 't quick i' th' Toomb of careless Princes  
That wink, or shrink, vnder their *Insolences*,  
Robbing them Selves of th' Honour and Renown  
Which Heav'ns entail vnto a happy *Crown*.

But, if I can bee willing not to dy,  
'Tis out of hope, to see the Company  
Of *Sacriligious* roundly go-to-pot,  
Expos'd in publike to som shamefull Lot,  
When our Great *Hercules* (All monsters Dread)  
Shall have cut-off the *Golden Hydra's* head;  
For an eternall *Trophy* of his Glory,  
An Argument of an Immortall Story.  
But, now return wee to our Theam, from whence  
Our *Charity* (through *Zeal's* too-Vehemence)

Seems

Seems to have straid. Yet 'twas meer *Alms* did move  
My grieved Verse These *Guilty* to reprove;  
To turn their hearts to *G o d*, and to their King;  
Their private Heaps for publike Helps to bring,  
Against th' Ambition of som Foxy Foe,  
That by our Selves, our Selves would overthrowe;  
Not by his Arms, but by his *Alms*, to Som:  
For, *golden Lances* oft have overcome.

Dear *Patriots*, that *Spiesfull Alms* disdain,  
Which brings you *Crowns*; but 'tis Our *Crown* to gain:  
With Groves of Honours seems your brows 't imboss;  
But 'tis to grace her Profit and your Loss:  
Which decks the *Church*, and doth the *Masse* adorn;  
But, by the *Masse*, 'tis but to serve her Turn:  
Adores (in shew) both *P a t r i s* Chair and *Keies*;  
But, if they *Ope* and *Shut* not as shee please,  
Her *Charity* and Her *Devotion* dy:  
For, Her *Religion* is but *Policy*;  
Her *Soule*, but *State*; Her *Life*, but *Rules-Desire*;  
Whose Heat hath set all *Europe* on a Fire.

*Nilus* (that serues for Rain to th' *Abyssine*,  
The light-foot *Memphite*, and the *Canopine*)  
Cools with his *A l m s* the *Choler's* fervency  
In Earth and Air, which there the Sun doth fry:  
Waters the Plains, which *Orion* parcheth ay  
With twinkling Sparkles of his heatfull Ray:  
Tempers the torrid *Aethiopian Zone*:  
Seems to have Life, though it indeed have none,  
Save that of *A l m s*; sole Cause efficient  
Of his fat Liquor, *Africk's* Nourishment.

The Heav'ns, as Ielous of so *Bounteous Gifts*,  
Would shut-up *Nile* within *Godonian Clifts*:  
And Nature, envious of this *Africk Prince*  
His lavish Largesse and Magnificence,  
Fronts him with Hills that seem to threat the Stars,  
(As if renewing the old *Tians Wars*)  
That one would think, amid the Mountains thick,  
*Nilus* were bay'd-up, if not buried quick:  
But, by the Power which makes him charitable,  
Hee findes, that *A l m s* to force the Heav'ns are able,  
Hee therefore, rushing, and out-roaring Thunder,  
Surrounds the Rocks that ween to keep him vnder;  
And with his swift Course breaks the *Cataracts*,  
Deafning withall the *Parthians* and the *Baifs*.

*Pactolus*, *Ganges*, and the golden *Tay*,  
Not onely steep their Stronds, ennameld gay  
With various Tinge of thousand Flowrs and more,  
Sowne on the surface of their winding Shore:

But,

See Muses  
Fran. Ral fol.  
482.



But, for a richer *Alms*, they *Gold* bestowe,  
As needfull now, as *Reason* (well wee knowe)  
In *This Gold-Iron Age*, where, who so wants  
All-mighty *Gold*, but *Scorn* and *Scandal* hante.

When *Androde* fled his cruell *Masters Fist*,  
And cause-less *Fury* (but for *Had-I-will*)  
Amid the horror of the Woods hee meets  
More *Alms* and *Mercy*, then in *Romes* proud streets:  
There found hee Man, to Man of brute Immanity;  
Heer findes hee *Brutes* of mildeness and humanity:  
His Lord there paid his Service but with Blowes;  
A *Lion* heer him double gratefull showes:  
Hee to the Beast had showne him serviceable;  
The Beast to Him seems much more charitable.  
For, having long with his Best Preyes maintain'd him,  
And in his Den, as dear Guest, entertain'd him,  
Hee (two yeers after) also saves his Life,  
Expos'd (in sport) to Fight and Fury rise  
Of Man, and Beast, whom (forced) hunger, there,  
Could never force, *The Slave* to touch or tear:  
But th' awfull *Lion* (which such Men may shame)  
Him safely rescues from *Romes* bloody Game.

O noble *Lion*! thou hast brought to pass,  
I almost yeeld to old *Pythagoras*,  
In his Opinion of *Metempsychosis*,  
*Trans-animatio* (so the Word compofes)  
Of *Soules* decess, to Bodies good or bad,  
As heer, Delight in *Good* or *Ill* they had.  
And durst I freely in his *Doctrine* wander,  
I should suppose Thee second *Alexander*;  
And that, a Beast, his *Habits* still are one  
As when a Man and *King* of *Macedon*.

But, leaving *Forrests*, *Floods*, *Fields*, *Earth* and *Air*,  
Whose *Almes* already have appeared fair;  
Shall wee yet mount among the *Wandering Seaven*,  
And see how constant They to *Alms* are given?  
There shall wee finde Man's monstrous Self-resisting,  
Being made of *Alms*, all by meer *Alms* subsisting.  
Beasts, Birds and Plants, Roots, Reptiles, Daies and Nights,  
Have second Being from These Heav'nly Lights;  
From Whom our Selves, flat *Beggars*, borrow'd have  
The Best that makes our Worser part so brave:  
The Sea's their Subject, and th' All-bearing Earth  
Without their *Alms* can bring vs nothing forth.

*Saturn* is kinde to Merchants, Mariners,  
Storm-wonted Fishers, stooping Labourers,  
Carefull House-holders, curious *Architects*;  
And every one that Gain with Pain respects.

Milde

Milde *Jupiter* (more bountious) *Beauty* gives,  
Sweet gracefull Port, fresh Health (that happy lives)  
A L M N E R of *Vertues*, storing Man with *Graces*  
Most Angel-like, and meet for highest Places:  
*Kings*, *Counsellors*, *Lords*, *Princes*, *Magistrates*,  
Hold, after *God*, of Him their High estates.

*Mars*, surest Patrone of *Sarmatians* stout,  
Of part of *Africke*, and the *Southern* Rout;  
Nigh daily gives them millions of Delights,  
And makes them naked make a thousand Fights.  
All *Arts*, wherein are Fire or Iron requir'd,  
Of his sole *Alms* are to our Life acquir'd.

*Sol*'s Soule of *Alms*; who, richly *Liberall*,  
Gives him to All, yet cannot give him All:  
Great *Season*-Bounder, artificiall Dresser  
Of Yeers and Daies, the even and onely Sessor  
Of Times rich *Alms*, which by his Heat hee varies;  
After the Innes wherein hee Monthly varies:

His Bounty most is bent vnto *Musicians*,  
*Bards*, *Poets*, *Leaches*, *Herbarists*, *Physicians*.  
*Venus*, each Morning, with a gentle Ray  
Vibers the Sun, and summons vs away  
From lazy Beds (our Bodies living Graves)  
When Day begins to issue from the Waves.  
Her *Alms* goes chiefly to the preservation  
Of Nature's Powers, and Parts of Generation:  
Smooth smiles shee gives; sweet, cheerfull, charming *Ein*:  
*Love* is Her Gift; a Gift indeed divine.

Quick *Mercury*, great *Atlas*'s Daughter's Son,  
Wit's Treasurer, Well of *Invention*,  
Hee gives vs *Arts*, *Knowledge*, and *Eloquence*,  
Which steals vs off from *Reason* and from *Sense*:  
A bountious A L M N E R of *Astronomy*,  
Rare (for the most) vnto Man's feeble Ey;  
Who, yet, vnseen feels (almost every hour)  
Hundred Effects of its admired power;  
A Power which cannot bee sufficient showne  
By Verse or Voice (vnless by *Hermes* owne)  
For All that at this Day makes hunger fly  
(*Gold*, *Silver*, *Brass*) is drawn from *Mercury*.

*Cynthia*, ador'd with hundred Fumes and Flames;  
Honour'd (abroad) by more then hundred Names;  
Shee gives vs *Humors*, more or less abounding,  
As in her Course her Fall or Full is rounding:  
Shee fashions Time; which Shee again defaces  
With constant Turns of her inconstant Faces:  
Shee swaies the *Floods*, and shewes (by Evidence)  
Her Self sole Law of liquid Elements:

Shee



Shew forms, by Night, the fresh and fruitfull Dew,  
Which every morning *Flora's* Buds doth streaw;  
Whose Purl'd Pearls are ever bigger found  
And more, the more *Lucina* waxeth round.

In brief, All, given to *ALMES* and *Liberality*,  
They All teach Man the same supernall Quality  
Towards the Needy that doth nought possess,  
And from his Cradle brought but wretchednes,  
But *Sin* and *Death*; had not Heav'n's *ALMES* been shed  
In bloody Bath, to *White* This Monster's Red;  
A Monster, made of Earth, for Earth still burning,  
Although to Earth hee see him hourly turning.

Yea, proudest Kings have had no other Birth  
Then poorest Beggars: Both begin of Earth:  
Both like in Cries, in Perils, and in Pain:  
Both alike *Guilty* in their *Grand-Sires* Stain:  
Both, as in Birth, so in their Death, alike:  
Both Kings and Beggars one same Dart doth strike:  
Both pass together, in one self same Boat,  
From th' arched *Palace* and the thatched *Cote*.  
So that, in Life what-ever Ods there bee;  
In Birth is None: None in their Death, wee see.

Onely, the *Good* (of what Degree soever)  
Are free from *Death*; and, though they dy, dy never;  
Save to the Grief of *Vertuous* Soules (their Friends)  
Whom, to survive the *Good*, it heer offends:  
I mean, in Body, which a Death they should,  
Or Toomb, or Prison, that doth Them with-hould  
From th' *Happy Har'n*; and makes them less inclin'd  
To seek their *God*, and his strait *Waies* to finde.

The *Good* are they, who not alone not wring;  
Who not alone not wrong, in any thing;  
Who not alone not hurt; but (from their heart)  
Doo Good to Others; and their *Own* impart  
In liberall *Almes* vnto the *Poor's* Relief,  
After their power; as grieved with their Grief.

Such shall not die, but to live ever Blessed:  
Such shall not live, but to die heer possessed  
Of *Grace*, and *Glory* with th' *ETERNAL* *God*,  
Author of *Almes*; and ever-scourging Rod  
Of Such Gold-heaped, Iron-hearted Wretches  
As to the *Poor* impart no part of *Riches*;  
Nor lend, Nor Lodge, nor clothe, nor free, nor feed  
Distressed *CHURCH*, in His deer *Saints*, that need.

Such shall not live, but to dye double martyr'd:  
Such shall not dye, but to live ever tortur'd  
In Hell and Horror, without End, or Ease.

Now, *Worldlings*, chuse You which you will of These.  
fine fine fines.



# MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

*Written in Tablets, or Quatrains,*

By *PIERRE MATHIEU*.

The Second Centurie.

*Translated, and Dedicated*

To the Right Honourable, *HENRY*  
*WRIOTHESLEY*, Earle of *South-hampton*, &c.



Hall's be said (I shame, it should be thought)  
When After-Ages shall record Thy Worth;  
My sacred Muse hath left *SOUTH-HAMPTON* forth  
Of Her Record; to Whom so Much shee ought?  
Sith from Thy Town (where My *Saravia* taught)  
Her slender *Pinions* had their tender Birth;  
And all, the little all she hath of worth,  
Vnder Heav'n's Blessing, only Thence shee brought.  
For lack, therefore, of fitter Argument;  
And lother Now, is longer to delay;  
Heer while the Part of *PHILIP*'s Page I play)  
I consecrate This little Monument  
Of gratefull Homage, to Thy noble Bounry;  
And Thankfull love to (My deer Nurse) Thy County.

Humbly devoted

*IOSEPH SILVESTER*

Vuuu

MEMO-





# MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

**E**t whoso list, think *Death* a dreadfull thing,  
And hold *The Graue* in horror and in hate:  
I think them, I, most worth the *wel-cōmīng*;  
Where, end our Woes; our Ioyes initiate.

Man, *Death* abhors, repines, and murmurs at-her,  
Blind in that Law which made her *good*, for Him:  
Both *Birth* and *Death* the daughters are of *Nature*;  
In Whom is nought imperfect, strange, or grim.

*Death*'s vgliness is but imagined;  
Vnder foule Vizard a faire Face Shee weares:  
Her vizard off, there is no more to dread;  
We laugh at Children whom a Vizard feares.

*Death*, in strange Postures daily is disguised,  
With Darts and Sythes in hand, Beers on her back:  
As *Angels* are with wings and locks devised;  
So, Her a Body of bare Bones they make.

Who fears this *Death*, is more then deadly sick;  
In midst of Life he seems even dead for dread;  
*Death* in his brest he bears, as buried Quick:  
For, feare of *Death* is worse then *Death* indeed.

Each fears this *Death*: and with an equall Dread,  
The *Young* as from a hideous Monster hie-them.  
Th' *Old*, at her sight shrink down into their Bed;  
All shun her aye, the more Shee draweth nigh-them.

# OF MORTALITY.

What *Good*, or *Bad*, boads *Life* or *Death*, to giue;  
To be so fond of That, and This so flying:  
Thou would'st not *die*, yet know'st not how to *live*;  
Not knowing, *Life* to be a *living-dying*.

One lonēs *this Life*, Another loathes it wholly:  
Som look for Ease, Promotion som, som Profit:  
To lonē it, for the Pleasures heer, is Folly;  
Weakness, to hate it, for the Troubles of-it.

The Storm at Sea vnder a *Calm* is bred:  
Within Good-hap, Ill-hap hath life included;  
Begun in Tears, in Toils continued;  
And, without Dolour cannot be concluded.

*Life*, like a Taper, with the weakest Blasts  
Is waved, wasted, melted, puffed out:  
In som, somtimes, even to the Snuff it lasts;  
In others hardly to the halfe holds-out.

Fruit on the Trees first blooms, then buds, then growes,  
Then ripes, then rots: Such *Our* condition iust;  
Begot, born, bred, live, die; so roundly goes  
Times Wheel, to whirl our Bodies back to Dust.

This *Life*'s a Tree, whose goodly *Fruits* are Men;  
One fals, Himselfe; Another's beaten down:  
It's stript at last of *Leaves* and *Apples* then,  
By *Time*'s same hand which had them first bestown.

This *Life*'s a Table, where, in earnest-iest  
Foure *Gamsters* play: *Time*, eldest, vantage takes,  
And biddeth Pass: *Loue* fondly sets his Rest:  
Man needs will see it; but, *Death* sweeps the stakes.

This *Life* (indeed) is but a *Comedie*,  
Where This, the *Kaiser* playes; and That, the *Clowne*:  
But, *Death* still ends it in a *Tragēdie*,  
Without distinction of the Lord from Lowne.

This *Life*'s a *Warre*, civill, and forraign too;  
Within, without, Man hath his *Enemies*:  
To keep the *Fort*, *Death* doth the *Towne* vndoo;  
To save the Soule, the Body Shee destroys.

The World's a Sea, the *Galley* is this *Life*,  
The *Master*, *Time*; the *Pole*, *Hope* promisech;  
Fortune the *Winde*; the stormy *Tempest*, *Strife*;  
And Man the *Rowe-Slave*, to the Port of *Death*.



17

The World (me thinks) is like our Parliaments,  
Where Right too oft is over-born by Wrong;  
Where Quirks and Quidits are of Consequence;  
Where lastly nought *Death's* Sentence can prolong.

18

The World is much of a faire *Mistress's* mood,  
Which, wily, makes more Fooles then Favourits;  
Hugs These, hates Those; yet will of all be woo'd:  
But never keeps the Promise that she plights.

19

Life's smoothest gloss is like the *Sphæra of Glass*  
*Archimedes* framed, and fill'd with Stars;  
As fraile as faire: for, the least storm (alas!)  
That raps it, snaps it; and the Pleasure mars.

20

Th' Honor thou thirstest (as one Dropsie-sick)  
Weening to quaff it, often stops thy winde:  
'T's a swelling Bladder; which when *Death* shall prick  
(Thou wilt confess) thou but a puff didst finde.

21

And that *Ambition*, which affords thee Wings  
To seek new Seas beyond Our Ocean's Arms,  
For Mounts of Gold and Pearle, and precious things;  
Shall not preserve thy Carcass from the Worms.

22

That *Pleasure* too, which stops thy *Reason's* cares,  
Besets thy Soule, intoxicates thy Sense;  
And sad *Repentance* still behinde it bears;  
For moment Ioyes, leaves Sorrowes Monuments;

23

*Pleasure* which tires thee, but contents thee never,  
Thy Body wearing more than wearying:  
Like *Damocles* Sive-like Tub, a-filling ever,  
But never full for all their bucketing.

24

*Beauty* which makes the proudest Kings to crouch,  
Which serves the Soule as Letters in her favour;  
To see, delightfull; Dangerous, to touch;  
From *Death's* drad Fury, may not, cannot save her.

25

But, *Beauty*, *Grace-less*, is a Saile-less Bark,  
A green-less Spring, a goodly light-less Room,  
A Sun-less Day, a Star-less Night and Dark;  
And yet this *Grace* cannot escape the Toomb.

26

When Bodie's *Beauty* with Soule's *Beauty* dwells,  
There's a Perfection passing all the rest:  
Without This, *Beauty* seems a Blemish else:  
Without That, *Virtue* seems not seemly drest.

That

27

That *Beauty*, which the Aire, Age, Ague quails;  
Which busies so our Eyes, Tongues, hands and hearts;  
At fifteen, buds; at twenty, flowers; and failes,  
Or fells, at thirty, and to Dust reverts.

28

Gold, the Worlds God, the Sun of *Plutoe's* Sons;  
Whom Fire and Sword incessant serve so fell;  
Gold, *Virtue's* Friend, and Vices Fort at-once,  
Serves oft for Bridge to pass in post to Hell.

29

Man's *Knowledge* heer, is but meer Ignorance:  
We see the wisest foulely stumble oft:  
Learning is puffed with Doubtfull Arrogance:  
And *Truth* is lost while it is too-much sought.

30

With *Mysteries* the *Idiot* meddles most;  
Peeps into Heav'n, into Kings Counsels pries:  
In Pulpit *Phormio* doth darraim an Host:  
Ther'sues prates of Arms and Policies.

31

Th' *Assyrian's* Empire is now seen no more;  
The *Medes* and *Persians* did the *Greeks* intombe:  
Great *Alexander's* Kingdom kinged Foure:  
Whose Crownes, in line, stoopt to the State of *Rome*.

32

Where are Those *Monarchs*, mighty Conquerors,  
Whose brows ere-while the whole Worlds Laurell drest,  
When Sea and Land could show no Land but Theirs?  
Now, of it All, only *Seven Hills* do rest.

33

Where are Those Cities (great and goodly States)  
Of *Ninive*, with thrice five hundred Towers?  
Great *Babylon*? *Thebes*, with a hundred Gates?  
*Carthage* (*Rome's* Rivall) *Didoe's* dearest Bowers?

34

All These huge Buildings, These proud Piles (alas!)  
Which seem'd to threaten, Heav'n it selfe to scale;  
Have now given place to Forrests, Groves, and Grass;  
And Time hath chang'd their Names and Place withall.

35

Nay, wilt thou see, how far Great Kings are foild?  
See how sometime in Gold they swallow Poyson:  
See *Ptolomeus* Cross't, *Boleslas* boild,  
*Baiazeth* in a Cage, *Richard* in Prison.

36

See, see a Prince, neer *Cairo* slayed quick:  
See *Sipores* by his proud Victor trod:  
See Monk-like shav'n our Cloistred *Childerick*:  
See *Denis* beare, for Sceptre, Pedant's Rod.

Vnuu 3

See



37  
See *Gordian* there in his owne Girdle hung;  
See *Phocas* bones broken with furious Bats;  
See *Diomedes* to his owne Horses flung;  
To Wolves *Licaon*, *Popiel* to Rats.

38  
See, see proud *Salmon* sudden Thunder-slaine:  
See *Theodorick* with horrid Terror thrild:  
See *Longuemare* hangd in a golden Chain;  
See a fierce Courser dragging *Brunechild*.

39  
See *Attalus*, having for Court, a Forge:  
See *Phalaris* burnt in *Perillus* Bull:  
See *Memprice* left the greedy Wolves to gorge:  
*Cambyfes* Sword sheath'd in Him-selfe too full.

40  
Who but will feare amid the Frights of *France*;  
Seeing how *Death* Two *Henries* reft of Life?  
The Sire, in *Paris*, with a splinterd Lance;  
The Son, before it with a poysoned Knife.

41  
That *Queen*, whose Court was in a Castle coopt,  
(A *Prisoner*, heer; above, a *Princess*, hop't.)  
Whose royall Throne to a *Trapick Scaffold* stoopt,  
Her Head she felt with whiffing steel off-chopt.

42  
That *King*, who could within his Kingdoms drad,  
See *Sol* still shine, when hence he vaniseth;  
Who past Our Seas, another Empire had,  
For All he had, had but a *lousie* Death.

43  
Who more his Garden of *Salona* priz'd  
Than *Rome's* great Empire and the Worlds Command,  
Knew well the *Cares* from *Crowns* insepariz'd;  
And *Scepters* sad Waight in the strongest hand.

44  
Towards our End insensible we slip:  
For, speaking, sporting, laughing, snoring deep,  
*Death* still drawes on-wards: as at Sea the Ship  
Sails to her Hav'n-ward, though the Master sleep.

45  
*Death* Each-where kills: in hunting, *Carloman*;  
In's Cave, *Caligula*; *Aristobulus*,  
In Bath; by th' Altar, *Philip*; *Italian*,  
In Camp; in Councell, conquering *Julius*.

46  
*Death* seeks th' *Assyrian*; and from *Nero* flies:  
One in a Shallow drownes, who Seas did scape:  
An *Emperour* in eating *Mushrooms* dies:  
A *Holy-Father* in a *Harlots* lap.

No

47  
No hand but serves *Death's* turn: *Edric* by's Mother;  
*Alboin* by's Wife; *Aristo* by his Friends;  
By's owne Son, *Baiazeth*; *Conrad*, by's Brother;  
*Mustapha*, by his Sire; Self, *Cato* ends.

48  
*Death* diversly makes him familiar heer:  
*Henry* the Black, a bit of Bread could fine;  
A King of *Goth's* died, in a Tub of Beer;  
*Thalis*, of Thirst; of Hunger, *Antonine*.

49  
*Death*, every-where, in every thing distils  
Her fell Despite; Fire, Aier, Earth, Ocean:  
*Drusus*, a Peare; a Fig *Terpander* kills;  
A Fly (in drinking) choaketh *Adrian*.

50  
As soon, a *Soverain*, as a *Shepherd's* gon:  
Men *Dying* heer have but one equall Quality:  
By *Birth* and *Death* is Their Condition one;  
Their Stay, and State, between, make th' Inequality.

51  
There's no *Death* Sudden to the godly *Wife*;  
His heart goes out to meet all haps before:  
When he embarks, he casts Wracks *Jeopardies*;  
And when Winde serves not, He will rowe no more.

52  
Not knowing then, When, Where, thy *Death* will snatch;  
At Sea, or Land; Young, Old; Morn, Noon, or Night;  
Look for it ever, every-where keep watch.  
For, what we look-for, little can affright.

53  
If Infants oft no sooner breathe then die;  
If Good-men little-last, and Wicked long:  
Be not too-curious in that Secret's *Why*?  
Th' are stroaks of that hand which strook never wrong.

54  
Why Good men goe, and Why th' Vngodly stay,  
Dispute it not; God hath permitted so.  
Those die, to live: These live to die for aye:  
These, live at ease; Those in a World of Wo.

55  
If from thy Dayes thou but thy Nights subtract;  
Thy Sleep's, thy Care's, thy Mawe's, thy *Muse's* waste,  
What thy Wife weareth, What thy Friends exact,  
Thy Griefs, thy Sutes: How thort a Life thou halt!

56  
The Head-ach, Tooth-ach, Gout, or Fever rise,  
Or Ulcer in the Leg, Stone, in the Reines,  
By lingring Drops strains out the tedious Life;  
Yet art thou loth that *Death* should rid thy Paines.

Thy



57  
Thy Term expir'd, Thou put'st off Payment yet,  
And weenst to win much by som Months delay.  
Sith pay thou must, wer't not as good be quit;  
For, *Death* will be no gentler any Day.

58  
Th' affaires of *Parting* poast not to to-Morn.  
For, on *Delay*, *Repentance* waits with Woe:  
The Winde and Tide will in a Moment turn:  
All houres are good for Those resolv'd to goe.

59  
Grudging to die in flower of thine age,  
Thou griev'st to be too-soon discharg'd from Prison:  
Repin'st, too-soon t' have don thy Pilgrimage,  
Loth to have in thy Harvest in due Season.

60  
Make of thy Deeds, not of thy Dayes, account:  
Think not how far, but think how fair thou passest:  
See to what Summe thy *Vertues* will amount;  
For, Life and Gold are chose by waight, the mass' st.

61  
Life's valued by th' effect, not by the age;  
The labour, not the lasting, praise it most:  
Long hath he liv'd that liveth to be sage;  
Good life (too-often) in long life is lost.

62  
Long *Acts* commend not most a *Comedie*,  
'Tis still esteemed as the *Part* are plaid:  
So, in our Lives, no *Teers* considered be;  
But, worthy *Actions* by the Wise are waigh'd.

63  
Who grieves because he liv'd not heer, yer born,  
A hundred yeers; is double worthy laughter:  
But, trebble He who at his *Death* doth mourn;  
Sure not to live a hundred yeers heer-after.

64  
Man's not more *Happy* for long living heere.  
Number of Dayes doe not more *Blisses* bring:  
More *Compass* makes not a more complete *Sphear*.  
As round's a little, as a larger Ring.

65  
And, if that *Death* wait on thee, and protract;  
With *furie*, shee'll make thee pay it double:  
Thy Ioyes in Dream, thy Dolors still in act,  
To make long Life a long Repenting Trouble.

66  
If Hee that heer thee in his Vineyard hir'd,  
Pay thee at *Noon* thy Wages, full as much  
As Those that there all the whole Day have tir'd;  
Why murmurst thou? why dost thou grieve and grutch?

He

67  
He casts his Work well, well his Work-men kens;  
Thy Slackness, Slowness, Weakness to hold out:  
Therefore, yer weary, he thy Way-fare ends;  
Left, staying longer, thou marre all, 'tis doubt.

68  
He gives our Task, and he again will take it;  
Who Him, vnwilling; Him, vnworthy serves:  
Before he call, 'tis folly to forsake it;  
And who-so leaves it, to be left deserves.

69  
Or first, or last, on All this Stamp is set;  
Early or late, into This Port must Wee:  
Who gave the Charge, ordained the Retrait;  
One self-same Law did Life and Death decree.

70  
The more the Body dures, Soule more indures;  
Never too-soon can Shee from thence exile:  
Pure, in the same; there living, Shee impures;  
And suffers there a thousand Woes the while.

71  
The Soule is for't within the Flesh to dwell;  
In danger there she lives, and sleeps in fear:  
To hatch her Bird, she needs must break her Shell,  
And think It never can too-soon appear.

72  
Soule blames the Body, Body blames the Soule;  
But, *Death* surprising, ends their Quarrell prest:  
Down goes the Body, in the Dust to roule;  
The faithfull Soule, vp to th' eternall Rest.

73  
*Death* frees the Soule from Bodies wilfull Errors;  
From the Soules Vices, Shee the Bodie saves:  
The Soule's Annoyes, are to the Body Terrors;  
The Bodies Torments, to the Soule are Graves.

74  
This Body is not Man: His Stuff's more fine;  
His Beauty, with Heav'n's Beauty hath Affinitie:  
The Body dead, That ever-lives, divine;  
As even a Beam from the supream *Divinitie*.

75  
If then the Soule, so long Heer languishing  
Within the Bodie, doe not gladly part;  
She hath forgotten her owne Source or Spring,  
And that Shee must, from whence she came, revert.

76  
But, more then *Death*, *Death's* Pain appalleth thee;  
That's but a Stream which swiftly vanisheth:  
There's, as no Pain, in that Extremitie:  
For, th' Body, down, doth nothing feele in death.

77 Then



77  
Then quit those Fears that in thy Phantisie stick :  
For, violent Evils have no permanence :  
If that Death's Pain be keen, 'tis also quick ;  
And by the Quickness takes away the Sense.

78  
To leave thy Babes behinde, thy heart it gripes ;  
In Whose, Thou shalt revieve, from lap to lap :  
Happy who hath them ; for they are our Types :  
And oft Who hath None, 's happy by mishap.

79  
To leave thy Wife thou wail'st, well worth excusing ;  
'T's a necessary Ill, Good stranger-like ;  
Which, clearest Eyes (Selfe-wise) too-oft mischusing,  
In little Flesh finde many Bones to pick.

80  
Th' art loth to leave the *Cour's* Delights, Devices,  
Where None lives long vnbrav'd, or vnabhorred :  
Where Treason's Prudence ; where the *Vertues Vices* :  
Where som no Eyes, and where som have no Forehead.

81  
The Mariner, that runs from Rock to Rock,  
From Wrack to Wrack, dwelling in dangers rife,  
Wave's Bal, Wind's Thral, and Tempest's Shuttlecock,  
Would not exchange His for the Courtiers Life.

82  
The Court beguiles thee, as black-Angel-Bands,  
In giving Leaves for Fruits to *Circes* Sisters :  
Their brightest Torches are but funerall Brands :  
And, in the Court, *All is not Gold that glisters.*

83  
Thou would'st in Death *revenge* thy wronged Worth,  
Make known thy Love, haue shown thy brave Ambition :  
Why fram'st thou not thy *Death* vnto thy *Birth*,  
Which brought thee naked forth, and voyd of Passion ?

84  
Fain would'st thou see thy *Learning's* fruit (perhaps)  
Ripe, yer Thou rot ; that 's but a vain Desire :  
*Art* now-adayes may starve, while *Ignorance*  
Hath Shades for Summer ; and for Winter, Fire.

85  
All day thou trudgest thorough thick and thin,  
For that dull Bulk which doth thee daily brave :  
*Phinice* wreaths Ropes, which aye his Ais winds-in :  
The Soule that serves the Body, is a Slave.

86  
As many steps in Death as Life we tread :  
Esteem, for Deaths, all Daies since thou had'st breath :  
*To come's* not Thine ; *Present*, is instant Aed :  
And *Time*, in time, is over-comn by *Death.*

When

87  
When Man's imbarck on th' *Vniuersall* Deck,  
He neither swiften can his Course, nor slack it :  
Tide, Winde, and Weather, are not at his Beck ;  
And, To put back, hath many often wracked.

88  
Som, sometimes grieve for one that gladly dies :  
*Socrates* ioyes, sith wrong he *suffereth* :  
*Xantippa* melts in Tears ; He laughs, Shee cries :  
Diversly iudging of these Darts of *Death.*

89  
To run vnto this *Death*, is *Desperate* rage :  
Wife *Patience* only waits it every-where :  
Who scorns it, shoves a *Resolution* sage :  
For, Cowards flie it, and the Idiots feare.

90  
When the last Sand of our last Glas goes out,  
Without re coyling, we must step our last :  
As, without grudge or noise, dislodge the Stout ;  
And when they must goe, stay not to be cha'g'd.

91  
The *Pilgrim* longs to have his Journey don ;  
The Mariner would fain be off the Seas :  
The Work-man ioyes to end his Work begun ;  
And yet Man mournes to finish his Disease.

92  
For a short time Thy Sun is over-cast :  
But, Thou shalt once re-see 't more bright than ever :  
And, that same Day, which heer thou think'st thy last,  
Is a New-birth Day, to be ended never.

93  
What Wrong doth *Death*, I pree-thee Worldling say,  
When, losing (vnder hope of happier matches)  
Curting thy Life, he takes thy Card away ;  
And when, to save thy Life, thy Light he snatches ?

94  
Fear'st thou, Faint-heart, that narrow Plank to pass  
Which God Himselfe hath gon ; which all Men must ?  
That, like a Childe, held by the sleeve (alas !)  
With Eye still glancing on the brim thou go'st ?

95  
Beyond it, thou shalt see those pleasant Plains,  
Whose boundless Beauty all Discourse transcendeth :  
Where Kings and Subiects soules, haue fellow Raigns,  
On blessed Thrones, whose Glory never endeth.

96  
What shalt thou see more, for more living Heer ?  
This Heaven, this Sun, thou oft before hast seen :  
And should'st thou live another *Plato's* Yeer,  
This World would be the same that it hath been.

Death's



<sup>97</sup>  
*Death's* end of Ills, and only Sanctuary  
 Of him that cannot scape the Grudge, the Gall  
 Of a severe Iudge and proud Adversary:  
 It is a Point which Heav'n appoints to All.

<sup>98</sup>  
 At that Divorce sigh Bodies, Soules do solace:  
 Th' Exile exulteth at his Home-Retrait:  
 This Bodie's but the Inn, 'tis not the Palace:  
 Th' immortall Soule, hath an immortall Seat.

<sup>99</sup>  
*Death's* as the Dawning of that happy Day,  
 Where without Setting shines the Eternall Sun,  
 Where-in who walk, can never never stray:  
 Nor Fear they Night who to the Day-ward run.

<sup>100</sup>  
 There's Rest eternall for thy *Labours* rise:  
 There's for thy *Bondage* bound-less *Liberty*:  
 There when *Death* endeth, she begins thy Life.  
 And where's no more Time, there's *Eternity*.

FINIS.



# MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

*Written in Tablets, or Quatrains,*

By PIERRE MATHIEU.

The Second Centurie.

*Translated; and Dedicated*  
 To the Right Honourable, ROBERT  
 DEYREVX, Earle of Essex and Ew. &c.

**M**Y double Title to My single heart,  
 Both by your Purchase, and your Parents Right;  
 Claims both a better and a greater Part  
 Of gratefull Service, than This slender Mite.  
 Yet, sith (to profit, more than please) I write  
 More Sighes than Songs (less vs'd to Smiles than Smart)  
 Disdain not These Restrainers of Delight;  
 Though bitter, siter, than the Smoothing Art,  
 To keep the Minde and Bodie both in Health;  
 To coole the Fits of Lust, Ambition, Pride  
 (Surfaits of Ease, Youth, Liberty, and Wealth)  
 And cure All Sicknes of the Soule, beside.  
 Whence, Ever free, and full of Every Good  
 From GOD and Men, be ESSEX Noble Bud.

Ex Animo exoptat

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

XXXX

MEMO-





# MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

**T**hat height of Kings, Crowns Honour, *Worthies* wonder,  
Is now but winde, dust, shade. Hee, whose Approach  
Appall'd the Proudest, Whom All trembled vnder,  
A cursed base hand butcherd in his *Coach*.

All Triumph, yesterday; to-day, all Terror:  
Nay, the fair Morning over-cast y<sup>e</sup> Even:  
Nay, one short Hour saw, live and dead, Wars Mirror,  
Having *Death's* speed-stroak vndiscerned given.

In all This World, All's fickle; nought is firm:  
It is a Sea, sanz Safety, Calm, or Port:  
Lawes, Cities, Empires, have but heer their Term:  
Whatever's born must vnder death resort.

Time flits as Winde, and as a Torrent swifteth:  
It passeth quick, and Nought can stop it flying:  
Who knowes what Ills it every Moment driether,  
Deems, that To leave to live, is To leave dying.

Man in the Womb knowes nothing of his State:  
(A wile of *Nature*) for, there, had hee Reason,  
Hee should foreknowe this Worlds too-wretched Fate:  
And rather would intomb him in that Prison.

Our Birth begins our Beere; our Death, our Breath:  
On that Condition Heer aboard we com:  
To bee's as nor to bee: Birth is but Dea h:  
Ther's but a Sigh from Table to the Tomb.

Life's

# OF MORTALITY.

Life's but a Flash, a Fume, a Froath, a Fable,  
A Puffe, a Picture in the Water seeming;  
A waking Dream, Dreams Shadow, Shadowes Table,  
Troubling the Brain with idle Vapours steeming.

Life, to the life, The *Chest-board* lineats;  
Where *Pawnes* and *Kings* have equall Portion:  
This leaps, that limps, this checks, that necks, that mates:  
Their Names are diverse; but their Wood is one.

*Death*, *Exile*, *Sorrow*, *Fear*, *Distraction*, *Strife*,  
And all those Evils, seen before suspected;  
Are not the Pains, but Tributes of this Life;  
Whence, *Kings* no more than *Carters* are protected.

No: *Sacraments* have been no *Sanctuarie*  
From *Death*; Nor *Altars*, for *Kings* offering-up:  
Th' *Hell* hallow'd *Host* poysons *Imperiall Harry*:  
*Pope Victor* dies drinking th' *immortall Cup*.

Thou ow'st thy Soule to Heav'n: to pay that *Debt*  
Be not compell'd; *Christians* are willing Payers:  
But, yet, thy Soule as a Good Guest intreat:  
Whom no good *Hoste* will tumble down the Stairs.

'Tis better fall, then still to fear a fall:  
'Tis better die, then to be still a-dying:  
The End of Pain ends the Complaint withall:  
And nothing grieves that comes but once, and flying.

This Life's a Web, woven fine for som, som gross;  
Som Hemp, som Flax, som longer, shorter som:  
Good and Ill Haps are but the Threeds acroß:  
And first or last, *Death* cuts it from the Loom.

These Names, which make som blubber, som so brave  
(Names sprung from *Injury*, or from *Ambition*)  
In *Death* are equall: *Earle*, and *Sir*, and *Slave*,  
Vnder his Empire, are in one Condition.

For Friends *Deceast*, cease not repast nor Sleep;  
Such *Sorrow* suites not th' *Intellectuall* part:  
Who wailes mans *Death*, that he was man doth weep:  
And, that He promitt, comming, to depart.

The Young and old goe not as equall past:  
Th' one ambles swift, the other gallopeth:  
'Tis good to die, y<sup>e</sup> we our Life distaste.  
A valiant Man should dare to feel his *Death*.

XXX

Happy



<sup>17</sup>  
Happy who leave the World when first they come;  
Th' Aire, at the best, is heer contagious thick:  
Happy that Childe, who issuing from the Wombe  
Of *Spanish* Mother, there returned quick,

<sup>18</sup>  
The Bodie's Torments are but Twigs to beat  
And brush the Dust from *Vertues* pleights about;  
And make the Passions of the Soule more neat:  
As th' Aier is purest when the windes roar-out.

<sup>19</sup>  
Grieving that *Death* shuts not thine Eyes at home,  
And where the Heav'ns vouchsaf't them first to ope;  
Thou fear'st the Earth too little for thy Tombe,  
And Heav'n too-narrow for thy Corpse's Cope.

<sup>20</sup>  
Heav'ns no less Order have, then at their Birth,  
Nor Influence: Sun, Moon, and Stars, as bright;  
All hold their owne: Fire, Water, Aier, and Earth:  
Man, Man alone's fall'n from his *pristine* Plight.

<sup>21</sup>  
Worldling, thou failest, 'Tis yet not time to mend;  
But, God hates Sinners that in Sin delight:  
To grossest Sinners doth he Mercy send;  
But, not to Sinners sinning in despight.

<sup>22</sup>  
Who, Morn and Even, doth of Himselfe demand  
Account of All that he hath *done, said, thought*;  
Shall finde him much eas'd, when he comes to stand  
To that Account where all shall once be brought.

<sup>23</sup>  
For bitter Checks that make thy Cheeks to flame,  
And to thy Teeth tell Truths, thou hast no Action:  
To doe the Evill, sith thou hadst no shame,  
Be not asham'd to suffer thy Correction.

<sup>24</sup>  
Perhaps, this Childe, shall Rich, or Poor, become:  
Perhaps a Wretch, perhaps a Liberall:  
Perhaps a Wise-man, and perhaps a Mome:  
But, past perhaps, assured, die he shall.

<sup>25</sup>  
When Wine runs lowe, it is not worth the sparing:  
The worst and least doth to the Bottom dive:  
Wrong not thy leisure (yeers vouchsafe) in daring:  
But som-times look into thy Grave, alive.

<sup>26</sup>  
Sinner, thy God is not inexorable;  
No *Radamanth*, Returning hearts to hate:  
There is no Sin, in Heav'n *unpardonable*;  
Nor no *Repentance* in this Life, too late.

27 The

<sup>27</sup>  
The Eye that fixly the Sun-beames beholds,  
Is sudden daz'd: So, in God's Iudgements high,  
Mens cleerest Iudgements are as blind as Moules:  
None, none but Eagles, can the Lightning eye.

<sup>28</sup>  
O wretched *Vertue*! wretched is Thy state;  
For, fortune hath the Fruit, Thou scarce the Flower:  
Thou art a Stranger at thy proper Gate,  
Thy Friends thence banisht, and thy Foes in Bower.

<sup>29</sup>  
Man, *Knowledge* still, to the last gaspe, affecteth;  
In learning, *Socrates* lives, grayes, and dyes.  
Free from *Death's* Process *Knowledge* none protecteth:  
But, to learn Well to die, is to be *Wise*.

<sup>30</sup>  
To live, is to begin One-work, and end it:  
Life hath, with All, not same Repute, Report;  
'T's an Exile, to the Sor; Sage, Iourney weend it:  
Wherein He walkes, not as the Common-sort.

<sup>31</sup>  
For having a good Prince, Peers iust and wise,  
Obedient People, Peace concluded fast,  
A State's not sure: Storms after Calms arise;  
And fairest Dayes have foulest over-cast.

<sup>32</sup>  
Man, though thou be from Heav'n Originary,  
Presume not yet to Peer thee with thy God:  
Hee's Sovereain King; Thou but his Tributary.  
Hee's every where; Thou but in one poor Clod.

<sup>33</sup>  
Of Elephants, the biggest leads the Band;  
The strongest Bull over the Heard doth raig:  
But, Him behooves who will Mankind command,  
Notablest Body, but the aptest Brain.

<sup>34</sup>  
Kings Maiesty seems as eclipsed much,  
Vnless great Servants in great Troops attend:  
'Tis sure an Honour to be serv'd by Such;  
But, on Their Faith 'tis fearfull to depend.

<sup>35</sup>  
To build a Palace, rarest Stones are sought:  
To build a Ship, best Timber is selected:  
But, to instruct young Princes (as they ought)  
Ought all the *Vertues* to be there collected.

<sup>36</sup>  
*Art's* now-adayes a *Desert* desolate:  
Kings gracious Raies are there no more discerned:  
Philosophers wait at the Wealthies Gate,  
And rarely Rich men do regard the Learned.

XXXX 3

37 Th'



37

Th' hand bindeth not except the heart with-go :  
What comes not thence, nor Thank, nor Thought deserves.  
He giveth All that doth Himselfe bestow ;  
He Nothing gives who but his heart reserves.

38

That curious Thirst of Travaile to and fro,  
Yeelds not the Fruit it promis'd men in minde :  
Changing their Aire, their humors change not tho ;  
But, many Lodgings, and few Friends they finde.

39

In vain the Soule hath Reason's Attribute,  
Which unto Reason cannot Sense submit :  
For, Man (alas ! ) is bruter then a Brute,  
Vnles that Reason bridle Appetite.

40

Self-swelling Knowledge, Wits owne Overbearer,  
Proves Ignorance, and findes it Nothing knowes :  
It flies the Truth to follow Lyes and Error :  
And, when most right it weens, most wry it goes.

41

The Vicious trembles, alwaies in Alarms ;  
Th' Eye of the Vertuous keeps him as at Bay :  
When All the World fear'd Rome's All-reaching Arms,  
One vertuous Cato did all Rome dismay.

42

Vice blinds the Soule, and Vnderstanding clogs,  
Makes good of ill, takes foule for fairest look,  
Yea, Durt for Dainties : so live loathsome Frogs,  
Rather in Puddles than in purest Brook.

43

In Greatest Houses Vice hath battered,  
Whose Honors though no less have shined bright :  
What are the Graceles to the Good ? Not dead,  
But living Branches, in the Tree have Right.

44

If Men might freely take Essay of Court ;  
None, having tasted, would return so neer :  
The happiest there meets many a Spight in Sport,  
And knows too-well he buyes his Weal too-deer.

45

To love None, All to doubt, to fain, to flatter ;  
To form new Faces, and transform true harts,  
To offer Service, and sle-off in Matter ;  
Are Courtiers Lessons, and their Ground of Arts.

46

Set not thy Rest on Court, Seas barren land ;  
There grows no Goodness ; good, there, evill growes :  
Rest's Temple yerst did forth the Citie stand :  
No Sent's so sweet, as is the Country Rose.

47 Who

47

Who weens in Court to thrive, will find him weak,  
Without two Aiders ; Impudence, Immunitie :  
For, first behooves him his owne Brows to break,  
Yer Others heads he break with Importunitie.

48

Who is not sory for Time's loss, in stay  
For Kings slowe Favours, seems to have no sense :  
The loss of Goods a Prince may well repay,  
But loss of Time Kings cannot recompence.

49

Is't not the Top of Follies Top, to note  
An Old Sir Tame-as gallanting in Court,  
To play the Yonker, and Swan-white to dote  
On Venus Dovelings, in despite of Sport ?

50

A mean Man hardly escapes the Mightie's Clawes ;  
Hee's as a Mouse play'ng by a sleeping Cat ;  
Who lets it run, then locks it in her Pawes :  
And all her sports boad but the Death of That.

51

Worlds Vanitie is rise in every place,  
(Alas ! that good Wits should be witch'd so) !  
Maskt in the Church, in Court with open Face,  
For there's the place her perfectly to know.

52

By evill Manners is good Nature marred ;  
None falls at once, all Vertue to deie.  
Vice, in the Soule is a strange Plant transferred :  
And wer't not dressed, it would quickly die.

53

With By-Respects Impietie we cover :  
Earth more then Heav'n is priz'd among vs Now :  
At God's great Name we scarce our heads uncover ;  
When Kings are named, every knee doth bow.

54

Disorder Order breeds : good Lawes have sprung  
From Evill lives : Would All keep Justice line,  
In Westminster there would be tooo less Throng,  
Less Work, less Wrack, less Words for Mine and Thine.

55

Law-tricks now strip the People to their shirt :  
Shift is their Shield, Gold is their only God :  
Wasps break the Web, Flies are held fast and hurt :  
The Guilty quit, the Guiltless vnder-trod.

56

There's now no trust : Brother betraies his Brother :  
Faith's but a phantise, but by Fools esteemd :  
Friend's false to Friend ; and All deceive each-other ;  
Th' Ivie puls down the Wall by which it climb'd.

Trea-



57  
Treasons be Trifles: Man's a Wolfe to Man;  
Crimes be but Crums; Vice is for Vertue wanted;  
*Sodom's* and *Cypri's* Sinnes we suffer can:  
And Impious tricks in all their Tracks are hanted.

58  
In perfect Men some Imperfection's found,  
Somewhat amiss among their good is seen:  
Gold, and pure Gold we dig not from the ground;  
There's Dust and Dross, and grosser stuffe between.

59  
Merit, of old did *Friendship* feed and fix;  
Where now-adayes 'tis founded all on Profit,  
With deep Dissembling and Deceitfull-tricks,  
And evermore the Poor is frustrate of it.

60  
Th' Earth cannot fill thy hearts vnequall Angles,  
Thy Heart's a Triangle, the Earth's a Round:  
A Triangle is fill'd but with Triangles:  
And th' infinite the finite cannot bound.

61  
'T's a *Death* to die far from ones Native Cities:  
Yet *Death's* not milder there, then else-about:  
*Death*, without *Rome*, did not *Rutilius* pitie;  
Neither, within *Rome*, Him that ne'r went out.

62  
When Man is com'n to th' old last Cast of Age,  
When Nature can no longer lend nor borrow;  
He thinks not yet to pack, and leave the Stage;  
But still, still hopes to live vntill to-Morrow.

63  
Fain, would'st thou flie *Loue's* wanton *Luxury*?  
Cut off Occasions: speake far-off; fly Fitnes:  
Shun Solitude: live still in Company:  
They fall alone that would not fall with witness.

64  
Mise not, to see the Wicked prosper faire:  
The Sun his Shine even vnto Theeves doth give;  
When of their Patients Leaches do despaire,  
They give them over as they list to live.

65  
*Slander* is worser than Hell's burning Torture,  
The force more fierce, the Heat more vehement:  
Hell, after Death, doth but the Guilty martyr;  
*Slander*, alive, torments the Innocent.

66  
*Affliction* razes, and then raises hearts:  
As, vnder Waight, victorious Palms are wont:  
As, vnder Seales the Wax doth swell (in part);  
Vnder the Cross the Soule to Heav'n doth mount.

Envy

67  
*Envy*, in vain pure *Vertues* Anvill bites,  
Breaking her Teeth: as on a Stone the Cur,  
That barks of Custom, rather then Despight,  
At every poore and harmles Passenger.

68  
*Envy*'s a Torture which doth Men molest;  
Even from their Birth; yet they ought else can doo:  
Behold Two Infants nursed at one Brest;  
They cannot brook their Teat for meat to Two.

69  
This is the Odds twixt Honest men and Knaves;  
Th' one tels his Neighbour, All mine owne is mine,  
And all Thine too: The other (void of Braves)  
Saith, Thine's not Mine; but what I have is Thine.

70  
What *Envy* likes not, that she makes a Fault:  
*Ioseph* with *Ismael*, for his Dream, was barter'd:  
*Abels* pure Offring to his End him brought:  
And for the *Truth* the Innocent are martyrd.

71  
*Flat-Cap*, for whom, hoord'st thou thy heaped Treasures?  
Thy Bodies Sweat, thy Soule's dear Price (poor Sorly)  
*Sir Prodiges* all (thine Heire) in *Protein* Pleasures,  
Will waste, in one Day, All thine Age hath got.

72  
True *Liberality* would be intire:  
Yet not at-once, at all times, and to all.  
One may mis-give, to give yer one require:  
Yet Gifts vn-asked sweetest Gifts I call.

73  
Content with Fruits from thine owne Labour grow'n,  
A fore-hand still, a set Revenew save:  
For, Hee's a Foole in more respects than one,  
That spends his Store, or more, before he have.

74  
There is no Goodness in a groveling heart,  
Bent on the World, bound to this Rock below:  
Were not the Moon so neer this Neather part,  
Shee would not, could not, be *Eclipsed* so.

75  
Goods are great Ills to those that cannot vse them:  
Misers mis-keep, and Prodigals mis-spend-them:  
Hell-hounds, to hasten toward Hell, abuse-them:  
As Wings, to Heav'n-ward, heav'n-bent-Souls extend them.

76  
Presumptuous Spirits spring not from right *Nobility*:  
Courage, that comes from *Pride* proves never true:  
*Pride* ruins hearts, whose Raiser is Humility:  
The humble Shepheard the proud Giant slew.

Pride



77

*Pride* glitters oft vnder an humble Weed:  
Oft lovely Names are given to loath'd Effects;  
Men sooth them in the Cause, to 'scuse th' ill Deed:  
And blame Light, rather than their Sight's Defect.

78

A *Prudent* man is, for Him-self, sought-forth:  
Hee's more admir'd then what the World most vants:  
Praises are due vnto ones proper Worth:  
Not purest Gold addes Price to *Diamants*.

79

Th' *Humble*, doth Others prize; Him-selfe depreſs:  
Saue against *Pride* he never bends his Browes:  
The more his *Virtue* mounts-him, counts-him less:  
God th' *humble Sinner*, not *proud Iust*, allowes.

80

O! *Hypocrite*, which hast but *Virtue's* Vaile,  
Seem what thou art, and what thou seemest be:  
To hide thy Filth, all thy Fig-leaves will faile:  
Thou canst not hide thee from thy God, nor Thee.

81

Mock-*Saints*, whose Soule-weal on your Works you lay,  
With eyes and hands to Heaven, while heart's else-where:  
For shame you durst not to the least man say,  
What you (profane) dare whisper in Gods care.

82

Gold's fin'd in fire: Soules in *Affliction*, better:  
Moths gnaw the Garment locked in the Chest:  
Still water stinks, vnwholesom, black, and bitter:  
Swords rust in Sheathes, and so doe Soules in Rest.

83

Opening thy Soule to God, close Mouth from Men:  
Nor let thy Thoughts roame from thy due Intent;  
God sees the hearts, his iudgement soundeth them,  
And Them confounds whose Words and Deeds dissent.

84

*Gamesters* may well All to to-Morrow post;  
To see, or to be seen, th' have never leasure:  
With adverse Windes their Mindes are ever tost;  
Loss bringing Grief, more than the Gain brings Pleasure.

85

To shun Affaires, behoves exceeding heed:  
Troubles vnſent-for, and vnlookt-for, haste;  
Vn-ſer, vn-sowen, too-early growes the Weed:  
We meet too-soon the Care we hoped past.

86

All *Idleness*, diſ-natures Wit, diſ-nerves-it;  
A mod'rate Travell makes it quick, addrest:  
Sloth quells and kills it, Exercise preserves-it:  
But, Hee's not Free that hath no time to rest.

87 Who

87

Who seeketh Rest in tronblous Managings,  
Thinks to find Calm amid Tempestuous Seas:  
The World and Rest are Two, two adverse things:  
Thick streams re-cleer when storms and stirrings cease.

88

*Fortune* in Court is fickle, apt to vary:  
Favours ſort ſeldom to the Suiters minde:  
They many times even in the Port miſ-cary:  
The hotter Sun, the blacker ſhade they finde.

89

Gifts, Honours, Office, Creames, Grace of Kings,  
Are but the Vſhers of Adverſity:  
For their laſt miſchief, have the *Emmet's* wings:  
And height of Health betokens Sicknes ny.

90

Youth hath more Lures, more Traps, more Trains to Ill,  
Then Foulſer Gins, or Baits the Fiſher-man:  
Age would, but cannot what it would, ſuſſill:  
*Senex*; thou leau'ſt not Sin: Sin leaues Thee, than.

91

Th' Eye tends to Bewty, as the Centre of-it:  
After the Eyes, Heart and Affections drawe:  
Tis hard to keep ſafe what ſo-many covet:  
For, mens Deſires Kings cannot keep in Awe.

92

All Good or Ill-hap, that heer happens thee,  
Coms from *Opinion* (which All-ruling ſeems).  
*Opinion* makes vs Other then wee bee:  
Hee's not *unhappy*, who him *happy* deems.

93

From contrary Effects is formed Sadnes:  
Both Sinoak and Smiles have made the Eyes to water.  
Who ſowe in Tears, ſhall one day reap in Gladnes:  
Who ſowe in Ioies, ſhall reap Annoyes heerafter.

94

Let's leave out I, and No, in Converſation:  
Words now tranſpoſed, and *wax-nosed*, Both,  
By *Romans* New Doctrine of *Equivocation*,  
Which gives a Ly the Credit of an Oath.

95

*Friends*, now-adaies, wake at the noiſe of Gain.  
As Bees to Flowrs, as Crows to Cation haſte,  
As Flies to Fleſh, as Birds and Ants to Grain:  
So Friends to Profit thickly flock and faſt.

96

Who reaves thine Honour, ſcoffs, if hee preſume  
T' have don thee favour, that thy life hee leſt:  
Why ſhould the Bird live, having loſt her Plume?  
The reſt is nothing when the Honour's reſt.

Little



<sup>97</sup>  
Little sufficeth Life, in th' vn-delicious;  
The Sun for need may sometimes dress our Victuall:  
I blame, alike, the *Cynik* and *Apicius*;  
This, for his too-too-much; That's, too-too-little.

<sup>98</sup>  
Too-oft is made too-ill Interpretation  
Of Words and Deeds best meant and built on Reason:  
All's evill to the Evill, by Self-flation:  
Whence Bees their Hony, Spiders suck their Poyson.

<sup>99</sup>  
Happy the People where *Iust-Gentle Prince* is:  
Whose Sword is *Iustice*, and whose Shield is *Love*.  
For These, *Augustus* Desired long-since-is:  
And without These, Kings Scepters maimed prove.

<sup>100</sup>  
Good-hap, Good-heart, Favour, and Labour met,  
Bring Men to Riches and to Honors heer;  
But that's the Way about: To be born *Great*,  
Is great Advantage; Not to buy so deer.

FINIS.



St. LEWIS; THE KING:  
OR  
A LAMP OF GRACE.  
lighting the GREAT  
(in the right way)  
TO GLORY.

Translated; and Dedicated  
To My gracious Lord, Prince CHARLES.

**N**OT that your Highnes needs My mean Direction  
(Having, within, a Princely spirit for Guide;  
Without, your Parent; round about, beside,  
Precepts and Patterns of divine Perfection)  
Presume I Thus to bring (in dim Reflexion)  
This forrain LAMP (admired far and wide):  
But, as An humble Gift This New-Yeers-Tide,  
To intimate my Faith, and my Affection.  
Your gracious hand Thus bindes my gratefull heart  
To Offer Heav'n my Vows; and You, my Verse,  
For that Deliverance You have daign'd, in part,  
To my poor Hopes, wracks in your Brothers Merit.  
You have begun: Vouchsafe mee, Sacred Powrs,  
You may go-on, and make mee wholly Yours  
In Effect,  
as  
In Affection

To Your Highnes Service

humbly devoted,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

Yyyy





AD  
EVNDEM PRINCIPEM

*Opt. Max.*

EPIGRAMMA;  
*Ex Lat. I. O. convers.*

**W**ill, Reason, Sense, the Brain, the Head, the Heart;  
Each, in his Office, in Three acts his Part:  
Thy Will, thy Wit, thy Sense, thy Reason swaies;  
Thy Heart, thy Head, in every point obaies.  
Thy WALES hath had GREAT-styled Princes Three:  
HENRY was Fourth: CHARLES, the Fifth GREAT shall bee.

*Eiusdem*

Augustissimi

ANAGRAMMA

*Quadruplex.*

CAROLVS STVARTVS, Princeps.

1. Tu, Cyrus: pulcra Spes nostra.

CHARLES STVART.

2. Arthur's Castle.

3. Hart's Last Cure.

4. Art's chaste Lure.

In ARTHUR'S CASTLE, lies My HART'S LAST CURE:  
To which I hasten, drawne by ART'S CHASTE LURE.



A HYMN OF St. LEWIS

(The Ninth of that Name)

*King of France.*

**W**all the KINGS, admired over All,  
Whose *Prudence* swaid This Crown Imperiall,  
Whose *Prowess* most our Lillies Bounds enlarg'd,  
Whose *Justice* best their Charge in Peace discharg'd,  
Whom most the Raies of glorious Greatnes crown'd,  
Who brightest shin'd, Who was the most Renown'd,  
Most magnified for Manly Conquering  
Within the World the World: was th' *Holy King*,  
From whose chaste loins, from out whose loyall Bloud  
Th' *Heroick* Stems of Royall BOURBONS bud;  
Famous St. LEWIS, Good KINGS *President*,  
Who for his CHRIST, and for his CROSS, him spent:  
Who by his Valour so renown'd his Name,  
That all the Earth hath trembled at the same:  
And Who, to free, from captive Fury fell,  
The Fields where yerst Our Captain conquer'd Hell  
(Courageous Zeal setting his Soule on fire)  
Led armed FRANCE against the *Asians* ire.  
When I his *Vertues* read, and *Acts* so great,  
Which Him so high among the *Saints* have set;  
And heer belowe so lasting glory wan,  
I judge them scarce Works of a meely Man;  
But, of an Angell in Mans shape bedight,  
To shew the World the Way of *Vertue* right;  
Amaz'd to see, among so many Sins  
As (fatally) the *Court* breeds and begins,  
Among so many Pleasures, whose sweet Baits  
Intrap the wariest with their wily Sleights;  
A KING to curb him so in Pow'r supream,  
To watch him Self so with such care extream,  
As not to taste *Delight* (of any kinde)  
Which *Reason* bars a brave and noble Minde:  
But, so upright in *VERTUE*'s track to tread,  
That even in Earth a Heav'nly Life hee led.  
For, never was there more accomplisht KING,  
Whose royall heart had more replenishing

Yyyy 2

OF



Of Princely Vertues, fit for Powerfull hand,  
 Or to bee wisht in Mindes of High Command.  
 Nay; would the Heav'ns, their Treasures all producing,  
 All Gifts of Body and of Minde conducting,  
 Mould for Mankinde a Prince or Potentate  
 Worthy to govern th' V<sup>N</sup>I<sup>V</sup>E<sup>R</sup>S<sup>A</sup>L State;  
 They could not give the World (and Wee, much less,  
 With) *One* more worthy; with more due Address  
 To take into his Royall hand the *Helm*,  
 In stormfull Times so apt to over-whelm.  
 So much the *Star*, which rules in *Birth of Kings*,  
 When Hee was destin'd to *These* Managings,  
 Milde and propitious, in His heart connext,  
 First, *fear of God*, and *love of Iustice* next:  
 V<sup>E</sup>R<sup>T</sup>U<sup>E</sup>S, whose *habit Happinesse* doth nourish:  
 Makes *Common-wealth* flowe, and *The Church* to flourish:  
 Serves best for *Base* to each illustrious *State*:  
 Gives mightiest K<sup>I</sup>N<sup>G</sup>S calm *Crowns*, and fortunate:  
 Causeth their Subjects *fear* them *lovingly*:  
 Keeps Them, in *Dangers*, ever danger-free.  
 For, the *Almighty* printing in their Face  
 Milde-*Majesty*, sweet-*Terror*, dreadfull-*Grace*,  
 And heaping *Hap* vpon them every-where;  
 The *Good* fear for them; Them, the *Evill* fear.

How many brave Marks left his noble Minde  
 Of th' Happinesse *These Vertues* bring Mankinde;  
 When, full of Constancy, hee durst maintain,  
 That, reigning for Him, Who made him to reign,  
 These sacred *Twins*, nigh from the World dispell'd,  
 As in their *Temple*, in His Bosom dwell'd,  
 Guided his Person, govern'd his Affairs,  
 Counsell'd his Counsells, qualifi'd his Cares,  
 Steerd all his Course through all his *Voyage* heer,  
 As men their Ships by Card and Compass steer.

These making him with rarest spirits compeer,  
 In holy pride, Hee even despised heer  
 The Kings, that, puffed with glory of a Throne,  
 Commanded All, except themselves alone.  
 By th' one, hee happied his owne Soule with Rest:  
 By th' other also, hee his People blest.  
 By th' one, becomming to him Self severe,  
 Hee rul'd him Self, kept his owne Power in fear:  
 By th' other, giving free Course to the Law,  
 Hee kept his Subjects in; and, happy, saw  
 Through all his Kingdom *Peace* and *Plenty* flow  
 In basest Grange, as well as golden Bowr.

But twelve times *Sal* through the twelve Signes had gon,  
 When Heav'ns assign'd him to his Fathers Throne;

And

And to the hands of his Man-Childhood left  
 The glorious Burthen of This Sceptres heft:  
 But, as in th' Orchards at *Monteaux* or *Blou*,  
 The Gardners Care over som Graftlings choise,  
 The second year of their adoption there,  
 Makes them as good and goodly fruits to bear,  
 As Trees whose Trunk and branched Top bewraies  
 Their Months as many as the Other's daies;  
 Through the Heav'ns favour, and Earths fruitfulness,  
 Shewing that God their young first-fruits doth blest:  
 His forward *Vertue* in his *Pupillage*  
 Brought forth th' effects of a mans perfect age;  
 Disproving quite his feeble signes of youth,  
 And proving him invincible (in truth)  
 Against vain *Pleasures*, all their Baits condemning:  
 Against all *Perils*, *Death* it Self condemning:  
 Against all *Passions*, ever them resisting:  
 Against all *Crosses*, constant ay persisting.

For, look how lowe, his heart in humble Aw  
 Hee bow'd to God, and bended to the Law;  
 As high hee mounts it, in Praise-worthy Pride,  
 Above the World, Fortune, and All (beside)  
 Whose Vaniry, with false gloss gilded o'r,  
 Fond Mortals most desire, admire, adore:  
 Desiring, onely, with that holy *Mary*  
 (For his degree) That *One thing necessary*:  
 Admiring solely th' holy Works, wherein  
 Th' Almighty Worker's wondrous hand is seen:  
 Adoring none but th' Everlasting *One*;  
 Him loving best; fearing but H<sup>I</sup>M alone.  
 Then, bearing ay *This Oracle* imprest  
 Within the Centre of his royall brest,  
 That, *A sincere and true-Religious KING*,  
 Feared of All, needs fear at all no-Thing;  
 Where Hee, whose Soule hath not *This Fear* in-laid,  
 Of none is feared, but of All affraid.

Arm'd with *This Brest-plate*, as with stronger Arms  
 Then Those (of old) blest with inchanting Charms,  
 Hee brav'd all Perills that his Prowess met:  
 And His calm Spirit, amid a Storm so great  
 As would have cast Youth in a swoon insensible,  
 Shew'd *Resolution* of a heart invincible;  
 Appearing such, indeed, as Painters fain  
 Great *Hercules*, when, *Iuno's* fell disdain  
 Pursuing him, hee Monsters quail'd and kill'd;  
 A Man in Courage, though in Age a Childe.  
 Which well hee prov'd to those *Rebellious Peers*,  
 Who, making light of his then-tender yeers,

Yyyy3

And



And measuring his in-side by his age,  
 Troubled his State with storms of *Civill Rage*:  
 Armed against him many a Tower and Town,  
 Aimed by Ambush to surprize his *Crown*.  
 When Hee, to heal, by necessary Ill,  
 This Ill, before th' Impostume over-fill,  
 With Sword in hand their first Assault prevents;  
 And, as His Subjects, bravely them convents,  
 To come and cast them arm-less at his feet;  
 Or else, as Foes, his armed Force to meet:  
 From Him, their true *Liege* (if true *French* they bee)  
 Arm'd in the Field, to take This Offer free,  
*Revenge*, or *Pardon*, of their past Mis-deeds,  
 And all the Mischief which the same succeeds.  
 The one, his Power should press them to, perforce;  
 Th' other, their Duties, vrged with Remorse:  
 If their blinde Fury did the one contemn,  
 Th' other should pour Death and Disgrace on them.

O! how the words of a brave *Prince* prevail!  
 This daring Speech did so their Courage quail,  
 That though the cold Ice of a prudent Fear  
 Did not forth-with put-out their frenzy there;  
 Yet did it daily from thence-forth decline,  
 And all their Flame turn'd but to Fume, in fine.  
 Yea, Those, whose fury dream't a *Diadem*,  
 Their Side abandon; and, dis-banding them,  
 Reject their vain Hopes; and, in season, fly  
 To the Kings Mercy for their Remedy.  
 Others, more dreading Rigor of the Law,  
 Under protection of the *English* draw:  
 Guiding their Guilt with frivolous pretences,  
 Arming their weak Cause with as weak defences;  
 Till, but increasing their dis-honour by 't,  
 Wanting as well good Fortune as good Right,  
 They 'r also fain to beg his Bounty royall,  
 Ill worthy Them, so obstinate-Disloyall.

What proofs of *Prowess*, what contempt of danger,  
 Express this Prince vpon the envious Stranger,  
 On crystall *Charant*, in *Zantognian* Coast,  
 When false *La-March*, backt with a forrain Host,  
 Mustred against him, from so many parts,  
 So many Groves of Lances, Pikes and Darts?  
 There *France* and *England*, fully bent to fight,  
 Had both their Armies in their Order pight;  
 From Either side mount winged Clouds amain;  
 On Either side they pour their Showrs again:  
 While silver *Charant*, to have barr'd their Teen,  
 Her swelling shoulders did oppose between.

This

This River makes the Reed-crownd Banks to kits,  
 By th' arched favour of a Bridge there is:  
 Whose gain or loss (besides the honour) boads,  
 Or bars, the Prize of *Victory*, by ods:  
 The *English*, friended by a Fort at hand,  
 Which proudly did the neighbour Plains command,  
 Had won this Passage, and were passing on  
 Cheerly to end their *Victory* begun:  
 When *Lewis*, rushing to the Bridge, the first,  
 Repels the Fo, and puts him to the worst;  
 With Dead and Wounded all the place hee paves,  
 And, than *Horatius*, braver him behaves:  
 Re-heartens His: re-haleth from the Fo  
 Fair *Victory*, ready with Them to go:  
 Standing alone, as a firm rock, afront,  
 Almost alone, to bear the Battells brunt;  
 As th' onely mark of many thousand Darts  
 At Him alone still aimed from all parts:  
 Till at the last, by his example prest,  
 Hee winning all, his Army won the rest;  
 When, if his *Courage* shin'd in Conquering,  
 More did his *Mildness* in the Managing.

Who can recount, and yet who would conceal,  
 Th' illustrious *Vertues*, whose industrious zeal  
 O'ral the World his honours blazed yerst,  
 After these mists, these first clouds, were dispers'd,  
 And scatter'd all by the bright-shining Raies  
 Of this new Sun, in Summer of his daies,  
 When (*Europe's* Vmpire) making *Peace* with Men,  
 Hee *War* proclaim'd against their *Vices* then?

The glorious VVorks his Royall *Vertues* did,  
 Cannot, without impiety, be hid;  
 Although, without diminishing their Worth,  
 My *Muse* (alas!) can neuer set them forth:  
 For, of all *Vertues* sacred *Traits* (least rise)  
 His *Life's* a Picture, limned to the life,  
 And such a Pattern, as to match again,  
 The VVish is vertuous, but the Hope is vain:  
 Sith, the more wondrous 'tis, and VVorthy Table  
 To imitate, 'tis more inimitable.  
 So that, His *Worth*, weening to-life to limne,  
 I ouer-reach, in stead of reaching Him:  
 And, like bad Singers (as too-bold, too-blame)  
 Sounding His Praise, rather My Selfe I shame.  
 In heav'nly *Annals* are his *Acts* inrold:  
 His Royall *Gests* are yet in *Asia* told:  
 In *Affrike*, yet his *Valour* is renown'd:  
 Through *Europe* euer shall his *Vertues* sound;

And



And every-where Ninth LEVVIS (*Great in Fame*)  
Seems, not a Man's, but very VERTUE'S Name.

Never did Faith, Honour, Uprightnes, reign,  
With Constancy, in Soule of SOVERAINE  
More pious-given, more fearing-God, more Foe  
To Idol-Rites (Religion's overthrowe);  
Nor more desirous Vertue to prefer,  
To propagate CHRIS T'S Kingdom every-where;  
To root-out Vice, to raze Idolatry,  
And raise the Tropheis of TRUTH'S Victory.

Burning with this Desire (his best Delight)  
In Affrick, twice, Hee Crossed Standards pight,  
Expos'd his Life vnto the chance of War;  
By Sea and Land adventur'd oft, and far:  
Where, seeking Death, at last, Hee Durance fand  
Within a faith-less, love-less, law-less, Land;  
Where Hee, as Gain, and as to reign, did take,  
To serve and suffer for his Saviours sake.

But, all the Battells, won and lost, to sing,  
Abroad atchieved by this Valiant King:  
The Sack of Damiet, and the bloody Spoil  
Of Sarazens, both on the Shores of Nile,  
And of the Sea, thrice strewed (as it were)  
With Carcases of Pagans slaughtred there:  
The Siege of Cairo, when brave Victory  
Mourn'd all in Black for His Captivity:  
The sacred Terror and Majestike Grace,  
Which (from above) shin'd in his Fies and Face,  
When two Turk-Traitors (with their swords, in grain  
Dy'd with the blood of their late Souldan slain)  
Comming to kill him, felt, with strange remorse,  
Their fury feebled by a secret force;  
From murderous fists letting their weapons fall  
When they beheld his face majesticall.  
His Lybian journey, when to Carthage tho  
This Champion seem'd another Scipio:  
Th' honour hee won at Tunis, where hee crown'd  
His Life and Fortunes, evermore renown'd.

In brief, to vndertake to tell at large  
All his Exploits, were a more waighty Charge  
Then can the powres of my weak Soul support:  
And such a Web to weave in worthy sort,  
Behoves the hand of a more happy Wit,  
Both warp and woof with golden Threds to fit.  
I therefore, quitting th' hopefull Arrogance  
Sprung from ignoring of our Ignorance,  
Shall think My Labour crown'd sufficient,  
If this my speaking Pencil, Phœbus lent

To

To colour Verses, can but duly lim  
Least-glittering Raies that shin'd with Praise in Him.

Leaving therefore His Wars discourse to Those  
Whose buskind Muse Bellona's march out-goes,  
Whose Numbers thunder, and whose stile distills  
Fresh Drops of Death from their Heroick Quills,  
In lofty strains, as gravely, bravely-bold:  
I'll lowely sound his Laurels less extold,  
Which Hee (at Peace) won in his War with Vices,  
And happy Toil in holy Exercises.

For, as I cannot His high Prowes expresse;  
Much-less can I with silent Slothfulness,  
Vnder Oblivion's rusty keies conceal  
The wondrous Care, the right religious Zeal,  
Which from his Youth ay in his heart had burn'd,  
To see The seen House of the Lord adom'd:  
For, in this Vertue, none hath neer Him com  
Of all the Kings have reign'd in Christendom.  
Not, for, Wee owe to Him the Monuments  
Which with his blood Our Saviour's Patience  
Bath'd in his Passion, and whose Sight, as yet,  
Shakes godly Soules in glad-sad sacred Fit:  
But, for (abhorring Shepheards bad and blinde)  
A studious Care boild in his zealous Minde,  
Yea, burn'd his Soules soule with a hot desire,  
That, in the Church-Ship, none to Charge aspire,  
But, skilfull, faithfull, carefull, Mariners,  
Able and apt for all Affairs of Hers;  
Whose holy Labours, in courageous sort,  
Maugre all Storms, may steer into the Port.

Deuoured of this Zeal, and dreading ay  
Lest Hee be charged at the later Day  
By th' omely Iudge, with Vice and Ignorance  
Of those Hee chose, through all the folds of France,  
To Feed the Flocks vnder his Power alli'd:  
When's royall office bound him to provide,  
With wondrous Care did hee their lives explore,  
Who-ever had commended them before:  
And never gave hee the supream Degrees,  
Th' Ecclesiastick sacred Dignities,  
But vnto Those whose Life and Learning too  
Were Eminent, both to direct and doe;  
To feed, as Shepheards; as a Watch, to ward;  
To heal the Sick, Sound from the Wolf to guard;  
And, carefull Stewards, in due time to break  
The Bread of Life both to the strong and weak:  
Not Those whose Eyes deep vail'd with Ignorance;  
Or Knowledge stain'd with Sinnes Exorbitance,

Made



Made like th' old wooden *Mercuries*, erect  
In publike *Waies*, the Passage to direct,  
Who with their *finger* the Right Path did point,  
But, with their *foot* could never move a joyn't.

How, how, should Those, for Guide and Lanthorn serve  
To th' Ignorance of People prone to swerve;  
Whose Ignorance, devoid of *Learnings* Light,  
Cannot discern from crooked *Waies* the right:  
Or, How can Those, foul, sin-sick Soules recure  
(Whom Patterns more then Precepts would allure)  
Whose Eloquence, whose Excellence of Wit,  
Marres their *Well-saying* by *Ill-doing* it;  
While, what they *Preach*, in *Practice* they deny,  
And by their *Deeds* give their owne *Words* the Ly.

Neither the *Learned*, of true *Virtue* void;  
Neither the *Virtuous*, without *Learning's* aid;  
Can, in the Flock of *CHRIST's* Redeemed dear,  
Bear th' holy *Sheep-hooks* sacred Burthen heer,  
VVith that Success which should be wisht by Them  
That seek the glory of *Ierusalem*.

*Learning* and *Virtue* must together match,  
Those sacred Flocks duly to *Weeld* and *Watch*:  
In vain's their Pain, who doo not *lead*, but *drive*,  
*Preaching* like *Shepherds*, while like *Wolves* they *live*;  
*Said this good Prince*: and that same very Thought  
Which from his heart this holy-Speech had brought,  
Brought forth th' effect: Hee did so thinke to see  
*Religion* flourish; and, through th' *Industry*  
Of *Labourers*, divinely *Willd* and *Skild*,  
Go d's holy *Vineyard*, truly, duly tilld.

Nor was His Care lesse, nor, much lesse, His *Zeal*  
Of *Lawes* support (Props of the Publike-Weal)  
So strict hee was, and so precise in *Choice*  
Of Those (not waighd but by their Merits poiz)  
Whom, arming with his Sword, as Delegates,  
Hee sent amid the Rank of *Magistrates*,  
Garnisht with *Virtues*, grac't with *Learning*, fit  
On bright *Astras* sacred Thrones to sit.

His *Predecessors*, winking at the Crimes,  
Or else constrain'd with Mischief of their Times  
(All given to Gain, greedy of Gold) had made  
Of *Offices* a miserable Trade:

Never regarding, that they set (withall)  
Both Innocence, Honour, and Right, to-sale:  
Sold, to th' insatiate, *Licence* (as they please)  
To pill the People, vnder shewes of Ease;  
And let the Knave, with his full *Parse*, prevent  
The knowne long *Merit* of the Excellent.

Hee

Hee, seeing This Abuse to ope the Gate  
To all *Injustice*, to confound a State:  
The Guilty quit, the Innocent condemn'd;  
Wrong countenanc't, Right rated, or condemn'd;  
And onely *Favour* (vnder fained Gown)  
O'r-ruling Iudgements, *Equity* put-down:  
*Justice*, in Courts vsing her *Balance* bright,  
To waigh the Parties Money, not their Right:  
Bold *Ignorance*, in Dignities supream,  
Soiling their sacred Chairs with Wrongs extream;  
Selling too-shame-lesse, too-vnconscionable,  
What Shee, vnworthy, bought vnreasonable:  
Seeing, in brief, his Realms neer Jeopardy:  
The strength of *Lawes* turn'd to meer Robbery:  
Apparant Thefts, with Warrant vnder-handed,  
Not onely not condemned, but commanded:  
soon as his Valour, quelling all his Foen,  
Had set him quiet on his Fathers Throne,  
Hee banisht quite This sad *Confusions* Cause,  
This fatal Death of *Letters*, and of *Lawes*;  
According to our *Saviour's* blest Example,  
Who, angry, chas't the *Chapmen* forth his Temple.

Then, where hee met a well-disposed Wit,  
Whose *Knowledge* and whose *Cariage*, matching fit,  
Gave him good hope, that, being (free) preferr'd,  
Hee would beeth' Orphans and the Widows Guard;  
The Poor's Protector, in their Right to stand;  
No ey for *Favour*; and for *Bribes*, no hand;  
No Awe of Threats, and for Intreats no Ear;  
Laying aside, *Love*, *Hatred*, *Hope*, and *Fear*,  
When hee shall sit as Oracle, to doom;  
Where Man is vnto Man, as in God's Room:  
Him would this Noble Prince freely create  
A *Chancelour*, a *Judge*, a *Magistrate*,  
A *Dean*, a *Bishop*; without busie Suit  
Of bribed Minions basely to pursue't.

O ever-wish'd, never-hoped, Daies,  
Which Gold's-contempt so gile with golden Raies,  
How calm you pass! How was the People blest,  
Vnder the *Lawes* of such a Princes Hell!  
And O! How worthy Hee, inspite of Time,  
To bee renowned over every Cline!  
Through whom *Integrity* reviv'd again,  
And *Sentences*, ceasing to pass for Gain  
(As now, God wot, too-many witness can)  
Were Go d's owne *Sentence* in the Mouth of Man.  
For, neither spar'd Hee Rigor nor Reward,  
Where Hee had hope, by gentle hand or hard,

To



To conquer *Vice*, and that same *servile Vein*,  
Which loves not *Goodnes*, but for Goods and Gain;  
And with a heart whose Gold-Thirst never *satis*,  
Will never till the Field of *V E A T V E*, *gratis*.

Knowing therefore, that in a Season vitious,  
Wee sooner finde a *Pyrrhus*, then *Fabricius*;  
And wisely fearing, lest the fear of Want,  
Or love of Wealth, should worldly mindes supplant,  
And make them pass their duties bounds perchance,  
Whom hee to place of Honour should advance:  
To keep their Port, with People venerable;  
To bear their Charge of needfull Train and Table;  
Hee arm'd their *Vertue* against Poverty  
(The secret Foe to sound *Integrity*)  
With ample Stipends, able to repell  
The law-lesse Lawes of those Two Tyrants fell,  
Whose Iron Scepter too-too-often forces  
Right honest Natures to dis-honest Courses.  
And then, if Favour, Feud, or Avarice,  
To grosse *Injustice* did their hands intice,  
Hee punisht ay their Trespas with such Rigor,  
That Lawes, recovering then their ancient Vigor,  
Seem'd That severe Example to revive,  
Which in the *Skin* of Father slaid alive  
(For wrong *Decrees*) his Sonne succeeding thrust;  
A bloody *Doom*; yet, for *Injustice*, just:  
That after-*Judges*, by their *Judge-skin* Chair,  
From *Bribes* and *Brokeage* might bee warn'd fair.

Above all Crimes, his hearts just Iealousie  
Abhorred most *Murder* and *Blasphemy*:  
Nor ever did the First escape with life;  
Vnles by Proofs it were apparant rise,  
That, *Self-defending*, 't was vnwilling done;  
Forc't, deadly Stroak, by deadly Stroak, to shun:  
Th' other was punisht where hee sinned, just:  
A red-hot Iron through his Tongue was thrust;  
To teach *Blasphemous* Mouthes no more to blame  
That holy, high, vn-vtterable Name,  
Ador'd in Heav'n and Earth, and every-where;  
Which, even the Angels speak not, but with fear.

O! how hee hated Those light, lothsom, Places,  
Where *Venus* sells her to all lewd Embraces!  
The Shepheard, finding, vnder Stacks or Stones,  
A Nest of Hornets, or a Swarm of Drones,  
Or Knot of Vipers, is not bent more fierce  
Their Cels to spoil, Themselues dispatch, disperse,  
Then Hee was eger, and against Them bent  
Seuerest Lawes, with sharpest punishment;

Clenfing

Clenfing with Fire those foule *Auger* Stalls,  
And, to the ground, razing their filthy VValls;  
Lacing with lashes their vn-pittied Skin,  
VVhom *Lust* or *Lucre* had bestow'd therein.  
Him-Selfe, so chaste of Body, and of Minde  
(If *Fame* say true: who seldom sooths behinde)  
That neuer Hee (Rare in a Princes Life!)  
Knew other *Venus*, then his *Queene* and *Wife*.

What Prince was euer, to the silly Poore,  
More tender-hearted, either helpfull more?  
A many Kings haue, by high Feats in VVarr,  
Renownd their Names and spred their Glories farr:  
By wholesome Lawes Licentious Rage repress:  
By many Proofs their *Prudence* well exprest:  
By all the parts of *Policie* and *Prowes*,  
Won all the Honors earthly State allowes:  
But, few vouchsafe to stoope their stately eyes  
To th' humble Poore that on the dunghill lyes:  
And little think, that, in those Little ones,  
*Christ*, *Christ* Him-Selfe vnto their Greatnes grones,  
Beggs at their Feet, in raggs, and hunger-driuen;  
And promisseth, for *Bread* to giue Them *Heav'n*.

O hearts of Adamant! This pittious King  
From Your fell Natures was far differing.  
For, oftentimes from his high Throne descending,  
To sow and reap the Fruits on *Alms* attending,  
All, all that could from ordinary rate  
In Royall Charge of Kingdom, House, and State,  
Be safely spar'd, with honorable Thrift,  
From such a heart and hand so apt to Gift;  
Would He bestowe in building  *sacred Cels*,  
For th' *Aged*, *Poore*, *Sick*, *Sight-lesse* (*Helpless* els)  
Inayding *Widowes*, whom the blis of *Bearing*  
Made wretched, wanting for their Childrens *Rearing*:  
Redeeming Captiues, raising *Doweries*  
For honest *Maydens* apt for *Marriages*,  
(Whose *Banes* (*vnaskt*) still *Pouertie* forbad)  
Passing their Flower in Feares and Languors sad:  
In breeding Orphans, and in feeding Those  
Whose bathfull Silence, biting in their Woes,  
Smoother'd the Sighes within their swelling brest,  
Which from their Mouthes meer Hunger often prest.  
In briebe, in pouring on all *Poore*, no lesse  
Streams of *Reliefe*, then Fortune of *Distresse*;  
Approuing plain, that, in most *Pomp* of *State*,  
Him-Selfe a Man he aye did meditate.  
His People He so lou'd, and their Prosperitie,  
That, easing them of former Kings seueritie

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In



In Imposts, Tributes, Taxes, and the rest,  
Where-with his Kingdom had been sore oppress'd:  
He went with Tears to bathe his Cheeks (they say)  
When vrging Cause compelled him to lay  
On his poore Subiects any new Excise,  
Neuer so needfull, iust, or light to prize:  
Which yet his Pittie rarely did permit;  
And onely when *Bellona* (pressing it)  
Against our *Lillies* some such Storm had blown,  
As hath too-often *Empires* ouerthrowne.  
For, for the Charge of needfull Dignitie,  
And royall State befeeming Maieftie,  
Hee neuer sought from other Source to drain,  
Then th' euer-Springs of his owne iust *Demaine*;  
Detesting th' vse of other Potentates,  
Who, but to gild their Pride in pompous States,  
Pilld all their Subiects with extreame Excesse;  
And then consuming it in Showes and Feasts,  
And scorning those whom they had eaten-vp  
(With-out Compassion) in a golden Cup  
Caroused deep their wretched Peoples blood,  
Whom God had giuen Them to protect, in good.

What Lawes-Obluion, what Contempt of God  
(Thus, this good Prince, Them, shrill and sharply chod)  
Deaffens your Eares against so many a Plaint!  
Inhumane soules, who, toucht with bloody Taint,  
Ill Shepheards, sheare not but euen flay your Fold,  
To turn the Skins to Cassakins of Gold;  
Thinke You, the Heav'ns, which hate all Tyrannie,  
Will wink at Yours, and let you scape so, free:  
No, no, they'll ruine Your vnrighteous Power;  
And, causing soon Your Subiects rise in Stower,  
The Iust Reuenger, who all Realms transfers,  
Of mightiest Kings shall make you School-masters:  
Shall break your proud Tax-puffed Scepters so,  
That, for th' abuse, you shall the vse forgo:  
Or shall so curse the cruell Policies  
Your *Minions* finde to feed your Vanities,  
That in Your hands your Gold shal melt away,  
And still the more you pill, the more you may:  
(Like *Droffie-sicke*, the more they drink, the dryer)  
The more you shall deuour, the more desire:  
New *Erisichthons*, through insatiate heat,  
Forced in fine you Selues to reare and eate:  
Branding with Shame of Marks so mercie-less,  
So impious Pride of hearts so Pitie-less,  
Who burd'ning Subiects more then beare they can,  
Hold neither God for God; nor Man for Man.  
But, whither run I, on so harsh a string,

Out

Out of my Tune; to tell how This good King  
Reprou'd bad Princes of his Time, for pressing  
Their People cause-less with vncessant Selling!  
Let's re-assume our Song, our proper Theam:  
Let's passe-by *Vice*: and rather couering them,  
Then Them recounting in eternall Story,  
Let vs returne to sing of *Vertues* Glory.

How happy is the Prince, who squaring right  
By sacred Lawes the limits of his Might,  
Ioyes in *Well-doing*, and as *Iust as Wise*,  
Thinks not himselfe to raign; saue Noblewife,  
When He his People heeds, and hearing aye  
Their iust Complaints, doth in due time repay  
What euery Monarch (with deuotion) vowes  
To God and Men, when first his royall Browes  
(Vnder so many solemne Mysteries,  
With hopefull Subiects withfull, ioyfull Cryes)  
Put-on the glad-fad sacred *Diadem*,  
Which instantly from thence-forth puts on Him  
That *Robe of Power*, which those doth much mis-suit  
Who haue not on rare *Vertues* richest Suit.

Among such Kings, who ay, as Right directs,  
Measure their Greatnes by their Good-effects;  
Not by their Fortunes, or their Force of hand;  
Or many Nations vnder their Command;  
Was that illustrious Prince to whom we pay  
Heroik Duties in this *Hymnik* Lay.  
For, while, at home, he happy Peace inioyd,  
Hee neuer suffer'd day to vanish voyd  
Of giuing Audience, and extending free  
Fruits of his *Iustice* vnto each Degree;  
Griuing in minde, grudging at those, as lost,  
Less worthy spent, although vnwilling most;  
Perswaded sure, that with what eye or care  
His Peoples Case a Prince doth heed and heare;  
With like, the Lord, in his extreame Affaires,  
Will looke on Him, and listen to his Pray'rs:  
That that same pompous, glittering, glorious Slauery,  
Improperly calld *Royall* (for the Brauery)  
In proper speech (by due Experience scand)  
T's an *Onerous-Honor*, a *Confin'd Command*:  
That Kings were made for Subiects; and not they,  
Not They for Kings: that though both Land & Sea  
Adore their Greames (Lawes Support alone)  
Yet, Princes Eares are not indeed their Owne;  
But their owne Peoples that doe humbly liue  
Vnder th' obedience of the Lawes They giue:  
That, to be brieft, of mightiest Kings that are,  
Labour's the Glory, and their Greatnes Care.

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Such



Such sound Instructions, from his Cradle vs'd,  
 His vertuous Mother wisely had infus'd;  
 Which in his Princely brest digesting milde,  
 A Man, he practiz'd what he learn'd, a Childe:  
 Ready to heare the meanest that complaine;  
 Preferring wisely such a sacred paine  
 Before the pleasure of the choicest Sport  
 Could be devis'd in Countrey or in Court:  
 Whence in his People such Affection spreads,  
 They blest his Birth-day, and the ground he treads;  
 Call him their Father, and with Vowes amain  
 Frequent the Altars for his long-long Raig:  
 As if that Wish (the Sum of their Desire)  
 Contained All all Prayers could require,  
 Or vs'd to beg of Heav'n's eternall Bountie,  
 In asking *Peace, Riches, Religion, Plentie,*  
 And all the Blessings which *ASTREA's* hand  
 Can plant or poure vpon a happy Land.

What Tracts of Art, What Tropes of *Eloquences*  
 Can lively represent to modern Princes,  
 (So as even *Envoies* Selfe shall nought controule)  
 That Self-severe *Integritie* of Soule,  
 Whose humble, patient, constant Temperance,  
 Hath no Successor as yet had in *France*,  
 Nor yet elf-where: How-euer every State  
 Can yet admire it, none can imitate.

EUROPE (where euer *Vice* and *Vertue* most  
 Haue striuen for Empire, best and worst to boast)  
 Hath whilom seen Kings treading in the Path  
 Of notedst Tyrants, who with Threatfull Wrath,  
 And all the Terrors, which Mans Cruell Rage,  
 To fright Mankinde had found in former age,  
 Restrained their Subiects from their Deaths Conspiring:  
 Who, so, less-daring, had the more desiring.  
 But, This right generous Prince, still walking fit,  
 Within the Path which Tyrants neuer hit,  
 Onely restrained all Publique Insolence,  
 By th' euen-born Reanes of his own Innocence.  
 Giuing so little hold to *Mal-contentes*,  
 Taking, at sharp Reproofs, so small Offence,  
 That by effect his Royall Soule did shoue,  
 That in the same no liuelier Flame did gloue,  
 Then a Desire, so Temperate to frame him,  
 That all might bouldly, none might iustly, blame him.  
 Smooth Soothers, poysoning by the Eare the hart,  
 Pernicious Weeds, who (Ivie-like) subuert,  
 Distort, destroy the Trees you Clime vpon;  
 Still feeding Vice with such Contagion,  
 That seldom, Soules who with Applause approue  
 Your praising them, do ought *Praise-worthy* loue:

Vizards

Vizards of Homage, Vertues Pestilence,  
 Right ill-come were You to This Vertuous Prince;  
 Who, shunning aye Your banefull Whisperings,  
 As common Poisoners of the publique Springs,  
 Abhor'd your presence, and could better brook  
 A mis-Fault-finder, then a *Fawner's* look.  
 So much a Noble Minde, remote from Vice,  
 Louing true Honor, loatheth *Flatteries*.

What pleasure took Hee, how extreame Delight,  
 In Histories, where many times hee might  
 Review himselfe; amaz'd, to read the things  
 There said of *Kings*; which none dare say to *Kings*!  
 How was he rapt! how sweetly extasied,  
 When that diuine *Eternall Will* he read,  
 VVhere, with so liberall, iust, and louing hand,  
 God shares to His the *Heav'nly-Holy-land*:

That which is said of *Alexander's* loue  
 To *Homer's* Works (whose graces, all approue)  
 May well of him, for honoring the Miracles  
 Of th' *Heav'nly Author*, speaking in his Oracles:  
 Which as a precious Treasure, richly cast  
 In Gold and Cedar, had he neer him plac'd;  
 Calling it aye his ioy of Exercises,  
 The Spur of *Vertues*, and the Curb of *Vices*.  
 If happily his *Publik Cares* lent Leasure,  
 Helpe'd it not in more contenting pleasure,  
 Then What so sacred Studie's Fruit imparts  
 To th' healthy Taste of true *God-fearing* hearts.

And well appeared, by rare, rich Effects  
 Of *Vertues* shining ouer all his Acts,  
 That that diuine Seed (happy sowne the while)  
 Fell in no *Thorny, Stony, Sandy* Soile.  
 For, if that euer Soule did Vice auoid,  
 If euer heer meer humane Spirit inioyd  
*Prowes, Pietie, Prudence, and Justice*, mixt,  
 VVithout the Foil of *Follies* Drosse betwixt  
 (From proudest Wrong, the poorest Right defending:  
 Disdaining Pleasures towards Vice but tending:  
 Milde to the Meek; to Malapert, austere;  
 To good men, Bountious; to the bad, Severe)  
 'Twas This braue Prince: Whom, They do best resemble,  
 In Whom *These Vertues* most of all assemble.

Kings of his Time, raigning in *East and West*,  
 Reuering him for such, his Greatnes blest:  
 Th' Afflicted Princes chose him for Refuge;  
 The Strong, for Friend; and Those at Strife, for Iudge,  
 When they grew weary to dispute their Cause  
 By th' old sharp Argument *Kings Furie* draws,

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When



When, Mars vsurping milde Astrad's room,  
Insted of words, their Swords must giue the Doom;  
When Iniurie with Iniury repelling,  
And strength of Lawes by stronger Lawes refelling  
(To back their Own, or Others claim to barr)  
They seek their Right in Might; their Peace, in War.

Such was Saint LEVVIS; and such was, vvel-neer,  
Our Own Saint EDWARD (and ELIZADEER;  
Sane for Her Sex, the Salique Law perchance,  
Barrs Her Succession to the Saints of France)  
For all prime Vertues of a compleate Prince  
To make a Saint-King. And, if euer, Since,  
EVROPE hath seen or any kingdom know'n  
A liuing Shrine of Both These Saints in One  
(Though, som, Suspect of the smooth Soothing-Crime;  
Some, grosse Neglect of This Ingratefull Time,  
Too-Envie-prone, permit not So to say)  
It will be Said and Sworne another Day  
(When swelling Clouds, that dare Eclipse our Sun,  
Shall, by His Rayes dispersed, be vndone;  
And He, Himselfe, in his Own splendor shine)  
To As our IVST-MASTER, learned and diuine.

And, if that euer (for the Time to come)  
There haue bin Hope of like in CHRISTENDOM;  
There was a Prince, and is a Prince with GOD,  
Whose Name is deer, and deer the Dust he trod  
(Whose Memory My Teares must euer mix)  
On Whom all Eyes, in whom all Hearts did fix:  
Whose Vertues Haruest ripened in his Spring,  
HENRY was made a Saint, before a King,  
Leauing his Brother (where His Best re-flowres)  
Sole Heire apparant to His Hopes and Ours.

And, if yet, vnder Heav'n's gilt azure Cope,  
There now remaine Another liuing Hope  
Of new Saint LEVVIS, or His like again,  
For godly, goodly, gracious, glorious Raign,  
With Blisse to BRITAIN, and the Sacred Flock,  
Not built on Peter's ROME, but Peter's Rock;  
This, This is Hee: My Patron and my Prince,  
PANARIVS; Whose Pupil-Excellence  
Boads in his Age, to make This Poem seem  
No Poem, but a Prophetic of HIM.

For, neuer was there Sonne more like to Sire,  
In face, or grace, or Ought that Wee admire;  
Then is Our CHARLES, in his young Vertues Spring,  
Liketh happy Non-Age of that Holy King  
(Like his Owne Father; like his Onely Brother,  
So as Hee seems rather The same, then Other)  
For Gracious Gifts, and Native Goodnes filld  
By like graue Tutors, in their Function skilld.

O Thou All-Giuer! Fountain of all Good!  
Poure daily downe vpon This Hopefull Bud  
Thy Dewes of Grace: shine on it from above  
In mildest Rayes of Mercie and of Loue:  
Insted of Suckers, send it Succours still,  
To feed the Root, that That the rest may fill  
With liuely Verdure of a fruitfull Sap,  
To load with Plentie euery Vertuous Lap:  
Breathe on it Blessings: leaue no Weed with-out,  
Nor VVorme with-in it: hedge it round about  
From Boares, and Beasts, domesticall and Stranger;  
Both Wylde and Wylie (Where least Dread, most Danger.)  
That it may kindly spring, and timely spread,  
In bulk and Branch, with leaues that neuer shed:  
Vnder whose Shade mine Aged Muse may vwarble  
Some Monument (out-lasting Brasse and Marble)  
In Swan-like notes, to My Meccenas Honor,  
When Hee bestowes some Nest of Rest vpon-her.

Nor may my Vowes ingratefully forget  
Our Other Branch (in Other Soile new-set)  
Whose tender Leaues shaken with Sighs of Ours,  
Insted of Tears, haue dropped Siluer showers  
To coole My Thir it, my Cares to cure, or calm,  
With timely Use of Bounties princely Balm.  
O Sea of Bounties neuer-dryed Source!  
So water it with Thy rich Fauors Course,  
That, Happy thriving by her PALATINE,  
The Royall Issue of Their Rosie-Vine,  
From Rhine and Ister, may to Tiber spread;  
And, ouer-topping ROME's vsurping Head,  
From Bramble-Kings recover CAESARS Seat,  
With greater Sway then CONSTANTINE the Great.

Great Arbitrer, whose Counsaile none can sound;  
Whocanst all Thrones confirm, and all confound;  
Conferring Kingdoms and transferring them,  
How, When, and where thou wilt, from Stem to Stem;  
Establish, Lord, in Royall IAMBES his Race,  
These Kingdoms Greatnes, and Thy Kingdoms Grace:  
Prosper our DAVID, blest his SALOMON,  
That after Them, vpon GREAT-BRITAIN'S Throne  
(Maugre Hells malice and the Rage of ROME,  
Their roaring Bulls, their Charms, their Arms to come,  
Their Powder-Plots, their Pistols, Poysons, Knives;  
And All their Iesuities murderous Art contriues)  
Their Seed may sit; and neuer Other hand  
Then STUARTS sway the Sceptre of This Land;  
Wife, Great, Good STUARTS, that may shine as cleer  
As This Saint LEVVIS, both in Heav'n and Heer.

A M E N.





HENRIE  
THE  
GREAT  
(The Fourth of that Name)

LATE  
King of FRANCE  
and NAVARR:  
HIS

Tropheis and Tragedie.

Written in French By PIERRE MATHER.

To the Right Honorable WILLIAM CECILL,  
Earle of Salisbury.

**B**esides the Bonds which did most Pow'rs engage  
To your deere Elders; and besides the Due  
Which to your Selfe might in itly thence accrew;  
Th' apparant Vertues of your April-age,  
Challeng'd of right This Poëms Patronage:  
The rather, sub wee first receiv'd from you,  
The speedy Notice (no lesse quick than true)  
Of HENRY'S Death, through Hells dis-chained Rage.  
You saw this Sunne, at his High-Noone shine Set  
In suddaine Clowd of his owne Royall Bloud.  
O Horrid Hap! who ever can forget  
Such Fate, such Hate; of one so Great, so Good:  
O! Just Revenge, root out th' Ignatian Pack,  
The Moules that moon'd in Faux and Rauaillac.

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

THE



THE TROPHEIS OF  
THE VERTVES AND

Fortune of HENRIE the Great.

**S**ince first Apollo lent the World his light,  
And Earth empregn'd with his heatfull might,  
Europ hath seene no Potentate, no Prince,  
To Parallel Great HENRY'S excellence.  
No Terme, no Time, his fresh Renown shall shed:  
Neuer was King more deare, neuer more dread.  
Phoenix of Kings, wonder of Christendome,  
Passing all past, and without Peere to come;  
His Courage only matcht His Clemencie,  
And should his Tomb to These Two equall be,  
Both Spain and France, could not containe the same,  
Which haue so often seen his feates of Fame.  
His Life's a lamp to Princes, and a line;  
A Trophey rear'd by Miracle diuine;  
A Theater to all the Vertues built;  
A goodly Garden, with such plenty filld  
Of choifest fruits and flowers, that chusing, there  
Abundance troubles more then Want else-where.  
The yeer that EDWARD in Great Britane dy'd:  
That France (beyond the mountains) Spain def'd:  
That Therwin walls were thundered to the ground:  
That a faire flower our Royall Hymen Crownd:  
I' th' winter Solstice (when the yeare is worn)  
Within Pau Castle This young MARS was born:  
Born for the Worlds Good: as his Enterance  
Presag'd him then the HERCVLES of France;  
To re-advance her Lillies long decayd:  
For as (by chance) bare-head abroad he playd,  
At foure yeets old, a Snake he finds and kills;  
At forty, foiles the Hydra of our Ills.

N or



Nor was He bred in soft delicious wife  
(Which forms young Spirits into the form of Vice):  
His Grandfire vs'd him to all VVeathers Ire,  
His Sauce was Labour, Exercise his Fire,  
His noble Heart did neuer ought inflame,  
Sauer Heauens desire, and th' Honour of the same.

Scince fourteen times had he beheld the birth  
Of th' happy Planet (which praesag'd his Worth)  
Predominant in his Natiriall;  
When he became an Armies Generall,  
Whose hottest flame, without Him was but fume;  
Nor, but by Him, durst any good presume.

He purchast Peace, the which eftsoones was staine'd  
With His friends blood, and his young soule constaine'd  
To faine some Change of His Religion:  
At *Vinsaine* Castle He was seiz'd vpon,  
And to the Court confin'd; where, discontent,  
His Spirit droopes, out of His Element.

Escaped thence: with restless toyle, He tends  
To saue the Side of his Afflicted Friends;  
By peace again he bringeth all in vre:  
And *Monsieur's* death doth well his Hopes assure  
Of th' after Crown, who but between him stood;  
So, now was He the first Prince of the Blood.

Then from afarre he doth new Storms discry:  
To threat his fortune, and his force to try:  
He meets the danger with vndaunted front,  
And in foure yeres beares ten braue Armies brunt,  
All with the might of a great Monarch grag't;  
Whereof, at *Contras* he defeats the last.

At last, the King to extreame Streights reduc't,  
In doubt of all, and daring none to trust,  
Implores This Prince, who rescues him from *Tours*,  
With iust Reuenge; and had, yer many houres,  
Re-humbled *Paris* to her Princes yoake,  
But for *Saint Clements* Paricidiall stroake.

After which stroak (which all true French-men hate)  
*France* sadly falls in a most wretched state:  
Who hath least Reason, hath most Insolence;  
Who hath most Power, hath least Obedience.  
Nor Awe nor Law; Disorder every-where:  
Good, without hope, and Wicked without feare.

Rebellion spauncs as fast as (in the Spring)  
Fruit-fretting vermine; it doth Discord bring  
In Families, death in Townes, death in Field:  
O! happy you who neuer daign'd to yeeld  
Vnto that Hagge; but, Loyall to the Crowne,  
Haue left your Heires, Heires of a true renowne.

Who

Who counts the Cares that on a Crown doe wait,  
As well may number *Autumnes* fruitfull freight,  
And *Floras* too. Yet this great spirit of man,  
Mid th' ebbs and fouds of This vast Ocean,  
Seems a still Ship, which maugre Winds and Waues,  
In wished Hau'n her and her Burthen saues.

Hee's neuer idle, nor his Exercise  
Other than stands with princely offices:  
*MARS* and *DIANA*, and *CYPRID* wait on Him:  
Maugre his Losse, hee alwaies gaines by Time.  
Vnto Affaires his eares are open aye,  
Nor waits hee lazying on his bed for day.  
Shafts, Tigers, Torrents; no, nor Lightning flies  
More swift about, than This bold Eagle plies  
(Amid all perils) to preserue his State,  
With Heed and Speed, from Rebels Pride and Hate.  
In Battells first, last in Retreats: in brief,  
In Action, Souldier; in Direction, Chief.

*Diepe* saw his Fortunes on a desperate Dy;  
The League presum'd he needs must yeeld, or fly:  
But, as a Brook, the more we stop his Course,  
Breaks down his Bay, and runs with swifter force,  
He foiles his Foes at *Arques*, and shewes them plain,  
That Heauens iust hand doth his dear Right sustain.

'Tis buzz'd in *Paris*, and beleu'd in part,  
That he is taken; or constrained to start  
From *Diepe* to *Doner*, to seek *Englands* Aide:  
And, while Him comming Prisoner-wise, they said,  
To the *Bastile*, He came and ouer-came  
Their Suburbs soon, to their Suborners shame.

Conquest attends him, whether he encamps,  
Or marches on: again he takes *Estampes*:  
*Lixieux*, *Eureux*, *Mans*, *Meulan*, *Vandosme*, *Perch*,  
And *Honfleur*, formost in His *Trophie* march;  
As earnest-pence of his recover'd State,  
And Crowne of *France*, which well admits no Mate.

*Tiber* and *Iber* then together flow  
(Too strong in wrong) his Right to ouer-throw.  
There proude Power, Heer Prowess brighter shines;  
And daily shewes vs by a thousand Signes,  
How great Aduantage a true Birth-right brings  
(Against Vsurpers) vnto lawfull Kings.

In *Ivry* Fields, he seems a Blazing Star;  
Seen in the Front of all his Host, afar:  
Maiestick Fury in his Martiall Face,  
The brauest Troops, doth in an instant Chase:  
And boldest Rebls, which the rest had led,  
Came Charging one way, and by forty Fled.

Melun



*Melun* surrenders, to his War-like Lot,  
*Chartres* is chastiz'd with his thundring Shot,  
*Louiers* lyes humbled at his Conquering Foot,  
*Noyon* lamenteth her Three Succors rout,  
*Espernay* yeelds her wholly to his hest,  
*Dreux* twise besieged, opens as the rest.

The *League*, that late so violently burn'd,  
 To a Cold Feuer now her Frenzie turn'd;  
 And trusting still in Strange Physycians aid,  
 Neglects her Cure till all her strength decaid;  
 In dread of all, In doubt her owne will quaille;  
 As a weak Ship affraid of euery Saile.

That (late) *ACHILLES* of the *Spanish-Dutch*,  
*Farnese* can *Parma* that atchieu'd so much  
 In *Anwerp's* Siege, by match-lesse Stratagem;  
 And weend the World had had no Peer to Him:  
 Had here the heart, twice, to refuse to Fight;  
 And twise departed, and had none *Good-Night*.

Fortune, for Him, no longer vs'd her Wheel:  
 But, kind and constant, follows at his heel:  
 He's Happy euery where, and ouer all  
 Spring Palmes and Lawrels: only neer *Amale*  
 A murderous Bullet put him to some pain,  
 Yet hindred not His Rescue of his Train.  
 Who weens to vanquish Him, makes Him invict;  
 Milde to the Meek, to Proudlings stern and strict:  
 He loues the Lawrels without blood be-sprent,  
 A Cruell Conquest He doth euen lament.  
 His Thunder batters but Rebellious Walls:  
 And who least fear him, on them first he falls.

*France*, Selfe to slay, and her owne Throat to Cut,  
 Arms her owne hands; and (in strange rage) doth put  
 The Knife to whet, in *Spaines* ambitious pawes;  
*Spain* that would Spoile her Crowns primordial Lawes,  
 And would a Scepter with a Distaffe Blin:  
 But all in vain: The *Lillies* cannot Spin.  
*Re-Romaniz'd*, so (say They) Heauen coniures;  
 His Errors at Saint *Denis* he abiures:

This Change, in Court yet chang'd not one nor other;  
 For, though his Subiects haue not all one Mother,  
 He holds them all his Sons, They him their Sire;  
 And Christians all, all to one Heav'n aspire.

Within the Temple of The *Mother-Maid*,  
 That bore her Son, her Sire, her God, her Aid,  
 With Heav'n-sent Oyle He is anointed King,  
 Dons th' *Order-Collar*; and by euery thing,  
 To prone, in him, Saint *Lewis* Faith and Zeale,  
 The Sick he touches, and his Touch doth heale.

By

By law of Arms, a Citie tane by Force,  
 Should feele the Victors rage, with small remorse.  
*Paris* so taken, is not treated so:

Though well his Iustice might haue razed lowe  
 Those rehell Wals which bred & fed These Wars;  
 To saue the guilt-lesse, He the guilty spares.

There, There's the Hope and Safety of His Side;  
 If There he faile, then farewell all beside:  
 The *Spaniard* therfore thither speedy sends,  
 A great strong Conuoy to confirm His Friends.  
 Which soon defeated, There began the End  
 Of Ciuill Wars, and all to Vnion tend.

Th' Honor of sauing and restoring *France*,  
 Is not alone due to His *Valiance*:

His *Clemencie* hath part; which lets him in  
 To stronger Holds, than all his Arms could win:  
 That, satisfied with Tears, makes from all parts,  
 Repentant Rebels yeeld him vp their Hearts.

*Lyons*, the Porter of one Part of *France*,  
*Rou'n*, that sees none like strong in Ordinance,  
*Orleans*, which *England* did vndabnted proue,  
*Marsillis*, iealous of old *Neptune's* loue,  
*Aix*, *Bourges*, *Sens*, *Meaux*, *Poitiers*, *Troy*, *Thoulouse*,  
 And *Reims*, of These, each to his Bounty bowes.

This gracious Prince excus'd the simpler sort,  
 Whom (Malice-lesse,) blind Passions did transport  
 Against the Lawes, with fury of the Time;  
 Who self-affraid to fail in fowler Crime,  
 Seduct by others slie seditious Lore,  
 Follow'd (like Sheep) their Fellowes straid before.

This heavenly-humane *Clemency* of His,  
 Yet cannot shield Him from some Treacheries.  
 One wounds him in the Mouth, and breaks withall  
 One of his Teeth, (O *A&vnnaturall*!)  
 And had not God in part put-by the blowe,  
 Euen then in *Paris* had he perisht so.

But, hauing quencht the Ciuill Fires in *France*,  
 Gainst his ill Neighbors now his Arms aduance;  
 In *Piedmont* Fields his Lilly-flowers he plants,  
 Pills *Bourgogne*, and all *Artois* He dants,  
 And makes the great *Castilian* Ma's to fly,  
 With Feare, Within; without, with Infamy.

Then, those great Warriors that had disobeyd  
 (Whom not their Courage but their Cause betray'd)  
 Which came with shame and sorrow (as was meet)  
 To cast their swords at his victorious Feet,  
 Fearing his Rigor: He receiues them (rather)  
 With King-like grace, and kindnesse like a Father.

Aaaaa

Heauen



Heauen daily works, for Him, some special Miracle :  
His Faith's an Altar, and his Word an Oracle :  
His greatest foes haue neuer found him faile.  
And should Sincerity in all men quail,  
Exiled from the World (as *Moors from Spain*)  
In This Kings soule she had been found againe.

*Spain* by a train of many VVyles well laid,  
Surpriseth *Amiens*, *France* is all affraid :  
The Spaniard, hence prouder then euer, swells :  
Vndanted HENRY Thence him soon repells,  
Regains his Citie, and constrains His foes,  
To beg their Peace, or to abide his blowes.

The Storms that long disturbd the State are val'd,  
Th' ill Vapors now are from all hearts exhal'd,  
And *France* is now all *French*, euen all about :  
Only the *Breton* stiffly yet, stood out.  
But, those white *Ermines* at the last must need,  
Of th' only Sent of the faire *Lillies* seed.

Old PHILIP longs to see the Waters calme,  
Finds all designes vaine to supplant This Palme ;  
Sith the more shaken, it more fast doth grow :  
He seeketh Peace, the *Pope* solicits so,  
*Vernins* doth treat it, *Brussels* sweares it don,  
And PHILIP pleas'd departs the World anon.

*France* yet retains one sensible Offence,  
For which she vowes Reuenge or Recompence :  
Among the Alps her thundring Canons roare,  
Proud-browd *Montmeilan* flaunts and vaunts the more  
To stop her fury, but in fine is faine  
To rue her rashnesse and repent in vain.

God hastens his owne Work : This Monarch marries  
In *Lyons* Church, the choice, the Chief of *Maries* ;  
The Heauens delight, our *Lillies* ornament :  
*Looe*, in one heart two louely Soules hath blent ;  
Whence Peace is more confirm'd, and Discord dasht.  
For, by This knot many great Plots are quasht.

At *Fountainbleau* (a Paradise for site)  
She brought him forth his *Dolphin*, his delight,  
Whose tender youth giues happy hopes of Worth :  
One Daughter also did she there bring forth,  
And two Sons more (Supporters of the Crowne :  
Two daughters more, *Paris* for birth doth owne.

His Clemency hath conquered Rebels rage,  
Made of dis-loyall loyall Vassalage ;  
Yea forced Wils by Pardons and by Grace,  
The proof whereof is writ in euery place ;  
Through all the Townes of *France* both great and small ;  
Where, for Reuenge, Reward was daign'd to all.

Once,

Once, only once, his Mercy admirable,  
Was deafe to *Biron*, and inexorable ;  
Sith when he might, his hault despight would none.  
I wonder not to see that *Myrmidon*,  
In the *Bastile*, a shamefull death to beare :  
But This I wonder, that he would come there.

Offacious spirits, of close deep hearts and double  
(VVhose Life is strife, whose, Rest is best in trouble,  
He knowes the drifts, and known dissolues the same,  
As fast as fire melts Lead within the flame.  
His voyce alone, as Dust cast vp aloft,  
Breakes Hornets buzzing and their swarming, oft.

*Discord*, disturbing holy Churches rest,  
Twixt *Rome* and *Venice* did debates suggest :  
Ambition set-in foote, fore-sweld with hope,  
To bridle both the Senat and the *Pope* ;  
Both prest to fight : His Prudence reconcil'd  
Their Difference, and did their mindes remil'd.

He relisht now the harmeles Sweets of Peace,  
Willing his People should partake no lesse ;  
But yet some-where he feesles a Thorne to prick :  
To pluck it out, he armes and marches quick,  
Euen to the Frontier : There attaines his will,  
Wisedom (so) fitly takes her Season still.

You nations, that for fortie yeers haue seen  
*BELLONA's* Tempests, and felt *MARS* his Teen ;  
That for your Liberties haue pawnd your Liues :  
If freely now you ioy your Wealth, your Wiues :  
If now your Trades into the East you bring,  
(Vnder Heauens Kingdom) onely thank this King.  
Thus heapt with Honors, This braue King is loath  
That his braue Knights, effeminiz'd by Sloath,  
Mid Games and Dames, during so long a Peace,  
Should still ly still in Cities pomp and ease :  
Therefore he rears an Army strongly dight,  
In *Gulich's* Claim, his wronged friends to right.

A noble Prince, whose Prowes and Prudence, late  
*Buda* admir'd, and *Rome* hath wondred-at  
(The Honor of His Time) was Generall ;  
So stoad with Gold, with Guns, with Arms, with all,  
That neighbor Princes all were in alarm :  
Yet Them This Thunder brought more feare then harm.

Fearless it marches ; and, respectless, threats  
What-euer Log its ready Passage lets ;  
Gesture and voice already skirmishing,  
And vnder Conduct of so braue a King,  
*Great-Britaines*, *Germans*, *Switzers*, *Belgians*,  
Serue all the Greatnes of the Crown of *France*.

Aaaaa

Else-where,



Else-where, the while, The Duke that rules the *Alpes*,  
 Seem'd to haue his heart no more beyond the *Calpes*;  
 Braue noble heart, *Saxonically-French*.  
*Fuentes*, affraid, with shoulder-shrinking wrench,  
 Doubts lest that *Milan* stoop to *France* againe;  
 And *CHARLES* prouoked proue the Scourge of *Spaine*.  
 Heau'ns now, to Crown his *Tropheis*, had set down,  
 That at *Saint Denis* he his Queen should Crown  
 With royall Diadem; and in one Day  
 The State, the Maiesty of *France* display.  
 Nothing but Great; but great Magnificence;  
 But, *MARTIN* Grace excell'd all Excellence.

**H**ence, hence false Pleasures, momentary Ioyes;  
 Mock vs no more with your illuding Toyes:  
 A strange Mishap, hatched in Hell below,  
 Hath plung'd vs all in deepest Gulfe of Woe,  
 Taught vs that all Worlds-hopes as Dreams do fly,  
 And made vs all, Cry *All is Vanitie*.

Four houres from Noon, forth from the *Louvre* rode  
 This mighty Prince (without his Gard) abroad,  
 To see His Arcenall: To his *Caroche*,  
 In a streight Lane, a Hell-hound durst approche;  
 And with a knife, twice stabbing, kill'd him quite,  
 Turning that fairest Day to foulest Night.

Twice did the Monster stab: for else, the first  
 Had not been mortall; but the knife, accurst,  
 Thrilling his Lungs, cut at the second stroake  
 Th' *arterial vein*, whose bloud-floud soon did choak  
 The peerless Prince; His dying Eyes and Hart  
 Imploring Heaven, soon did his Soule depart.

Fell Tyger, tell vs, tell vs Why, or Whence,  
 Thou durst (accurst) assault so Great a Prince?  
 Wherein had He to Thee or Thine done wrong?  
 When once (yer this) Thou didst too neer him throng,  
 His Gard rebuk't thee; but, He Them, for That.  
 Caus'd That *Thy Malice*, and His Murderous fate?

Fates ruthles Law allows his royall brest  
 To die the death that *CAESAR* thought the best;  
 Death without sense of death, a death so quick,  
 It sildome leaues Kings leifure to be sick;  
 Nor giues Him leaue of his sixt *Decads* date  
 To fill the Roule; but, seauen fix Months did bate.

He, He that was the Hope, the Prop of His,  
 He that restored *France* to what it is,  
 He that confin'd the Power of Princes still,  
 He that Commanded *Victory* at will,  
 That was the Worlds delight, Kings glory sheen,  
 He, He receiues Deaths treacherous stroak vnseen.

Th

Th' vnhappy street where This fell Hap fel-out,  
 Where wofull *Paris* saw her Light put-out,  
 Where cursed Iron pearc't her Princes hart,  
 It shall no more be clept *The Iron-mart*:  
 It shall be call'd *The cursed Corner*, still;  
*The Hag-street*, or *The Hell-street*: which you will.  
 Lord! where wert Thou, when that disloiall wretch  
 With cruell hand did Thine Anointed reach;  
 Quenching the Raies of Royall Maiestie?  
 No heart is hid from thine All-pearcing Eye,  
 It sees the Centre, knows the thoughts, yer thought;  
 Could it see This, and suffer it be wrought?

Hell oft before, out of his black *Abyss*,  
 Had spew'd vp Monsters to haue acted This:  
 But, still thy hand from former wounds did ward,  
 And had he not still trusted to Thy Gard,  
 His Owne had waited Round about his Coach,  
 And This fell Tiger neuer should approach.

These Words, these rather Words escap't my tong,  
 When I beheld That Monarch layd along  
 Dead on his Bed; so dead, so butchered:  
 I blamed Heauens, and Whispering soft, I said,  
 Because They stopt not This strange Hap before,  
 Their slumbring eyes now watch the World no more.

But, are mine eyes mine owne? Is This That Prince  
 Which might haue made all *Europe* His, long since,  
 Had he not thought th' Empire of *France* enough;  
 That Lion-heart, that Courage Cannon-prooffe,  
 Which did so oft Impossible atchieue?  
 I see tis He: yet scarce my sight beleene.

Is This That Mighty King, Gods lively Image,  
 To whom the greatest in the World did Homage?  
 In Peace a Dove, in Warre an Agle quick,  
*NESTOR* in Court, in Camp *ACHILLAS*-like;  
 That with a hundred horse, a thousand foil'd:  
 That from most Dangers neuer yet recoil'd.

Great *Rome* was strangely maz'd and all a-mort,  
 When She beheld her *CAESAR*'s bloody shirt:  
 And say, Great City, how wert Thou dismayd,  
 When first thou saw'st Thine *HENRY* sadly layd  
 Along his Coach, and couered with a Cloak?  
 "I thought the Prop of all my Fortunes brook."

Those that haue seen in Townes surpris'd (while-yer)  
 When to the Churches All haue fled for feare,  
 May well imagine *Paris* deepe Affright.  
 Nothing but shiuering: Nobles armed bright,  
 Clergy at Prayers, People weep and houle:  
 And *HENRY*'s wound hath wounded euery Soule.

Aaaaa3

Paris



*Paris* in Honour of her peerless Queen,  
Had plotted Showes (more pompous neuer seen)  
As, rich to th' outward, rare to th' inward sense;  
But, all those Arch's Marks of Magnificence),  
Those *Trophies, Terms, Statues, Colosses, All,*  
Make but more Mourners at the Funerall,

I yeeld My Penfill: help *AVELL*s, heere,  
To Limn (to life) Her dying-living Cheere:  
Beleeve is hardly in Mans heart imprest,  
Her Griefe more hard to be by Art exprest.  
Therefore O Queen! Great Stay, Great Star of *France,*  
This Vaile I draw before Thy Countenance.

Heauen steel'd Thy Hart with Fortitude That Day,  
Thy Courage kept the Kingdom from Decay;  
And to the Throne Thy Son our Soueraign heft:  
Though angry Fates of Father him bereft,  
Yet Mercifull, they left him such a Mother,  
That *France* could hardly haue been rul'd by other.

The suddain Clap of This drad Thunder sounds,  
From *Alexander's* to *Alcides* Bounds:  
The Kings and Princes stand amazed all,  
With horror of an Act so Tragicall.

Some, Rest forsake: others, Repast forbear:  
And Each, like Fortune to him selfe doth feare.

So suddainly to see Day turn'd to Night,  
*Triumphant* Palmes, into *Funereal* Plight,  
The Royall Crown to a deep Mourning Vale,  
A living King, to a dead Corps and pale,  
Our Flowers to Thorns; seem Tricks of Sorcery,  
Wherein, Conceit consents not with our Eye.

Yes, He is dead: and his eye-lids no more  
To view this Light shall open (as before);  
Those lovely Eyes, the Load-stars of the Court,  
Whose gracious glances, on the Worthy sort,  
Gaued Vertue vigor; and Whose awfull frowne  
Dis-dared Vice; are now Eclipt and downe.

Where are those ready Battaile-ranging Hands?  
Those lightning Eyes whose wrath no wall with-stands?  
That Voice so dreadfull to the stoutest harts?  
That Heart which wrought so many wondrous parts?  
That piercing Wit, dispersing Clouds of Doubt?  
Where is that mighty King, so fam'd about?

Inexorable *Death*! intumane, cruell,  
Thou shalt no more reauue vs so rare a Jewell;  
*Nature* hath broke the Mould she made Him in.  
In all thy *Triumph* (trayling every Kin)  
Shall neuer march His March, nor worthier Prince  
T' haue been exempted from thine Insolence.

Ah!

Ah! poore, weak *Vertue*, zealous Loue of Thee,  
Prolongs not Life, protracts not Death (I see).  
This Prince that gaue Thee euen his Heart for Temple,  
This Prince, whose Raig shall serue for rare Exemple  
To future Kings, in future Things dismayd,  
Should haue come sooner, or haue later stayd.

His Pietie, was neither Fond, nor Faind;  
His Prowesse, neither Feare, nor Rashnes staid;  
His Prudence clear'd his Councells, steerd his State;  
His Temperance his Wrath did temperate;  
His Iustice with his Clemencie did Yoake:  
Yet could not All free Him from Fatall stroke.

Inuincible in all: only, the Darts,  
Which haue not spar'd the Gods immortall harts,  
Haue often batter'd His: but by your leaues,  
O fairest *Bewties*! *Bewtie it selfe deceiues*),  
You neuer were the Souerains of his brest:  
He You (perhaps) You neuer Him possesse.

In *Arms-Art*, what He knew not, none can know't,  
Neither attempt what He attempted not.  
Reason was aye the Aime of His designs:  
His braue Exploits (worthie immortall lines)  
Shall furnish Theam to Thousand learned Clarks,  
Whose Works shall Honor Him, He more their Works.

His *Royall Gest*s are euery-where extold,  
Grauen, Carued, Cast, in Marble, Wood, and Gold;  
His Life alone's an History admir'd,  
Wherein all Pens, all Pencills shall be tir'd,  
In pourtraying all His valiant Feats to-forn,  
Whose Tables euer shall all Courts adorn.

His *Bounties* Temple had a hard Access,  
Not known to any but to *Worthinesse*:  
That Gate (indeed) did seldom open quick.  
His *Liberality*, (coy *Bewty*-like)  
Lou'd to be woo'd, prest, and importun'd still;  
Yea, for'c't to giue, what glad and faine she will.

Yet, by th' effects to waigh his Clemencie,  
Methinks His Heart must more then humane be,  
Methinks therein some higher Power did shine,  
It surely seem'd celestiall and diuine:  
And but I saw him dying, pale and wan,  
I could haue scarce beleeu'd This Prince a Man.

He euer lou'd rather to saue then spill,  
Not cementing his Throne with Blood, with Ill;  
Nor ween'd, by Feare his Diadem assur'd;  
With mildenes rather, griev'd minds he cur'd:  
His Memory did neuer wrongs retain;  
Beloued Kings, He thought, securest raig.

Praise



Praise you his Bounty, you that, past the Poles,  
Beare Heauens, Embassage to Belief-les Soules:  
HENRY restor'd your Countrey, and your Credit,  
He gaue you leaue ouer all *France* to spred it;  
Restor'd you *Bizance*, and each pleasant part,  
Left you his Court, bequeath'd to you his Heart.

If *France* now flourish, proyning, round about,  
Oliues within, and Lawrels all without,  
If now, She giue the Law to other States,  
If Peace and Plenty raigne within her Gates,  
If now She feare no Ciuill Storms again,  
These are the fruits of This Great HENRY's Raigh.

If now Her Schooles with learned men abound,  
If Her rare wits be through the World renownd,  
If doubts of Faith be cleared and explor'd,  
If Learning be to her due Place restor'd,  
If now Desert the Charge in Church attain,  
These are the Fruits of This Great HENRY's Raigh.

If now her Buildings passe for bewty farre  
The Worlds old Wonders (Which so famous are)  
If *Paris* Thou be peerlesse to behold,  
For State, for Store, for people, Goods, and Gold,  
If in thy Citie, Cities sprout again,  
These are the Fruits of This Great HENRY's Raigh.

If the *French* Scepter be now Self-entire,  
Fear-les of Forain or Domestick fire:  
If *France* haue Fellowes of ACHILLES Fame;  
If now in *France* be nothing out of frame,  
If now the *Indies* her *Bastile* containe;  
These are the Fruits of this Great HENRY's Raigh.

If now we ioy to see our Countrey free  
From Theeues and Rebels (which exiled be):  
If Iustice now doe keep the lewd in awe,  
If Desperate Duels be now curbd by Law,  
If now the Weak waigh not the Strong's disdain,  
These are the Fruits of This Great HENRY's Raigh.

If Merchants rich, If Magistrates be sound,  
If Officers like Emperors abound,  
If Purse Lawyers liue Prince-like at home,  
If now Inuentions to their height be come,  
If now good wits find where them to sustaine,  
These are the fruits of This Great HENRY's Raigh.

Who lou'd not Him, neuer beheld his browes,  
Who knew his Fortunes, must admire his Prowes,  
Who feard him not, His greatnes did offend,  
Who weend Him to beguile, his Wildom kend:  
Who durst displease Him, knew his mercies store;  
Who durst not speak, his mildnes did ignore.

Who

Who waileth not his Death, knew not his Life,  
Glory of His and Others Enuie rise,  
Incomparable, Admirable Prince,  
Excelling all th' old HENRYS Excellence.  
For, His true Story shall their Fables shame:  
Inimitable Life, Illimitable Fame.

O *French-men*, stop not yet your weeping flood:  
This Prince for you hath lauish't of his blood.  
O! be not niggards of your Tears expence,  
(Vaile heer, my Verse, do ANNE a reuerence;  
Rare ANNE that shames the rarest wits of Ours,  
Her diuine Stances furnish thee these Flowers).

The Heauens may giue vs all Prosperities,  
Sustain our State, remooue our miseries;  
But cannot dry vp our Tears bitter streame:  
In extreame-Euills remedies extreame.  
Restore our King, quick shall our Ioyes recouer:  
Els, neuer look our Sorrowes should giue-ouer.

Each-where our Grief finds matter to augment it,  
His Names remembrance doth each-where present it,  
His famous Gests do busie euery Sort,  
Some tell his Warres, others his Works report.  
Others his Fauours past, glad-sad deplore;  
Then, not to mourn, is not to mind Him more.

Ah! must we liue, and see so sodain dead  
The Life that late our Liues inspirited?  
Strike faile my Soule, let's put into the Port,  
While HENRY liu'd 'twas good to liue (in fort):  
But let vs after: sith Hee's rest of breath,  
Desire of Life is now farre worse then Death.

Sorrow, with vs doth both lie-downe and rise,  
Wrinkles our Browes, withers our Checks and Eyes:  
We shun what-euer might our Grieffs allay,  
We wish the Night, w' are weary of the Day,  
Night brings sad Silence with her horrid Shade,  
And euen hir Colour seems for Mourning made.

Extreamest Woes yet are with Time ore-past,  
Rivers of Teares are dryed-vp at last:  
But neuer Ours; Our, euer fresh shall flow:  
We desie Comforts, We'll admit no mo,  
Nor seek them, but as *Alchemy* profound  
Seekes that which is not, or which is not found.

Who, from the Ocean, Motion can recall,  
Heat from Fire, Void from Aire, Order from All,  
From Lines their Points, from I's all her Dyes,  
Perils from Seas, from Numbers Vnities,  
Shadows from Bodies, Angles from the Square,  
May free our Hearts from Grief, our Mindes from Care.

He



He must be hart-les that is smart-les found :  
 The Soule that is not Wounded with This wound,  
 Most brutish, hath no humane Reason in't :  
 There is no brest of Steel, no heart of Flint,  
 But must be-mone so great a King, so slain.  
 Who would not waile a Gally-slaue so raine ?

Let vs no more name HENRY'S, Kings of France.  
 Death with two Knives, and with one shiuer'd Lance,  
 Hath kild Three HENRY'S : one at Iousts (in iest) :  
 Th' other in's Closet ; in's Caroché, the best :  
 So, Three King RICHARD'S, and Five Other, cry,  
 Some fatal Secret in some Names doth lie.

What worse Disastre can you haue behinde,  
 To threaten France ? O Destinies vnkinde !  
 What greater Mischief can your Malice bring ?  
 So good a Father rest, so great a King ?  
 What will you more ? sith we no more can hope  
 For any Good that with This Ill may cope.

This noble Spirit doth to his Spring re-mount,  
 This Bounties Flood retireth to his Fount,  
 This Atomie to 's Vnity vnites,  
 This Star returns to the first Light of Lights,  
 This Ray reuertes where first it light did take :  
 And mortall wounds, This Prince immortall make.

Fare-well sole Honour of all earthly Kings,  
 Fare-well rare Prince for All kinde Managings,  
 Fare-well Great HENRY, Heav'ns and Natures Gem,  
 Fare-well bright Star of Kings, Glories great Beam,  
 Fare-well sole Mortall that I keep in minde :  
 Fare-well false Hope, fortune, and Court vnkinde.

Heer, lest Ob'ision should usurp her roome,  
 FAME writes in Gold, These Lines upon thy Toomb.

This Prince, vn-Peerd for Clemency and Courage,  
 Iustly Sur-nam'd, the Great, the Good, the Wise,  
 Mirror of Future, Miracle of Fore-Age ;  
 One short Mis-hap for-euer Happifies.

FINIS.

THE



THE  
 BATTAIL OF YVRY:

OR

THE BREAK-NECK

of

The Hellish-Holy League;

In

That famous Victorie

vonne

By HENRY the Great;

Written

By Du BARTAS:

Translated,

&amp;

Dedicated

To

The Right Honorable,

RICHARD,

EARLE of DORSET,

By IOSEPH SYLVESTER.



TO THE RIGHT HONORA-  
ble Earle of Dorset.

**A**s th' awesfull Child, that long hath truanted,  
Dares not return unto the Schoole, alone;  
For Shame and Feare to be there discipled  
With many Stripes for many Faults in One:

So fares (my Lord) My long Omission  
Of th' humble Thanks I ought have tendered  
For kinde Endeavors thou bestowd upon  
My Right, my Wrong to have recovered.  
And as (in fine) He brings his Mother forth  
To beg Forgiueness, or his Fault to scuse:  
So bring I heere My deer DU BARTAS Worth,  
To mediate for My too-faultie Muse;  
Whom daign to pardon: and in gentle Part  
Accept This last of His, not least in Art.

Your Lordships

most Obliged,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

Ad eundem  
Comitem Illustrissimum

(Nuper ex Gallijs redactum)

EPIGRAMMA

Ex Lat. L. O.

**A**ier's Change hath changed (which but rare doth chance)  
Your good, to best; in Science and in Sense.  
Wiser and better, both; and Both, from FRANCE:  
Welcom, Great Earle: few are so well com Thence.

Eiusdem

Clarissimi,

ANAGRAMMATA:

Clarus, Divis Charus;

Richardus Sacvilus.

Is Clarus, diu Charus.

Exoptat I. S.



THE BATTAIL  
OF  
Y U R Y.

**Q**! What a Sun-shine gilds vs, round-about!  
O! What a Hymne of Triumph trouble they out,  
In all our Temples! O! What cheerfull noyse!  
What Bells! What Bonfires! O! What Publique-joys!

The Day is Ours: and on the Leaguers head,

The angry Heav'ns have their iust Vengeance shed.

Be smooth, my Browes; and You, my throbbing thoughts

(Long, deeply sunk in Sorrows sable Vaults)

Soar-up to Heav'n: You Sisters Three-fold-Three,

Who of late Yeers have scarce vouchsafed Mee

To wet my lips: Now sweetly steep my Tongue

In your best Syrups: poure, vpon This Song,

A dew of Gold, a May of learned Flowers.

Let not mine Eyes, blubberd with private Showres,

Cross publique Glee: nor (silent) Me conceale,

While Others sing, These Trophies of our Weale.

Ah! now begins my rapted Brain to boile

With brave Invention: Now 's the fittest while

For my Career. Others may hold their tongue;

But, hardly can great Ioyes be hidden long.

But now; How, Where, of What, shall I begin

This Gold-grown Web to weave, to warp, to spin?

For, heer I list not, in these leaves, my Lord,

The famous Facts of thy first Arms record:

So many, and so numbery Armies scatterd,

So many Towns defend't, so many batterd

By Thy young Valour. Nither shall my Pen

Re-purple Lisle: nor with dead Grease agen

Re-soile the Soile at Contrais: neither (dread)

Heer reave again thy Ragefull Foes of Head.

Nor shall my Muse relate, how that yer-while

(Abusing King's and Church's sacred stile)

Bbbbb

All



All EUROPE nigh (all sorts of *Rights* reneg'd)  
 Against the *Truth* and *Thee*, *un-holy* leagu'd;  
 While Thou (a Prince, not having Men, nor Treasure,  
 But poor, in All; save rich in Hope past measure)  
 Resemblest right one of thy Hills in *Foix*,  
 Which stands all Storms, firm'd by it selfs sad poiz,  
 Boldly beholds the frowning Vpper-Stage,  
 Disdaining Winds, deriding Weathers rage:  
 And with his brows cleaving the proudest Thunder,  
 With knobbed knees still keeps it bravely vnder.  
 Nor may I now our Thoughts cleer Heav'n o'r-cast,  
 With Cloudy Theam of Miseries fore-past.  
 Nor cruelly begin again to launce  
 New-skinned wounds, to the new griefe of *France*.

Sing Others Those: Me shall suffice to sing,  
 That in few Months, since Thou wert heer *Our King*,  
 Thy valiant hand hath more strong places won  
 Then Both the Sides in thirty yeers have don.  
 Though Swarms besieg'd, in number did surmount  
 Besieging Troops, in so vn-equall count,  
 That oft there seemd of Foes more Troops (almost)  
 Then single Souldiers in thy Royall Host.  
 Thou seem'st a Lightning, and thy nimble Bands  
 Follow thy will rather with wings, then hands;  
 And impt with plumes of Honor-thirsting minds,  
 Are bravely born with Thy *Good-fortunes* winds:  
 Thou *cam'st*, *saw'st*, *overcam'st*, as swift well-neer  
 As these switt Words I have digested heer.

Only, neer *Arques*, for few dayes, the Foe  
 Thine Expeditions som-what doth fore-slowe:  
 But as a Torrent, whose proud stream for stop,  
 Hath the thick height of som new Causwaies top;  
 The Bottom vndermines, beats on the shore,  
 And still (in vain) adds Forces more and more,  
 Till, at the last, aided with Showres and Snowes,  
 Fell, foaming, lowd, his Prison over-throwes,  
 Tears Bridges down, bears away Mounds and Mills,  
 And having won the Valleys, threatens the Hills;  
 Swels as a Sea, and in his furious Pother  
 Takes Land from som, and giveth more to other:  
 So thou re-Campst, runn'st, rushest, ruinest  
 Holds, Houses, Towns, and never doost thou rest,  
 Till rebell *Paris*, pale for guilty Feare,  
 Behold thy Face with too-iust Fury there,  
 In her vast Sub-urbs; Sub-urbs flanked strong;  
 Sub-urbs, whose streets with Souldiers thickly throng:  
 Thou tak'st *Estamps*: and losing scarce a man,  
 Thy martiall Troops ingratefull *Vandosome* wan.

Mans

Mans is assaild, and taen; *Balaife*, *Eureux*:  
 Mayne followes those; and after that *Lizieux*,  
 And *Honsieur* too, stoop to thy *Sacred Flowers*.  
 And now began thy Sulphury Thunder-flowers  
 To batter *Dreux*: when as the *Leaguers* Chief,  
 Puft with som new Supplies, and fresh Relief,  
 From farall *Philip* (who right Foxy-Wife,  
 Wide yawning still after so rich a Prize;  
 Ambitious waits, nor wishes nothing more,  
 Then that our *Great* each other enter-gore,  
 In Civill Rage; that at the easier rate,  
 Himselfe may snatch the Price of Their debate)  
 Drawes neer thine Host. Then Thou, whose Fear was great  
 Least He too-feard thee, fainedst a Retreat,  
 Seemst loth to fight, seemst thy hault Heat to slack:  
 And, to leap further, stepst a little back.  
 Thou stopst, He flies; Thou follow'st, then He stands:  
 And now, both Sides for Battail range their Bands:  
 They seem two Forrests: every Chief, apart,  
 Darrains his Troops with order, speed, and art.  
 The Lightning-flash from words, casks, countilaces,  
 With quiv'ring beams begilds the neighbour grasses;  
 As th' Host of Stars, which shine above so bright,  
 Bespangles rich the Mantle of the Night.  
 The Souldier now looks sterner then of long;  
 Rage in his Eyes, fell outrage on his Tongue,  
 Iron on his back, Steel in his hand: and fell  
*Eryanis* makes in YVRY Fields her Hell.

There's nothing heard but Drums, Fifes, Trumpets noise,  
 But sharp-shril neighs, but dreadfull Tempests voyce.  
 Terror and Horror over all are spred;  
 Horror's there lovely, and there sweet is Dread:  
 Already fight they with their voyce and gest:  
 Already Horsemen couch their staves in rest;  
 Much like a Lion, meeting hand to hand,  
 Som savage Bull, vpon the Desert land;  
 Th' one, with wide nostrils, forming wrathfull heat,  
 With lowd proud bellows, with a thundrous threat  
 Defies his Foe; tosses his head on high,  
 Wounds with his hooves the Earth, with horns the sky  
 Th' other, as furious, from as fiery Throat  
 Roaring, replies him with more hideous note;  
 Vnder his horrid Front, in ghastly-wile  
 He roules the Brands of his fierce-flashing Eyes;  
 Rearing his Crest, hee rears his courage stout,  
 And whers his Rage, whisking his train about.  
 The Canon's prim'd, discharg'd, hand-strokes begin:  
 Friends, fellows, neighbours, brothers, colins, kin,

Bbbbb 2

Lose



Lose all respects; save only where they may,  
 Deep, deadly Wounds, worthy their Rage, repay.  
 But, North-west winde, vnder the weeping *Kid*,  
 Never so thick his volleys racqueted,  
 Of bounding Bals of Ice-pearl slippery shining,  
 On those high Hills my *Gascony* confining,  
 As heer rain Bodies, heer haile lumps of Lead,  
 Making a flood of Blood; a mount of Dead.  
 Torn Limbs, tost Trunchcons, Shivers, Fire, and Smoak,  
 As with thick clouds, both Armies round be-cloak:  
 Th' Earth quakes for fear, the Aire recoyleth quick,  
 And *Pluto's* selfe seems to look pale and sick.  
 This Side advances now, and now retreats:  
 That, lost but now; and now the better gets.

For, yet (*IOVE'S* issue) *Victory* (begert  
 With Sword by-side, and Trump behind, athwart;  
 Her head with Crowns, her hands with Scepters fraught,  
 Her costly Robe with many Conquests wrought,  
 Flounht with Palms, figur'd with Towns about,  
 Embost with Ensignes, with Assaults set-out)  
 Flyes to and fro; from Camp to Camp she plies,  
 And in her hand she leads triumphant-wise  
 Sweet-rapt *Glory*, full of cheerfull grace,  
 To either Side shewing her lovely Face.

O Sons of *Mars*! which, which of you this day,  
 As worthy Spouse, shall beare for Bride, away  
 This Beautious Love? Who, by her side shall lie?  
 Who, of her Kiss the balmie Bliss shall try?  
 Thrice happy Hee: Him shall the Kings adore:  
 Him shall the Nobles humbly bow before:  
 Him shall the Vulgar (as a Sea it were)  
 Follow, and flock about: and every-where  
 His famous Face shall set-awork the chiefe  
 Of Pensils, Gravers, Chisels, Moulds: in brieft,  
 Hee shall be *Summe* of an admired Story;  
 And every Age shall celebrate his glory:  
 His high renowne shall onely bounded be  
 With the World's bounds, and with Eternitie.

Thus having said, into their breasts she blew  
 No common Heat, but Fits of Fury new:  
 Heer Number wins, there Courage, and there Art:  
 And yet *Good fortune* fals to Either part:  
 As when the spirefull fullen Earth hath meant  
 War with the Floods, war with the Firmament,  
 Sh' incites, inflames, sets-on, in new-found-Duel,  
 Ice-bearded *Boreas*, Storm-armed *Auster* cruell;  
 Floods float vncertain, and the Clouds do vary  
 Whither it pleases Either Blast to carry:

Till

Till th' one at last, the other conquering,  
 Become Air's Tyrant, and the Water's King.

But, lo My Liege: O Courage! there Hee comes:  
 What Ray of Honour round about him looms!  
 O! what new Beams from his bright Eyes doo glance!  
 O Princely Port! Presagefull Countenance  
 Of Hap at hand! Hee doth not nicely prank  
 Incliquant Pomp (as som of meanest Rank)  
 But arm'd in Steel; that bright abilliment  
 Is his rich *Valours* sole rich Ornament.  
 Steel was his Cradle, vnder Steel hee dight  
 His Chin with Down, in Steel begins it white:  
 And yet, by Steel Hee conquers, bravely-bold,  
 Towns, Cities, States, Crowns, Sceptres, Goods and Gold.  
 Yet, void of Mark, Hee doth not hide him quight  
 Amid the Throng: a Plume dread-dancing light  
 Beclouds his Cask, and like a Willow shoves;  
 Which, prun'd belowe, close by a River growes;  
 And hath no sooner Heav'n's calm favour lost,  
 But instantly his Tops green Tuff is tost,  
 Now vp, now down, and waves (as please the Winde)  
 Now to, now fro; now forward, now behinde.  
 Thus (to bee known) Invincible by Force,  
 Hee, with six hundred, charg'd six thousand Horse.  
 The first that felt his Arm and Fauchin keen,  
 Was, blindly-bold, a Warriour that did ween  
 Himself as stout, as strong; as strong, as great;  
 And, daring so, vndanted *HENRY* met;  
 Who offers prest his Pistoll in his Face,  
 Which would not off, although it fier'd a space.  
 Whence somewhat mov'd, with angry voice, quoth Hee,  
 Hence, guile-full Arms: the glittering Sword for mee:  
 And draws withall; then nimble tossing light  
 The flashing Horror of his Fauchin bright  
 (Like an *Autumnall* ruddy-streaming Star  
 Presaging Famine, Pestilence and War)  
 Copes with his Foe, th' Assailant hee assaults,  
 And resolute observes his Arms defaults:  
 At last, betwixt his Brest-plate and his Bases,  
 Seeks for his Soule, there findes, and thence it chases.  
 Go, happy Soule, go tell the newes beneath,  
 How thou wert honour'd, to have had thy death  
 By th' onely hand of th' *Hercules* of FRANCE,  
 Th' invincible (for, such a Death, perchance,  
 Shall more extoll thy famous Memory,  
 Then to have won som other *Victory*):  
 Say, heer revives a *MARTIN*, Foes to maul;  
 And that *ORLANDO* rules again in Gaul.

B b b b b

But,



But, Thou go'st not alone : this deadly Fray  
Thou but beginn'st, as Prologue of his Play.  
Hee deales about as many Deaths as Blowes:  
Hee hacks, heaws, hurts all; all hee overthrowes,  
Swifter then Wind, or Cannon-shot, or Thunder,  
Trees, towns, and towers, turns vp, beats down, brings vnder.  
One place, one push, one deed, one death, one wound,  
Cannot suffice, nor his brave fury bound:  
He layes on All; and fiery-fierce, and stout,  
A hundred waies crosse-carves the Field about;  
All fall, in fine, but fall not all alike:  
Som did he thrill, som thwart, som down-right strike.

But, as a Lion in *Nimidian* Field,  
Feeding awhile on trembling Heards that yeeld;  
If so he heare a Bears noyse neer about,  
Rearing his Eares and Crest, he roareth out;  
Leaves Lambs, Kids, Kine; glad he incountried hath  
And Object worthier of his noble Wrath:  
My match-lesse Prince, diserying *Duke De Mayne*,  
Spare vulgar blood, and speeds to Him amain;  
Through thickest troops of stoutest men at arms,  
Through horse and foot, through shot, pikes, Ensignes, Arms,  
Incountrers Him: on Him his load he layes,  
And round about on every side assayes,  
Vnder his arms, to seek in every part  
The heart which only gaue the *Leaguers* hart.

But, dreading his disdain, *De-Mayne* with-drew:  
And all his Hopes, so sudden dasht, did rew:  
Blusht at his past Bliss, full of carefull toyle,  
Loathing the Field, new witness of his Foile.  
Now *Yvry* out of sight, he *Mante* approches:  
His weary horse, his weary rowell broches,  
Vntill, broak-winded, crest-faln, sweaty-sweltd,  
And all his grease in and without him melted,  
Lolling his ears, hanging his head and neck,  
For spur he stirs no more, then stock or stick.  
O, noble *Duke*! O wherefore stye'st Thou?  
What *Panik* Terror daunts thy Valour now?  
Thy constant Face what paints with pale Affright?  
Alas! thou lack'st not Courage heer, but Right.  
The Cause confounds thee: *CHARLES*, yet stay & stand  
To *HENRY*'s mercy; humbly kifs his hand.

If red Revenge, for thy dead Brethrens chance,  
Made thee take Arms: what's that (alas!) to *France*?  
What, to This King? whose heart and hands are knowne  
From both their Bloods as cleer as are thine Owne.  
If't were Ambition, mought'st thou not expect  
From Him, that knowes how Vertue to respect,

And

And can, as King, magnifickly advance  
His faithfull Servants, and the Friends of *France*,  
More Honor and Reward, then from the rude  
Poore, giddie, gross, ingratefull Multitude;  
Of many Heads, of more then many Mindes,  
Leaking in every Storm, led with all Windes;  
Who pay with Death, or Exile (at the best)  
Their *Dions*, *Phocians*, *Camils*, and the rest:  
Whose Rule is Rage; Who (Ivie-like) in time  
Decay the Tower whereby themselves did clime:

If it were Feare to finde His favours gate  
Now barr'd too-fast for thee to enter at;  
O! was there ever known more gracious King,  
Forgetting Ill-turnes; Good remembering!  
He rather would, by Benefits, then Blowes,  
Reduce his Rebels. When his Fury glowes,  
'Tis but as Straw-fire: while he strikes, he sighes;  
And (for the most part) from his Enemies  
Drawes not more blood, then tender Tears withall  
From his owne Eyes: His Spirit's voyd of Gall  
(Peculiar Gift, hereditary Grace,  
The Heav'ns haue given vnto the *Borbons* Race):  
And never did the all-discerning Sun,  
Which daily once about the World doth run,  
Behold a Prince religiously more loth  
To shake, for ought, his Honor-binding Oath.  
Offer my Liege the *German* Emperie,  
*Spaine's* Diadem, the *Turks* Grand-Signorie,  
Yea, make Him *Monarch* of the World, by wile;  
Hee'll spurn all Sceptres, yer his faith he file.

But, 'tis (saist Thou) for the Faith *Catholike*.  
Why? who Commands in matters Politike?  
Who in his Camp? but such as more then Thou  
With Tooth and Naile, *Romes* *Vatican* avow:  
Serves not his Name for Refuge, every-where  
Securing Priesthood from all Force and Fear:  
No *Atheism*, Hee, nor *Superstition* sent:  
Hee's a right *Christian* and religious Prince.  
He firm beleeves, that God's reformed Aw,  
He from his Cradle, with his milk did draw:  
Yet, is not partiall, nor preiudicate.

And, if the *Church*, now neerly ruinate,  
By our profane hands, our strife-stirring Quills,  
May ever look for a Redress of Ills;  
If it may ever hope to reprocure  
A holy and a happy Peace, to dure:  
It shall be, doubtless, vnder such a Prince,  
So free from Passions blinded Vehemence.

Back



Back to the Battell, *Muse*, now cast about :  
 Ah ! there they flee ; there all are in a Rout :  
 All's full of Horror, full of Ruth and Fear,  
 Full of Disorder, and Confusion, there :  
 There, none obey ; there, none at all command ;  
 There, every Souldier makes apart his Band.  
 The ample Plain is couerd all about  
 With casks, swords, muskets, pikes ; and the most stout  
 To darkest Groves carry their Deaths conceived,  
 In deepest Holes bury their Deaths received.

The Victor follows, over-takes anon ;  
 Fears not the way the Flyers fear'd t' have gone.  
 The most hee fears, is, lest Som's shift-full fear,  
 Other's despair, finde out for safety there,  
 Som Flat, som Foord, som Bank, som Bridge, som Way,  
 To passe the *Eure* : but, pressed with Dismay,  
 All, breath-leis, panting in a desperate haste,  
 Them heer and there into the River cast.

Th' immortal *Nymph* *NAVONDA*, azure-ey'd,  
 Queen of that Crystill, and that Currents Guide ;  
 Scar'd with their noise, above the water pushes  
 Her dropping Head, in Caul of weeping Rushes.  
 O ! whence, quoth shee, whence coms this iron spawn ?  
 These Metall-Men ? From what mount *Gibel* drawn ?  
 What *Vulcan* gave, what *Myron* lent (I pray)  
 Steel life, to stir ; to Iron, breath, to neigh ?  
 Hence, Monsters, hence (Wars dreadfull workmanship) :  
 With bloody deaws your Mother-Earth be-dip ;  
 And let vs gently, without stop or stain,  
 To meet our *Tritons*, roule into the Main.

Her voice doth vanish in so various noise :  
 This, with his Owne ; that, with his Armors poiz,  
 Sinks instantly : Som have, in stead of Graves,  
 Nought but their Steeds ; their Steeds, no Toombs but Waves :  
 Som, more dismaid, for Skiff their Targets take ;  
 For Oars, their Arms ; their Sail, their Plumes they make :  
 But, greedy Whirl-pools, ever-wheeling round,  
 Suck-in, at-once, Oars, Sails and Ships, to ground.  
 Those that, by chance, scape to the other Shore,  
 Changing their place, change not their case the more.  
 Dikes, Bridges broken, Cities, Rampires cast,  
 Cannot secure their more then headlong Haste.  
 Did any Squadrons dare thy Conquest cross,  
 They but increast Thine Honour, and their Loss.  
 Witness the Band of *Spanish* *Belgian* Foes,  
 Vnder three Ensignes marching strongly close ;  
 Whom Thou, the fifteenth, chargest ; beatest down  
 That mighty Body, sudden overthrow'n ;

Even

Even as a Galley, in smooth Sea subdues  
 The tallest Ship that in *The Straights* doth vse ;  
 Or as a Iennet in his nimble Speed  
 Oft over-turns the strongest German Steed.  
 Thou heaw'st, beat'st, breakest down : Thou conquerst ay,  
 Till dusky Night have robd thee quite of Day ;  
 And Death, of Foes. Th' *Helvetian* Bands alone,  
 Loth to disgrace their ancient Valor known,  
 Against the Victor their steel Staves address,  
 As most Courageous in the most distress :  
 But, soon the Lightning of thy Martiall eyes  
 Their Diamantine hearts dissolves to Ice ;  
 That Ice to Water, That to Vapour vain :  
 And Those whom Death rather then Fear could strain.  
 Those, those that never turnd their backs at all,  
 But to Wars-*Phenix*, Conquerer of *Gaul*,  
 Those King-correcting, Tyrant-scourging Braves,  
 Cast at thy feet their Bodies and their Staves.

Thou, then, as loth perpetually to brand  
 People so loyall to the *Lillies* Land,  
 Calming the rage of thy iust hearts disdain,  
 Their Colours to their Cornets giu'st again.  
 O ! proudest *Trophy*, which all *Trophies* passes !  
 O Browes, whom *Bayes* eternall trels embraces !  
 Invincible ! O more then Royall Brest,  
 Who, of Thy Selfe, and *Triumph*, triumphest !  
 Who pleasest All : with Victory thine Host,  
 Thy Foes with Grace : Both with thy Glory, most.

Earth's Ornament, Thou Honor of our Times,  
 Ay on the wings of mine Heroik Rimes,  
 So brave Exploit be bravely born about :  
 May all our Commons (commonly too-stout)  
 Who bred in braules, in Broils, and Insolence,  
 Stood, as at gaze, distracted in suspence,  
 Expecting th' Issue of This dreadfull Fight,  
 Make their due profit, and apply it right.  
 May now the *Nobles* freely grant, for true,  
 That the World's Empire to Thy Worth is due :  
 That, now they have Wise happy Prince for head :  
 That by This Battail Thou hast rendered  
 To Them their Rank, reveng'd the King decess,  
 Restor'd the State, and captive *France* releas.  
 May now the *Clergie* ingenuously confels,  
 God on Thy Side, giving Thy Right Succels ;  
 Crowning Thy Vertues, and with sacred Oyle  
 Of his owne Spirit anoynting Thee the while.  
 May now (in briebe) All *Frenchmen* say and sing,  
 Thou art, Thou ought'st, Thou only canst be King.

But,



But, O ! som Gangrene, Plague, or Leprosie,  
O're-spreads vs all : a Brand of Mutinie  
Burnes *France* to Ashes. And but Thou (vndle)  
Bear'st vp so hard this stumbling Kingdoms Bridle ;  
Our State (yerst honor'd where the Sun doth rise)  
Would flie in Sparks, or die in Atomies.

*Priests* Strike the Fire, the *Nobles* blow the Coale  
Of this Consumption : *People* (pcevilsh whole)  
Pleas'd with the Blaze, do, wretched-witched Elves,  
For fuell (fooles) cast in their willing Selves.

O *Clergie* (mindless of your Cure and Coat)  
Becoms it You to cut your Princes throat ?  
To kill your King ? Who, in the Wombe (of kin  
To Thousand Kings) that Office did begin :  
Who, for Your Law, Your Altars, and Your Honors,  
Hath ventur'd oft his blood in many manners :  
Who, as devout to *Rome*, as any Man,  
Fear'd most your roaring Buls of *Patican* :  
And canonize amid the sacred Roule  
Of glorious Saints a Parricidiall Soule,  
Whose bloody hand had stabd with banefull knife  
The Lords Annoynted, and Him rest of life ?

Ignoble *Nobles* see You not (alas !)  
Your King supplanting, you your Selves abas ?  
And, while you raze this Royall *Monarchie*,  
You madly raise a monstrous *Anarchie*,  
A *Chaos* rude, still whetting, day and night,  
Against your Selves, the Peoples proud Despite ;  
Who hate the the Vertuous, and have onely Hope  
T' ensue the *Switzer* too-rebellious Scope ?

And Thou fond *People*, Who (before a Father,  
A wife, iust King ; a valiant *Monarch*) rather  
Tak'st hundred Tyrants : who, with tushes fell,  
Will suck thy marrow out, and crack thy shell :  
To whom the Gold, from *India*'s bowels brought,  
Or mid the Sands of shining *Tagus* sought,  
Seems not so good, as doth the Gold they fet  
From out thy Womb, or what thy Tears shall wet.

No, no : the *French*, or Deafe, or Lethargik,  
Feele not their danger, though thus deadly Sick :  
Or, if they live and feele, they, frantik, arm  
Against their Leach that fain would cure their harm,  
Applying many sound-sweet Medcines fit :  
But They the more increase their furious Fit.

Yet, Courage H *Y*, fix thy Thoughts heeron.  
Pursue (brave Prince) thy Cure so well begun :  
And fish so little, gentle Plaisters thuiue,  
Let it belanç't, lay-on the Corrosive :

Choke

Choke me This *Hydra* whence such Monsters sprout,  
And with thy Fame fill me the World about.  
Follow thy Fortune : Hills most lofty-browd,  
Stoop to thy Steps ; swift Rivers, swelling proud,  
Dry vp before thee : Armies, full of Boast,  
Like Vapors vanish at Thy sight, almost.

Yea, at thy Name alone, the strongest Wall,  
And massiest Towers shake (as affraid) and fall.

But yet, My Liege, beware how Thou expose  
Thy blood so oft among thy bloody Foes :  
Be not too-lavish of thy Life ; but waigh,  
That Our *Good-hap* on Thine dependeth aye.

But, if Thou light regard This lowe Request  
Of Thy *Fames Trumpet* ; list how *France* (atleast)  
Presents her to thee : not as Once Shee was  
(When *Baltik* Seas within Her bounds did pass :  
When *Nile* and *Euphrate*, as Her Vnder-Realms,  
Through fruitfull Plaines rould tributary streams :  
When to proud *Spaniards* Shee did Kings allow ;  
And to Her Lawes imperiall *Rome* did bow)  
But, lean and lank, bleak, weak, and all too-torn,  
And in a Gulf of Miseries forlorn.

Deer Son (saith Shee) nay, My Defender rather,  
My Staff, my Stay, my second-founding Father ;  
For Grief, and Furie, I should desperate die,  
I should Selte stab-me, I should shamefully  
Stop mine owne breath, to stint these Cares of mine,  
Wert Thou not Mine (my Liege) were I not Thine.  
Therefore, dear Spouse, be of thy Life less lavish ;  
Let not, My Lord, *Fames* greedy Thirst so ravish  
Thy dantlefs Courage into Dangers need-less,  
Nor, too-too-hardly hazard Thee so heed-less.

A brave, great *Monarch* in Youths heat behooves,  
Once, twice, or thrice, to shew Courageous prooves  
For Prowess is bright *Honors* bravest Gate ;  
Yea, the first Step, whereby the Fortunate  
Climbe *Glorie*'s Mount : and nothing more (in brieve)  
Fires Souldiers Valor, then a Valiant Chiefe.  
But, afterward, hee must more warie war ;  
And, with his Wit, offer then Weapon, far :  
His spirits contenting with the pleasing-pain,  
Not of a Souldier, but a Soverain.

My Son, too-often hath thine owne hand dealt  
Too-many Blowes, which thousands yerst have felt :  
My Liege, too-often hast Thou toyled Thee  
For Honors Prize : brave Prince, My Victory  
Not in thine Arms strength, but thy Yeers length lies ;  
Thy Life, my Life ; Thy Death, my Death implies.

16



If Thou, thy Selfe neglect, respect me though,  
 At least som Pitie to thy Countrey showe.  
 Weigh, weigh my sad plight, if vntimely Death  
 Should (O, vntimely!) reave My HENRY's breath:  
 Even like a widow-Ship, her Pilot lost,  
 Her Rudder broke, in ragefull Tempest tost  
 Against the horned Rocks, or horrid Banks,  
 Hoaring the Shore with her disperfed Planks.  
 But, if too-much-Heart, of thy life too-careless,  
 Too-soon expose thee not, to Sisters-spareless,  
 I hope to flourish more then e'r in Arts,  
 Wealth, Honors, Manners, Vertues, Valiant hearts,  
 Religion, Lawes; and Thy iust Raign (at rest)  
 In Happines shall match A VOYSE's Best.

FINIS.



SIMILE NON EST IDEM.

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR

*All's not Gold that glisters.*

A CHARACTER of This Corrupted Time,  
 Which makes RELIGION but a Cover-Crime.

To the worthily-Honored Sir HENRY  
 BAKER, Knight-Baronet.

**I**s better late, than never to repay:  
 Better a little, than no Part at all:  
 Take therefore, in good-part, This Part (though smal)  
 Of your great Debt: and pardon my Delay,  
 Till (more mine Owne) with more Respect, I may  
 In better Measure (as I hope, I shall)  
 Answer your Merit; though not answer all  
 Your Bounties Bonds, renewed Day by Day.  
 You minde your MAKER, in your Dayes of Youth:  
 You shew vs, by your Works, your Faith's sincerity:  
 You are so friendly to the Friends of Truth,  
 Your vertuous Life so proves your Love to Veritie,  
 That None I thought, could, with more patient Eye,  
 Abide to look on this ANATOMIE.

Your Vertues Humble Honorer,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

Cccccc

SIMILE





## SIMILE NON EST IDEM:

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR

*All's not Gold that glisters.*

**I**N OW TIMES are *chang'd*! and *WER* with Times,  
In new, nefarious, various Crimes!  
Exceeding all that haue preceeded;  
In *Pride, in Fraud, in Filth, in Force,*  
*Rape, Treason, Payson, past Remorse:*  
Such, as (in Time) will scarce be creeded.

O Mindes! O manners, most absurd!  
When (to the Scandall of *The Word*)  
The more our Light, the worse our Works:  
When *seeming SAINTS* be nothing less;  
And more Profane, who most Profess,  
Than *Infidells, or Jewes, or Turks.*

And when, between our *roaring GIANTS,*  
That openly, bid Heav'n Defiance,  
Heaping-*vp Hills of wickedness;*  
And th' undermining close despights  
Of double-hearted *Hypocrites,*  
Masking in *Hollow-Holiness.*

From Earth are *FAITH* and *TRUTH* exil'd;  
False *Error* hath all Hearts beguil'd:  
All-over All *AVERS* raigne.  
*Virtue is Vice; Vice Virtue* grown,  
*Iustice* is iustled from her Owne:  
*Honor* and *Right* are in disdaine.

Tis

## That GLISTERS.

<sup>5</sup>  
Tis, To be *Foolish*, To be *Wise*:  
With Reason, is Against the Guise:  
Read they that can My Riddle right.  
*Christ*, Sonne of Man; and God of *Heav'n*,  
How-many of Thy *Baptisme* boasts,  
Whose life doth to the death defie't!

<sup>6</sup>  
For, Thy Disciples Thee belecue;  
And in Thee onely double-live;  
According to Thy *GOSPEL's* veritie:  
But, dare We say, that We are such;  
When now-adayes in Poore or Rich,  
Is found nor *Faith*, nor *Hope*, nor *Charitie*:

<sup>7</sup>  
God hath engraven in every Soule  
A native Law, on *Natures* Roule;  
Whereby (alas) We stand convict:  
And *Precedents* of pious Zeal,  
Who by their Bloods, their *Hopes* did seal,  
To double Death condemne vs, strict.

<sup>8</sup>  
We ought infringe That *Statute* never,  
From everlasting firm'd for-ever:  
*Doe, as Thou would'st it be done unto:*  
*Doe not, what Thou would'st it not accept,*  
O pure, plain, gentle, iust *Precept!*  
Yet This (alas!) Who looks to doe,

<sup>9</sup>  
When all Degrees so tender bin  
Towards them Selves, without, with-in,  
They, neither Wrong, nor Right, can suffer:  
But towards Others (made as They,  
By the same hand, of the same Clay)  
Against all Rights, all Wrongs doe offer.

<sup>10</sup>  
LORD, Thou hast said, and shew'n it cleer  
(When in thy Flesh, Thou sojourn'dst heer)  
Thy *Kingdome* is not of *This World*:  
So shall I evermore suspect,  
While heer I see, with such neglect,  
Thy *Holy Statutes* after-hurld.

<sup>11</sup>  
All those (O Lord) that cry, *Lord, Lord*;  
With Shadow of thy *Sacred Word*,  
To cloak their Wickedness, with-in;  
Are none of *Thine*: but of Thy *Name*  
Profanely make a mocking-Game,  
To countenance their cursed Sin.

Ccccc

Like



12

Like that IONATIAN-Latian Colledge,  
Where, vnder Shew of Sacred Knowledge,  
They study State and Stratagems;  
Making a staple-Trafick of it  
(After their Pleasure, or their Profit)  
To murder Kings, and mangle Realms:

13

Thee IESVS (Mercifull and Meek)  
They make a Tyrant (Vero-like)  
Bloody and brute, to kill and quell:  
Thee, SAVIOUR, Source of Innocence;  
Thee, Prince of Peace and Patience;  
They make a Fury, fierce and fell,

14

Thee, Justice-Fountain, Order's Author,  
They make Wrong's Fort, Confusions Fautor:  
Immortall Spring immaculate  
Of Love, of Concord, and of VNIION,  
They make Thee Trumpet of Dis-Vnion,  
And Tinder of immortall Hate.

15

Such Canons roare from Trent and Tiber,  
From Powder-Traitors bloody Briber,  
Whose HOLINESS, is Hollownes;  
Whose Synagogue, is Sinners Wrack;  
Whose Faith, is FAVX and RAVAILLIAC;  
Whose Deeds and Doctrine, Wickedness.

16

O, where is then The Holy Flock!  
Call'd in one Hope, built on one Rock,  
Into one Faith incorporating;  
Thorough one Baptisme, by one Word,  
Vnder one Father (God and Lord)  
One onely Prophet, Priest and King.

17

There, there (as Children of one Mother)  
They succour and support each other,  
In Vnion, and in mutuall Charitie;  
All making but one Body, being  
All of One Minde, in One agreeing:  
Bound by One Bond of Peace, and Veritie.

18

O, can We (wretched, witched Elves)  
Can We, We Many, boast our Selves  
One Bread, one Bodie (myself-wife);  
And say that We are daily fed  
In common with one Drink and Bread,  
Amid our many Enmities?

Alas!

19

Alas! Where are those Saints become,  
Worthy the style of Christendome;  
From SIN's Dominion inly freed;  
Vessels of Honor, full of Grace,  
Abounding in good-works apace?  
None now good Thought hath; less good Deed.

20

Nothing but false E Q V I V O C A T I O N;  
Nothing but wilfull Obduration:  
Nothing but Error and Disorder:  
Nothing but Pride and Insolence:  
Nothing but impious Impudence:  
Nothing but Treason, Theft, and Murder.

21

Contempt of God and of all Good,  
Rape, Riot, Incest, Bribery, Blood,  
Periury, Plotting, all Impiety,  
With more then brutest Brutishness,  
This more-than-Iron-Age posess;  
No Love, no Friendship, no Societie.

22

Court, Citie, Countrey, Every Sort  
Of either Sex, make Sin a Sport  
(Pride, Painting, Poys'ning, Cons'ning, Whoring);  
In Sloth, or Surfeit, ever-drown'd;  
To Bacchus, or Tobacco bound;  
With swearing, slaring, stabbing, railing.

23

Wrath, Envie, Slander, and suspicion,  
Fraud, Rancour, Rapine, and Ambition,  
With Blasphemies, all over-spread:  
Th' old Christians Badge, bright Charitie  
(Most frequent then; Now Raritie)  
Is, now-adayes, not down, but Dead.

24

We are so Punctuall and Precise  
In Doctrine (Pharisaik-wise)  
To seem (at least) the most RELIGIOUS;  
That true RELIGION we deforme,  
While to our Phant'ies we reforme  
Shadowes, and not our Selues, religious.

25

RELIGION! O, Thou Life of Life!  
How Worldlings, that profane thee rise,  
Can wrest thee to their Appetites!  
How Princes, who Thy Power desire,  
Pretend thee, for their Tyranny;  
And People, for their false Delights!

Cecce 3

Vnder



26

Vnder Thy sacred Name, all-over,  
All Vicious all their Vices Cover:

The *Violent*, their *Violence*:

The *Proud*, their *Pride*: the *False*, their *Fraud*:

The *Theefe*, his *Theft*: her *Filth*, the *Band*:

The *Impudent*, their *Impudence*.

27

*Ambition*, vnder Thee, aspires:

*Avarice*, vnder Thee, desires:

*Sloth*, vnder Thee, her Ease assumes:

*Lux*, vnder Thee, all over-flows:

*Wrath*, vnder Thee, outrageous growes:

All *Evill*, vnder Thee, presumes.

28

RELIGION, yetst so venerable,

Th'art now-adayes but made a Fable;

A *holy Maske* on *Follies* Browe,

Where vnder lyes *Disimulation*,

Lined with all *Abomination*:

Sacred RELIGION, Where art Thou?

29

Not in the *Church*, with *Simonie*:

Nor on the *Bench*, with *Briberie*:

Nor in the *Court* with *Machiavelle*:

Nor in the *Citie*, with *Deceits*:

Nor in the *Countrey*, with *Debates*:

For, What hath *Heaven* to doe with *Hell*?

30

Sith whatsoever Showe we make

(For Profit or Promotions sake)

What-ever Colour we put-on;

Where, *Faith* no other Fruits affords,

But *evill-works* (though civill words)

Indeed is no RELIGION.

31

Reverend RELIGION, Where's the heart

That entertaines thee as thou art,

Sincerely, for Thine owne respect?

Where is the Minde, Where is the Man,

May right be call'd a *Christian*;

Not formall, but in true effect:

32

Who, fixing all his *Faith* and *Hope*

On God alone, from sacred Scope

Of his pure Statutes will not stray:

Who comes in *Zeale* and *Humbleness*,

With true and hearty *Singleness*,

Willing to walke the perfect Way:

Who

33

Who loves, with all his Soule and Minde,

Almighty God, All-Wise, All-kinde,

All-whole, All-Holy, All-sufficing:

Who but One onely God adores

(Though *Tyrants* rage, and *Satan* rores)

Without digressing, or disguising:

34

Who God's due *Honour* hath not given

To Other things, in Earth or Heaven;

But bow'd and vow'd to Him alone;

Him onely serv'd with filiall Aw,

Pleas'd and delighted in his Law,

Discourling Day and Night thereon;

35

Not, not for Forme, or Fashion sake;

Or, for a Time, a Shower to make,

Others the better to beguile:

Nor it, in Iest, to wrest or cite;

But in his heart it deep to write,

And work it with his hands the-while;

36

Loving his neighbour as him-selfe,

Sharing to him his Power, his Pelfe,

His Counsaile, Comforts, Coats, and Cates:

Dooing in all things to his Brother,

But as Him-selfe would wish from Other,

Not Offring Other what He hates:

37

Whose Heart, inclin'd as doth behove-it,

Unlawfully doth Nothing covet

(To Any an offence to offer):

But, iust and gentle towards all,

Would rather (vnto great, or small)

Then doe one Wrong, an hundred suffer:

38

Not thirsting Others Land, or Life;

Nor neighing after Maid or Wife;

Nor ayming any Iniury;

Neither of polling, nor of pilling,

Neither of curling, nor of killing,

Neither of Fraud, nor Forgerie;

39

But will confesse, if hee offend,

Relent, *Repent*, and soon amend,

And timely render Satisfaction.

Sure, His RELIGION is not fained,

Who doth and hath him Thus demeaned;

Ay deadly hating *Evill-action*.

There-



Therefore, O ! Vassals of the Divell,  
That cannot, will not, cease from Evill,  
Vessels of *Wrath* and *Reprobation*;  
Presume no longer Now to throwd  
Vnder RELIGION's sacred Clowd  
Your Manifold *Abomination*.

If, But to *seem* good, goodly seem;  
To *be* good, better farre esteem:  
Why *seem* you what *to be* you care not?  
If To *Seem* *evill*, be amiss;  
Sure, To *be* *evill*, worse it is:  
Why *be* you what To *seem* you dare not?  
Be, as you *seem*; or *seem* the Same  
You *be*: to free RELIGION's Blame.

FINIS.



A GLIMSE OF HEAVENLY  
JOYES:

OR  
NEW-HIERVSALEM.

In an old Hymne extracted from the most  
Divine St. AUGUSTINE.

To the Worthy Friend of Worthiness, St. PETER MAN-  
WOOD, K. of the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. Order of the Bath.



O register, to After-Times,  
Your noble Favour to My Rimes;  
Your love to Vertue, Learning, Arts;  
Your Bounty towards Worthie Parts;  
Your Pitié; and your pious Zeale  
To GOD, to Church, to Common-weale;  
Your Loyalty, in every kinde;  
The Honour of Your Humble Minde:  
All, all my MANWOOD to rehearse,  
Merits a Volume, not a Verse.  
But, poore divided I (that owe,  
To many, Much; as many knowe;  
And faine would give Content to Each,  
So far-forth as my Stock will reach)  
Vnable (after your Desart)  
To render All, must render Part,  
To testifie my Thankfull-Thought,  
(But as I could, not as I ought)  
And what my Weakness cannot pay,  
Th' AL-MIGHTIE-most Humbly pray  
To guerdon with a Diadem,  
Within His NEW-HIERVSALEM.

Yours much Obliged,  
IOSEPH SYLVESTER.





## NEW-HIERUSALEM.

**M**Y Heart (as *Hart* for Water) thirsts  
 For Life's eternall Fount :  
 My Soule, my Bodies Prisoner, longs,  
 From Prison free, to mount ;  
 Sighes, sues, pursues, poor exile here,  
 Her Countrey to recover ;  
 Too-abieft, subiect to Disgrace,  
 And too-too-triumph't-over.  
**C** Shee seems to see the Glory now,  
 Which, when she sinn'd, shee lost :  
 An instant Ill, of Good for-gone  
 Augments the Memory most.  
**C** But, of celestiall *Soverain Bliss*,  
 Who can set-forth the Solace ?  
 Where stands, of ever-living Stones,  
 An ever-lasting Palace ;  
 The lofty Roofes and stately Roomes,  
 Reflecting golden beames :  
 The Gates and goodly Walls about,  
 Of rich and orient Gemms :  
 The Streets, all pav'd with purest Gold,  
 As smooth as any Glass-is :  
 No Foile, no Soile, no Sorrow there ;  
 No Sicknesse thither passes.  
 No Winter's Frost, no Summer's Toast,  
 Doth there Distemper bring :  
 But, Flowers, perpetuall flowring there,  
 Make there perpetuall Spring.  
 There, *Balsam, Saffron, Lilly, Rose*,  
 Doe sweate, sent, shine, and blush :  
 There, Mead, & Field, spring, spire, & yeeld ;  
 Rills, Milke and Hony gush :  
 There *Aromaticks* breath-about  
 Their odoriferous Aire :  
 There, ever dangle dainty Fruits  
 On Trees still blooming faire :  
 There, never Moon doth wax or wane,  
 Nor Sun, nor Stars decline ;

## NEW-HIERUSALEM.

But There, the *LAMB* (the Light of Lights)  
 Eternally doth shine.  
 There, Time hath no alternate Term ;  
 No Night, but ever Day ;  
 For, There, the *Saints* are (as the Sun)  
 Most Bright, in white Array ;  
 Triumphant ; after Conquest, *crownd*,  
 In mutuall Ioy they greet ;  
 Recounting safe the Battels fought,  
 Their Foes now vnder-feet ;  
 Pure, purifi'd from dregs and dross,  
 From fleshly Combats freed :  
 Their Flesh, made spirituall, with the Spirit,  
 In One self-same agreed :  
 In perfect and perpetuall *Peace* ;  
 Subiect no more to sinning :  
 Obnoxious nor to Change, nor Chance  
 Return'd to their *Beginning* :  
 And Face to Face for ever see  
 All *Beauties* Glory bright,  
 Possessing sempiternall Ioyes,  
 In that supernall Sight  
 (The Sight of *GO D*, the *Soverain Good*,  
 The Sun of *Happinesse*,  
 Such as no heart can heer comprise,  
 Nor any *Art* expresse.)  
 Installed in a *Blissfull* State  
 Of *Glory*, still *The same* ;  
 As sure, as pure, from Faile or Fall,  
 From Sorrow, Sin, and Shame.  
 All ioyous, lively, lovely, bright,  
 To no Mis-hap exposed :  
 No Danger, Death, Disease, nor Age ;  
 In Health and Youth reposed.  
 Henceforth, for all *Eternity*,  
 They flourish fresh and green :  
 For, *Death* is dead, *Time* termined,  
*Corruption* conquer'd cleen.  
 Now know they Him, that knoweth All.  
 And in beholding Him  
 They All behold (as in a Glass)  
 Before them bright and brim.  
 In Vnity of minde combin'd,  
 One very thing they Will ;  
 And ever Constant, never crosse,  
 One and the same they Nill.  
 As heer in *Grace*, in *Glory* there,  
 Though diversly, they shine :



Love equall's All; Each loving All  
 With mutuall Love divine,  
 So that the Good of Every-one  
 Becoms of all the Good.  
 Where is the Body, thither right  
 Right Eagle-shoales doe scud;  
 Where-with, with Angels, *Saincted-soules*  
 Are ay refreshed and fed  
 (For, Either Countie's Burgesse  
 Are nourisht with One Bread)  
 And ever fain, though ever full;  
 Wishing but What they have:  
 Not sated with Satiety;  
 Nor needing more to crave:  
 Desiring still, their fill they eate;  
 And eating, still desire.  
 Still new melodious Songs they sound  
 With Heav'ns harmonious Quire;  
 And Organs Worthy (for His Worth  
 Through Whom they over-came)  
 Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, Praise*  
 To His most HOLY Name.  
 O happy, happy, happy, Soules,  
 That see Heav'ns King, above;  
 And vnderneath-them Sun and Moon,  
 And all the World to moove!  
 O Christ, victorious Lord of Hosts,  
 So lead my Soule and Heart,  
 That, having fought, as heer I ought,  
 I may have there a Part  
 Among that Blessed Hierarchie,  
 In Happinesse supreme,  
 A free and fellow-Citizen  
 Of NEVV-HIERVSALEM.  
 Vouchsafe me Grace, to run my Race,  
 And strenuously to strive  
 Vnto the End, that in the End  
 I may the Crowneatchieve:  
 Not for My Work, but for Thy Worth;  
 Thy Mercy, not My Merit:  
 So Land and Prayse be sung alwaies  
 TO FATHER, SONNE, and SPIRIT.

TRIN-VNI DEO  
 Creatori, Redemptori, Directori Meo,  
 GLORIA In Secula-Seculorum. AMEN.



# AVTOMACHIA:

OR

The Self-Conflict of a Christian.

FROM THE LATIN

of

Mr. GEORGE GOODWIN.

Translated; and Dedicated

To the truly-Honorable

M<sup>rs</sup>. Cecile Nevil.

*Autographa Italica.*

*Cecilia Nevila.*

*Epitola ad Cel.*

*Heav'ns Neighbour is your Anagram:*

*Your Noble Graces prove the same.*



Air Heir of All Your MOTHERS Good  
 (Wit, Vertue, Beauty, Bounty, Blood)  
 Among the Honors that accrue,  
 By Her Decease divolv'd to You,  
 Mine humble Service and This Song  
 (How little) doth not least belong  
 (In Little lies a mickle Right;  
 As in a Million, in a Mite)  
 To her Memoriall, and Your Merit,  
 True Mirror of MINERVA'S Spirit.  
 Accept it therefore, double Yours;  
 By Her Donation, and by Ours,

*Humbly devoted,*

*(as most-bound)*

To Both Your Noble Families,

IOEVAN SYLVESTER.

Dddd d





TO THE RIGHT NOBLE,  
Vertuous and Learned Lady, the  
Lady MARY Nevil.

Maria Nevill.  
Alia Muerva.

**M** Adame, Your love to Learning, and the Learned  
(In such a time so full of Arts neglect)  
Right worthily to Your rare Self hath earned  
The Love of Learning, and the learned Seēt:  
Whereby, Your Name already is eterned

In MEMORY's fair Temple, high erect:  
And there devoutly at Your Vertues Shrine,  
I humbly offer this poor MITT of Mine;

Too small a Present to so great a GRACE;  
And too unworthy of Your Worthinesse:  
Save that the Matter so exceeds the Masse,  
That oft (perhaps) a greater may bee lesse.  
For, You may see, within This little Glasse,  
The Little-World's great-little-Mindednes:  
Man's strife with Man; Our Flesh and Spirit in Duel:  
Courageous Cowards, too-self-kindely cruel.

Vouchsafe t' accept then This small New-years-Gift,  
With humble Vowes of a disastred Muse,  
Which lavishly hath sowne her Seeds of Thrift  
So high and dry, that yet no Fruit ensues.  
Else need Shee not have made so hard a Shift;  
Nor this small Gift so greatly to excuse.  
But sith, as yet, Shee cannot what Shee would;  
Madame, accept her Zeal, and what Shee could.

To Your Honorable Vertues,  
most devoted,

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

AVTO-



AVTOMACHIA:  
OR  
Self-Civil-War.

**I** Sing not PRIAM, nor the Siege of TROY:  
Nor Agamemnon's Iarr with Thetis Ioy:  
I sing not heer AENEAS stormfull Fate;  
Queen Dido's love, nor Goddess Iuno's hate:  
I sing not CÆSAR, nor his Son-in-law;

Whose Civill Rage Rome and Pharsalia saw.  
I sing my SELF: my Civill-Wars within;  
The Victories I hourly lose and win;  
The daily Duel, the continuall Strife,  
The War that ends not, till I end my life.  
And yet, not Mine alone, not onely Mine;  
But every-One's, that under th' honour'd Signe  
Of CHRIST his Standard shall his Name enroule,  
With holy vows of Body and of Soule.

Vouchsafe, O Father, succour from above;  
Courage of Soule, comfort of Heav'nly Love:  
Triumphant Captaine, Glorious General,  
Furnish me Armes from thine own Arcenall:  
O Sacred Spirit, My spirit's assistant bee;  
And in This Conflict, make mee conquer Mee.

VERTVE I loue, I leane to Vice: I blame  
This wicked World, yet I embrace the same.  
I climb to Heav'n, I cleave to Earth: I both  
Too-loue my Self, and yet my Self I loath.  
Peace-less, I Peace pursue, in Civil War,  
With and against my Self, I loyne, I Iarr:  
I burn, I freeze; I fall downe, I stand fast:  
Well-ill I fare; I glory, though disgrac't:  
I die aliue: I triumph, put to flight;  
I feed on Cares, in Teares I take delight:  
My Slaue (base-braue) I serue; I roame at large,  
In libertie, yet lie in Gaolers Charge:  
I strike, and stroak my Self: I, kindly-keen,  
Work mine own Woe, rub my Gal, rouse my Spleen.  
Oft, in my Sleep, to see rare Dreams I dreame;  
Waking, mine Eye doth scarce discern a Beame.

D d d d d

My



My Minde's strange *Megrim*, whirling to and fro,  
 Now thrusts mee hither, thither then doth throwe.  
 In divers *Factions* I my Self divide;  
 And All I try, and fly to every Side.  
 What I but now desir'd, I now disdain:  
 What (late) I waigh'd not, now I wish again:  
 To-Day, to-Morrow; This, That, Now, Anon,  
 All, Nothing, crave I; Ever Never-one.  
 Dull Combatant, vnready for the Field,  
 Too-tardy take I (after wounds) my Shield.  
 Still hurried headlong to vnlawfull things,  
 Down-dragging *Vice* Mee eas'ly down-ward dings:  
 But, sacred *Vertue* climbs so hard and hy,  
 That hardly can I her steep steps discry.  
 Both *Right* and *Wrong* with Mee indifferent are:  
 My *Lust* is *Law*: what I desire, I dare.  
 (Is there so foul a *Fault*, so fond a *Fact*,  
 Which, Folly asking, Fury dares not act?)  
 But, art-less, heart-less, in *Religion's* Cause  
 (To doo her Lessons, and defend her Lawes)  
 The All-proof Armour of My *God* I lose,  
 Flee from my Charge, and yeeld it to his Foes.  
 Guilty of Sin, Sin's Punishment I shun,  
 But not the Guilt, before th' Offence bee don  
 (For, How could shunning of a Sin, ensw  
 To bee occasion of another New?)  
 Oft and again at the same stone I trip,  
 As if I learn'd, by falling, not to slip.  
 Alive I perish, and my Self vndoo;  
 Mine eyes (Self-wife) Witting and Willing too.  
 Sick, to my Self I run for my Relief;  
 So, Sicker of my *Physick* than my *Grief*:  
 For, while I seek my swelling Thirst to swage,  
 Another Thirst more ragingly doth rage:  
 While, burnt to death, to cool mee I desire;  
 With Flames, my Flames; with Sulphur, quench I Fire:  
 While that I strive my swelling Waves to stop,  
 More stormily they tosse above my top.  
 Thus am I cur'd, This is my common Ease;  
 My *Medicine* still worse than my worst Disease:  
 My Sores with Sores, my Wounds with Wounds, I heal,  
 While to my Self, my Self I still conceal.  
 O what leud Leagues! what Truces make I still  
 With Sin, with Satan, and my wanton Will!  
 What slight occasions doo I take to sin!  
 What silly Trains am I intrapped in!  
 What idle Cloaks for Crimes! what Nets to hide  
 Notorious Sins, already long descri'd!

I write in Ice (Winde's Witnes, sign'd with Showrs)  
 I will redeem my *foul Life's* former hours:  
 But, soon the swinge of Custom (Whirl-winde-like)  
 Rapt my Passion (ever Fashion-sick)  
 Transports Mee to the Contrary; alone,  
 Faint Guard of *Goodnes*; Arm-less Champion.  
 My *Green-sick* Taste doth nothing sweeter finde  
 Than what is bitter to a *gracious* Minde:  
*Egypt's* fat Flesh-pots I am longing-for:  
 Th' eternall *Manna* I doo even abhorre.  
 World's Monarch *Mammon* (drop sic mysticall)  
 Crown'd round-fac't Goddess, coined *Belial*:  
*Midas's* Desire, the Miser's onely Trust;  
 The sacred hunger of *Pactolian* Dust,  
 Gold, Gold bewitches mee, and frets accurst  
 My greedy Throat with more than *Dipsian* Thirst.  
 My minde's a Gulf, whose Gaping Nought can stuff;  
 My heart a Hell, that never hath enough:  
 The more I have I crave, and less content;  
 In Store, most Poor; in Plenty, Indigent.  
 For, of these Cates how-much so-e'r I cram,  
 It doth not stop my Mouth, but stretch the same.  
 Sweet *Vsurie's* Incestuous Interest,  
 For Dallers, Dolours hoordeth in my Chest.  
 The World's Slave, *Profit*, and the Minde's Slut, *Pleasure*  
 (Insatiate Both, Both bound-less, Both past measure:  
 This *Cleopatra*, That *Sardanapale*)  
 For huge Annoies, bring Ioyes but short and small.  
 O Miracle! begot by Heav'n, in Earth  
 (My Minde divine, My Body brute by Birth)  
 O! what a Monster am I, to depaint!  
 Half-Friend, half-Fiend, half-Savage, half a Saint;  
 High'r than my Fire doth my gross Earth aspire:  
 My raging Flesh my retch-less Force doth tire,  
 And (drunk with Worlds-Must, and deep sunk in Sleep)  
 My Spirit (the Spy, that wary Watch should keep)  
 Betraies, alas! (Wo that I trust it so)  
 My Soule's dear Kingdom to her deadly Fo.  
 Through Cares *Charybdis*, and through Gulfs of Grief;  
 Star-lar-board run I, Sailing all my Life  
 On merry-sorry Seas; my Winde, my Will;  
 My Ship, my Flesh; my Sense, my Pilot still.  
 As in a most seditious *Common-weal*,  
 Within my Brest I feel my Best rebell:  
 Against their Prince my furious People rise;  
 Their Aw-less Prince dares his owne Law despise.  
 Mine *Eve's* an Out-law: And my struggling Twins,  
*Jacob* and *Esau*, never can bee friends:



Such deadly feud, such discord, such despight  
(Even between Brethren) such continuall fight.

What's don in Mee, Another doth, not I;  
Yet both (alas!) my Guest and Enemy:  
My minde, vnkinde (suborned by my Fo)  
Indeed, within mee, but not with mee tho;  
Neer, yet far-off, in fleshly Lees be-soil'd,  
And with the World's contagious Filth defil'd.

I am too-narrow for mine owne Desires;  
My Self denies mee, what my Self requires:  
Fearfull I hope: carefull-secure I languish:  
Hungry too-full; Dry-Drunken; sugred Anguish;  
Weary of Life, merry in Death; I suck  
Wine from the Pumice, Hony from the Rock.  
On Thorns, my Grapes; on Garlick growes my Rose:  
From Crums my Sums; from Flint my Fountain flowes:  
In showrs of Tears, mine hours of Fears I mourn:  
My Looks to Brooks, my Beams to Streams, I turn:  
Yet, in this Torrent of my Torments rise,  
I sink Annoies, and drink the Ioyes of Life.

Dim light, brim night, Beams waving cloudy-cleer:  
Vnstable State, void Hope, vain Help, far-neer:  
False-true Perswasion, law-les Lawfulness:  
Confused Method, Milde-wilde War-like Peace:  
Disordred Order, Mournfull Meriments:  
Dark Day, Wrong Way, Dull-double Diligence:  
Infamous Fame, known Error, skil-les Skill:  
Mad Minde, rude Reason, an vnwilling Will:  
A healthy Plague, a wealthy Want, poor Treasure:  
A pleasing Torment, a tormenting Pleasure:  
An odious Love, an vgly Beauty; base  
Reproachfull Honour, a disgracefull Grace:  
A fruit-les Fruit, A dry dis-flowered Flower:  
A feeble Force, a conquered Conquerour:  
A sickly Health, dead Life, and rest-les Rest:  
These are the Comforts of my Soule distrest.

O! how I Like, Dis-like, Desire, Disdain;  
Repell, repeal, loath, and delight again!  
O! What, Whom, Whether (neither Flesh nor Fish)  
How, weary of, the same again I wish!  
I will, I nill; I nill, I will; my Minde  
Perswading This, my Mood to That inclin'd.  
My loose Affection (*Proteus*-like) appears  
In every Form; at once it frowns and fleers.  
Mine ill-good Will is vain and variable:  
My (*Hydra*) Flesh buds Heads innumerable:  
My Minde's a Maze; a Labyrinth, my Reason:  
Mine Ey (false Spy) the Door to Phanties Treason:

My

My rebell Sense (Self-soothing) still affects  
What it should flee; What it should ply, neglects:  
My sitting Hope with Passions Storms is tost  
But now to Heav'n, anon to Hell almost:  
Concording Discord kills mee; and again,  
Discording Concord doth my Life sustain.

My Self at once I both displease and please;  
Without my Self, my Self I fain would seaze:  
For, my too-much of Mee, Mee much annoies;  
And my Selfe's Plenty my poor Self destroies:  
Who seeks Mee in Mee, in Mee shall not finde  
Mee as my Self: *Hermaphrodite* in minde,  
I am (at-once) Male, Female, Neuter: yet  
What-e'r I am, I am not mine, I weet:  
I am not with my Self, as I conceive:  
Wretch that I am, my Self my Self deceive:  
Vnto my Self, my Self my Self betray:  
I, from my Self, banish my Self away:  
My Self agrees not with my Self a jot,  
Knowes not my Self: I have my Self forgot:  
Against my Self, my Self moove Iatres vnjust:  
I trust my Self, and I my Self distrust:  
My Self I follow, and my Self I fly:  
Besides my Self, and in my Self, am I:  
My Self am not my Self, another same;  
Vnlike my Self, and like my Self, I am:  
Self-fond, Self-furious: and thus, Wayward Elf,  
I cannot live with, nor without, my Self.

FIN IS.



A





A CVP OF CONSOLATION  
for the Christian in his  
*Conflict.*

**W**Hy, filly Man, sick of exceeding Grief,  
What boots it Thee, vncertain of thy Life,  
Of thy disease to make so much ado:  
Thou coward Souldier, and vntoward too,  
Away with Fear: desie both Death and Hell:

Meet Arms with Arms, and Darts with Darts repell:  
So, the first On-set, in this furious Fray,  
Shall towards Heav'n make thee an easie Way;  
And open wide those Gates so hardly won,  
Where Snowie-winged *Victory* doth wun:  
Thou must bee valiant, and with dant-lefs brest  
Rush through the thickest, Run vpon the best  
Of braving Foes; and, on their Flight and Foil,  
Reare noble Trophies of triumphant Spoil.  
For, This World's Prince, dark *Limboe's* Potentate,  
Drifts Man's Destruction, and with deadly Hate  
(Still Strife-full) labours, and by all means seeks  
To trouble All, and Heav'n with Hell to mix.

Great War within ther is, great War without;  
With Flesh and Blood, and with the World about.  
On this Side, smiling *Hope* (with smoothest brow)  
False-promiseth long Peace and Plenty too:  
On that Side, fallow *Fear* (with fainting breath)  
Checks those proud thoughts with threats of War & Death;  
And (weary of it Selfe) it Self distrusts,  
It Self destroyes, and to Confusion thrusts;  
And ignorant of it Selfe's Good (yer Triall)  
In jealous Rage it even betraies the loyall.

Heer, Cloud-brow'd *Sorrow*, Whirl-winde-like, it hies  
Th' amated Minde to roffe and tyrannize:  
There, dimpled *Joy* nimbly enringeth round,  
Her gawdy Troops that stand vpon no ground;  
Whose brittle gloss and glory lasts and shines  
As Stubble-Fire, and Dust before the Windes.

What

What sho uld I speak of all the snarefull Wiles,  
And cunning Colours of mysterious Guiles,  
Wherewith Death's Foulder, and thy Life's drad Fo,  
Improvident Mankinde doth overthrowe?

Yet, bee Courageous, yeeld not vnto Evill:  
Resist Beginnings, and desie the Divell.  
For sure Defence amid these fell Alarms,  
Quick buckle-on these ay-victorious Arms:

First, gird thy Loins with *Truth*, thy Bosom dress  
In the sure Brest-plate of pure *Righteousnes*:  
Put, on thy Head, the Helmet of *Salvation*:  
Vpon thy Feet, Shooes of the Preparation  
Of Heav'n's Glad-tidings: Bear vpon thine Arm  
The Shield of *Faith* (Shot-free from every harm).  
Hell's fiery Darts repell thou with the same;  
And, through its splendor, quench their Flame with Flame:  
Take in thy hand the bright two-edged Sword  
Of Go d's Soule-parting, Marrow-pearing, *Word*.

Thus compleat arm'd from Go d's owne *Arcenal*,  
And watching duly for his Aid to call,  
Thou without doubt shalt quickly overcom  
The World, the Flesh, Sin, Death and Hell (in sum).  
And so (through *CHRIST*, thy Captain and thy King)  
Of Sin, thy Self, and *Satan*, triumphing,  
Thou shalt (in fine) the *Happy Crown* obtain,  
And in th' Eternall Promis'd *Kingdom* reign.

FINIS.







# TOBACCO BATTERED;

and  
THE PIPES SHATTERED  
(about their Ears that idly  
Idolize so base and barbarous  
a WEED;

OR  
AT LEAST-WISE OVER-LOVE  
(so loathsome Vanity:)

BY  
*A Volley of Holy Shot*  
Thundered  
From Mount HELICON.



To the right Honorable Sir George Viliers,  
Knight Baron of Whaddon: L. Vicount  
Viliers: Earle of BUCKINGHAM: M.  
of the Horse to his Maiesty: & Knight  
of the most Noble Order of the  
Garter, &c.



Our Noble Order, and your hallowed Name,  
Your Sovereign's Favour, and your owne Profession,  
Promise Your Valour towards the Suppression  
Of Heauen Foes that Christian FAITH defame:  
Hence, heer presume wee (by the Trump of Fame)  
To call your Aid against the proud Oppression  
Of th' Infidel, vsurping FAITH's Possession,  
That Indian Tyrant, onely England's Shame.  
Thousands of Ours heer hath Hee Captive taken,  
Of all Degrees, kept vnder slavish Yoak,  
Their God, their Good, King, Country, Friends forsaken,  
To follow Folly, and to feed on Smoak.  
Bee GOD our Guide, St. GEORGE our Generall;  
Wee shall repell Him, and redeem Them All.

At Your Lordships Command,  
L.S.  
The humble Eccho of the Muses.

*A Double Anagram.*

George Viliers: Sir George Viliers.  
Re-give glories: Glorie-givers rise.

Sir, Re-give glories: Glorie-givers rise.  
How fits your happy Fate, your happy Name!  
Wherein, a Precept with a Promise lies,  
Presaging Good to grace-full BUCKINGHAM:  
For, bee you Gratefull for your Dignities;  
GOD and the KING will still increase the same.  
GOD, while you honour Him, will honour you:  
The KING will favour, while you secue Him, true.

TO





To My Reverend and Worthy Friend,  
Mr. William Loc, Bachelor of Divinity.

**W**hat your Love, and this *Chimera's* hate,  
Care of my Friends, Compassion of my Kin;  
Zeal of God's Glory, Horror of This Sin;  
My Sovereign's Service, Honour of our State:  
Lo, What All these had power to propagate  
(Perhaps, more happy than my Hope had bin,  
When first This Theam you gave mee to begin)  
Besides My Way, beyond My Waining Date.  
Lo, therefore, Whether, Well or Ill, I fare;  
Whether the doubtfull Field I win or lose;  
In Fame, or Shame, you needs must have a Share,  
Who on my Weaknes did This Waight impose.  
Like *Moses* therefore lift your hands on hie,  
That *Iosuah's* hand may have the Victory.

### A Warning-Piece.

**R**ight noble Nobles, Generous Gentlemen,  
Lovers of Honor, and your Countries Weal;  
You'll need no Warning to avoid our Peal;  
Nor are in Level of our Pondered Pen:  
Nor Those that yet will yeeld, and turn agen  
From th' Idol-Service of their Smoaky Zeal,  
To serve their God, their King, their Common-weal:  
Wee shoot at Manners, we would save the Men.  
But, Those rebellious that will still stand out  
Under the Standard of our Heathen Fo,  
With Pipe and Pudding rampir'd round about,  
Puffing and Spuffing at their threatned Wo;  
At such, our Canon shall Heer thunder thick:  
Gunner, your Lin-stock, Com, give Pier quick.  
Tis best Praise-worthy, To have pleas'd the Best:  
This Wee endeavour; and desie the Rest.

TO-



## TOBACCO BATTERED.

**W**hat-ever God created, first was good,  
And good for Man, while Man vprightly stood:  
But, falling Angels causing Man to fall,  
His foule *Contagion* con-corrupted All  
His fellow-Creatures, for his Sin accurst,  
And for his sake transformed from their First;  
Till God and Man, Mans Leprie to re-cure,  
By Death kill'd *Death*, re-making *All things* pure:  
But, *To the pure*; not to the still-*Prophane*,  
Who (Spider-like) turn Blessings into Bane;  
Vsurping (right-les, thank-les, need-les) heer,  
In wanton, wilfull, wastefull, lustfull Cheer,  
Earths plentious Crop, which God hath only given  
Vnto his Owne (Heires both of Earth and Heaven)  
Who only (rightly) may with *Praise* and *Prayer*,  
Enioyth' increas: of Earth, of Sea, and Ayre,  
Fowle, Fish, and Flesh, Gems, Metals, Cattell, Plants;  
And namely (That which now no *Ingles* wants)  
*Indian TOBACCO*, when due cause requires;  
Nor the dry *Droppsie* of *Phantastick* Squires.  
None therefore deem that I am now to learn  
(How ever dim I many things discern)  
Reason and Season, to distinguish fit  
Th' *Use* of a thing, from the *Abuse* of it;  
*Drinking*, from *drunking*, *Saccharum cum Sacco*;  
And *taking of*, from *taking all TOBACCO*.  
Yet out of high Disdain and Indignation,  
Of that stern Tyrant's strangest Vsurpation,  
Once, demi-Captive to his puffing Pride  
(As millions are, too-wilfull foolis'd)  
Needs must I band against the need-les *Use*  
Of Don *TOBACCO*, and his foule *Abuse*:  
Which (though in *Inde* it be an Herbe indeed)  
In *Europe*, is no better then a Weed;  
Which, to their *Idols*, *Pagans* sacrifice,  
And *Christians* (heer) doe wel-nigh *Idolize*:  
Eeece

Which



Which taking, *Heathens* to the Divels bow  
 Their Bodies; *Christians*, even their Soules do vow;  
 Yet th' *Heathens* have, with th' *Ill*, som Good withall;  
 Sith, Their *con-native*, 'tis *con-naturall*.  
 But, see the nature of abounding Sin,  
 Which more abounding Punishment doth win  
 For *knowing* Servants wilfull Arrogance,  
 Then *silly* trangers savage Ignorance.  
 For, what to Them is Meat and Med'cinable;  
 Is turn'd to Vs a Plague intollerable.

Two *smoakie Engines*, in this later Age  
 (*Satans* short Circuit; the more sharp his rage.)  
 Have been invented by too-wanted Wit,  
 Or rather, vented from th' *Infermall Pit*,  
 GUNS and TOBACCO-PIPES, with Fire and *Smoak*,  
 (At least) a Third part of Mankind to *choak*:  
 (Which, happily, \* th' *Apocalyps* fore-told) \* 9. 17.  
 Yet of the Two, We may (think I) be bold,  
 In som respects, to think the Last, the Worst,  
 (How-ever Both in their Effects accurst.)  
 For, Guns shoot *from-ward*, only at their Foen;  
 Tobacco-Pipes, *homeward*, into their Owne  
 (When, for the Touch-hole, firing the wrong end,  
 Into our Selves the Poysons force we send:  
 Those, in the Field, in brave and hostile manner;  
 These, Cowardly, vnder a Covert Banner:  
 Those, with Defiance, in a Threatfull Terror;  
 These, with Affiance, in a Wilfull Error:  
 Those (though loud-roaring, goaring-deep) quick-ridding;  
 These, stilly stealing, longer Languors breeding:  
 Those, full of pain (perhaps) and fell despight:  
 These, with false Pleasure, and a seem-delight  
 (As Cats with Mice, Spiders with Flies) full rise  
 Pipe-playing, dallying, and deluding Life.

Who would not wonder, in these Sunny-Dayes  
 (So bright illightned with the GOSPEL'S Rayes)  
 Whence so-much *Smoak*, and deadly Vapors come,  
 To dim and damne so much of *Christendome*:  
 But, we must ponder too, These Dayes are Those  
 Wherein the Divell was to be let lose;  
 And Yawning broad Gate of that black *Abyss*  
 To be set ope, whose Bottom bound-les is;  
 That *Satan*, destin'd, evermore to dwell  
 In *Smoakie* Fornace of that *darksom* Cell,  
 In *Smoak* and *darkness* might inure and train  
 His Owne deer Minions, while they heer remain;  
 As roaguing *Gypsies*, tanne their little Elves,  
 To make them tann'd and ougly, like them Selves.

Then

Then, in Despite, who-ever dare lay Nay,  
 TOBACCONISTS, keep-on your Course: You may,  
 If you continue in your *Smoaky* Vre,  
 The better far Hell's sulphury *Smoak* endure;  
 And heerin (as in All your other Evill)  
 Growe neerer still and liker to the Divell:  
 Save that the Divell (if hee could revoke)  
 Would flee from filthy and vnhealthy *Smoak*;  
 Wherein (cast out of Heav'n for hellish pride)  
 Vnwillling Hee, and Forced, doth abide:  
 Which, heerin worse than Hee (the worst of Ill)  
 You long-for, lust-for, ly-for, dy-for, still:  
 For, as the *Salamander* lives in Fire,  
 You live in *Smoak*, and without *Smoak* expire.  
 Should it bee question'd (as right well it may)  
 Whether Discovery of *AMERICA*,  
 That *New-found World*, have yeelded to our Ould  
 More Hurt or Good: Till fuller Answer should  
 Decide the Doubt, and quite determine it,  
 Thus for the present might wee answer fit:  
 That, Thereby Wee have (rightly vnderstood)  
 Both given and taken greater Hurt then Good:  
 And that on both sides, both for *Christians*  
 It had been better, and for *Indians*,  
 That onely Good men to their Coast had com,  
 Or that the Evill had still staid at home.  
 For, what our People have brought Thence to vs,  
 Is like the Head-peece of a *Polypus*,  
 Wherein is (quoted by sage *Plutarch's* Quill)  
 A *Pest'lence* great good, and great *Pest'lence* ill.  
 We had from Them, first, to augment our Stocks,  
 Two grand Diseases, *Scurvy* and *The Pocks*:  
 Then, Two great *Cordials* (for a Counterpeiz)  
 Gold and TOBACCO; both which, many waies,  
 Have don more Mischief then the former Twain;  
 And All together brought more Losse then Gain.  
 But, true it is, wee had this Trash of Theirs,  
 Onely in Barter for our broken Wares.  
 Ours, for the most part, carried out but Sin;  
 And, for the most part, brought but Vengeance, in:  
 Their Freight was *Sloth*, *Lust*, *Avarice* and *Drink*,  
 (A Burthen able, with the Waight, to sink  
 The hugest Carrak; yea, those hallowed *Twelve*,  
 Spain's great *Apostles*, even to over-whelve)  
 They carried *Sloth*, and brought home *Scurvy* Skin:  
 They carried *Lust*, and brought home *Pocks* within:  
 They carried *Avarice*, and Gold they got:  
 They carried *Bacchus*, and TOBACCO brought.

Eeeee 2

Alas,



Alas, poor *Indians*! that, but *English*, None  
 Could put them down in their owne Trade alone!  
 That None, but *English* (more Alas! more strange!)  
 Could justifie their pitifull Exchange!

Of All the Plants that *Tellus* bosom yields,  
 In Groves, Glades, Gardens, Marthes, Mountains, Fields,  
 None so pernicious to Man's Life is knowne,  
 As is TOBACCO, saving HAMP alone.  
 Betwixt which Two there seems great Sympathy  
 To ruinate poor *Adam's* Progeny:  
 For, in them Both, a *stragling* vertue note,  
 And Both of them doo work vpon the Throte;  
 The one, within it; and without, the other;  
 And th' one prepareth Work vnto the tother.  
 For, There doo meet (I mean at *Gail* and *Gallowes*)  
 More of these beastly, base TOBACCO-Fellowes,  
 Then else to any profane Haunt doo vse  
 (Excepting still *The Play-house* and *The Stewes*)  
 Sith 't is their common Lot (so double-choaked)  
 Iust bacon-like, to bee *hangd up* and *smoked*:  
 A Deliny, as proper to befall  
 To morall Swine, as to Swine naturall.

If there bee any *Herb*, in any place,  
 Most opposite to *God's* good *Herb of grace*,  
 'T is doubt-les This: and this doth plainly prove-it;  
 That, for the most, most *grace-les* men doo love-it,  
 Or rather, doat most on this *wither'd Weed*,  
 Them Selves as *wither'd* in all *gracious Deed*.  
 'T is strange to see (and vnto mee, a Wonder)  
 When the prodigious strange Abuse wee ponder  
 Of this vnruly, rusty *Vegetal*,  
 From modern *Symmit's* *Iesu-Critical*,  
 (Carping at Vs, and casting in our Dish,  
 Not Crimes, but Crums: as eating *Flesh* for *Fish* : )  
 W' hear, in This Case, no Conscience-Cases holier.  
 But, *like to like*; *The Diuell* with the *Collier*.

For, a TOBACCONIST (I dare avert)  
 Is, first of all, a rank *Idolater*,  
 As any of th' *Ignatian Hierarchy*:  
 Next, as conformed to Their Foppery,  
 Of *burning Day-light*, and *Good-night*, at *Noon*,  
 Setting-up *Candles* to enlight the Sun:  
 And last, the Kingdom of *NEVV-BABYLON*  
 Stands in a *Dark* and *Smoky* Region,  
 So full of such varietie of *Smokes*,  
 That there-with-all all *Piety* it choaks.

For, There is, first, the *Smoke* of Ignorance,  
 The *Smoke* of Error, *Smoke* of Arrogance,

The

The *Smoke* of Merit super-er-gatory,  
 The *Smoke* of Pardons, *Smoke* of Purgatory,  
 The *Smoke* of Censuring, *Smoke* of Thuringing  
 Of Images, of *Satan's* *Fury* flying,  
 The *Smoke* of Stewes (for, *Smoking* thence they com,  
 As horrid hot as torrid *Sodom*, som):  
 Then, *Smoke* of POWDER-TREASON, *Pistols*, *Knives*,  
 To blowe-up Kingdoms, and blowe-out Kings Lives;  
 And lastly, too, TOBACCO's *Smoky*-Mills,  
 Which (coming from *Iberian* *Baalists*)  
 No small addition of Adultery fit  
 Bring to the *Smoke* of the *Funbottom'd* *Pit*,  
 Yest opened, first (as openeth *Saint Iohn*)  
 By their ABADDON and APOLLYON.

But, sith They are contented to admire  
 What They dislike not, if they not desire  
 (For, with good reason may wee guess, that They  
 Who swallow Camels, swallow Gharlings may);  
 'T is ground enough for vs, in this Dispute,  
 Their *Vanities*, thus obvious, to refute  
 (Their *Vanities*, *Mysterious* *Mists* of *ROME*,  
 Which have so long be-smoked CHRISTENDOM).

And for the rest, it shall suffice to say,  
 TOBACCONING is but a *Smoky* Play.  
 Strong Arguments against so weak a thing  
 Were need-les, or vsuitable, to bring.  
 In this behalf there needs no more bee done,  
 Sith of it Self the same will vanish soon:  
 'T evaporate *This Smoke*, it is enough  
 But with a Breath the same aside to puff.

NOW, My First Puff shall but repell th' ill Savour  
 Of Place and Persons (of debauched behaviour)  
 Where 't is most frequent: Second, shew you will,  
 How little *Good* it doth: Third, how great *Ill*.  
 'T is vented most in Taverns, Tippling-cots,  
 To Ruffians, Roarers, Tipsie-Tosty-Pots;  
 Whose Custom is, between the *Pipe* and *Pot*,  
 (Th' one Cold and Moist, the other Dry and Hot)  
 To skirmish so (like *Sword-and-Dagger*-fight)  
 That 't is not easie to determine right,  
 Which of their Weapons hath the Conquest got  
 Over their Wits; the *Pipe*, or else the *Pot*.  
 Yet 't is apparant, and by proof express,  
 Both stab and wound the Brain with *Drunkennes*:  
 For, even the *Derivation* of the Name  
 Seems to allude and to include the same:  
 TOBACCO, as *TABACCO* one would say;  
 To (Cup-god) *Bacchus* dedicated ay.

Ecccc 3

And,



And, for Conclusion of this Point, observe  
The Places which to these *Abuses* serve,  
How-ever, of them Selves, noisom enough,  
Are much more loathsom with the stench and Stuff  
Extracted from their *limbecke* Lips and Nose.  
So that, the Houses, common Haunts of Those,  
Are liker Hell then Heav'n: for, Hell hath *Smock*,  
*Impenitent* TOBACCONISTS to choak,  
Though never dead: There shall they have their Fill:  
In Heav'n is none, but Light and Glory still.

Next: Multitudes them daily, hourly, drown  
In this black Sea of *Smock*, tost vp and down  
In this vast *Ocean*, of such *Latitude*,  
That *Europe* onely cannot all include,  
But out it rushes, over-runs the Whole,  
And reaches, well-ny round, from *Pole* to *Pole*;  
Among the *Moors*, *Turks*, *Tartars*, *Persians*,  
And other *Ethnicks* (full of Ignorance  
Of *God* and *Good*: ) and, if wee shall look home  
To view (and rew) the State of *CHRISTENDOM*;  
Vpon This Point, wee may This *Riddle* bring;  
*The Subject hath more Subjects than the King*:  
For, Don TOBACCO hath an ampler Raige  
Than Don PHILIPPO, the Great King of *Spain*  
(In whose Dominions, for the most, it growes).  
Nay, shall I say (O Horror to suppose!)  
*Heathnisch* TOBACCO (almost euery where)  
In *Christendom* (*CHRIST's outward Kingdom* hee)  
Hath more *Disciples* than *CHRIST* hath (I fear)  
More Suit, more Service (Bodies, Soules, and Good)  
Than *CHRIST*, that bought vs with his precious Blood.  
O Great TOBACCO! Greater than Great *Ces*,  
Great *Turk*, Great *Tartar*, or Great *Tamberlan*!  
With Vulturs wings Thou hast (and swifter yet  
Than an *Hungarian Ague*, *English Sweat*)  
Through all Degrees, flowne far, nigh, vp and down;  
From Court to Cart; from Count to Country Clown,  
Not scorning *Scullions*, *Cobblers*, *Colliers*,  
*Lake-farmers*, *Fiddlers*, *Ostlers*, *Oysterers*,  
*Rogues*, *Gypsies*, *Plaiers*, *Pandars*, *Punks*, and All  
What common *Scums* in common *Sewers* fall.  
For, all, as *Vassals*, at Thy Beck are bent,  
And breathe by Thee, as their *new Elements*.  
Which well may prove Thy *Monarchy* the Greater;  
Yet prove not Thee to bee a whit the Better;  
But rather Worse: for, *Hell's* wide-open Road  
Is easiest found, and by the Most still trod.

Which,

Which, even the *Heathen* had the Light to knowe  
By Arguments, as many times they shoue.

Heer may wee also gather (for a need)  
Whether TOBACCO bee an *Herb* or *Weed*:  
And whether the excessive Vse bee fit,  
Or good or bad; by those that fauour it,  
*Weeds*, wilde and wicked, mostly entertain it:  
*Herbs*, holefom *Herbs*, and holy mindes disdain it.

If then TOBACCONING bee good: How is't,  
That leudest, loosest, basest, foolishest,  
The most vnthrifty, most intemperate,  
Most vitious, most debauched, most desperate,  
Pursue it most: The Wisest and the Best  
Abhor it, shun it, flee it, as the Pest,  
Or pearcing Poison of a Dragons Whisk,  
Or deadly Ey-shot of a Basilisk?

If *Wisdom* baulk it, must it not bee *Folly*?  
If *Virtue* hate it, is it not vnholly?  
If Men of Worth, and Mindes right generous,  
Discard it, scorn it, is't not scandalous?  
And (to conclude) is it not, to the Diuell  
Most pleasing; pleasing so (most) the most Evil?

MY second *Puff*, is Proof *How little Good*  
This *Smock* hath done (that ever hear I cou'd).  
For, first, ther's none that takes TOBACCO most,  
Most vsually, most earnestly, can boast  
That the excessive and continuall vse  
Of This *dry Suck-at* ever did produce  
Him any Good, Civill, or Naturall,  
Or Morall Good, or Artificiall:  
Vnles perhaps they will alledge, It drawes-  
Away the Ill which still it Self doth cause.  
Which Course (mee thinks) I cannot liken better,  
Then to an *Usurer's* Kindnes to his *Debtor*;  
Who, vnder shew of lending, still subtracts  
The *Debtors* Owne, and then His owne exacts;  
Till at the last hee vtterly confound-him,  
Or leave him Worse and Weaker then he found-him.

Next, if the Custom of TOBACCONING  
Yeeld th' Vfers any Good in any thing;  
Either they haue it, or they hope it prest  
(By proof and practice, taking still the best):  
For, none but Fools will them to Ought be slave,  
Whence Benefit they neither hope nor haue.

Therefore, yet farther (as a *Questionist*)  
I must enquire of my TOBACCONIST,  
Why, if a *Christian* (as som somtimes seem)  
Beleeving *God*, waiting all Good from Him,

And



And vnto Him all Good again referring;  
 Why (to eschew th' Vngodly's *Grace-less* erring)  
 Why pray they not? Why praise they not His Name  
 For *hoped Good*, and *Good had* by this Same:  
 As all men doo, or ought to doo, for All  
 The Gifts and Goods that from His Goodnes fall.  
 Is't not, because they neither *hope*, nor *have*,  
 Good (hence) to thank God for, nor farther *crave*:  
 But, as they had it from the *Heathen*, first;  
 So, *Heathnishly* they vse it still, accurst:  
 And (as som jest of *Oysters*) This is more  
*Vngodly Meat*, both *After* and *Before*.

Lastly, if all Delights of all Mankinde  
 Bee *Vanity*, Vexation of the Minde;  
 All vnder Sun: Must not TOBACCO bee,  
 Of *Vanities*, the vaineft *Vanity*?  
 If *Salomon*, the wisest earthly Prince  
 That ever was before, or hath bin since;  
 Knowing All Plants, and them perusing All,  
 From *Cedar* to the *Hyssop* on the Wall;  
 In none of all professeth, that hee found  
 A firm Content, or Consolation sound:  
 Can Wee suppose, that any Shallowling  
 Can finde much Good in oft-TOBACCONING?

MY Third and last Puff points at the Great *Evill*  
 This noisom Vapor works (through wily diuell).  
 If wee may judge; if Knowledge may bee had  
 By their Effects, how things bee good or bad;  
 Doubtless, th' Effects of This pernicious Weed  
 Bee many bad, scarce any good, indeed:  
 Nor dooth a Man scarce any Good contain,  
 But of This *Evill* justly may complain;  
 As thereby, made in every Part the Worse,  
 In Body, Soule, in Credit, and in Purse.

For, first of all, it falls on his *Good-name*;  
 And so be-smears, and so be-smokes the same,  
 That never after scarce discerned is't.  
 Rare good Report of a TOBACCONIST:  
 Where, if to take it, were a vertuous thing,  
 'T would to the Taker's Commendation bring;  
 And somewhat grace them (though they else were bad)  
 Or hide, a little, the Defects they had:  
 But, from their Credit rather it abates,  
 And their Disgraces rather aggravates:  
 And how-much better that they were before,  
 It stinks the worse, and stains their Name the more.  
 For, if a Swearer, or a Swaggerer,  
 A Drunkard, Dicer, or Adulterer,

Prove

Prove a TOBACCONIST, it is not much:

'T is futable, 't is well-beseeming Such  
 (No less than flaring, garish, whorish Tire,  
 Which now-adaies most *Mad-dames* most desire:  
 Owle-fac't *Chaprons*, Cheeks painted, *Island Tresse*,  
 Bum *Bosse*-about, with broad deep-naked Brests;  
 Borrowd and brought from loose *Venetians*,  
 Becoms *Picket-hatch*, and *Shoreditch Courtizans*).  
 Not that TOBACCONING is not amisse:  
 But that the bright Noon of their better Vice;  
 Spred far and wide, doth darken and put down  
 TOBACCO-taking, and its Twilight down.

But, let it bee of any truly said;  
 Hee's great, religious, learned, wise, or *staid*;  
 But, hee is lately turn'd TOBACCONIST:  
 O! what a Blur! what an Abatement is't!  
 'T is like a handfull from *Augustus* Stable,  
 Cast in the Face of *Beauties* fairest Table.

Whence it appears, This too-too to frequent,  
 It is not good; no, not indifferent.

It best becomes a *Stage*, or else a *Stewes*,  
 Or *Dicing-house*, where All Disorders vse.  
 It ill befits a Church, Colledge, or Court,  
 Or any Place of any civill sort:  
 It fits Blasphemers, Ruffians, Atheists,  
 Damn'd *Libertines*, to bee TOBACCONISTS:  
 Not *Magistrates*, not *Ministers*, not *Schollers*  
 (Who are, or should bee, Sins severe Comptrollers)  
 Nor any wise and sober personage,  
 Of Gravity, of *Honesty*, of Age.

It were the fittest Furniture (that may)  
 For Divell, in a Picture or a Play,  
 To represent him with a fiery Face;  
 His Mouth and Nostrils puffing *Smoke* apace,  
 With staring Eyes, and in his griezly Gripe  
 An over-grown, great, long TOBACCO-Pipe.  
 Which sure (mee thinks) the most TOBACCONIST  
 Must needs approve, and even applaud the lest;  
 But much more *Christians* hence observe, how evill  
 It them becoms, that so becoms the Divell.  
 And therefore, think This Weed, a Drug for *Jews*  
 More fit by far (who did so foule abuse  
 (Base rheumy Rascals) with their Spawlings base,  
 Our loving SAVIOUR's lovely-reverend Face,  
 Whom (wilfull blinde, stiff-necked, stupef'd)  
 They spet on, scorned, scourged, *Crucifi'd*)  
 Than for vs *Christians*, who his Name adore,  
 Whom by His Death Hee doth to Life restore.



If, notwithstanding All that hath been said,  
TOBACCONISTS will still hold on their Trade,  
And by their practice still hold vp their Name,  
Though *Jews*, though *Diavells*, better suit the same,  
I'll say no more but onely This, of This:  
Henceforth, let none whose meaner Lot it is  
To live in *Smoak*; *Lime burners*, *Alchymists*,  
*Brick-makers*, *Brewers*, *Colliers*, *Kitchenists*,  
Let *Salamanders*, *Swallows*, *Bacon-flitches*,  
*Red-Sprats*, *red-Herings*, and like *Chimny-wretches*,  
Think no Disparagement, nor hold them base:  
TOBACCONISTS their Company will grace,  
And teach them make a Vertue of Necessity,  
Turning their *Smoak* into a *grace-fool-Asury*.

Next the *Good-Name*, now let the Body shewe  
What Wrongs to it from out TOBACCO flowe:  
For, as That is Man's baser Part indeed,  
It is most basely handled by This Weed.

And First (as was significantly said  
Before our *Soveraign*, by an *Oxford Head*)  
TOBACCO, *Smoak* into the *Parlour* puts,  
And basest Office in the best Room shuts,  
While to the Head it doth exhale and hoist  
The Bodies filthy and superfluous Moist;  
Causing a moist Brain, by vnceast Supply  
Of Rheums still drawn to th' Bodies *Stillary*:  
Which in experience, and in Reason, make  
Men most vnapt deep thing to vndertake.  
For, for the most part, shallow are the Wits,  
Concepts and Counsels, of TOBACCONISTS.  
Sith *Wisdom dwells in Dry*: Her proper Seat  
Is a dry Brain, embattel'd well with Heat.

Allo, it fries and dries away the Blood  
(As did that *Persian* the *Euphratean Flood*,  
To conquer *Babylon*) by whole *incrasion*,  
The *Vital Spirits*, in an vnwonted fashion,  
Are bay'd, and barred of their Passage due  
Through all the veins, their vigour to renew:  
So that the Humours (as all out of frame)  
Tending to putrefie and to inflame,  
Fire the whole House; from whence there follows *ever*  
A dangerous, if not a deadly, *Fever*.

Lastly, this boiling, broiling, of the Blood,  
Breeds much adusted *Melancholy-Mood*  
(*Satan's* fit Saddle, from their sullen Cell,  
To ride, in poste, his wretched Slaves to Hell,  
With Two keen *Spurres* (too-quick in their Effect)  
Th' one of Excess, the other of Defect;

A violent *Passion*, pushing *Reason* back,  
Or fell *Despaire* when *Conscience* is awake.)  
For, as of all *Insensibles*, hath none  
More *Melancholie* and *Adustion*,  
Then *Chimnies* have; What kinde of *Chimny* is't  
Less *Sensible* then a TOBACCONIST?  
And in receiving *Smoake*, sith th' are so equall,  
Can their *adustion* then be much vnequall?  
Thus then the Habit of TOBACCONING,  
Makes one more *Chimny-like* then any thing.  
Som also think it causeth exsiccation  
(As of the Blood) of Seed of generation;  
By th' accrimony stirring more to cover,  
Then fruitfully producing Issue of-it:  
Whence, we may learn to marvell so much less,  
That (for the most) our *Gentles*, that profess  
TOBACCONISME, love *Lemman-Sauce* so well;  
Or that such Legions of the Base *pet-mel*,  
Vnder the Standard of TOBACCO, vse  
To *Turn-bull* first, then to *Our Bartholmewes*.

And where there have been many great Inquests  
To finde the Cause Why Bodies still grow less,  
And daily neerer to the *Pigmies* Size;  
This among many Probabilities,  
May pass for one: that their Progenitours  
Did gladly foment their Interiours  
With holefom Food, vnmixed, moderate,  
And timely Liquors duely temperate:  
But, now-adayes, Their Issue inly choake  
And dry them vp (like *Herrings*) with This *Smoake*:  
For, *Herrings*, in the Sea, are large and full,  
But shrink in bloating and together pull:  
Whence, in effect, *Smoak* vnto *Smoak* referring,  
TOBACCONISTS are not vnlike *Red Herring*.

Vndoubtedly beyond all Moderation  
It dries the Bodie, robs of irrigation  
The thirsty parts; so that the bowels cry  
For Moist and Cold, to temper Hot and Dry:  
Whence, th' Elementall Qualities of Theirs,  
In faction, fall together by the Eares.  
For, in the Hearb excess of Dry and Hot,  
Drawes-in excess of Cold-Moist from the Pot;  
For which they troupe to th' Ale-house shortly after,  
As rats-ban'd Rats do hiethem to the Water.  
And yet, their liquid Cooler cures them not,  
No more then Water doth the baned Rat:  
For th' Heat and Drought of th' *Hearb American*  
Being intensue (fitter call'd *Man-Bane*)



The one dries-up the *Humour Radicall*,  
The other drowns the *Calor Naturall*.

But the most certain and apparant Ill  
Is an Ill Habit which doth hant them still;  
Transforming *Nature* from her native Mould:  
For, *Custom* we another *Nature* hold.  
And This vile *Custom* is so violent,  
And holds his *Customers* at such a Bent,  
That though thereby more Hurt than Good they doubt,  
To die for it, they cannot live without.  
Which doubtless, is a miserable State:  
For, Men are surely the more Fortunate,  
Of fewer Creatures that they stand in need:  
More, but more Bondage, and less freedom breed.  
A House, that must have many Props and Stayes,  
Is neerer Fall, and faster it decays:  
Variety and surfeit feed the *Spitule*,  
And fill the Grave, *Nature's content with little*.

Why then should Man, *living* and *rationall*,  
Beslave himselfe to a dead *Vegetall*?  
Why, *demi-heavenly*, and most free by Birth,  
Should he be bound unto this Childe of Earth?  
Why, Lord of Creatures, should He serve: at least,  
Why such a Creature, baser then a beast?

**O**F had I seen *Fooles* of all sorts frequent it,  
*Fooles* of all Size, *Fooles* of all Sexes hant it,  
*Fooles* of all Colours, *Fooles* of all Complexions,  
*Fooles* of all Fashions, *Fooles* of all Affections,  
*Fooles* naturall, *Fooles* artificiall,  
*Fooles* rich and poor, young *Fooles*, old *Fooles*, and all;  
Whom, *Foole* I pitied, for their wilfull Folly;  
Supposing, None discreetly Wise (or Holy)  
Could be entangled with so fond a thing,  
As is the habit of *TOBACCONING*.

For, what Discretion, or what Wisedom can,  
Think *Physick* Food, or *Medicine* Meat, for Man?  
I rather thought *Physick* rather would  
Have stoppt his Eares, Eyes, Hands, and Mouth with-hold  
From such a *Cyrcian* Drug, whose working strange,  
Would soon his best into a Beast exchange.  
But wen I saw som Wise-ones snared-in  
This *Spanish Cobweb* (Satans speciall Gin)  
And that so fast, they cannot when they would  
Get out againe, or will not if they could;  
*Wisdom*, me thought, must varie much, or else  
This *Ware* is spiced with som Forrain Spels,  
So to bewitch the Wife (need-less, and nilling)  
To take and love; and not to leave it, willing.

For,

For, those that say and sweare they euen abhorre it,  
Cannot abandon, but Thus bandie for it:

*Tis good (say They) Tis speciall good for Rheumes;*  
*Exhales grosse Humors, their Excesse consumes;*  
*And voids, with-all, all Inconuenience*  
*There-on depending, or descending, Thence.*

Which should I grant, it must be yet with Clauses  
Of needfull Caution, suitable to Causes;  
When time requireth Preparation fit  
To rarifie congealed Rags of it;  
Which by the Heat and Drynesse, probably,  
This Plant performes, in mediocritie:  
Or else, where the abundant Quantity,  
Dangerous Effect, malignant Quality,  
Of ouer-moistures, aske *Euacuation*,  
To free the Parts from totall Inundation.

How-be-it, many safer Meanes there are.  
Better and fitter in themselves by farre;  
More certaine, more direct; with lesse adoo,  
Lesse Cost, lesse Damage, and lesse Danger too  
Than *Don TOBACCO*'s damnable Infection,  
Slutting the Body, slauiing the Affection.

Twere therefore better somewhat else to seek,  
Then rest in this, so worthe of Dis-like;  
Sith, curing Thus one small Infirmitie,  
It doth create a greater Malady,  
When there-by freed (perhaps) from *Rheumes*, we fall  
In Bondage of this *Custom* capitall.  
For, they that *Physicke* to a *Custom* bring,  
Bring their *Disease* too, to accustoming.  
Perpetuall *Physicke* must of force imply  
Perpetuall *Sickness*; or deep Foolerie  
Compos'd of *Anticke* and of *Phranticke* too:  
For, where's no *Sickness*, what should *Medicine* doe?

**T**HUS for the *Bodie*: Now, the *Soule* diuine  
VVith This wilde *Goose-Grasse* of the *Perusine*  
Hath Foure great Quarels, in foure-fold respect  
Of her Foure Faculties; the *Intellect*,  
The *Memory*, the *Will*, the *Conscience*;  
All which are wronged, if not wounded, Thence.  
First, in the *Intellect*, it d'outs the Light,  
Darkens the House, th' vnderstandings Sight;  
Through neuer ceast succession of *Humiditie*,  
The Dam of dulnesse, Mother of *Stupiditie*;  
Making Mans generous Brain (best, dry and hot)  
Lie drown'd, and druieling like a Changeling Sor.  
Why then should Man, to put out *Reason's* Eye,  
Suffer his Soule in *Smockie* Lodge to lye?

FFFF

For,



For, though some others, and my Selfe by prooffe  
(When scornfully I tooke it but in *Snuffe*;  
Have thereby sometimes found some benefit;  
Superfluous Humors from the Brain to quit,  
To cleer the Voyce and cheere the *Phantasie*,  
Which, for the present, it did seem supply:  
Yet doth the *Custom* (as we likewise finde)  
Dis-nerveth the Bodie, and dis-apt the Minde.

Next; It decayes and mars the *Memorie*,  
And brings it to strange Imbecillitie,  
By still attraction of continuall *Moist*,  
Which from the lower parts it wonts to hoist:  
For, though best *Memory* dwel in a Brain  
*Moist-moderate*; Yet ouer-*moist*, againe  
Makes it so lax, so diffuent and thin,  
That nothing can be firmly fixt there-in;  
But instantly it slides and slips-away,  
As weary heeles on wet and slippery Clay.  
For Prooffe whereof: None more forgetfull is  
Of *God* and *Good*, than are *Tobaccoists*.

Touching th' *Affections*, they are tir'd no lesse  
By This fell Tyrants insolent Excesse:  
For, the *Addition* of th' inherent *Heat*,  
*Draught*, *Acrimonic* (Tartar-like) doth frer;  
Makes men more sodain and more heed-less heady,  
More sullen-sowr, more stubbornly-vnsteady,  
More apt to wrath, to wrangle, and to braule;  
To giue and take a Great Offence, for Small;  
Cause-less Reioycing, and as cause-less Sory,  
Exceeding-Mournefull, and excessive-Merry:  
Whence growes, in fine, excessive Griefe and Fear,  
For Dumber none than the *Tobaccoer*:  
None sadder than the gladdest of their Host;  
None hating more than hee that loued most;  
None fearing more, none danted more than such  
As, in a *Passion*, rather dar'd too-much.  
For, *Relatiues* inseparable dwell:  
And *Contraries* thoir *Contraries* expell.  
And (with th' old Poet) 'Tis the *Cox-combs Course*,  
Elying a *Fault*, to fall into a *Vorse*.

But if they say, that sometimes, taking it,  
The Minde is freed from some instant Fit  
Of Anger, Griefe, or Feare; Experience tells  
It is but like some of our Tooth-ake Spells,  
Which for the present seem to ease the Pain,  
But after, double it with more Rage again;  
Because a little, for the time, it drawes,  
But leaues behinde the very Root and Cause.

Lastly

Lastly, the *Conscience* (as it is the best)  
This *Indian Weed* doth most of all molest;  
Loading it daily with such Weight of Sin,  
Whereof the least shall at the last com-in  
To strict Account: the Losse of precious hours,  
Neglect of *God*, of *Good*, of *Vs*, of *Curs*:  
Our ill Example, prodigall Excesse,  
Vain Words, vain Oaths, Dice, Daring, Drunkenness,  
Sloth, jesting, scoffing, turning Night to Day,  
And Day to Night; Disorder, Disaray;  
Places of Scorn and publick Scandall haunting;  
Persons of base and beastly Life frequenting;  
Theeves, Vnthrifts, Ruffians, Robbers, Roarers, Drabbers,  
Bibbers, Blasphemers, Shifters, Shakers, Stabbers:  
This is the *Rendez-vous*, These are the Lists,  
Where doo encounter most *Tobaccoists*:  
Wherein they walk, like a blinde Mill-horse, round  
In the same Circle, on the self same ground;  
Forgetting how, Daies, Months, and Yeers, doo passe;  
No more regarding, than an Ox or Ass,  
How Age growes on, how *Death* attendeth them,  
*God* knowes how neer (*Whom* on each side bechem  
A late *Repentance*, or a flat *Despair*)  
And after *That*, a noisom stinking Air  
Of their infamous rotten *Memory*  
With Men on Earth; in Heav'n with *God* on hie  
A Fearfull *Doom*; and finally in Hell,  
Infinity of Fiery *Torments* fell.

The Last and Least of all *TOBACCO-harms*  
Is to the *Purse*: which yet it so becharms,  
That juggler-like it jests-out all the Pelf,  
And makes a Man a *Pick-purse* to himself.  
For, as by This, th' *Iberian Argonauts*  
May bee suppos'd (even among serious Thoughts)  
T' have kill'd more Men than by their Martyrdom,  
Or *Massacre* (which yet to Millions com)  
So, by the Same they have vndon more Men,  
Than *Vsury* (which takes from Hundred, Ten)  
And no-where more than in *This witch'd Isle*:  
Wo to their Frauds, Wo to vs Fools, the-while.  
How many *Gentles*, not of Meanest Sort  
(Whose Fathers liv'd in honourable Port;  
For Table, Stable, and Attendance fit;  
Loving their Country, and belov'd of it)  
Leaving their Neighbours, flee from their Approach;  
And, for the most, keep House in a *Carouch*  
(Hell's new-found Cradles: where are rockt asleep  
Mischiefs that make our Common-weal to weep.)

F f f f

Or



Or in som *Play-house*, or som *Ordinary*,  
Or in som Piece of som *Vn-Sanctuary*;  
Where, through their *Pipe-puff Nose* more *Smoak* they wave,  
Than all the *Chimnies* their great Houses have;  
Consuming more, in their *Obscure Obscurity*,  
On *Smoak* and *Smock*, with their *appendent Vanity*,  
Than their brave Elders did, when they maintain'd  
Honour at home, and forrain Glory gain'd.

How doo they rack, and wrack, and grate, and grinde,  
Shuffle and cut, wrangle, and turn, and winde,  
Borrow and beg (vnder a Courtly Cloak)  
And all too-little for This liquorish *Smoak*!

Alas the while! that men Thus needs will bee  
Begger'd, vndon (of no *Necessity*)  
In Body, Minde, and Means; vnapt, vnable  
For any *Good*, through this so needles Bable.

For, What a Folly, through the Nose to puff  
Th' whole Bodie's Portion in this idle stuff!  
Or, what need any with *TOBACCO*, more  
Now meddle, than his Ancestors before?  
Who knew it not, but had, without it, Health,  
Liv'd long and lusty, in abundant Wealth.  
Or, what is any, when hee all hath spent,  
The better for This dear Experiment?  
Which now-adaies a number daily finde  
Like *Alchymie* (though in another Kinde)  
To circulate, and calcinate (at length)  
Insensibly (*TOBACCO* hath such strength)  
Manours, Demains, Goods, Cattell, Elm and Oak,  
Gold, Silver, All; to *Ashes* and to *Smoak*,  
While all, too-busie blowing at the Coal,  
Deject their Body, and neglect their Soule.  
For, O! What place is left to *Christianity*,  
Mongst such a Crew (nay, almost to *Humanity*)  
Where Oaths, Puff-stuffing, Spauling-Excrement,  
Are *reall Parts* of *GENTLES* Complement?  
And, for our *Vulgar*, by whose bold Abuse  
*TOBACCONING* hath got so generall Use;  
How mightily have They since multipli'd  
Taverns, Tap-houses! where, on every side,  
Molt sinfully hath Mault been sunken heere  
In nappy *Ale*, and *double-double-Beer*;  
Invincible in a Threefold Excess;  
Strong *Drink*, strong *Drinking*, and strange *Drunkennes*:  
Which on the Land hath brought, so visibly,  
So great a Mischief, so past Remedy,  
That Thousands daily into Beggery sink  
Through *Idleneffe*; in wilfull *Debt* for *Drink*.

Nor

Nor can the Lawe's severest Curb keep-in  
This coltish, common, priuiledged Sin.

Then (shallow Reptile, superficiall Gnat)  
Why doe I humme? why doe I hisse there-at?

**B**Ve, awfull *Justice* will with keener Edge  
Clip short (I hope) this sawcie Priuiledge;  
And at one Blowe cut-off this *Over-Drinking*,  
And euer Droppe of *TOBACCO*-(*stinking*):  
When *Our ALCIDERS* (thoug at *Peace* with Men,  
*At Warre with Vices*) as His *armed Pen*

[Among the *LABOURS* of his *Royall hand*,  
Where *Piety* and *Prudence* (ioyntly) stand  
Eternall *PILLERS* to His glorious *Name*;  
Vnto all Times to testifie the same,

*BRITANN*'s right *Beau-Clerk*, both for *Word* and *Writ*:  
The *Miracle*, The *ORACLE* of *Wit*:

For *Knowledge*, *iudgement*, *Method*, *Memory*:

*Diuine* and *Morall* *ENCYCLOPAEDIE*]

Hath, as with Arrowes, from His sacred Sides,  
All-ready chag't These *stinking Stympthalides*;  
Shall, with the *Trident* of some sharp *Edict*,  
Seuere enacted, executed strict,

Clenſe all the Staules of This *Augaen Dung*,  
Which hath so long corrupted Old and Young:

Or, at the least, impose so deep a *Taxe*

On All these *Ball*, *Leafe*, *Cane*, and *Pudding Packs*;

On Seller, or on Buyer, or on Both,

That from Henceforth the *Commons* shal be loath

(*Vnwillig-Wife*) with that *greue Greeke*, to buy  
*Smoak* and *Repentance* at a Price *ſo hie*.

If, notwithstanding, Yet ſome Wealthy, will  
Needs poyſon, and vndoo them with it, still;

It shall be onely ſome of Thoſe profane  
Looſe *Prodigals* (their Countries Blot and Bane)

Beſt to be ſpar'd, leaſt to be miſt; whoſe Lands

(If anie left) will come to Wiſer hands

Than ſuch weak *Ninnies*, needing *Wardſhip* yet;

Not for their want of *Age*, but want of *Wit*.

*Arrius Caſſius* (as *Lampridius* ſhowes)

Did firſt invent, and firſt of all impoſe

That vncooth Manner of tormenting Folk;

On a high Beame to ſmoother them with *Smoak*:

Where had *TOBACCO* bin then known, he need

But haue enioyn'd them to haue taned that Weed.

But, with more Reason and more Equitie,

*Seuerus Caſar* when he did diſcry

The double-dealing of *Petronius*

[A Couſening Courtier (Such are none with *Vs*)

Fffff;

A



A lack-of-both-fides, with both hands to play  
 (As now-a-days some Lawyers doo, they say)  
 Faining great Favour with his Soueraign,  
 To take great Bribes of Many, to obtaine  
 Great Suits; for whom his Prince he neuer mou'd  
 Aloud complain'd of, and apparant prou'd;  
 Caus'd his false *Minion* with this *Doom* to choak,  
*Let the Smoak-seller suffocate with Smoak:*  
 Which, our *Smoak-Merchants* would no lesse besite;  
 TOBACCO-Mungers, Bringers-in of it:  
 Which yeerly costs (they say, by *Audis* found)  
 Of better Wares an hundred Thousand pound.  
 And, if the *Sentence* of this *Heathen Prince*,  
 On That *Impostor* for his *Impudence*,  
 Were iust: How iust will the Heau'nly God,  
 Th. *Eternal*, punish with infernall Rod,  
 In Hell's darke Fornace (with black *Fumes*, to choak)  
 Those, that on Earth will still offend in *Smoak*?  
 Offend their Friends, with a Most *un-Respect*:  
 Offend their Wives and Children, with Neglect:  
 Offend the Eyes, with foule and loathsom Spawlings:  
 Offend the Nose, with filthy *Fumes* exhalings:  
 Offend the Eares, with lowd lewd *Excerattions*:  
 Offend the Mouth, with ougly *Excreations*:  
 Offend the *Sense*, with stupifying *Sense*:  
 Offend the Weake, to follow their *Offense*:  
 Offend the Body, and offend the Minde:  
 Offend the *Conscience* in a fearefull kind:  
 Offend their *Baptisme*, and their *Second Birth*:  
 Offend the *Majestie* of Heau'n and Earth.  
 Woe to the World because of Such *Offenses*;  
 So voluntaire, so voyd of all pretenses  
 Of all *Excuse* (saue *Fashion, Custome, Will*)  
 In so apparant, proued, granted, ill.  
 Woe, woe to them by Whom *Offences* come;  
 So scandalous to All our CHRISTENDOME.

FINIS.



## LACRYMÆ LACRYMARVM:

OR

*The Spirit of Teares,*

Distilled

*For the un-timely Death*

of

The incomparable PRINCE,

HENRY

(Late)

PRINCE of WALES.

By IOSEPH SYLVESTER.







# LACRYMÆ LACRYMARVM.

*A Funeral Elegie.*

The Argument, in an EPI TAPH.

**H**ere lyes (Drie Eies, read not This EPI TAPH.)  
 Here lyes Great-Britans Stay, Great Iacob's Staff:  
 The stately Top-bough of Imperiall Stemme,  
 World's richest Jewell, Nature's rarest Gemme,  
 Mirror of Princes, Miracle of Touth,  
 All Vertues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;  
 Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,  
 Worth's Comforter, milde Conquerer of Hearts:  
 The Church's Tower, the Terror of the Pope,  
 Heriuk HENRY, Atlas of our Hope.

**H**ow-euer, short of Others Art and Wit,  
 I knowe my powers for such a Part vnfit;  
 And shall but light my Candle in the Sun,  
 To doe a work shall be so better Donne:  
 Could Teares and Feares giue my Distractions leaue,  
 Of sobbing words a sable Webbe to weaue;  
 Could Sorrow's Fulnes giue my voice a vent;  
 How would, how should, my saddest Verse lament,  
 In deepest Sighes (in stead of sweetest Songs)  
 This loss (alas!) which vnto All belongs!  
 To All, alas! though chiefly to the Chief,  
 His royal Parents, Principalls in grief:  
 To All the Peers, to all Confederate,  
 To All the CHVRCH, to all the CHRISTIAN State:  
 To all the Godly now, and future, far:  
 To all the WORLD; except S. P. Q. R.  
 To all together and to Each a-part,  
 That liues, and loues Religion, Armes, or Art:  
 To all abroad; but, to Vs most of all  
 That neereft stood to my High Cedars fall:

But

# LACRYMÆ LACRYMARVM.

But, more then most, to Mee, that had no Prop  
 But HENRY's Hand, and, but in Him, no Hope:  
 In Whom, with Nature, Grace and Fortune met,  
 To consummate a PRINCE, as Good as Great:  
 In Whom, the Heav'ns were pleas'd to shew the Earth  
 A richer Jewell then the World was worth,  
 Or worthy of: therefore, no more to make  
 So rare a Piece, His precious Mould they brake.  
 O sudden Change! O sad Vicissitude!  
 O! how the Heav'ns our Earthly Hopes delude!  
 O! what is firm beneath the Firmament!  
 O! what is constant heer that gives Content!  
 What Trust in Princes! O! what Help in Man,  
 Whose dying life is but a length in span!  
 Melting, as Snowe, before the Mid-day Sun;  
 Past, as a Poste, that speedy by dooth run;  
 Swift, as the Current of the quickest Stream;  
 Vain, as a Thought; forgotten, as a Dream.

O Dearest HENRY, Heav'n and Earth's Delight!  
 O clearest Beam of Vertues, Rising bright!  
 O purest Spark of Pious Princely Zeal!  
 O surest Ark of Justice sacred Weal!  
 O gravest Prefage of a Prudent Kinde!  
 O bravest Message of a Valiant Minde!  
 O All-admir'd, Benign and Bountious!  
 O All-desired (right) PANARETYS!  
 PANARETYS (All-vertuous) was thy Name;  
 Thy Nature such: such ever bee thy Fame.  
 O Dearest! Clearest! Purest! Surest Prop!  
 O Gravest! Bravest! Highest! Nighest Hope!  
 O! how vntimely is this Sun gon down!  
 This Spark put out! This Ark (as) overthrowne!  
 This Prefage crost! This Message lost and left!  
 This Prop displac't! This Hope of All, bereft!  
 O! how, unkinde! how, grace-less! how, ingrate!  
 Have Wee cut-off Thy likely longer Date!

For, were this Stroak from Heav'ns immediat hand;  
 Or (by Heav'ns leave) from Hell's suborned Band  
 Of ROMVLIDES (What dare not They presume?  
 If this, That Sea a Sulphury Sea consume.)  
 How-e'r it were, Wee were the Mooring Cause  
 That sweet Prince HENRY breath no longer draws.  
 Wee all (alas!) have had our hands heerin:  
 And Each of vs hath, by som cord of Sin,  
 Hal'd down from Heav'n, from Justice awfull Seat,  
 This Heavie Iudgement (which yet more doth threat)-  
 VVee Clergy first, who too-too oft have flood  
 More for the Church-goods, then the Churches good:

rye



*Wee Nobles* next, whose Title, ever strong,  
 Can hardly offer Right, or suffer Wrong:  
*Wee Magistrates*, who, mostly, weak of sight,  
 Are rather fain to feel then see the Right:  
*Wee Officers*, whose Price of every Place  
 Keeps *Vertue* out, and bringeth *Vice* in grace:  
*Wee Gentry* then, who rack, and sack, and sell,  
 To swim, like *Sea-Crabs*, in a *four-wheel'd Shell*:  
*Wee Courtiers* next, who *French-Italianate*,  
 Change (with the *Moon*) our *Fashion*, *Faith*, and *Fate*:  
*Wee Lawyers* then, who, *Dedaling* Law,  
 And deadning *Conscience*, like the *Horse-leach* drawe:  
*Wee Citizens*, who, seeming *Pure* and *Plain*,  
 Beguile our Brother, make our god our *GAIN*:  
*Wee Countrymen*, who slander *Heav'n* and *Earth*  
 As Authors of our *Artificiall Dearth*:  
*Wee Pour-veyours*, last, who, taking ten for two,  
 Rob both, at once, our *Prince* and *People* too:  
 All, briefly all, all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,  
 In *Countries*, *Cities*, *Benches*, *Churches*, *Courts*,  
 (All *Epicures*, *Wit-wantons*, *Atheists*,  
*Mach-Aretines*, *Momes*, *Tap-To-Bacchonists*,  
*Bais*, *Harpies*, *Sirens*, *Centaurs*, *Bib-all-nights*,  
*Sice-sink-ap-Asses*, *Hags*, *Hermaphrodites*)  
 And *We*, poor *Nothings* (fixed in no *Sphear*,  
 Right *Wandering Tapers*, *Erring* every where)  
 Scorn of the *Vulgar*, *Scandall* of the *Gown*,  
 Have puld this waight of *Wrath*, this *Vengeance* down.  
 All, All are guilty, in a high Degree,  
 Of This *High-Treason* and *Conspiracy*:  
 More brute then *Brutus* stabbing more then *Caesar*,  
 With *Two-hand-Sins* of *Profit* and of *Pleasure*:  
 And (th' odious *Engin*, which doth all include)  
 Our many-pointed proud *Ingratitude*.  
 For, for the *Peoples* *Sinnes*, for *Subjects* crimes,  
 God takes-away good *Princes* oftentimes.  
 So, good *IOSEPH* (*HENRY'S* parallel)  
 Was soon bereft from *Sin-full Israel*:  
 So, our good *EDWARD* (*HENRY'S* *Precedent*)  
 For *ENGLAND'S* *Sins* was hence vntimely hent.  
 So, heere, good *HENRY* is new taken hence,  
 For now *Great-BRITAIN'S* great *Sins* Confluence.  
 Wee see th' Effect: wee have the Cause confest:  
 O! Turn wee then, with speed, to *save the Rest*:  
 O! Turn vs, *Lord*, turn to vs, turn away  
 Thy *Frowns*, our *Fears*, with humblest *Tears*, we pray.  
 O save our *SOVERAINE*: save his *Royall seed*:  
 That still his *OWNE* may on his *Throne* succeed.

Let

Let Each of vs make priue Search within;  
 And having found, bring forth the *Traitor SIN*  
 To *Execution*, with all *Execration*  
 Henceforth renouncing such *in-Sin-newation*.  
 Let Each of vs (as Each hath throw'n a *Dart*,  
 A *Dart* of Sinne, at *HENRY'S* princely heart)  
 Send-up in *Sighes* our *Soules* deuoutest breath,  
 To *Shield* our *JAMES*, *ANNE*, *CHARLES*, *ELIZABETH*,  
 And *HIM* whose *Loue* shall render *HER* her Brother,  
 And make *HER* soon a happy *Princes* Mother.  
 Let Each of vs cease to lament (in vain)  
*Prince HENRY'S* *Loss*: *Death* is to *HIM* a *Gain*.  
 For *Sauoy's* *Dukelings*, or the *Florentine*,  
 He Wedds his *Sauour* of a *Regal Line*:  
*Glory*, for *Gold*; for *Hope*, *Possession* (there)  
 Of *Crownes* so Rich as neuer entered Eare,  
 Eye neuer sawe, nor euer Heart conceav'd;  
 So strong *Assur'd* as cannot be bereau'd.  
 Waile not his death: His *Vertues* cannot *Dye*:  
 Immortall Issue of *ETERNITY*.  
 His Soule in *Blisse* behoulds her *Makers* Eyes:  
 His goodly Body shall more glorious *Rise*.  
 Weep not for *HIM*: weep for our selues, alas!  
 (Not for our *Prinate*, or *Peculiar* case:  
 As, for our *Sonn's*, *Brother's*, or *Master's* lack,  
 Or *Prince's* loss (our *Expectations* wrack)  
 Our *Places*, *Graces*, *Profits*, *Pensions* lost,  
 Our *present Fortunes* cast, our *future* crost)  
 Weep for our *Sinnes*, our *Wicked* *Prouocations*,  
 Our haynous, horrid, high *ABOMINATIONS*:  
 Both *seen* and *secret*: both in *High* and *Lowe*:  
 Vweep, weep for *These*; and strip, from *Top* to *Toe*,  
 Of *giddie-Gandes*, *Top-gallant Tires* and *Towers*,  
 Of *Face-pride*, *Cafe-pride*, *Shin-pride*, *Shoo-pride*, out  
 (Like *NINIVITES* so neer Their *threatned Fall*)  
 In blackest *Sack* and *Cinders* shrouded All:  
 Not like a *Bul-rush* for a day or two,  
 To stoop, and droop, and seem as others doe  
 (As *ACHAB* yerst, and *PHARAO*, in *Distress*)  
 And then return vnto our old *Excess*  
 (As *Doggs* vnto their *Mewt*, *Hoggs* to their *Mire*)  
 But, day by day, vntill our last expire,  
 With bended *Knees*, but more with broken hearts,  
 And th' inward rest of right *Repentant* Parts,  
 Prostrate our *Soules* in *Fasting* and in *Praier*,  
 Before the *Foot-stool* of th' *Emphyreal CHAIRE*:  
 That So, VVhat-euer bloody *DEVOG* float  
 From th' old *Red Dragon's* wide-wide-yawning *Throat*,

We,



We, *Humbled* MOVRNERS may be Heav'nly *Markt*,  
In *MERCIE'S* Vessell to be All imbARKT.

FINIS.

AN EPITAPH.

**V**hen Great French HENRY Fates bereft,  
His Name and Fame to OVRs He left;  
As ablest ATLAS Then to proppe  
The Waight of WORTH, the World of HOPE:  
But, ENGLAND'S Sinnes (a heavier Load)  
Soouer-layd His Shoulders broad,  
That, chrusht down, Heer lies HENRY dead.  
So, HOPE is fall'n, and WORTH is fled.

ANOTHER.

**VV**hen All admir'd, whom All (almost) ador'd,  
For all the Parts of all PANDORA'S Treasure;  
The Hope of all, to haue all Good restor'd;  
HIM, All our Ills haue slain, by Heav'n's Displeasure.

By HIS (late) HIGHNES

First Worsh

&

Poet Pensiu.

IOSEPH SYLVESTER.



AN  
ELEGIAEPISTLE

*Consolatorie.*

Against

*Immoderate Sorrowe*

forth' immature Decease

of

S. WILLIAM SIDNEY

*Knight,*

Sonne and Heire apparant

To

The Right Honourable

ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY

*L. Vis-Count Lisle;*

*L. Chamberlain to the Queen,*

and

*L. Governour of His Maiesties*

*Cautionarie Town of*

*WILSHING.*

By IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

Ggggg





# TO THE RIGHT HONORA-

Ble, the Lord Vi-count L I S L E, and his most  
vertuous Lady :

To Sir Robert S I D N E Y, Knight, their Hopefull Sonne:

To the most Worthy Lady W R O T H, with the rest of their right  
vertuous Daughters :

and

To all the Noble S I D N E Y S

and

S E M I - S I D N E Y S.

**A**lthough I knowe None, but a Sidney's Muse,  
Worthy to sing a Sidney's Worthyness:  
None but your Owne \* A L - W O R T H, S i d n e i d e s,  
In whom, her Vncle's noble Veine renews:  
And though I know (sad Nobles) to infuse  
My fore-spent Drops into the bound-lesse Seas  
Of your deep Grieffs, for your dear Ioy's Decease;  
To your full Ocean nought at-all accrues:  
Yet, as (the Floods Queen) Amphitrite daignes  
To take the Tribute of small Brooks and Bournes;  
Which to Her Bounty (that Their Streams maintains)  
The humble Homage of Their Thanks returns;  
Accept These Sighes and these few Teares of Ours,  
Which haue their Course but from the Source of Yours.

Your Noble Name's and Vertue's  
most Observant,

I O S V A H S T Y L E S T E R.

Anagram. \* L A I W R O T H.

AN



# AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE

**W**hat Obiect, less then our Great H E N R Y 's Herse,  
Could so haue seiz'd the voice of euery Verse?  
What Subiect else could haue ingross'd so  
The publique Store and priuate Stock of Woe?  
What Sea, but th' Ocean of His Vertues Fame,

Could drink all Teares, or drown a S I D N E Y 's Name  
(As buried quick) so quickly (though so yong)  
So vn-bewayled, so vn-sight, vn-sung?

O, glorious H E N R Y ! though alone to Thee,  
I owe my all, and more then all of mee;  
And though (alas!) the best and most of mine  
Reach not the least, the lowest Dues of Thine:  
Yet, wouldst thou, couldst Thou hear (as heer-to-fore)  
And grant a Boon; I onely would implore  
Thy leaue a little, for a S I D N E Y 's Death  
To sigh a little of my Mournfull breath:  
The rather, that, as Terit Hee seru'd You heer,  
And, in His End attended Yours so neer;  
Through-out all Ages subsequent to Ours,  
His Name and Fame may ever waite on Yours:  
Sith All the M V S E S owe that Name alone,  
A Dia-pason of each sad-sweet Groan:  
But, more peculiar, and precisely, Mine;  
Lineally bound vnto That Noble Ligne.

A R C A D I A N S knowe no Other, for A P O L L O,  
No other M A R S (in Arms or Arto follow  
As D E M I - G O D S, as well of Warreas VVir)  
Then S I D N E Y 's yerit, or S E M I - S I D N E Y S, yet.  
Yet, fit I said: for, of This deare Descent,  
Nature (of late) too-lauishly hath spent,  
(Like My ill-Huswifer which at once doe burn  
Two or three lights, where One would serue the turn)  
Not her Own only, but more orient Gemms,  
More rich, more rare; more fitting Diadems.

Gggggg

As,



## A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

As, first, th' old Father, famous-fortunate,  
The prime firm Founder of our IRISH State;  
Next, His Son PHILIP (more then PHILIP'S Son)  
Whose World of Worth, a World of Honor won:  
Then, His sole Heire (sole VENUS-IVNO-PALLAS)  
All Beauties Pattern, and All Vertues Palace;  
(Whose memory, on MVSSES Fairest Hill  
Is Canonized, by a Phoenix Quill).  
These Three, the which Three Ages might have gract,  
All These and more in My short Age have past:  
Besides This new SWEET-WILLIAM now deceast  
(Th' Epitome and Summe of All the rest)  
The Flower of Youth, of Honor, Beauty, Blood,  
Th' Apparant Heire of All the SIDNEYS Good;  
For Minde, for Mould, for Spirit, Strength, and Stature,  
A Miracle, a Master-peece of Nature.

Alas! How grossely doo our Painters erre  
In drawing Death's grim Visage (every-where)  
With hollow holes, as wholly dark and blinde!  
As! See we not, how still I see seeme to finde  
The fairest Mark, the rarest and the best  
Of Vertues Budds, and lets alone the rest?  
Ravens, Brambles, Bandogs, Sirens, heer he leaves;  
Swans, Roses, Lions, Dians, hence he reaves:  
Nay, th' onely PHOENIX hath he newly slain  
(But, maugre Death, That Bird revives again).  
No marvaile then, if SIDNEYS fall so fast.  
So rarely ripe are seldom apt to last:

So Eminent are imminent to die;  
Malicious Death doth Such so eas'ly spie.  
But, why of Death and Nature, rave I Thus;  
Another stile (my LISLE) besitteth vs.  
Another Hand, another Eye, directs  
Both Death and Nature in These high Effects;  
The Eye of PROVIDENCE, the Hand of POWER;  
Disposing All in Order and in Hower;  
So working in, so waking over All,  
That but by Those doth Nothing heer befall.

Then, not (as Currs) the stone or staffe to bite,  
Vn-heeding why, or who doth hurt or smite;  
Vnto That Eye let vs erect our owne;  
And humble vs vnder That Hand alone,  
Which as the Potter his owne Work controules)  
Dissolveth Bodies, and absolveth Soules:  
Vn-partiall ever, Vn-preposterous;  
How-ever Other it may seem to vs.

For, ever since first WOMAN teemed Twin,  
And at a Birth brought forth both Death and Sin

(Sin)

## A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

(Sin, as her Heir; Death, as an Heritage  
Iustly deriued down from Age to Age)  
It is Decreed (by a more Change-lesse Lawe  
Then ever yet the Medes and Persians sawe)  
That All men once (as well as Lowe, the High,  
Of Either Sex, of Every Sort) must die.  
Yea, th' INNOCENT, for Our imputed Ill  
(Who came, not Lawes to break, but to ful-fill)  
The Son of GOD (The Son of MAN become)  
Th' Immortall yielded to This mortall Doome.  
So that (for Sin) no Son of MAN hath breath  
But once must dye. Wages of SIN is Death.

As for the reason, Why it comes to passe  
Sometimes, that Age seems to haue turn'd his Glasse;  
While oftentimes Youth's, yet it seem begun,  
Is crackt, or broken, or already run:  
Why Lillies, Roses, Gillie-flowers, be left;  
VWhen Nettles, Thistles, Hemlocks heere be left:  
Why Cedars, Oakes, Vines, Olives, rather fall,  
Then Brush and Bryars (good for nought at all)  
Let Flesh and Blood, let Dust, be rather mute,  
Then with His MAKER sawcily dispute.

Yet heer (me thinks) but little Question needs.  
Doe not We rather gather Herbes then Weeds?  
Doe not VVe take the timber for our turn,  
And leaue the Dottrells, in their time to burn?  
And, in the Shambles, who is it but would  
Be rather sped of yong Flesh then of old?  
And yet in Season, when we see it good,  
Wee weed our Gardens, fell our Vnder-wood:  
And kill old Castell, least they goar the yong,  
Or fall away, or mix some Mange among.  
Much like, the Lord: who knoweth best all Season,  
And best obserues. But, will we urge his Reason?  
His Reason is His WILL: His Will is iust,  
Or rather Iustice, which His Power must  
In Wisedome execute (right vnderstood)  
To His Owne Glory, and His Childrens Good,  
Wherein His Goodnes through His Mercy shins,  
To cleer and cheer devout and humble mindes.  
For, to the Godly (in despight of Hell)  
Heav'n maketh all things to re-issie well.

Heer, heer 's a Harbour; heer 's a quiet Shore  
From Sorrow's Surges, and all Storms that rore.  
This is Cap Comfort (a high Promontorie,  
Of richer Store then heer is roome to storie).  
Heer let vs bide, and ride-out all Events,  
With Anchor Hope, and Cable Patience;

Gggggg

Vntill



Vntill our Bark some happy Gale shall drue  
Home to the *Harven* where we would All arriue.

Come, Noble *Vi-Count*, put into *This Bay*,  
Where (with a Light) our *A'm'r a l* leads the way,  
Though deepest laden, and the most distrest,  
The greatest *Ship* of Burthen, and the best.  
HIM boldly follow: & though heer, as CHIEF  
In Grief, as *Greatnes*, His must drown your Grief,  
Count it an Honour, to be call'd to try  
Your *Virtue's* Valour, in your *Soueraigne's* eye.  
Wee All partake His *Cross*; His *Losse* is *Ours*:  
But His *Affections* (to the life) are *Yours*.  
The neerer then You match His *mournfull* fate,  
His *royal Patience* neerer imitate.

And you, sad *Lady*, Mother of annoy  
For hauing lost the *prime Sonne* of your Ioy;  
Ah! see, the *Soueraigne* of your *Sex* hath so.  
Some think it ease, to haue some peer in *Woe*:  
But such a *PEER*, and such a *Pattern* too,  
Should much (me thinks) confirm & comfort You  
To beare-vp hard into this happy *Road*,  
And lighten somewhat of *Your* heavy Load:

The rather, sith besides the *Happinesse*,  
Which now, *about* your *Darling* doth possesse;  
(The *Crown*, the *Kingdom*, and the *Companie*  
Of All the *holy, heauenly* HIERARCHIE)  
Besides your *Mels* of goodly GRACES left  
(Whole *WORTH*, from All, the *Prize* of *Worth* hath left;  
Foure lovely *Nymphs*, foure *Riuers*, as it were,  
Your *veines* of *Virtue* through the Land to bear)  
You haue another *Model* of *The same*,  
To propagate renowned *SIDNEYS* Name;  
Another, like in every part to proue  
As worthy of our Honor, and your Loue;  
In whom (if now, You, I o b-like, bear this *Cross*)  
Heav'n may restore you, manifold, your *Loss*.

FINIS.



## HONORS FARWEL

To  
Her Honorable Friends:  
Or  
The  
LADIE HAY'S  
Last Will:

TO  
The Right Honorable  
Executors & Ouerseers,

EDWARD, JAMES,  
Lord Denny; Lord Hay;  
&

MARY,  
Lady Denny.

From Gratitude, From Dutie, From Affection,  
To You (my Lords) pour HONOR, and your Name  
(Without Offence, without Dis-sense, or Blame)  
Receiue, conceive, consider THIS DIRECTION  
AGAINST th' Excess, the Rage, The Insurrection  
Of Tears, of Sighs, of Sorrowes FOR THIS DAME  
AS DEAD, WHO LIVES (in Soule in Seed, in Fame)  
INSPIRING Breath Life, Strength, TO THIS COLLECTION  
Made, aimed, meant, For quick, kind, Keen, CORRECTION  
Of men, of Minds, of Manners (OVT OF FRAME)  
In Citie, Court, and Country (ALL TOO-BLAME)  
Throgh Sin's, throgh Satan's, Throgh our Selues INFECTION.  
Som Vow, Som Vowle, Som Monument TO HONOR  
I thought, I ought, and Thus I Dreamed on-Her.

IOSVAN SYLVESTER.





## HONORS FAREWELL.

**F**rom Man-Gods Birth (the Scale of Earth to Heav'n)  
Th' Year twice Eight hundred and twice single Seau'n:  
Amidst the Month which Second Caesar names;  
Upon the Day which Diane weekly clames:  
About the Hower that golden Morpheus uses  
Phantasikly to fealt perplexed Muses  
(While Phœbus Coach-man scarce awake, did seem  
Hying to harness all his fiery Teem)  
Being, me thought (in) VVard-robe, or at Waltham)  
Among the Chief, where Grief did so assault'em:  
(On Either side) that neither Great nor Small  
Had one dry Eye, to see My sight withall:  
Me thought, I saw a White bright-shining Creature  
(Just in the Forme of HONOR's wonted Feature)  
Approaching softly to a Sable Bed,  
Where weeping Sorrow layd his sleepeless head;  
And, with a voice like one devoutly praying,  
Shrill-softly, Thus (me thought) I heard it saying:  
Sweet Loue, My Lord, Loadstar of my Desire,  
Whose purest flame had only power to fire  
The Ice Fort of HONOR's chaste Affection,  
Wonne by thy loue; but more by thy Perfection:  
Deere Soule, which draw'st (by vnseen vertue) so,  
My Soule to greer thee once yet yet I go;  
Cease, cease to weep, give ouer Sighes and sobbing,  
Thine eyes of Rest, thy brest of Comforts robbing:  
For, though soft Water hardest Marble weares,  
Flint-harted Death is neuer pearc't with Teares.  
Use therefore other Arms against his Rages:  
And, of Thy loue, giue more autentik Gages.  
Whom yerst I chose among the choicest Worth  
Of British Gallants (ouer South and North)  
For Parts and Port; for mild and Martiall manner,  
In braue Designes to do their Country honor:

Who

## HONOR'S FAREVVELL.

Who, in mine eye, seem'd to excell the rest,  
And Whom my Mind esteem'd aboue the best;  
Must not expresse His loue to Mec, departed,  
With vulgar Showes of the most-vulgar-hearted.  
No: light Me Lamps that may Thy loue become;  
Such as may shine, about, about my Tombe,  
To all Beholders, as a holy Mirror,  
Reducing Nobles from Ignobles Error:  
Or as a Pharos to direct the Court,  
From Rocks and Wracks into the Happy Port.  
For, though my loue seek but my HAT and DENTY,  
My Charitie is heer in meant to Many.  
As from the Dead, I come, the Quick to call  
From Sinn's deep Sleep: and Thee (Deer) first of All.

Deer, if thou yet hold-deer a Soule deuested  
Of worldly Pomp (which hath the World impested)  
Sweet heart, put-off; sweet Hay, now, leaue Thou, quick,  
What (O!) I left not, till nigh deadly Sick:  
Forake the VVorld yer it haue Thee to faken;  
And, yer thy Youth with Ruth be ouer-taken,  
Regard thy Soule, thy Bodie lesse respect:  
Kill Vanitie, curbe euery fond Affect,  
Whereby the World still striueth to imprison  
The purest Raies of Man's diuine Reason.  
Creep heer no longer with thy mortall Dust;  
Climbe with thy fiery Soule vp to the Iust,  
Exhale thee so, in heau'nly things admiring,  
As to the Place of thy first Birth aspiring.

Few are thy Dayes with many Dolours fill'd,  
With Hoping tired, with Desiring kill'd,  
Yer thou attain what thou would'st fain and merry:  
Or, if thou doost, anon it makes thee weary.  
For, what Delight that euer Earth thee lent,  
Hast thou aye found pleasing and permanent?  
Honour's faire Mask, for all the Pomp and Braverie,  
In golden Gyues is chaine'd to Silken Slauery.  
VVealth, which the World holds super-Soueraign,  
With vse, doth vanish; without vse, is vaine:  
And Both too often (as Coat-Cards may cotten)  
Vnworthily, as well are lost, as gotten.

Few Obiects heer (my Deer) but subiect bee  
To Labour more then vnto Libertie:  
Youth's Health and Strength are quickly quasht, or dated:  
Pleasure and Loue as soon are crost, or sated:  
Affront still driuest the VVeakest to the Wal:  
The Mightiest ay are vnder Enuie's Maule:  
A lowly Fortune is of all despised:  
A lofty one, oft, of itselfe, nullized.

In



In Brief, *Deere Soule*, thou seest how *Certain Fate*  
Conduces all things to their *finall Date*.  
As on the Shore a rowling Billow splitteth,  
When foaming high, and roaming home, it hitteth  
Against the keen Knees of a horned Cliff,  
Ending his course in an Incounter stiff;  
Then twels another, which yet higher wallowes,  
In the same course; Whom the same Fortune follows:  
So, VVe (*O Worlds-waues!*) as soon dead as borne,  
With diuers Shock, on the same Rock are torn.

This Age hath shov'n great *Fortune's* greedy Minions  
(By hook or crook) aboue the Worlds Opinion:  
Aboue their owne Hopes: nay, aboue well-nigh  
The clowded Aime of their insatiate Eye:  
But, now where are they? Where's their *Grace*? their *Glorie*?  
Rotten in dust; forgotten all their Storie  
(Vnles, perhaps, what heere so goodly shin'd,  
Went out in Snuffe, and left ill sent behinde)  
And all their vaine Fume, turn'd to violent Fire,  
For euer burns (such is *Ambition's* Hire):  
Where, too-too late, they finde, vnto their Cost,  
Such Fauors, so found, had bin better lost.

Soul's sad Repenting, and Hearts heauie Throeing,  
Are surest Fruits that in the World are growing:  
Heer's Nothing firmer, nothing frequent more,  
Then *Death*: Which (liuing) not to minde before,  
Makes Men run headlong to the Gulf infernall;  
And, for howers Ioyes, to lose the Ioyes eternall:  
Draw'n diuersly by diuers Appetites,  
After the Humors of their vain Delights.

Some *Apish*, acting euery *Fashions* Model:  
Some *Swinish*, wallowing in their Surfaits Puddle:  
Some *Goatish*, haunting Fillies with their Dams:  
Some *Woluish*, worrying Innocentest Lambs:  
Some *Currish*, snarling at all good mens Good:  
Some *Monkish*, hollow vnder *Holy-Hood*:  
Some *Brutish*, Monsters in all kind of Euill:  
Some *Hellish*, Actors, Factors for the Diuell.

Deare, tread not Thou in *Errors* common Track:  
But, in thy *Life*, sure thine *Election* make.

Fear, loue, belicue, serue, sorrow, sue, contemple;  
And rather walk by *Precept*, then *Example*.

'Tis vterlie to be of iudgement void,  
'Tis wilfullie to haue ones Selfe destroyd;  
To trust our Soule with such whose Stipulation  
Cannot repaire, cannot repriue, *Damnation*.

Who, curious, cares but for the things belowe,  
Shall finde, in fine, that he shall Both forgoe:

But

But Hope of things aboue (with due progression)  
Is far more sure, then th' others full Possession.

Labour Thou therefore for the *certain Gain*:  
And, if thou lov'st mee, higher, higher strain.  
In *Holy Pride*, hence-forth disdain the Creature,  
And mount thy Thoughts vp to the Lord of Nature:  
Loue, free thy loue from this dark Dungeon heer,  
And hence-forth fix it in th' *Empyreall* cleer:  
Whither no sooner shall thy Mind be raised,  
But all thy Mournings will be soon appeased,  
With other Comforts then the World affords  
In bitter Deeds candied in sugar Words.

The World it Selfe is dying and decaying:  
The Earth more sterile, Heau'nly Stars more straying:  
The Sphears distun'd. These are the last, last Times;  
Where *Vertue* failes, where *Vice* preuails and climes;  
Where good Men melt away; Vngodly harden.

How many Flowres (the choise of all our Garden)  
Of either Sex, of euery Age, and Rank:  
From euery Quarter, Border, Bed, and Bank  
[Besides that paire of *Royall Sister-buds*,  
Whose life had promis'd *Europe* many Goods:  
Beside That *Prime-Rose*, a Miracle of Princes,  
VWhose Herse as yet a Sea of Tears berinfes:  
Besides that *knot of Noblest HARRINGTONS*,  
Th' old Father's Honors doubling in the Sons:  
Besides *GODOLPHIN*, *BODLEY*, *Muses* Father;  
Rare *SACKVIL'S-Neuil* (new *Minerva*, rather):  
Besides Saint *DRURY*, *SIDNEY'S-Rutland*, *CHIBINT*,  
Mirror of *Dames*, and other VVorthies many]  
Hath Our *Great Husband* lately snatched hence,  
Before his Wrath's approaching Storm commence?

Why wail'st thou then My happy *Dissolution*,  
By Natures Current, and Heav'n's *Constitution*?  
Repell thy Sorrowes: and repeale to Thee  
All actiue Vertues. Mourn no more for Mee.

I liued long enough; sith while I liued  
Thou louedst me: but (so should I haue griued)  
Hadst thou appear'd vnkinde vnto thy Wife,  
My longer Date had bin a shorter Life.

I leaue thee Babes ynow; A Sonne and Daughter:  
Ynow to craue thy care, and cause thee laughter:  
Ynow for Thee; ynow for Mee to beare:  
Which oft I wisht: And the Almightyes Eare  
(Who hear's his Owne, and on them ay bestoweth  
Their owne desires; or what Hee better knoweth)  
Heard me in This; and One Petition more;  
That, when Wee parted, I might passe before.

So



So, fare thou well (Deer Heart) farewell: my pleasure  
Serves now no longer for this last best pleasure.

Farewell, deer Pheer: Farewell, deer Father too.

*This is my last Will, which I leave with you.*

*You, mynt Executors I have ordained:*

And for an *Helpe*, My Mothers loue vnfaigned

As *Over-seer* I beseech you call:

And for your *Counsailer* use our heau'nly *HALL*.

So, in the heau'ns, among my loies supernall;

So, in my Glasse, the *Vision* of th' *Eternal*;

If I shall see *you*, in your Pilgrimage,

O! bee it happy, as my Hopes preface.

So, in our Children, as their Yeers be growing,

May Natures Gifts and Heauenly Grace be flowing.

One haue I heer; Two haue You there below:

We heer haue Peace, You there haue Wars (we know)

With-out, with-in: the more therefore behoues you

Defence from *Hence*. So wishes She that loues you.

So, graunt me God (if it be lawfull heer)

I neuer lose remembrance of my Dear:

So, calmed be the Tempest of Your mourning

For My *Decease* (according to my warning).

So, casting of this Load of Heauiness,

Our Loue vnceasing, may Your Sorrow cease.

*So ceaseth the Voice, and so the Shadow Vanisht,*

*The Mourners then, more vanisht then a slouisht,*

*Did still, still, listen with a longing Eare*

*For more such Musick: which then missing there*

*(Me thought) the Sable Curtaines back they haied.*

*And, looking round, were ready to haue called;*

*When instantly their Passions so abound,*

*That downe they sink, and as they sink they wound:*

*Where-at, I (griev'd to see such Friends bereft me)*

*Starting to help, disturbed Morpheus left me:*

*But, as he rouz'd, by chance he cast a Quill,*

*For present Pen to copie HONOR's Will.*

HONOR'S



## Honours Epitaph.

Heer-vnder, lies  
The Wonder of her Kinde:

The rarest Work

Of Nature and of Grace:

A beautilous TEMPLE

Of a bountious Minde;

Where *Venus*, *Inno*,

*Pallas*, had their Place.

Nay; Heav'ns and Natures

Gift, singled to Many,

Heer All concurr'd

TO HONOR HAY and DENNY.

## To my Reverend Friend,

Mr. Doctour Hall.

**N**One should, but Thou, This Ladies death bee grieving;  
None knew so well the Vertues of her life:  
Death's robd of Her Death, by Thy labours rise:  
By Thee, is Shee in Heav'n and Earth still living:  
In Heav'n, by hearing and (through Thee) beleaving  
Th' eternall Word; which taught her holy strife  
'Gainst Hell and Sin; and (as becoms a Wife)  
Peace with her Spouse, him due Obedience giving:  
In Earth, for acting (in so gracious measure)  
The twice-preacht Lectures of thy Life and Tongue;  
Alms, Meeknes, Mildenes (towards Old and Young)  
Forgiving Wrongs, forgetting all Displeasure.  
O happy Seed that fell in such a ground!  
And happy Soil that such a Seed-man found.

I. S.

Hhhhh

A





## A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

To my Reverend Friend, M. D. HILL:

In pious memory of that worthy Matrone, *his*

right vertuous and religious Wife, MARGARITE

WYTS (late Widow of the reverend Dr. HADRIANVS SARAVIA) Deceased.

**A**L L, that in all this wide World is inclos'd,  
Is of Two Kindes (and divers, too) compos'd:  
Mortall, the one; Immortall, th' other sort,  
Exempt from Death (which spillet worldlings sport)

And vnto each a diuerse place is given.

Th' one droops on Earth: the other dwells in Heav'n.

For, all, above bright *Cynthia's* silver Car,

Lives out of fear, from Death and danger far:

Far from corruption, and as free from Change,

Self-stable ever, never selfly-strange:

Never transform'd, nor trans-substantiate:

Sith, neither subject to the power of Fate,

Neither obnoxious to those cumbrous rise,

Cares, snares, and surfaits, that doo combat Life:

And, all, beneath her many-formed flame,

That sojourns heer amid this fickle Frame

(Whether, the winged *Myriades* of the sky,

Whether, the *Millions* of the Ocean's fry,

Whether, the *Legions* in the woods and groves,

Of savage herds, or of domestick droves)

All, all, doody: All are to Death intrall'd:

And, for their dying, are heer Mortall call'd.

But, chiefly *Man*, though in his better part,

Most like to God, in This, most like to smart:

So that his Reason (though divine-inspir'd)

Seems over-rated, or too-dear acquit'd.

Yet.

## AN ELEGIE.

Yet, if kinde Nature nobly had decteed,

By certain and irrevocable Deed,

None but the vicious and the leud to dy

(The Vertuous living heer eternally)

There were som comfort in Man's wretched case:

And Nature then might hold a Mothers place.

But, when wee see the Wicked (for the most)

Live long and lusty, ruling all the roast,

Though never turning, or returning quick

(As Swine, or Dogs) their vomit to re-lick:

While (for the most) the Godly soon are gon,

Or daily going, deadly laid vpon

By humane malice, or som hand divine:

O! flesh and blood, how can it, not repine?

Alas! To see a goodly field of Wheat

All burnt with lightning, or with hail-stones beat

(When the full Ears, humbling their flowry top,

Were even as ready, with a gratefull crop,

To thank the Husband for his taken toil,

His cost and care, his sweat, his seed, and soil:)

While safe the Tares, Cockle and Darnell rest,

With Thorns and Thistles that the Corn opprest:

O! Who so constant, but would grieve, and grudge

(If not a Christian) at th' All-ordering Iudge;

And wag his head at Heav'n (weak earthly worm!)

Against the Author of that angry storm:

Such is thy case: Such was thy heavy cross,

To lose thy gold, when others kept their dross:

To have thy vessell, full of vertues, split;

Where lighter Keels, and empty, never hit:

To bee bereft so sweet, so sanct a Wife;

While heer bee left Harpies, and Hells of life.

But, I have learn'd; and thou hast taught (my Hill)

Wee must content vs with our Makers will;

The Rule of Right, disposing all that is:

And ordering all things to the good of his.

So, for Her good (thy good) was His good pleasure,

To snatch so soon thy Margarite hence, thy Treasure,

Thy Pearl (indeed, the Jewell of her kinde,

For worth and wealth of body and of minde)

Tri'd in her cradle, train'd from tendrest youth

Vnder the Cross, for CHRIS T's eternall Truth:

For saking Gaunt for th' holy Gospels sake:

Lands, goods and air, which Nature dear doth make:

Fleeing from Antwerp (in poor Beggars weed)

The Spanish fury, in a feartull need;

With her dear Parents tossed to and fro,

Right noble Parents, partners in her wo.

H h h h h

Her



Her April past, her Summer-age prepares,  
If much lesse dangers, not much lesse cares;  
In House-hold charge, vnder her Virgin-Sway,  
Her puiſne Orphan-sisters to defray.

For, her owne Father, Nature had vn-hous'd:  
And Metkerk had her Mother re-espous'd  
(Renown'd Sir Adolph, of whose noble stuff,  
Little is nothing; and much, not enough,  
To bee recorded: But, his stile and state,  
Learn of S. Butolph, neereſt Alderſgate)  
And, Hee releaſt, and Shee deceaſt ſoon after,  
Moſt worthy Mother, of ſo worthy Daughter,  
Religious Lady, leaving by her Wil,  
Charge to her children, to perſeuer ſtill  
In Truth's profeſſion; and Heer rather reſt,  
Though poor and mean; then, to bee re-poſſeſt,  
Return to Flanders (on the beſt condition)  
To bee replung'd in Romiſh ſuperſtition.

And well her Will her valiant Sons obſerv'd,  
Both *Seriant Maiors* (as both well deſerv'd,  
In Faiths Defence, by wounds yet healed ſcarce)  
To both thoſe brave *Naiſſauian* ſons of Mars:  
So did the reſt: but beſt my *Margarite*,  
*Executrix* (her yeers and vertues right)  
All which ſhee paſt, and with ſo pure report  
Fitting the mirror of her ſex and ſort:

Such exerciſe of every *House-wifes* part,  
Such honeſt ſhift, ſuch thrift, ſuch wiſe, ſuch art:  
Such modeſty, ſuch gravity, ſuch grace,  
Such ſpeech, ſuch ſilence (ſuiting time and place):  
Such due devotion, ſuch diſcretion ſeen,  
As ſeemed neerer ſixty then ſixteen.

How well, and worthy of her former ſames,  
Shee did demean her with two noble Dames,  
In honour'd ſervice (many yeers with Each:)  
With praiſe and love, without the leaſt impeach:  
*Palatrine*, and *Hallings* will auouch  
(Though now new-nam'd: that *Cromwel*, & this *Zouch*  
So vertuous both, that (for ſo long together)  
None but ſo vertuous could haue ſerv'd Either.

Such was her *Minor-age*: ſuch *Mayden-life*:  
Such *Woman-ſtate*: and ſuch ſhee was a Wiſe  
To (my) *SARAVIA*; to whose reverend Name  
Mine owes the honour of du-BARTAS ſame.

For, (as our London (eſſe for drought vndon)  
Sucks from the Paps (the Pipes) of Middleton,  
(Whoe memory mine never ſhall forget,  
But to Hugh's name adde the ſur-name of Great,

For his great Work) abundant ſtreams to drench,  
Cool, cleanſe and clear: and fearful flames to quench.)  
From th' ample Ciſterns of his Sea of ſkill,  
Suckt I (my Succour) my ſhort ſhallow Rill:  
The little All I can (and all I could  
In three poor years, at three times three years old.)  
His love and labour apted ſo my wit,  
That when *Vrania* after rapted it,  
Through Heav'ns ſtrong working, weaknes did produce  
Leaves of delight, and fruits of ſacred roſe:  
Which, had my Muſe t' out either *Athens* ſlowne,  
Or follow'd him, had been much more mine owne,  
Then was the fault that ſo it fell not out.  
(But prais'd bee God, who pleas'd to bring about  
His better will, to better mine: leſt I,  
Too-puſt with knowledge, ſhould bee huſt too-hie.)

Howbeit, Him needs muſt I honour much:  
And Her for him, and for Herſelf: ſith ſuch  
(When ſuch ſo few, in ſuch an Ago as this:  
So foul, ſo falſe, ſo full of vanities)  
So milde a Childe, ſo meek a Servant, rather:  
So loving Nurſe to one, leſſe *Phoe* then *Father*  
(So weak and wayward thorough Ache and Age,  
As ſtill in *Patience* ſteep't her *Pilgrimage*:)  
O, happy Hee! ſo, happy Shee, the while:  
Till Hee, more happy, leſt Her *Widow's* ſtile.

Whenceforth, ſequeſtr'd from all publike ſight,  
From all occasions that might move Delight:  
As hearty ſorry as in habite ſad,  
Tears in her eyes, Sighes in her breaſt ſhee had  
(As grieved Turtle on the green-leſſe Spray  
Grones, and bemoanes her, in a Mournfull Lay)  
Lamenting many Months in heavy Cheer  
Her Loſſe (alas!) Her loving *Father-Phoe*:  
Reſolv'd chaſtly, not to change her Life,  
Her Widow-ſtate, to bee a ſtately Wiſe:  
Still keeping home; ſtill tasked, ſober-wiſe,  
In Huſwifes Uſe, or holy exerciſe.

Or, if at length ſhee looked out of Door,  
'T was but to viſit ſom weak, aged Poor;  
Som wofull Woman, or ſom wretched wight,  
Through ſom diſaſter, in ſom wofull plight:  
Som long-ſick Neighbour, or ſom needy Soule,  
With timely Comforts of her Bag or Boule:  
Or, on the *Sabbaths*, or the *Leſſure-Daies*,  
To hear, and learn, to read, and pray, and praiſe.  
Such was thy *Marg'rite*, morally divine;  
Maid, Widow, Wiſe (Hill) til Thou hadſt her Thine.

H h h h h 3

This,



This, I record: to Thee belongs the rest:  
If heer I ly, doo thou deny my Test,  
Or testifie vnder thy hand with Mee,  
That *Such* Shee was, and *Such* Shee was to Thee:  
And, to that end, insert Thy *Paragraph*  
Before, or after, her sad *Epitaph*.

Or, if Thy Grief as Yet permit thee Not,  
Make Mee thy *Proxie*: for, right wel I wor,  
Will-nill thou, *Hill*, Thou canst not but aver,  
That *Such* Shee was as I have vouched Her:  
And *Such* to Thee, well witness't by her *Will*,  
Bequeathing All to her dear D<sup>r</sup>. *Hill*:  
And more then so, by a dear *Mother's* Smart,  
Thy glad-sad Partner in a *dead-live Part*  
(Her first and last) vnhappy-happy Boy,  
Which cost her life, and Thee thy Life's best Ioy.  
Such then Shee liv'd and dy'd: for, such must dy:  
Yet such shall live, heer, and *eternally*.  
So Shee; so Shee (though sudden from thee took)  
Shall live, with Thee, in this thy living Book.



TO



To Gods Glory.

IN PIOUS MEMORY OF  
the nobly vertuous and religious Ma-  
trone, MARGARITE, Wife of

ROBERT HILL, D<sup>r</sup>. of Divinity,  
and Pastor of this Parish.

**H**eer lies a Margarite, that the most excell'd,  
(Her Father Wyts, her Mother Lichterveld,  
Rematcht with Merkerk) of remark for birth,  
But much more gentle for her genuine worth:

Wyts (rarest) Jewell (so her name bespeaks)  
Vertues bright Load-starre, to enlight her Sex  
In pious, prudent, peace-full, praise-full life,  
Fitting a SARA, and a Sacred's Wife,  
Such as SARAVIA and (her second) HIL,  
Whose Ioy of life, Death in her Death did kill.

Quam pie Obijt, Puerpera, Salatū, 1615.  
Die 29, Iunii, Anno Ætatis, 39.

Præsent. Anna Hil } Pasch. Rob. Hill.  
M. Ann. Hil } at Nactura } Consol. Jos. Syl.

Vxor Felix.

Loquitur post funera virtus.

**F**rom my sad cradle to my sable chest,  
Poor Pilgrim I did finde few months of rest.  
In Flanders, Holland, Zeland, England, all,  
To parents, troubles; and to mee did fall.  
These made mee pious, patient, modest, wise:  
And, though well born, to shun the Gallants guise.  
But now I rest: my soule where rest is found,  
My body heer in a small piece of ground.  
And from my Hill, that Hill I have ascended,  
From whence for mee my Saviour once descended.  
Live yee to learn, that dy you must,  
And after com to iudgement iust.

Maritus



Maritus moestissimus.

Thy rest gives mee a restless life,  
Because thou wert a matchless wife:  
But yet I rest in hope to see  
That day of Christ, and then see Thee.

Margarita a Jewell.

I, like a iewell test by Sea and Land,  
Am bought by him who wears mee on his hand.

Margarita, Margareta.

Margarita beat, sed Margareta beatus:  
O utinam posset dici, ista beat.

One night, two dreams made two propheticals:  
Thine, of thy Coffin; mine, of thy Funerals.

If women all were like to Thee,  
Wee men for wives should happy bee.

R. H.

Margarita surrept est, mors exaruit.

FINIS.



A



## A Brief Catechism.

### THE PREFACE.

- Q. Now'st thou, my Childe, wherefore thou wast created?  
A. Sir, to serve God, who mee and all created.  
Q. How ought wee him to serve and to adore?  
A. The Summe thereof consisteth in these foure.  
Q. Which foure bee they? A. Faith, and obedient Living  
After Gods Law, with Praier and Thanksgiving.  
Q. Of each of these apart, and (orderly)  
First, of the first let mee examine thee.

#### 1. Of Faith.

- Q. In whom hast thou thy Faith's affiance founded?  
A. In God alone my trust is wholly grounded.  
Q. Why? A. God the Father made mee first of nought,  
And God the Son redeem'd mee worse then nought,  
God th' Holy Ghost (my Guide and Consolation)  
Instructs, conducts mee to Sanctification.  
Q. Are th' Holy Ghost, the Father and the Son,  
Three gods? A. No; Persons three, God onely one.

#### 2. Of Obedience.

- Q. Will God bee served after the Commission  
Of his owne word, or after Mans tradition?  
A. Doubtless, according to his owne behest,  
And not the motions of mans brain or brest.  
Q. But, of thy self canst thou accomplish fully  
The Law of God? canst thou perform it wholly?  
A. No, God doth knowe. Q. Who doth it then in thee?  
A. The Holy Ghost begetting Faith in mee.  
Q. Having (within) the Spirit for thy direction,  
Canst thou perform obedience, in perfection?  
A. No, neither yet. Q. Yet God rejecteth all  
That perfectly keep not his Law in all.  
A. 'Tis very true. Q. How then, or by what action,  
Canst thou please God, give the Law satisfaction.

Or



Or scape that Death which to damnation brings :

*A.* By Iesus Christ, and by his sufferings.

*Q.* How so? *A.* Why thus: Christ our high-priest for ever,  
Self-offring once to bee re-offred never,  
Hath pleas'd his Father, hath appeas'd our strife,  
And by his Death purchast vs endless life;  
So that, by lively Faith to vs applying  
Th' one Sacrifice of Christ our Saviour dying,  
By imputation w' have his righteousness,  
As Ours, with God; and thereby life and peace.

### 3. Of Praier.

*Q.* Whom prai'st thou to? *A.* To the true God (of power  
And will to help) who hears vs every hour.

*Q.* But in whose name will hee bee call'd vpon?

*A.* Onely in Christ's, our Saviour and his Son,  
Our Price, our Peace, our Reconciliation,  
Our Advocate of much commiseration,  
Sole Mediatour of Mankind, who needs  
No Aid of Saints, or any that succeeds.

### 4. Of Thanksgiving.

*Q.* While Christ, our King, our Prophet, Priest, and Preacher,  
Convers't with his Disciples, as a Teacher;  
Tell mee, I pray, how many Sacraments  
Did hee ordain his Church for evidence?

*A.* Two. *Q.* Which are they? *A.* Baptism, and the Supper  
Which hee assign'd the night yer hee did suffer.

*Q.* Of Sacraments what end, what vse have wee?

*A.* Signes to our Sense; seals to our Faith they bee.

### Of Baptism.

*Q.* What is it that is signifi'd vnto vs  
In sacred Baptism? *A.* It betokens to vs  
Full pardon and remission of our sins,  
And a new birth, where better Life begins.

*Q.* But in whose name is Baptism to bee giv'n?

*A.* In th' onely Name of th' one-three God of Heav'n;  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: to whom  
Be praise alwaies beyond all time to come.

### Of the Lords Supper.

*Q.* What's signifi'd vnto vs and presented  
In th' Holy Supper? *A.* There is represented  
The true Communion of Christs Bodie and Blood  
Given for, and to vs, for immortall food:  
Whereby our soules are fed in expectation  
Of Life eternall purchast by his passion.

*Q.* When

*Q.* When wee receive these Mysteries Divine,  
What's shewne vnto vs by the Bread and Wine?

*A.* These Elements, before vs lively figure  
Of Christ his Death the virtue and the vigor.  
For, as our bodies by the staff of Bread,  
And cheer-heart Wine, are strengthened heer, and fed:  
Even so his Body and his Blood doo nourish  
Our Faith-mouch'd Soules, that they may never perish.

*Q.* But, is Christ present in the Sacrament?

*A.* Yea: and his Flesh hee doth vs there present.

*Q.* How meanest thou, that the substantiall Essence  
(After a reall and a carnall presence)

Of Christ his Body, in the Bread is closed;

And, of his Blood within the Wine inclosed?

*A.* No; nothing less. *Q.* Then plainly let mee knowe

Where wee may finde him. *A.* Not in Earth belowe;

But, in Heav'n's glory, with his glorious Sire:

Whence, hee shall com, to judge the World, in Fire.

*Q.* But, to climb Heav'n, what Ladder can suffice vs?

*A.* Faith. *Q.* Then wee must beleeve, ere yee advize vs  
Vnto this Feast for faithfull ones ordain'd.

*A.* So it behooves. *Q.* But, how is Faith attain'd?

*A.* Faith coms by hearing; when the Holy Spirit

Works with the word, and in vs doth aver-it;

Confirming vs in all the promises

Which in his Gospel Christ hath made to his.

### The Praier.

*Q.* O Gracious GOD, that grant'st the just Desires  
Of Soules whose zeal to thee by Faith aspires:

Sith onely those doo worthily receive

The Sacred Supper which thy Son did leave;

Who first by Faith, with strict examination,

Doo sound themselves by vpright conversation:

Give vs the grace, so to examine (then)

Our Faith and Life as appertains. *A.* AMEN.

FINIS.





## SPECTACLES.



These Glasses in indifferent Lights  
Serve Old, & young, & middle Sights.

1 *Sol, Annus, Stella.*

When wee can stop th' accustomed Career  
Of Heav'n's bright Champion, mounted on the Dawn;  
When Wee can cease the Circuit of the Year,  
Whose winged Car, by Months, Daies, Hours, is drawn:  
When Wee can stint the Wandring Armies cleer,  
Which march above (in Blew-Gold-tinseld Lawn)  
Tilting at Ours Their many-pointed Eies:  
Then may Wee stay the WORLD'S Inconstancies.

2 *Orbis Caeli & Terra.*

Who will not wonder, looking-up, to see  
The moving Heav'n's set, certain, Constancy;  
When, looking-down, in Earth vnmov'd and stable,  
Hee nothing findes but vainly variable:  
What lives on Earth, what-so partakes of Clay,  
Is frail and mortall; hath no Rest nor Stay:  
Heav'n's rest-lesse roule; yet in the Heav'n's ther dwells  
An end-lesse Rest, and Life that life excels.

Fire,

## SPECTACLES.

3 *Quatuor Elementa.*

Fire, Air, Earth, Water, warring Each with Other,  
Turn and return them one into another;  
As pleas'd th' All-Maker in This All dispose  
Th' accorded Discords of these Friendly-Foes:

To shew, that Wee should for our Blisse repair  
Else-where then where is Earth, Fire, Water, Air;  
And that Our Rest rests in a Place far higher  
Then Earth, or Water, or the Air, or Fire.

4 *Mare.*

Is Ought more fierce, more furious to withstand,  
Then stormy Billows of the raging Sea?  
Is Ought more feeble then the sitting Sand?  
Yet doth the Sand the swelling Ocean stay.

O! then, how fiercer! O! how furious more  
Is th' aw-lesse Storm of Man's Concupiscence!  
Which so transports him, that no Sand, no Shore,  
No Bank, no Bound, can stop his Violence.

5 *Fontes et Flumina.*

You silver Brooks, cleer Rivers, crystall Fountains,  
Whose smooth swift-sliding pace  
Still, still roule down apace;

Say, why so long you drive through Vales and Mountains?  
To shew Thee, that thy Life (in This Theater)  
Flees from thee as the Water:  
And, that thy Sovereain Blisse  
Abides not Heer; where nought abiding is.

6 *Dies.*

When the Day (the Sun's bright Son)  
New-awake, begins discover  
Mountain-Tops new-gilded-over,  
With his ruddy Raies thereon:  
That (mee thinks) should make vs think  
On that true eternall Morning,  
When no Night shall bee returning,  
When both Heav'n and Earth shall shrink.

7 *Nox.*

When the Night's black Curtain, spreads  
Hides the Day, and Light bereaveth;  
Then, my wakening Thought conceiveth  
Other Night, more dark, more dread:  
There where Worldlings, wilfull-blinde,  
Loath Instruction, leave Light's Mirror,  
Double-nighted in dark Error;  
Self put-outing Light of Minde.

Iiiii

When



8 *Ver.*

When youthfull Spring the Earth in green hath drest,  
 When Trees with Leaves and Blossoms them re-vest;  
 Their Flowers (white, red, blew, yellow)  
 Beroken Fruit to follow.  
 But, Worldlings, though they flourish in their Prime,  
 Nor bud, nor bear, nor bring-forth Fruit, in time:  
 Their Health, Wealth, Wit, mis-wasted,  
 Are but as Blossoms blasted.

9 *Aestas.*

When Summer's Heat hath don his Part,  
 The Husband hath a gladfom heart;  
 Sith golden Treasures of the Plains  
 Make large Amends for all his Pains.  
 But, th' idle Lubber, labour-loathing,  
 Walking, talking, wishing Store;  
 Sowing Nought, but Winde, before;  
 Shall, but Winde behinde, reap Nothing.

10 *Autumnus.*

When the Leaves in Autumn wither,  
 With a tawny tanned Face  
 Warpt and wrinkled-up together,  
 Th' Yeers late Beauty to disgrace:  
 There thy Life's Glas maist thou finde-thee,  
 Green now, gray now, gon anon;  
 Leaving (Worldling) of thine Owne,  
 Neither Fruit, nor Leaf behinde-thee.

11 *Hymus.*

When chill Winter's cheer wee see  
 Shrinking, shaking, shivering Cold;  
 See Our Selves: for, Such are Wee  
 After Youth, if ever Old.  
 After Winter, Spring (in order)  
 Coms again: but, Earthly Thing,  
 Rotting Heer, not rooting further,  
 Can Thy Winter hope a Spring?

12 *Quinque Sensus.*

How swift is Beauty vanisht from thine Ey!  
 How sudden Musick drowned in thine Ear!  
 How soon doo Odours from thy Nostrils fly!  
 How short, touch-Pleasures (tipt with Pain and Fear!)  
 How sowre, Taste-sweetest, in small time's expense-is!  
 Then, Epicure, well may wee blame thee, since,  
 All vnder Sense thus vain, Thou hast no sense  
 Of Vanity, which so befores thy Senses.

World-

13 *Vita & Mors.*

Worldlings that live in State, and dy in Strife,  
 Wretched their Death, and wretched is their Life.  
 For, their Life kills them, keeps them fetter'd in  
 The Chains of Death, the Cage and Wage of Sin.  
 Their Death is double; termin'd and eternall:  
 So much more deadly as it dyeth not.  
 For Errors, Terrors heer; there, Torments hot:  
 Their Life, a Death; their Death, a Life infernall.

14 *Eccho.*

What is the World, but a vain *Eccho's* Sounding,  
 From Woods, and Caves, and hollow Rocks rebounding?  
 A new No-noise, a dead-live Voice, to summon  
 Deluded Ears to listen to a Dumb-one:  
 A speaking Fiction of a mocking Faery:  
 A formall Answer, in Effect but airy?  
 Hence, hence, vain *Eccho*, with thine idle Mocks:  
 Keep in thy Woods, sleep in thy Caves and Rocks.

15 *Incarceratus & Mendicus.*

As a close Prisoner, in dark *Durance* chained,  
 Dreams that hee walks, runs, ranges, at his will:  
 As a poor Begger, with sharp hunger pained,  
 Dreams that hee eats, and yet is empty still:  
 So, the World's Captives, sleeping heer securely,  
 Dream them: hee Freest, in their deepest Thrall;  
 Dream them abounding, seeming Lords of all:  
 Yet still are Beggars, and still Prisoners surely.

16 *Fumus & Aura, convolutum.*

The Worldling feeds his greedy Minde  
 With golden Hopes of high Concepts  
 (As vain and void as Smoak and Winde)  
 Which prove in fine but fine Deceits;  
 Yet keenly set his Teeth on Edge.  
 No Mervail though: for, hee must needs  
 Bee ever light, that ever feeds  
 On Winde and Smoak (and Chaff and Sedge).

17 *Cupido & Timor, constitutum.*

Desire and Fear the Worldling ever martyrs,  
 Still double-racked with Two divers Tortures:  
 Desire's a Fire, running through all his Bones,  
 Which dries him, fries him; and his Rest bereaves:  
 His Fear's a Frost, chilling his hart at-once,  
 Killing his Hopes, spilling the Webs hee weaves:  
 So that, distract with Fear and with Desire,  
 In Frost hee fries, and freezes in the Fire.

Iiii 2

Ambiti-



18 *Ambitio, Luxus, Avaritia.*

Ambition, Luxe, and Avarice, Three Witches  
(Ladies, I should say) whom the World doth woo  
With sute and service (and that slavish too)  
For their three Daughters, Honour, Pleasure, Riches,  
Serve All alike: th' Ambitious, but with Winde:  
With Woes, the Wanton (after Shewes of Mirth):  
The Avaricious, with som Crums of Earth;  
Ever the less, the more hee sets his Minde.

19 *Avia & Navis.*

As in the Air th' high-soaring Agle scuds:  
As on the Water slides the winged Ship:  
So flees, so flits, the Wealth of worldly Goods;  
So swift away doth wanton Pleasure slip.  
And, as wee cannot, in the Air or Water,  
See the Ships furrow, nor the Aegles footing:  
When Wealth is past, and Pleasure poasted after;  
To track their Trace, nor is, nor can bee booting.

20 *Frater in Mulo.*

Th' Ambitious alwaies doth aloft aspire;  
Honour on Honour striving still to heap:  
The Avaritious stoopeth his Desire,  
From vnder ground his Golden Crop to reap.  
Th' One tendeth vpward, th' Other downward tends;  
As if at Ods, and vtterly Contrary:  
Yet, though they seem, indeed they doo not vary;  
But mean to meet together in their Ends.

21 *Parvobis.*

Who but hath heard Both bitterly deplore  
Their dismall Fortune, and disastrous Fate?  
O! cries th' Ambitious, I have lost my State:  
O! th' Avaritious, I have lost my Store.  
Why cry you out on Wracks, and Rocks, and Shelves,  
And Wars, and Wiles, that have your States vndon?  
Rather complain, rather cry-out, vpon  
Your Goods and Greatnes, where you lost your Selves.

22 *Punctus non dividendus.*

Is Heav'n a Circle, and is Earth the Centre  
So small a Point (as Sages oft have showne)?  
Why then, fond Mortals, dare you Battell venture,  
Who the most part of so small Point shall owne?  
Why, silly Worldlings, doo you toil you so,  
Train'd with false Hopes of your too-fond Ambition?  
O! dangerous Error is it, not to knowe  
Tis vain to strain about a Point's Partition.

Sure,

23 *Onus cuique suum.*

Sure, Avarice is an extreme Disease;  
So is Ambition an extreme Vexation:  
Yet shall wee finde, surveying Both of These,  
That Eithers Self bears his Owne several Passion.  
But, th' egre Fit, the Force, the Frenzy (rather)  
Mis-called Love (dead Living, merry Sadnes)  
Of One same Sicknes makes Two sick together;  
And Two at-once mad of One veiy Madnes.

24 *Dulce venenum, vel sibi ledens.*

Why wail'st Thou, Fondling? and why weep you, Fair?  
Sighing your Soules into the sense-less Air?  
Blame but your Selves: Desire is your Disease:  
Your Pain proceeds from what your Selves doth please.  
Your chief Content is in your Torment's top:  
Your most Delight is in your most Diseasing:  
You drink you drunk in the sweet-bitter Cup,  
Which sowres your Ioyes, and makes Annoies as pleasing.

25 *Aqua, Sagitta, Venti.*

Swiftly, Water sweepeth by:  
Swifter, winged Arrows fly:  
Swiftest yet, the Winde that passes,  
When the neather clouds it chases.  
But, the Ioyes of Earthly Mindes,  
Worldly Pleasures, vain Delights,  
Far out-swift far sudden flights,  
Waters, Arrows, and the Windes.

## 26

Inconstant Country, Thou maist Witnes bee,  
The World hath nought but vain *Inconstancy*.  
Thy Peace for War, thy War for Peace, thou takest:  
Thou doubtfull floatest on vncertain Waves:  
Thou ween'st, thy slaughter thee from Shambles saves:  
Thy most Despight thy most Delight thou makest.  
Th' hast nothing fixed, nothing firm, in Thee;  
Nor constant Ought, but thine *Inconstancy*.

27 *Mundus qualis.*

What is the World? tell, Worldling (if thou knowe-it)  
If it bee good, why doo all Ills o'i-flowe-it?  
If it bee bad, why dost thou like it so?  
If it bee sweet, how coms it bitter then?  
If it bee bitter, what bewitcheth men?  
If it bee Friend, why kils it (as a Foe)  
Vain-minded Men that over-love and lost-it?  
If it bee Foe, Fondling, how dar'st thou trust-it?

Illi 3

World's



28 *Aura, Flos, Fida.*

World's best Beauty Self-defaces,  
 Sooner then the Puff that passes:  
 Sooner then the fragrant Flowr,  
 Blowne and mowne within an Hower:  
 Sooner then a Wave (that follows)  
 His owne Predecessor swallows.  
 O! what is then then the World wee have?  
 Alas! a Blast, a Bloom, a Wave.

29 *Quam malè con-ueniunt!*

More eas'ly far may Wee  
 Make Black and White,  
 And Day and Night,  
 In one same Term agree:  
 And rather (rarely-od)  
 Wed Fire and Water;  
 Death and Nature:  
 Than with the World match GOD.

30 *Emblema.*

Friend *Faber*, cast mee a round hollow Ball  
 Blown ful of Wind (for Emblem of this All):  
 Adorn it fair, and flourish every part  
 With Flowrs and Fruits, with Brooks, Beasts, Fish & Fowl;  
 With rarest Cunning of thy curious Art:  
 And grave in Gold, about my silver Bowl,  
*Thus routes the World (the Idol of Mankind)*  
*Whose Fruit is Fiction; whose Foundation, Winde.*

31 *Glacies.*

Ice is fair, and shines externall;  
 Fair and shining th' All-Theater:  
 From the Ice they fall in Water;  
 From the World to Death eternall.  
 Both at last shall vanish: Ice  
 Into Water shall re-solve;  
 All the World (and all his Vice)  
 Into Nothing shall dissolve.

32 *Rome (Conquerer) conquered.*

The Stranger, wondring, stalks, and stares-vpon  
*Rome's* antique Glories, in her Ruines seen:  
 Hee sees high Archs, huge shining Heaps of Stone,  
 Maim'd, mutil'd, murder'd, by yeers wasteful Teen:  
 Hee sees a rugged, ragged, rocky Quar  
 Hang in the Air, with Ivie lac'd about.  
 O! what can last, alas! (then cries hee out)  
 Sith Time hath conquer'd the World's Conquerer?

The

33 *Arbor.*

The World's a Tree (in my Conceit)  
 The Arms wide-spread, the Body great,  
 The Root deep-reaching, nie to Hell:  
 The Leaves fresh varnish'd lively green,  
 The Blossoms various to bee seen:  
 The Fruit doth suit the rest right well:  
 The Flowr it bears, Som Beauty call;  
 Hony the Fruit; indeed, but Gall.

34 *Hortus.*

The World's a Garden; Pleasures are the Flowers;  
 Of fairest hues, in form and number many:  
 The Lilly (first) pure-whitest Flowr of any,  
 Rose sweetest rare, with Pinked-Gillie-Flours:  
 The Violet, and double Mari-Gold,  
 And Pansie too: but, after all Mischances,  
 Death's Winter comes; and kils, with sudden Cold,  
 Rose, Lilly, Violet, Mari-Gold, Pink, Pansies.

35 *Avaritia, Invidia.*

Never have, and ever crave,  
 Are the Worldlings thoughts intire:  
 Honour, Wealth; the more they have,  
 More they covet, more aspire.  
 They never doo enjoy their Owne,  
 But Other's wish, like, love, admire:  
 And having All, yet have they None;  
 For, after All, they more desire.

36 *Scientia & Ignorantia.*

In Heav'n's sweet Language have I learn'd yer This,  
 That to the Wise the world's as Night to Morning;  
 As Deaw to Sun; as Cloud to Noon-sted is:  
 For, vertuous Knowledge, in his brest bright-burning,  
 Is Morning, Sun and Noon: but, Ignorance  
 Is th' vgly Night; Pleasures, the vading Deaw;  
 Cloud Vanity, which doth our Soules pursue,  
 Till Vertues Raies infuse their Radiance.

37 *Bona cut Mala.*

Antiquity, O! why didst Thou devise  
 This name of Goods vnto these worldly Riches!  
 Sith th' are (alas!) but Evils (Pains or Pitches)  
 To silly men that doo them over-prize.  
 Rather, O Worldling, why dost thou misuse them?  
 Why dost thou wrong Vertues good Instruments?  
 Goods (Ills to those that doo them ill dispense)  
 Sith Goods are Goods to those that rightly vse them.

The



38 *Quatuor Monarchia.*

The *Babylonian*, with ambitious fist,  
 First the grand Sceptre of the World possist:  
 The *Persian*, Him; The *Grecian*, Him dismiss:  
 Him, th' awfull *Roman* after dispossist:  
 And Him, his Owne Waight let not long sublist;  
 Him, his Owne Greannes ruin'd with the rest.  
 Who then (alas!) this Fall of *Monarchs* seeing,  
 Can hope in Earth for an eternall Beeing?

39 *Glacies.*

Hee that makes the World his Nest,  
 Settling heer his onely Rest;  
 Never craving other Scope,  
 Never having higher Hope:  
 What thinks (think you) such a One?  
 Thus: To sit secure vpon  
 A Ball of Ice, a slippery Bowl,  
 Which on the Seas doth ever roule.

40 *Diruit Edificans.*

When-as the Worldling moils, and toiles, and tires,  
 Incessantly to heave vp Wealth on Wealth,  
 Pleasure on Pleasure, Stile on Stile; by stealth,  
 To reach the Top of his too-vain Desires:  
 When, the more loaden, the les Waight he sceleth,  
 Plotting his Ease i' th' Pain hee doth pursue-in:  
 When Hoord on Hoord, when Heap on Heap he hilleth,  
 What doth hee else but build himself his Ruine?

41 *Bellum cum vitij.*

One Day I saw the World in furious Fight  
 With lovely Vertue, his most loathed Foe:  
 It dared her, shee bravely did desie't:  
 It entred Lists (Shee first had entred though).  
 It traverses, it toils, it heaws, it hacks;  
 But all in vain, his blowes com never nigh-her:  
 For, the World's Weapons were but lythic Wax;  
 And Vertue's Shield is of celestiall Fier.

42 *Naufragium.*

Thou, thou, whose heart dives in the World so deep,  
 Seest thou thy Case? know'st thou thy own Condition?  
 Like head-les Bark to't 'twixt the Opposition  
 Of blustering Storms which every way doo sweep,  
 Reason, thy Rudder, is already lacking:  
 The Gales of Pleasure, and the Gusts of Passion,  
 Hurry thee headlong in the Gulf of Fashion,  
 On Rocks of Death thy wretched Life soon wracking.

Where

43 *Mors in Olla.*

VVhere's Death? I' th' VVorld. VVhere is the VVorld? In Death:  
 Death to it Self: for, nothing in the VVorld  
 Kills and confounds the VVorld, more than the VVorld;  
 VVhich breeds, and feeds, and giveth Life to Death.  
 But, from the VVorld could God's Love wean the VVorld,  
 Killing the VVorld's Love, and his Issue, Death;  
 Then happy wee should triumph over Death;  
 The VVorld not worldly, Death dead in the VVorld.

44 *Somnium.*

I sawe, I sawe, the VVorld was but a Dream,  
 When Heav'n's shrill Voice had rouz'd and rais'd my eies:  
 For, in the VVorld I found but Lies;  
 Eies clos'd, Ears stopt, Mindes inly toil'd extream;  
 All Dark, all Night: Man out of Man (in Cumber)  
 Himself with Fumes and Phant'ies feeding,  
 Not feeling Pains, nor Passions heeding;  
 Loth to bee waked from so sweet a Slumber.

45 *Quasi non vitens.*

O! happy Hee can bee so highly wise,  
 As not to knowe the vain and vicious Pleasures  
 The Vicious take (when they will take their pleasures)  
 VVhich so besot their Soules, and blinde their Eies.  
 O! happy Hee that can disdain and deem  
 Those Pleasures, Poisons; and that Hony, Gall.  
 But, who can so? Hee that, contemning All,  
 Lives in the VVorld, and not the VVorld in Him.

46 *Monstrum horrendum.*

VVhat Monster's that which hath so many Heads;  
 So many Ears, so many Eies between;  
 So lively clad before in lusty Green;  
 So black behinde, in cloudy Cloak of Shreds;  
 His feet so sliding down a round steep Hill;  
 Rouled by Time, which turns it swift away;  
 Death, running after, shooteth at it still:  
 Ah! now I see. What is't? The World, I say.

47 *Sordesit & Surdesit.*

Stay, Worldling, stay: Whither-away so fast?  
 Hark, hark awhile to Vertue's Counsels Current.  
 No, no: alas! after the World, in haste,  
 Hee hies, flies, follows: as a rapid Torrent  
 Too-proudly swelling with son's fresh Supply  
 Of liquid Silver from the Welkin gushing,  
 My warning (as a Rock) hee rouleth by  
 With roaring Murmur, sudden over-rushing.

'T was



48 *Sufficit Vnum.*

'T was a loud Lie (think I) a very Slander,  
Th' Ancients ascribe t' ambitious *Alexander*,  
Weeping for wo there were no mo Worlds made,  
Suffiz'd not One, so busie and so bad?  
If true it were, Great Monarch, cease to mourn;  
And give Mee leave: O! let Me weep my Tum;  
Who strain and strive, yet cannot all my Care  
All Vanities of this One World declare.

49 *Variable.*

Vary, re-vary; tune, and tune again  
(Anon to This String, and anon to That;  
Base, Treble, Tenor; swift, slowe, sharp and flat)  
Thy One same Subject in a sundry Strain;  
To represent, by thy so divers Ditties,  
The dying World's so divers Alterations:  
Yet will the World have still mo Variations;  
And, past thy Verse, thy various Subject yet is.

50

'T is but Vanity and Folly,  
On the World to settle wholly.  
All the Joies of all this Life  
Are but Toyes, Annoyes and Strife.  
O God! onely wise and stable,  
To establish Mee in Thee,  
Give mee, Thou that art All-able,  
Wisdom with true Constancy.

FINIS.



## MOTTOES.

**L**E Rocher orgueilleux  
Sent tomber sur sa teste  
La plus rude Tempeste:  
Le fouldre perilleux  
Au groz Arbres sa trache:  
Ainsi Dieu de ses mains  
Des lieux plus hauts arache  
Les superbes humains.  
The highest Rocks and Hills,  
Which seem the Clouds to threaten,  
With roughest Storms are beaten:  
The lofty Cedar feels  
The Lightnings Flash and Thunder:  
So Gods Almighty hand  
Soon from aloft brings under  
The Proudest that withstand.  
Que sont les Conseils humains?  
Que sont les OEures des mains?  
Qu'est l'Excellence des hommes?  
Qu'est tout l'Estat ou nous sommes?  
Si CHRIST en est separé?  
Ce n'est qu'un Cachot pavé  
De vents, d'ombres, de fumées,  
D'un Feu de Mort allumées,  
What's the Wisdom of Mankind?  
What the Works of hand or minde?  
What the Vertues of the Rarest?  
What is all our Best and Fairest,  
Void of Christ? Alas! a Grave,  
Dungeon, Den, or dreadfull Cave,  
Lin'd with Winde, with Shades, with Vapors,  
Set on fire with deadly Tapers.

Fulmina mon-  
tes.Omnia Chris-  
tus.

Mon



Fumus fumus.

Mon Ame, ou sont les grands Discours  
De ces hautains filz de la Terre ?  
Ou sont les magnifiques Tours  
Des Roys qui au Ciel ont fait Guerre ?  
Je cuide voir, en y pensant,  
Vne Fumée s'amaissant  
Au Feu d'un Bois sec que l'haleine  
Du Vent escarte par la Plaine.

Where, where are now the great Reports  
Of those huge haughty Earth-born Giants ?  
Where are the lofty Towers and Forts  
Of those proud Kings bade Heav'n defiance ?  
When Them I to my Minde revoke,  
Mee thinks I see a mighty Smoke

Omnia Sot-  
nia.

Thick-mantling from quick-burning Matter,  
Which in an instant Windes doo scatter.

Pauvre Ver, travaille, tracasse,  
Sans te lasser,  
Pour amasser  
Les Honneurs, ou d'Or quelque Masse :  
Mais la Mort qui ta force ronge,  
En t'abatant  
Tout a l'instant,

Prouvera que tu n'es qu'un Songe.  
Go, silly VVorm, drudge, trudge and travell,  
Despising Pain ;  
So Thou maist gain

Some Honour, or some Golden Gravell :  
But Death the while (to fill his number)  
With sudden Call  
Takes thee from All,

Quorum me-  
morie pudente

To prove thy Daies but Dream and Slumber.  
As tu miz en Oubliance

Homme ta brutale Enfance ?  
Riant, ozes tu chanter  
Les Erreurs de ta Jeunesse ?  
En courant vers ta vieillesse  
Voudrois Tu bien plaisanter ?  
Pleure donc, puis que ta Vie  
Est a tous maux asservie.

Art Thou, Man, no more now mindefull  
Of thy Child-hood, brute and blindefull ?  
Dost thou laugh, and dost thou sing  
Th' Errors of thy Youth and Folly ?  
Canst thou bee so blithe and jolly,  
Towards Age now galloping ?  
Rather wail thy Life's Condition,  
Thrall to Sin, Death and Perdition.

T'apper-

Quali Bulla.

I'apperc eus vn Enfant qui d'un tuyau de Paille  
Trempe dans le Savon, avecques Eau meslé,  
Des Ampouilles souffloit encontre vne Muraille,  
Dont l'œil de maint passant estoit esmerveillé :  
Riches, Elles sembloit, fermes, de forme ronde :  
Mais les voyant crever en leur lustre plus beau,  
Voire soudainement ; voy-la (di ie) vn Tableau  
De la fraile splendeur & vanité du Monde.

I saw a childe with slender pipe of stubble  
(From hollow shell with Soap and Water mixt)  
Against a Wall to blowe-up many a Bubble ;  
Where many an Ey of many by was fixt :

For rich they seem'd, and firm round Form did render.  
But, when I saw them (and that suddenly)  
Break at the Best, behold a Type, said I,  
Of World's vain glory, and soon-vading splendor.

Quand ie li, quand ie contemple  
L'estat de cest heureux Temple  
Que Christ en Terre a planté,  
Courant par le Monde, enté  
Sur l'Ordure & la Malice ;  
Je devien triste & ioyeux,  
T'embrasse & chasse le vice,  
Je quitte & cherche les Cieux.

Ration sine  
spina.

When I read, when I contemple,  
Th' estate of that happy Temple  
Christ hath planted heer belowe  
Amid this World ; and grafted so  
On Durt, in danger of the Divell ;  
Sad and glad at-once I am :  
I embrace and chase the Evill :

Heav'n I shun, yet seek the same.  
Le Monde est outrageux, & si est bien servi :  
C'est vn Tyran cruel, & si est bien suyvi :  
C'est vn infame Monstre, & tandiz se contente :  
Il gist au liēt de Mort, & de viure se vante :  
Il n'est rien que malheur, & si est trop aimé :  
C'est Dueil, Honte, & Dommage, & si est estimé :  
Il cherche son Repos en se faisant la Guerre :  
Il abhorre les Cieux, & perit en la Terre.  
The World is full of Wrong, and yet is serv'd too well :  
'Tis too well follow'd too, and yet a Tyrant sell :  
'Tis an ugly Monster-most, and yet the Most contenteth :  
'Tis on the Death-bed laid, and yet of Life it wanteth :  
'Tis Sorrow, Shame and Losse, and yet is most approv'd :  
'Tis nothing but a Crosse, and yet is best beloved :  
'Tis seeking Peace in VVarr, choaks whom it seems to cherish :  
'Tis hating Heav'n, for Earth ; and it in Hell shall perish.

Derriden se-  
quor.

Kkkkk

Ce



Ce Monde est vne Galere  
 Equipée de Misere;  
 Cinglant en Mer de Douleurs;  
 Ses Forçats, ce sont les Pleurs:  
 Son Pilote, Coeur rebelle:  
 Ses Vents, funeuz Desires:  
 Ses Routes, tristes Plaisirs:  
 Son Haure, Mort eternelle.  
*This World is a Galley freighted  
 With mis-haps (or Haps mis-treated)  
 Sliding on a sea of Care.  
 Tears and Fears her Sailers are:  
 Will, her Pilot (still at Stern, all):  
 Strong Desires, her Windes (for most):  
 Bitter-sweet, her Course and Coast:  
 And her Harb'n is Death eternall.*  
 Qu'est ce du Cours & de l'arrest du Monde?  
 C'est vn Chemin raboteux, ennuyeux:  
 Vn Cocher fol, desloyal, dangereux,  
 Trainant son Coche en la Bone profonde.  
 Vn Logie fumeux, sale, puant:  
 Vn Hoste avare, infame, remuant:  
 Vn liêt pierreux: vn facheux & vain Songe:  
 Vn Refueiller d'Orgueil & de Mensonge.  
*What's the World's Progress? what our Gists, heer living?  
 But a foul way, all full of Baulks and Sloughs:  
 (A foolish Coach-man, false and dangerous,  
 Through thick and thin our old weak Chariot driving)  
 A smoky Lodging, stinking, nastie-most:  
 A greedy, needy, churlish, filthy Hoste:  
 A stony Bed, a strange unquiet Slumber:  
 Awake with Lies, Pride, Perill, and Incumber.*  
 Des Monarques la Grandeur,  
 De tant de Nobles la Race  
 De tant de Preux la Splendeur  
 Des bons Esprits le grand-heur  
 Le Temps & la Mort efface.  
 N'arrestons donques les Yeux  
 A ceste lueur qui passe,  
 Ains les eslevons aux Cieux.  
*Monarch's greatest Greatnes heer,  
 Nobles noblest Ranks and Races,  
 Worthies Tropheis, passing peer;  
 Sages Worth, for Wisdom cleer;  
 Time (alas!) and Death defaces.  
 Why then fix wee heer our Eies  
 On this glimpse that sudden passes?  
 Rather rear them to the Skies.*

Mais que feroi-je plus au Monde  
 Que en Monde de Maux abonder?  
 Adieu Monde, adieu tes Debars,  
 Tes Cris, tes Affauts, tes Combats:  
 Verite Retraire sonne.  
 L'Eternel tire a Soy mon Coeur  
 (Par foy de ta force Vainqueur)  
 Et de sa Gloire me couronne.  
*Why, why should I the World bee minding,  
 Therein a World of Evils finding?  
 Then farwell, World: farwell thy tarret,  
 Thy Toies, thy Toies, thy Wiles, thy Wars.  
 Truth sounds Retreat: I am not for-ye.  
 Th' Eternall draws to him my heart  
 By Faith (which can thy Force subvert)  
 To crown mee (after Grace) with Glory.*  
 Quelle est ceste Beauté que ie voy tant extreme,  
 Qui avec ses Cheveux, & sa voix, & ses yieux,  
 D'un lien, & d'un Charm, & d'un Traict amoureux,  
 Et s'enchaîne, & s'enchant, & s'aveugle soy mesme?  
 C'est le Monde changé en Courtisane infame,  
 Qui se va desguizant de mille fards le Corps;  
 Mais, c'est vne Beauté seulement par dehors,  
 Qui ne peut effacer les Laideurs de son Ame.  
*What Beautie's This, so brave bedeckt in Riches?  
 Whose wanton Looks, whose waving Locks and Song,  
 As with a Dart, a Charm, a Charm (too-strong)  
 Self-blindes, self-bindes, and self it self bewitches?  
 O! 't is the World, t' a Courtisan transformed,  
 Who pranks and paints her Body round about:  
 But all this Beauty oney is without,  
 And cannot hide the Soule, within, deformed.\**  
 Le Peché, & la Mort, & le Monde, & la Chair,  
 Conspirerent vn Jour contrel'Ame immortelle:  
 Le traistre Corps desia les laissoit approchier,  
 Si la Foy n'eust esté pour lors en Sentinelle:  
 Qui du Peché, du Monde, & de la Chair l'effort  
 Surmonta par la Croix, de quoy l'Ame enhardie,  
 Fit se bien qu'en plan Champ elle vint mettre a Mort  
 La Mort qui s'attendoit de luy oster la Vie.  
*The World and Flesh, combin'd with Death and Sin,  
 Against th' Immortall Soule were privie-banding;  
 Selfe Traitor Nature had even let them in;  
 Had not the Faith for Sentinell bin standing;  
 Who, by the the Cross, did Sin, Flesh, World subdew:  
 Whereby, the Soule re-hearted and revived,  
 Led by her Head, pursewd the Fight and slew,  
 Slew Death, which sought her Life to have deprived.*



Morte est la Mort, & non le Monde,  
 Qui au Monde donner la loy;  
 N'ayant plus Crainte que la Foy  
 Quelque autre Querelle luy fonde.  
 D'autant qu'au Ciel la Foy demeure,  
 Hors du Monde; ne pouvant voir  
 Que dans son siege on vienne assoir  
 Toute Inconstance & tout Pariure.  
*Death's dead indeed, the World yet is not;  
 But yet, yet rules the World about;  
 Of Faith's Affront no more in doubt:  
 Sith her heer sighing more it sees not.  
 For, Faith hath now in Heav'n her Station,  
 Forth of the World; disdaining heer  
 To see her Seat usurpt so neer  
 By Error and Equivocation.*  
 Pourquoi mets tu ton Esperance,  
 Monde, en la Mondaine Inconstance?  
 Veu que du Monde les Delices  
 Ne font qu'une grand Mer de Vices:  
 Ne font qu'un miserable sort:  
 Qu'un vain Espoir, & qu'un pur Songe:  
 Et qu'un Orage qui de plonge  
 En fin au Goufre de la Mort.  
*Why? why build Worlds their Hopes Assurance  
 On this vain Worlds unduring Durance?  
 Sith all the Sweet of worldly Pleasures,  
 Worldly Honours, worldly Treasures,  
 Is Nothing but a Blast, a Breath,  
 An adde Hope, an idle Dreaming,  
 A sudden Storm with fury streaming,  
 And drowning all in Gulf of Death.*  
 Tout ce Monde est un Tabourin qui sonne  
 L'alarme au Monde, & cruel espoinçonne  
 Filz contre Pere: & sçavez vous comment?  
 Par un Moyen qui n'est fait que de vent.  
 Monde, dis moy, d'ou vient qu'un simple Son  
 Qui fort de peaux qu'on bat sur un escorce,  
 Peut esmouvoir d'une telle façon  
 Encontre Toy la force de ta force?  
*The World's a Drumm, with loud Alarm stirring  
 The World to War; and too-too-cruel spurring  
 Son against Sire. The Means if you would finde,  
 'Tis by a Mean that is but made of Winde.  
 But tell mee, World, How comes a simple Sound  
 Sent but from Skins, upon a Skin but beating,  
 To incite thee so, & to bestir thee round  
 To face thy Force, thy Faces Force so threatening?*

Monde,

Monde, pourquoy fuis tu? Pour chercher assurance.  
 Et, si ce n'est en Toy, ou la trouveras Tu?  
 Ou le Monde n'est pas du Monde combattu.  
 Le Monde se fait il a soy mesmes offense?  
 Ouy trop; car en la Terre, au Feu, en l'Air, en l'Onde  
 Le Monde s'occit, s'ard, & se noye, & se pend.  
 Monde, fuy donc au Ciel: car l'ol est qui l'attend  
 D'Anchorer sa Nef flotante en l'Euripe du Monde.  
*Why fleest thou, World? Alas! to seek Assurance.  
 Where to bee sound, if in the World it fail?  
 There where the World doth not the World assail.  
 Why? doth the World cause to it self ill-durance?  
 Yes; too-too much: for, in Fire, Air, Earth, Water,  
 The World self-drowns, self-burns, self-hangs self-slaves.  
 Flee then to Heav'n. Fond Hee that Anchor laves  
 In th' Euripus of This vain World's Theater.*  
 Peintre, si tu tires le Monde,  
 Ne le pein pas de Forme ronde:  
 Car, ce qui en Rond est pourtraict  
 Est estimé du tout parfaict:  
 Et le Monde ne le peut estre  
 Ou defaut le Souverain Bien;  
 Et ou tant seulement le Rien  
 Et l'Inconstance prennent estre.  
*Friend Larkin, if the World you figure,  
 You must not draw it round of Figure:  
 For, Sages should the compleat Round  
 In every part is perfect found.  
 So never can this World bee: seeing  
 There wants the Chief, The chiefest Good:  
 And Nothing there (right understood)  
 But Nothing hath (inconstant) being.*  
 Plustost les Yeux du Firmament  
 Seront sanz reglé Mouvement,  
 Et Vagabonde  
 Ne sera l'Onde:  
 Plustost qu'on voye desplacée  
 Des vains Appats  
 De ces lieux baz  
 Du Mondain la folle pensée.  
*Sooner shall all the Heav'ns bright Eyes  
 Cease their set Courses in the Skies:  
 Sooner shall the Ocean  
 Have no more Motion:  
 Sooner then worldly mindes removed  
 From vain Deceits  
 Of Earthly Baits,  
 By Worldlings heer too-deer-beloved.*

Kkkk 3

E



Et le Monde & la Mort entr' Eux se desguiserent  
 Vn Iour pour pouvoir mieux l' Homme Mondain surprendre  
 L' adiournent pour ce faict, & puis l' interroguerent  
 Qu' l dist, au quel des Deux pour Serf se vouloit rendre.  
 L' Homme mondain cuidant ne s' addonner qu' au Monde,  
 Par le Monde trompeur s' asservit a la Mort.  
 Mais se voyant deceu, Il appella du Toit,  
 A Vn qui par sa Mort chassa la Mort du Monde.  
*The World and Death one day them cross-disguised  
 To cōsen Man (when Sin had once beguil'd him)  
 Both cald him forth; and questioning advised  
 To say, whose servant hee would fairly yeeld him.  
 Man, weening then but to the World t' have given him,  
 By the false World became the Slave of Death:  
 But, from their fraud Hee did appeal by Faith  
 To H I M, whose Death kild death, and hence hath drōven him.*  
 Le Monde est vn grand Parlement:  
 Son Avocat, est l' Arrogance:  
 Son Soliciteur, est l' Offense:  
 Son Procureur, vain Pensement:  
 L' Huissier, qui les Causes appelle  
 Est le Remords: Iuge, la Mort  
 Qui prononce en dernier Refort  
 L' Arrest de la Peine eternelle.  
*The World's a Sessions, or Assize:  
 The Counsellor is Arrogancy:  
 Sin the Solicitor (feed by Fancy)  
 Th' Attourney is but vain Surmise:  
 Remorse is Marshall: Conscience, Crier:  
 Death sits as Iudge in dreadfull room;  
 Pronouncing for a final Doom,  
 The Sentence of eternall fire.*  
 Vous Pleuples bazanez les quels le Gain attire  
 Ores a rechercher vne incogneue Mer;  
 Ores de vers la Tane, & vers l' Inde ramer  
 Fondans tout vostre Appuy sur le vol d' on Navire.  
 Pour Patron, qu' avez vous que vaine Passion?  
 Pour Timon, qu' Avarice? & pour Voies, que Rage?  
 Et poussez par le vent de route Ambition,  
 Que pensez vous gagner qu' vn assure Naufrage?  
*Tou tanned Tiphys, whom Gain's love bewitches,  
 From Inde to Inde, and from the North to Nile,  
 To sound new seas, to seek new shores, the While  
 Your Life's best Hope but in a Plank and Pitch is.  
 What Pilot have you but your Passion, still?  
 Your Rudder, Avarice; your Mast, Ambition;  
 Your Sails, but Pride; which Furies Puffs doo fill:  
 What think you then to gain, but deep Perdition?*

Ce Monde est vn Pelerinage  
 Les Meschants forcez de rage  
 Y sont les devots Pelerins,  
 Qui four voyez des droits Chemins,  
 Tombent en la Fosse profonde  
 De la Mort: Mais O Toy mon D I E U,  
 Guidant mes paz en autre lieu,  
 Tire Moy du Chemin du Monde.  
*This World is but a Pilgrimage,  
 Where wicked men, most felly raging,  
 Doo wodge and travell most devout:  
 But, from the right way wandring out,  
 They headlong fall in Pit of Terror,  
 The Gulf of Death. But, O my God,  
 Guiding my steps in better Road,  
 Draw mee to Thee, from worldlings Error.*  
 Finis.

## An Appendix.

**A**lthough thou canst not write so rare a Ditty,  
 Nor sing so sweetly, bee thou vertuous though:  
 For, dooing well is more then flying so:  
 And, to bee Wise, is more then to bee Witty.  
 The Vertuous, reading and recording sweet  
 These sacred Songs, is cheered in his Courses:  
 The Vitious, reading, singing, rather worse is:  
 Rapt with the Sound; not with the Sense, awhit.  
 Surcease thy Musick, lay aside thy Muses:  
 Paschal and Pibrac, yon have toild too-long:  
 Seeing that Vertue serves but for a Song  
 To this vain World, that on all Mischief mufes.  
 Lo, heer in Paper is poor Vertue painted:  
 Alas, dead Vertue! Thus these Times doo vse thee:  
 Yet, if all hands, yet if all hearts refuse thee,  
 Remain Thou ever in these Songs imprinted.  
 As fiercest Lion, fretting in his Cage,  
 Is sometimes calmed with harmonious sounding  
 Of Lyrike Strings, and made to leave his Rage,  
 Let go his Prey, and fall to Dance-like bounding:  
 So, the vain World, in Pangs and Passions flinging,  
 Charm'd (as it were) and bound with seventy Chains,  
 It's Fits and Phanfies, for a while, refrains;  
 Heer, to it Self, it Selfe's Inconstance singing.

FINIS.





# THE WOOD-MANS BEAR.

*A Poeme*  
By IOSEPH SYLVESTER.

*Semel insanivimus Omnes.*

To the VVorshipfull, his most approoved  
Friend, M. ROBERT NICOLSON.

**S**IR, the kinde Welcom that you alwaies daign  
To the fair Muses, and their favorites;  
And chiefly mee, the meanest of their train  
(Too mean to meddle with their sacred rites)

My willing heart with thankfull hand invites  
To offer you my busie-idle pain,  
Ill-shapen shadows of my young delights,  
Till better fruits my better Fates ordain.

Yet (pray-you) private let this Ligg bee kept;  
Unworthy Object for judicious Eies:  
Which, but for you, eternally had slept;  
And, but to you, from hence-forth ever dies:  
But, lack of better forç't mee, for a shift,  
To bring you now this old-new New-years Gift.

*Semper Arctophilos.*



TO HIS DIVINE ARCTOA  
her devout Arctophilos.

**B**Ecause I count a promise debt (my Dear)  
Especially unto a speciall friend,  
This promis'd pledge to your sweet self I send;  
A gloomy glasse of your perfections clear:

A pourtraiture resembling nothing neer  
Your heavenly features, that in worth extend  
Beyond the reach of my poor rymes Commend,  
As in this plot I make to plain appear.

Yet since for you amid my dumps I drew-it,  
And since your self have since desir'd to see-it,  
VVith milde aspect vouchsafe (bright-star) to view-it.  
To doom whereof, in your discretion bee-it:  
But deem withall, that in this bitter story  
I grave my griefs, and not your beauties glory.

Vincenti gloria Vicit.







## THE WOOD-MANS BEAR.

**S**eventy nine score yeers and seven  
Were expired from the birth  
Of a Babe begot by Heaven,  
To bring Peace vnto the Earth;  
Peace that passeth all esteeming,  
Sin-bound soules from Hell redeeming.

Ver. 2.

*Phœbus* in his yeerly race  
(Having past the *Ram* and *Steer*)  
Now began to poste apace  
Through the *Twins* fair houses cleer,  
Pranking in perfumed robes  
All these goodly neather Globes.

Aurora. 3.

And *Aurora*, richly dight  
In an azure mantle fair,  
Fring'd about with silver bright,  
Pearl-deaws dropping through the air,  
Hung the gate with golden tiffues,  
Where *Hiperions* Chariot issues.

At which sight (that all rejoyces)  
All the cunning Forreft Quier,  
Tuning loud their little voyces,  
Warbled who should warble higher;  
Striving all to bear the Bell  
(All in vain) from *Philomel*.

When my joyless senses, dulled  
With the busie toil of Cities,  
Mee from pensive fancies pulled,  
To go hear their heavenly ditties:  
To go hear, and see, and sent,  
Sounds, sights, savours excellent.

When

## THE VVOOD-MANS BEAR.

Wending then through Lawns and Thickets,  
Where the fearfull Deer doo brouz,  
Where the wanton Fawns and Prickets  
Crop the top of springing boughs:  
Where the Stag and light-foot Hinde  
Scud, and skip, and turn, and winde;

While I led my wand'ring feet  
Through a silent shady Grove,  
Paved thick with Primrose sweet,  
As mine eyes about did rove,  
Neer a spring I chang'd to spy,  
Where a wretched man did ly.

Like a *Wood-man* was his weed:  
Groveling on the grasse hee lay,  
Mourning so as doth exceed  
All that ever I can say.  
Beasts to bellow, birds to sing,  
Ceast, to see so strange a thing.

Wringing hands, and weeping eyes,  
Heauie sighs, and hollow groans,  
Wailing words, and wofull cries,  
Were the witnes of his Moans;  
Moans that might with bitter passion  
Mooue a flinty hearts compassion.

Fain would I the cause haue kend,  
That could cause him so complain:  
But I feard him to offend  
With repeating of his pain:  
Therefore I expected rather  
From himself the same to gather.

Sitting then in shelter shady,  
To observe and mark his mone,  
Suddenly I saw a *Lady*  
Hasting to him all alone,  
Clad in Maiden-white and green:  
Whom I judg'd the Forreft Queen.

Who, the eager game pursuing,  
Lost her Ladies in the chase,  
Till shee heard the wretches ruing:  
Vnto whom shee hied apace;  
Mooving him, with milde intreat,  
To vnfold his grief so great.

When



13  
When the Queen of Continnce,  
With the musick of her words,  
Had by sacred influence  
Charm'd the edge of sorrows swords  
(Swords that deeper wound have made  
Then the keen *Toledo* blade)

14  
Fain hee would, and yet hee fainted  
To vnfold his fatall grief:  
Passions in his face depainted,  
Striving whether should bee chief:  
Thus at last, though loath and sorry,  
Sigh't hee out his mournfull story.

15  
Madam, quoth hee (yet hee knew not  
What shee was) that you may see,  
That I curst causeless rue not,  
Lend awhile your ear to mee;  
And you shall perceiue the source  
Whence my cares have had their course.

16  
Whence my cares and sad incumbers  
Have arisen and proceeded:  
Whose account of countless numbers  
Hath the *Oceans* sand exceeded;  
Whose extreme tormenting smart  
Passeth all conceit of heart.

17  
Thrice-seven Summers I had seen  
Deckt in *Flora's* rich aray;  
And as many Winters keen,  
Wrapt in suits of silver gray:  
Yet the *Cirian* Queens blinde Boy  
Grudged at my grief-lesse joy.

18  
But when on my maiden chin  
Mother *Nature* gan ingender  
Smooth, soft, golden Down, and thin  
Blades of Beuer, silk-like slender;  
Then hee, finding fuell fit,  
Sought for coals to kindle it.

19  
Coals hee found, but found no fire:  
For, th' East *Frisian* icy sky  
Made the sparks of loves desire  
Sudden born, as soon to dy.  
Thus, so long as there I bid,  
All was vain that *Venus* did.

Seeing

20  
Seeing then that nought might boot,  
Shee (consulting with her bastard)  
Bid the busie wanton shoot:  
But alas he durst not, dastard:  
In that quarter well he wist  
Armes to meet with me, he mist.

21  
Therefore wearie of his toile,  
Hopelesse still of better hap,  
In that so vnappie soile,  
Where few *Brutes* he could entrap;  
He forsooke the frozen *Ems*,  
Soaring towards siluer *Thames*.

22  
On whose lillie-paued banks,  
Where faire water-nymphs resorted,  
Plai'd he many wanton pranks,  
While the silly damzels sported;  
Wounding with his cruell darts,  
Their vnwarie tender hearts.

23  
Chiefly in my Mother-Towne,  
Where the Paragon of honor,  
Vertues praise, and beauties crowne,  
With sweet Ladies tending on her,  
Kept her Court in Palace royall,  
Guarded by attendants loyall.

24  
There the *Paphian* Prince (perceiuing  
Lords and Ladies, young and old,  
Apt (through ease) for Loves deceiuing)  
Sends about his shafts of gold,  
Striking all, saue her he dares not,  
*Diana's* selfe: the rest he spares not.

25  
Hauing triumpht there a season  
Ouer all degrees and sexes,  
Planting loue, supplanting reason,  
VVhere his darts dire venome vexes:  
Suddenly he crost the flood,  
To the famous Seat of *Lud*.

26  
Finding there sufficient fuell,  
To maintaine his wanton fiers,  
By and by begins he cruell,  
To inflame both Sonnes and Siers,  
Maid and Mistris, Man and Master,  
Dam and Daughter, light or chaster.

LIII

Thus



<sup>27</sup>  
Thus he tortures, voide of pitie,  
Rich and poore, and fond and wise,  
Through the streets of all the Citie;  
Causing by his cruelties,  
Sighing-singing, freezing-frying,  
Laughing-weeping, liuing-dying.

<sup>28</sup>  
Fates by this time had contriued  
Causes that me thither drew.  
Which ere euer I arriued,  
This detested Tyrant knew:  
Wyly waiting time and place,  
To reuenge his old disgrace.

<sup>29</sup>  
Ofentimes he did attempt  
Euen in streets of second *Troy*,  
To haue punisht my contempt,  
By bereauing freedoms ioy:  
But vnable there to match me,  
Else Where yet he thought to catch-me.

<sup>30</sup>  
I was wont (for my disport)  
Often in the Summer season,  
To a Village to resort,  
Famous for the rathe ripe Peason;  
Where, beneath a *Plumb*-tree shade,  
Many pleasant walks I made.

<sup>31</sup>  
Till a grasse-borne-krieket, mounted  
On that goodly Trees faire top,  
Made his fore-fruit (rare accounted)  
Ouer-soone to fall and drop;  
Loading euery branch and bow  
With her brood of krickets now.

<sup>32</sup>  
Hither while I vs'd to haunt,  
*Cupid* seeking change of harbor,  
Leauing stately *Troy-nouant*,  
Lighted vnder this fresh Arbor,  
Neere the howre when *Titan* wounds vs,  
Hides our shadowes iust beneath-vs.

<sup>33</sup>  
When the Dwarfing did perceiue me,  
Me, *Loves* most rebellious scormer;  
By some cautel to decciue me,  
Skipt he soone into a corner:  
Where, lest I should spie the *Elfe*,  
In a *Bear* he hid himselfe.

Many

<sup>34</sup>  
Many Beasts, and Birds beside,  
Adorned with the pride of nature;  
Fairst of feather, rich of hide,  
Trim of forme, and tall of stature,  
Vs'd this Orchard to frequent,  
Till the Summers heat was spent.

<sup>35</sup>  
But the *Bear* was my betrayer;  
Nay, she was my liues defender:  
But she was my freedoms slayer;  
Nay, she was my thraldomes ender;  
But she filld my soule with sadnesse;  
Nay, she turn'd my griefe to gladnesse.

<sup>36</sup>  
Blessed *Bear*, that bears the bell  
From the fairest of her kind:  
Such a *Bear* as doth excell  
Those to either *Pole* assignd:  
Such a *Bear*, as 'twould not grieve me,  
To be *Bearward* made: beleeue me.

<sup>37</sup>  
In a *Croft* where *Musicks* King  
(Making mends for *Daphnes* wrong)  
Made out of the ground to spring  
Trees transform'd to *Daphnes* young:  
In the *Croft* so faire and pleasant,  
Harbor of the Prince-dish *Pheasant*,

<sup>38</sup>  
Southward was this white *Bear* bred,  
Yet not scorcht with *Affrick* heate;  
For her Dam had dipt her head  
In the Crystall waters neat  
Of a Spring cald *Hamberwell*,  
Which can Sun-burnt spots expell:

<sup>39</sup>  
And besides, while young she was,  
She was carried from that coast.  
To be taught such practice, as  
Makes such beasts beloued most,  
Beast am I to call her beast:  
Yet indeed a *Bear*'s a beast.

<sup>40</sup>  
*Bear* in name, but not in nature,  
Was this much admired creature,  
Peerlesse piece of perfect stature,  
Full of all desired feature:  
Feature such, as all too-faint,  
My dull pen presumes to paint.

LIII

Louely



41  
 Louely Lilly-white she was,  
 Straight proportion'd, stately-pas'd,  
 Coy, or kind (as came to passe)  
 Curteous-spoken, comely-graced:  
*Graces* seem'd of *graces* lauish,  
 Eyes that gaz'd on her to rauish.

42  
 Locks like streames of liquid Amber,  
 Smooth downe dangling, seem'd to spread:  
 Hangings fit for Beauties chamber,  
 Curtins fit for Beauties bed:  
 Of which slender golden sleauc,  
*Loue* his wanton nets did weauc.

43  
 Fore-head faire as summers face,  
 Built vpon two *Ebene* Arch's:  
 Vnder which in equall space  
 Stood two bright resplendent sparks;  
 Sparkes excellling, in their shine,  
 Fairest beames of *Ericyue*.

44  
 From those Arch's, between these eyes  
 (Eyes that arme *Loues* Archers tillar)  
 Euen descending did arise,  
 Like a pale *Pyramid* pillar,  
 That faire double-doored port,  
 Where sweet *Zephyr* loues to sport.

45  
 On each side whereof extended  
 Fields, wherein did euer grow  
 Roses, Lillies, Violets blended,  
 Steept in streames of sanguine snow:  
 Red-white hills, and white-red plaines  
 Azure vales, and azure vaines:

46  
 Vaines, whose saphir seas do slide  
 (Branch-wise winding in and out)  
 With a gentle flowing ride  
 All that *Little World* about,  
 Vp and downe, aloft and vnder,  
 To fill all this world with wonder.

47  
 With her mouth I meddle not,  
 Nor with *Ecchoes* dainry mazes;  
 Left these, hearing any iot  
 Mis-reported of her prayfcs  
 In their form, might them incense  
 To reprove my proud offence.

But

48  
 But fond he that ouerskipps  
 (Fearing fancies Had-I-wist)  
 Those smooth smiling louely lips,  
 Which each other alwaies kist,  
 Sweetly swelling, round like cherries,  
 Fragrant as our garden-berries.

49  
 Lippes like leaues of Damask Rose,  
 Ioyned iust in equall measure,  
 Which in their sweete folds inclose  
 Plentious store of pretious treasure:  
 Treasures more then may be told;  
 Balme, and Pearles, and purest gold.

50  
 Balme her breath, for so it smelt;  
 Pearles, those pales about the Parke,  
 Where that golden Image dwelt,  
 Her pure tongue that most I marke:  
 Such a tongue, as with my tung  
 Neuer can enough be sung.

51  
 Now remaines of all this *Ile*  
 Onely that white *Iurie* Ball,  
 Dimpled with a chearefull smile,  
 Which the *Cape* of *Loue* I call.  
*Eden* was this Iland, Madam:  
 While I gaz'd, mine eye was *Adam*.

52  
 Next, her Swan-like necke I saw:  
 Then those spotlesse snowie mountaines,  
 Which when *Loues* warme *Sunne* shall thaw,  
 Shall resolute in *Nectar* fountaines:  
 Twixt which mountaines lies a valley,  
 Like *Ioues* heavenly milken alley.

53  
 What my Song should further say,  
 Art enuying my delight  
 (As the night conceales the day)  
 Shrowdes in shadowes from my sight:  
 Art, that addes so much to others,  
 Here a world of beauties smothers.

54  
 Yet not so, but that I saw,  
 As the *Sunne* shines through the rack,  
 Smalling downe by measures law,  
 Her straight comely shapen backe:  
 Which though well it liked mee,  
 Least of all I long'd to see.

Lillij

But



55  
But her slender virgin Wasse  
Made me beare her girdle spight,  
Which the same by day imbrasse,  
Though it were cast off at night:  
That I wisht, I dare not say,  
To be girdle night and day;

56  
Lest those hands that here I kisse,  
As offended therewithall,  
Rise to chastise mine amisse,  
Though their rage be rare and small,  
Yet God shield, her praises finger  
Should offend her little finger.

57  
Yet I feare in much I shall.  
For, to say her hands are white,  
Slicke and slender, fingers small,  
Straight and long; her knockles dight  
With curled Roses, and her nailes  
With pearle-muscles shining scales:

58  
These are praises great, I grant;  
But full oft heard I before,  
Many may like honours vant,  
Such as these haue many more:  
Hers are such, as such are none,  
Saue that hers are such alone.

59  
For, if shee had liued, when  
Proud *Arachne* was alive,  
*Pallas* had not needed then  
To come downe with her to strive:  
Her faire fingers, finely fast,  
Had *Arachnes* cunning past.

60  
But when to the musicke choice  
Of those nimble ioynts she marries  
Th' *Echo* of her Angel-voice,  
Then the praise and prize she carries  
Both from *Orpheus* and *Amphion*,  
Shaming *Lyons* and *Ariop*.

61  
Here before her nimble feet  
Fall we flat (mine humble Muse)  
To endeaour (as is meet)  
All our errors to excuse:  
For, these are the beautilous bases  
That support this frame of graces.

Now

62  
Now, like as a Princely building,  
Rare for Modell, rich for matter,  
Beautified without with gilding,  
Fond beholders eyes to flatter,  
Inwardly containeth most  
Both of cunning and of cost:

63  
So this frame, in framing which  
Nature her owne selfe excelled,  
Though the outward walles were rich,  
Yet within the same there dwelled  
Rarest beauties, richest treasures,  
Chiefe delights, and choicest pleasures.

64  
For, within this curious Palace,  
Mongst the *Muses* and the *Graces*,  
*Phoebe* chaste, and charming *Pallas*  
Kept their Courts in sundry places,  
Lawes of vertue to enactize,  
There proclaim'd in daily practize.

65  
Here the Foster, waxing faint,  
Looked on the louely Dame,  
Sighing-saying, Gracious Saint,  
Heere-hence all my sorrowes came.  
Lady, pardon, if my song  
Haue detain'd yee ouer-long.

66  
Not your song: your sorrowes seeme  
Longer then I would (quoth she)  
Yet, as yet I can nor deeme  
How your griefes with this agree:  
For did this faire sight intrap yee,  
This faire sight might make ye happie.

67  
Happie (me vnhappy most)  
(Then replide he) had I been,  
Had my life or light been lost  
Ere my sight that sight had seene:  
Then had I not liu'd to languish  
In this ease-lesse end-lesse anguish.

68  
But because you doubt (faire Dame)  
How from such a heauen as this,  
Full of euery beauties flame,  
Full of bounty, full of blisse,  
Full of each delightfull ioy,  
Could descend the least annoy:



69  
If you daigne attend Ile tell  
(As my feeble tongue will let me)  
All misfortune that befell,  
Though the thought thereof doe fret me:  
Madam, so your kindnes moues me,  
That to shew you all behoues me.

70  
Therefore thinke vpon (I pray)  
What, when first my tale begun,  
VVas forespoken to bewray  
Shifts of *Cythereas* sonne;  
How, for feare I should haue spid him,  
In a *Bear* the Vrchin hid him.

71  
Thence-from, crafty *Cupid* shot  
All the arrowes of his quier:  
But my heart, that yeelded not,  
Made them all in sunder shiuer;  
Till he, full of shame and sorrow,  
Better bowe and shafts did borrow.

72  
Borrow did he, of that *Bear*,  
Armes more apt to work my wo.  
Stringing with her golden haire  
Her faire browes, he made his bowe:  
Whence for shafts he shot likewise  
Beames of her keene-pearcing eies.

73  
Of which Diamond-headed dartes  
(Beating hard my bosomes Center,  
Whence resisting power departs,  
Where but these, none else could enter)  
Some abiding, som rebounded,  
Wherewithall the *Bear* was wounded.

74  
Wounded was the gentle *Bear*,  
With the weapons that she lent;  
That she lent (alas) for feare  
Lest the *Loue-God* should her shent:  
So we see, who lend their Armes,  
Of procure their proper harmes.

75  
So did harmelesse she (alas)  
That I euer must bemone.  
Mone I must, for neuer was  
Marble-hearted *Meryden*  
But would mone, and mourne, and melt,  
To haue seen the pain she felt.

To

76  
To haue seen her pitious plaining,  
To haue heard her loud lamenting,  
To haue thought on her complaining,  
To imagine her tormenting;  
Eyes would weep, and cares would wonder,  
Hardest hart would break in sunder.

77  
So mine eyes, mine eares, and heart,  
Fild with waters, wonders, woes,  
Drowned, deafened, dead in part,  
Wel-nigh all their vertues lose:  
Euery sense, and all my reason  
Fled, and faild me for a season.

78  
Here when this he had rehearsed,  
Ere the rufull rest could follow;  
So the fresh remembrance pearced,  
That his voice waxt weake and hollow:  
Bitter teares abundant dropping,  
Drowned words, their passage stopping.

79  
Words were turn'd to sighes and sobbing,  
Inward griefes did inlie grone:  
Hopelesse heart with heauie throbbing,  
Shew'd all signes of saddest mone.  
Signes made mone, but voice was mum:  
Small griefes speake, but great are dumb.

80  
Woe-begon, and wondrous sorry  
Was the *Goddesse* to behold him,  
Through repeating of his storic  
In so sad a fit to fold him;  
Fearing further to prouoke him,  
Lest new seas of sorrow choke him.

81  
For as Sea-coales flame the faster,  
When we cast cold water on them:  
Or as Children vnder Master,  
Mourne the more, the more we mone them:  
So the more she spake, her speeches  
More increast his cries and screeches.

82  
Yet she would not so forsake him,  
Lest some sauage hungry beast  
In this tragick transe should take him,  
Of his flesh to make a feast:  
Danger of which dire euent,  
Thus her pitie did preuent.

Loud



83

Loud her bugle Horne she blew,  
 Babbling *Eecho* voice of vallies,  
 Aierie Elfe, exempt from view,  
 With the Forest musick dallies:  
 Doubling so the curled winde,  
 That the first was hard to finde:

84

Yet her nimble Nymphs, inured  
 Often to the Fairies guile,  
 Could not be so soone allured  
 To ensue her subtle wile:  
 For where first they heard the blast,  
 Thitherward they trip it fast.

85

But because these maids had follow'd  
 Egerly their game together;  
 They when first their Lady halloo'd,  
 Could not by and by be with her:  
 For, before she found the Foster,  
 All her traine (I told ye) lost her.

86

In came these bright beauties than,  
 Where as they their Lady found  
 Standing by this wretched man,  
 That lay there vpon the ground:  
 With which wofull sight amazed,  
 Each on him with wonder gazed.

87

To whom their Goddess did relate  
 All before that he had told her,  
 All his miserable state:  
 Who did all the while behold her  
 With a heauy halfe shut eye,  
 As a man at point to die.

88

At which the Nymphs with pitie moued,  
 Somewhat to assuage his woe  
 For the *Beares* sake whom he loued,  
 And that him had loued so,  
 Bad him of their helpe assure him,  
 For they could the Art to cure him.

89

For in a Grove thereby, there grew  
 An hearbe which could loues power expell:  
 Which (but they) none euer knew,  
 As how it prosperd neere a well,  
 Where *Diana* vs'd to bathe her  
 When the scorching heate did scathe her.

Which

90

Which the *Syluans* of those Groves  
 Held in very high account:  
 For therewith they cur'd their loues.  
 It was call'd *Dianæs* Fount:  
 And that Hearb, the pride of Summer,  
 Tooke that speciall vertue from her.

91

And the swiftest of the traine,  
 Away to fetch the same was sent.  
 VVhich her nimble ioynts did straine,  
 And return'd incontinent;  
 And the Simple with her brought,  
 By which the cure was strangely wrought.

92

VVhich vnto the sense applied,  
 As the iuyce thereof he tasted,  
 He might feele euen in that tide  
 How his old remembrance wasted.  
 By the medicine thus reuealed,  
 Was the Wofull Wood-man healed.

EPITHALA-







# EPITHALAMION.

**Y**ou that on the double mountaine dwell,  
And daily drink of the *Castalian* Well;  
If any Muse among your sacred number,  
Have power to waken, from a dying slumber,

A dull conceit, drown'd in a gulph of griefe,  
In haplesse ruine, hopelesse of reliefe:  
Vouchsafe (sweet sisters) to assist me so,  
That for a time I may forget my woe,  
Or (at the least) my sad thoughts so beguile,  
That sighes may sing, and teares themselves may smile,  
While I in honor of a happy choice,  
To chearefull Layes tune my lamenting voice;  
Making the mountaines and the vallies ring,  
And all the young-men and the maidens sing,  
*All earthly ioyes, and all heauens blisse betide*  
*Our ioyfull Bridegroome, and his gentle Bride.*

Then, peace complaint, and pack thee hence proud sorrow,  
I must goe bid my merry Greeks *good morrowe*:  
*Good morrow*, Gallants: thus begins our game:  
What? fast asleepe? fie sluggards, fie for shame,  
For shame shake off this humor from your eies.  
You haue ore-slept: 'tis more then time to rise.

Behold, already in the ruddy East  
Bright *Ericyna*, with the beaming cress  
Calles vp *Aurora*: and she rose-like blushing,  
From aged *Tythen*s cold armes, quickly rushing,  
Opens the wide gates of the welcome day,  
And with a becke summons the Sunne away:  
Who quickly mounting on his glistering chaire,  
Courseth his nimble Coursers through the aire,  
With swifter pace then when he did pursue  
The Laurel-changed Nymph that from him flew;  
Fearing perhaps (as well he might) to misse  
A rarer obiect, then those loues of his.  
Such, as at sight (but for the kind respect  
Of loyall friendship, to a deare elect

Child

# EPITHALAMION.

Child of the Muses) had with hotter fier  
Inflam'd the wanton *Delphian* Gods desier,  
Altars adorn'd with blisse-presaging lights  
In saffron robes, and all his solemne rites  
Thrice-sacred *Hymen* shall with siniling cheare  
Vnite, in one, two Turtles louing deare,  
And chaine with holy charmes their willing hands,  
Whose harts are linkt in loues eternall bands.

Milde vertues mirror, Beauties monument,  
Adorned with heauens praise, and earths perfection:  
Receive (I pray you) with a brow vnbeent,  
This petty pledge of my poore pure affection,  
Had I the Indians golden heapes and hordes,  
A richer present would I then present you.  
Now such poore fruites as my bare field affoordes  
Instead of those, here haue I rudely sent you.  
Count not the gifts worth, but the giuers will:  
Of mighty Princes haue accepted small things;  
Like as the aire all empty parts doth fill,  
So perfect friendship doth supply for all things.  
O be it euer so: so neuer smart  
Nor teene shall trouble the Soon calm in hart.

Mind first your Maker in your dayes of youth;  
Aske grace of him of him to gouerne well your wits:  
Reuerence your Husband with vnspotted truth:  
Take heede of pride, the poison of our daies:  
Hant not with those that are of light report:  
A void the vile charmes of vnchaste temptation,  
Neuer lend looke to the lasciuious sort:  
Impeach not any's honest reputation:  
Comfort the poore, but not beyond your power:  
Ouer your household haue a needfull care:  
Lay hold on Times looke, lose not any bower  
Spend, but in season; and in season spare:  
O spring if any heauen vouchsafe to send you,  
Nurture them godly; and good end attend you.

So shall your life in blessings still abound,  
So from all harme th' almightie hand shall bend you,  
So with cleare honour shall your head be crown'd,  
So for your virtue shall the wise commend you,  
So shall you shun vile slanders blasting voice,  
So shall you long inioy your louing Pheare,  
So shall you both be blessed in your choice,  
So to each other be you euer deare.

O! be it euer so in euery part,  
That nought may trouble the Soon calm in hart.

FINIS.

M m m m





A

# HOLY PREPARATION

to a ioyfull Resurrection.

**D**EARE, deare Soule, Awake, awake.  
 Ah! What Answer wilt thou make,  
 When CHRIST in Glorie shall appeare?  
 When He comes to take Account  
 Of thy Sinnes that houely mount,  
 By acting, or neglecting heere.

Of that irefull Day to come  
 (That red, dreadfull Day of Doome)  
 Th' affrighting Terrour to preuent,  
 Bleeding Teares let heart distill;  
 Right reforme thy crooked will;  
 And speedily Repent, Repent.

That, That dreaded Day of Ire,  
 Shall dissolue the World in Fire;  
 As holy Prophets haue foretold.  
 O! What horror will be then,  
 When the Lord shall come agen,  
 Our deeds of Darknes to vnfold!

Shrillest Trumpets thundring sound  
 Through Earth's entrails shall rebound.  
 To summon all before the Throne.  
 Nature, Death, shall stand amaz'd,  
 VVhen the Dead (aline) be raiz'd,  
 To heare their Iudgement, euery one.

Open shall the Bookes be laid,  
 Wherein what we haue mis-said,  
 Mis-done, mis-deem'd, is registred.  
 So that, when the Iudge is set,  
 Closest Crimes (conceal'd as yet)  
 Reueal'd shall all be punished.

Then

Then (Alas!) what shall I say?  
 To what Patron should I pray,  
 Sith the Iustest are not cleare?  
 King, of awfull Maiestie,  
 Health of All that hope on thee,  
 My sauing Health as then appeare.

I ESU, Lord, my Sure attend;  
 Oppose thee to th' accusing Fiend;  
 Remembring, once thou cam'st for me,  
 Weary seeking wilfull Losse;  
 Mockt, torne, tortur'd on the Crosse.  
 In vaine these Sufferings may not be.

O! Iust Iudge of each Condition,  
 Gracious grant me free Remission:  
 Let not my Workes receiue their Meed.  
 Sighing, I lament my Sin:  
 Teares without, and Feares within.  
 Break not, deare God, this bruized Reed.

MARIE'S Sin Thou didst remitt:  
 Thiefe on Crosse Thou didst acquitt.  
 Like Hope in mee thou dost inspire.  
 For this glorious Grace of Thine,  
 (For no worth or worke of mine)  
 Lord saue me from th' infernall Fire.

Point my place, among the Sheepe:  
 Sundred from the Goats me keepe;  
 Disposing me, on thy Right-side:  
 That (the Cursed being cast  
 Into Flames that ever last)  
 I with the Blessed may abide,

Full of Ioy, Blisse, endlesse Glorie  
 (Freed of Feare, Griefe, sin-full Folly)  
 Loud-singing *Holy, Holy, Holy*. Amen.

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